

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R.R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

NOVEMBER 10th, 1879.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: For New York via Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 5.20, (Fast Exp.) 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.20 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 8.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 8.20 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 8.55 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.09 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.20 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 6.30 a. m. For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. The 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York. The 8.05 train has through cars for Philadelphia. The 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains make close connection at Reading with Main Line trains having through cars for New York, via "Bound Brook Route."

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m. Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows: Leave New York via Allentown, 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.20 and 7.10 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 9.20 p. m. Through car, New York to Harrisburg. Leave Lancaster, 8.05 a. m. and 3.50 p. m. Leave Columbia, 7.55 a. m. and 3.40 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 8.45 a. m., 4.00 and 6.60 (Fast Exp.) and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.00, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 5.15, 8.00 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.20 a. m. Leave Auburn via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 11.50 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.05, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.50, and 8.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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STOFFER & CHRIST. New Bloomfield, April 23, 1879.

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JOHN'S MISTAKE.

"HERE'S A GO!" muttered John Sanscript under his breath last Saturday as he poked up the fire in the parlor grate, "here's a go as sure as shootin'! The ol' woman has gone and invited her minister to dinner, and I'm to entertain him when he comes while she dishes up the hash. May old Nick fly away with the preachers!" And Sanscript kicked the cat through the doorway with such force that the poor creature dislocated two teeth by concussion with the wainscoting on the opposite side of the hall. Puss slunk away licking her bleeding chops wondering whether the house had fallen on anybody else, while Sanscript banged the chairs, and continued his soliloquy: "Now, I aint used to preachers, and no doubt I'll make a muss of it. I'd sooner trim the corns on the hind feet of a mule or comb the mane of Uncle John Robinson's boss lion, than entertain a minister! What will the old duffer want to talk about, I wonder. If he slings any Bible conundrums at me I'm lost. I never did take much stock in the Bible. I don't hold a very strong hand in religious learning, and preachers have such a knack of setting up the deck that they deal themselves a full hand every time! Wonder, now, if I could stand pat, and bluff the snooper on an ace high! Since I come to think of it I'm not so ignorant after all. It's been a long while since I went to Sunday School, but I recollect some of the prize stories we learned there. Let's see!"—And Sanscript sat down to think. So intent was his mind rummaging around in his brain for the dusty lore of his almost forgotten Sunday School days, that he had never noted the fact that he had sat upon his wife's twenty dollar fall bonnet, which she had carelessly left lying upon the sofa. Let's see, now, mused John tapping his forehead. "There was something about Daniel going to the Zoological Garden, and falling into the bearpit, or getting bit by a camel—I forget just exactly the nature of Dan's accident. Then what was the tough yarn about some little Jew boys who were thrown in a rolling mill, and came out without singeing their eyebrows? Oh, yes. Wasn't it Goliath who licked twenty million Indians with the jawbone of a mule and then sat down and bawled because there wasn't any more left? Never mind; I'll give the old hoodlum a pretty good tussle, I reckon, and if I don't rise him right out of the pot on the first deal it'll be because I lack gall. It becomes me to be agreeable to the old dead-beat anyhow, because Mrs. Sanscript said if I made a good impression on him she wouldn't insist on a new seal skin saque this winter—and seal skin saques don't grow on trees. There goes the bell! I'll bet ten red ones that's him."

Sanscript smoothed his ruffled hair with a few strokes of his hands, cleared his throat, pulled down his vest, and walked out into the hall and opened the door. A pale, cadaverous looking young man, with long hair, watery eyes, high cheek bones, large mouth, Roman nose, and clad in a shiny black suit, bowed and smiled at the master of the house most benignly. Under his arm he carried a large book, which Sanscript thought of course was a Bible, or some large work on theology. Grasping the visitor by the hand, John drew him into the hallway with a cordial intent, and, continuing to squeeze and shake, said: "My dear sir, this indeed a pleasure. We've been expecting you. Come right into the parlor." With bewilderment written all over his face, the young man tacitly followed. "Have this chair by the fire. Give me your hat. Mrs. Sanscript is dishing up the gruel now. I smell it. Don't you?" The young man sniffed the air, and his face lighted up with the expression of a hungry and expectant stomach. "That most prominent odor—the one nearest to you—is the stuffin' for the duck. You like stuffed duck—don't you?" "I'm fond of duck," ventured the young man, drawing his coat sleeve, across his watering mouth. "That's good. I thought you'd like duck. Them's what the children of Israel fed on when they went down into Turkey—if I recollect rightly."

Sanscript reconnoitered from the corner of his left eye for the effect of his first theological shot. You see he was not quite sure he had hit the bull's eye. But the young man smiled and nodded, which added confidence to the host's assurance. "Had we not better transact a little business before dinner, Mr. Sanscript?" "Oh! ah! certainly! to be sure! How stupid in me, now. I never thought about it, that you always have prayers first. Shall I call in Mrs. Sanscript, or can you and I do it alone?" The old woman can hardly leave off her cooking, and if she should get tangled up in that long prayer of her's, everything would burn into a cracklin'."

"Excuse me," stammered the young man, as he flushed and took on a wild,

dazed sort of look—"excuse me, sir, but I never said a prayer in my life."

"What! Never said—Oh! you're joking."

"Upon my word, I've not, much as I am ashamed to own it."

Sanscript stroked his chin, tried hard to collect his scattered thoughts, and mentally observed:

"Well! here's a—of a preacher! Never prayed! Wonder what church he belongs to?"

"I thought maybe you'd like to subscribe," mildly continued the young man.

"Subscribe! Oh, yes! to be sure! Why certainly!" Then, to himself: "The mercenary villain! He strikes me for a five before the dust settles." Then aloud: "This is for the heathen, I suppose."

"Beg pardon!"

"To send some one into Hottentot to save souls that are probably lost!"

"I don't exactly catch your meaning."

"For the missionary fund, I suppose?"

"Which missionary fund?"

"How should I know? Any of 'em, I guess you ought to know."

"Perhaps. But will you subscribe?"

"Why, certainly! How much is it?"

"Seven dollars."

Sanscript went down into his pocket, produced the money, and passed it over as he quoted, "Blessed is he that giveth to the poor, for he shall have his reward."

"Thank you!" smiled the young man, ramming the bills down into his pocket.

"When shall I deliver the book?"

"What book?" It was Sanscript's turned now to be puzzled.

"Why, The Meandering Muleteers; or the Mystery of the Murdered Man, in three volumes."

A light seemed to be breaking in on Sanscript's horrified mind. He grasped the poker, and hoarsely whispered:

"Young man, who are you? What are you?"

The visitor took the precaution to arise and slide toward the door before he answered (he was no doubt benefitted by the experience of a busy life) "I'm agent for this book under my arm—the"

"And you're not a preacher?"

"No, sir!"

"Well, darn my buttons!"

There was a rush, a scurry of feet, the opening of the door, a dull thud, as if leather and flesh had come into violent collision, and two men went tumbling down the front steps to the pavement. Sanscript wasn't one of them.

The book agent's exit was so violent and sudden that a man coming up the steps at that moment hadn't time to get out of the way. Both went rattling and rolling down together. The new visitor picked up his "stovepipe," dusted his breeches with his hands, and looked wonderingly after the book agent, who was limping away down the street as fast as exhausted nature could carry him. Finally visitor No. 2 cautiously ascended the steps, ducking and dodging as if expecting some infernal machine to be sprung upon him at every step. He rang the bell carefully, as if it were a house of mourning. Sanscript again came to the door.

"Well, sir?"

The visitor fairly jumped loose from his skin in affright.

"Why, he don't know a word of German. We can talk freely. How do you find him?"

"Only ordinary."

"You are diffident. He has a charming figure, and distingue air."

"He is too pale, and besides you know I do not love dark persons."

"And you know I prefer dark to a blonde. We have nothing but blondes in Germany. It is monotonous and commonplace."

"You forget that you are blonde."

"Oh, for women it is different. He has pretty moustaches."

"Bertha, if your mother should hear you."

"She is busy with her talk, besides, it is no hurt to speak of moustaches."

"I prefer the blonde moustaches of Frederick, Bertha."

"I understand that Fredric is espoused to you; but I am without a lover, am free to exercise my opinions, and am free to say that this young man has beautiful eyes."

"They have no expression."

"You do not know. I am sure he has much spirit, and it is a pity he does not speak German; he would chat with us."

"Would you marry a Frenchman?"

"Why not, if he looks like this one, and was spirited, well born and amiable? But I can hardly keep from laughing.—See, he doesn't mistrust what we are saying."

The young traveler was endowed with a great power of self-control, and he had preserved his absent and inattentive air all the time, and while the dialogue continued, he thought how curiously his attempt to laugh by pretending not to know German had resulted. He looked carefully at Bertha, and his resolution was taken. At a new station, the conductor came again for the tickets. Our young man with extra elaboration, and in excellent German, said:

"Ah, you want my ticket. Very well—let me see; I believe it is in my portmanteau. Oh, yes, here it is."

The effect of the coupe-de-theatre was startling. Bertha nearly fainted away, but soon recovered under the polite apologies of the young Frenchman. They were pleased with each other, and in a few weeks Bertha ratified her good opinion of the young man and her willingness to marry a Frenchman. They live at Hamburg.

A Girl who went West.

CONDUCTOR W—of the Little Miami Railroad, is one of those dashing, generous fellows, to whom railroad life is just suited. He likes the daily mixings with the throng, the constant changing of faces, and delights to read the countenance as they pass. If there is anything peculiar in a passenger on his train, W. will penetrate it, and no one is more ready, if occasion require to render a sympathizing word or a helping hand.

A few days ago, a female, about sixteen years of age, got aboard of his train going east, at a village a few miles north of Cincinnati. He approached her to collect fare.

"How far are you going?" he asked.

"To New York," was the reply.

"I take you only as far as Columbus. The fare is three dollars to that point."

The girl opened her pocketbook and took out two bank notes—a three and a one. The conductor observed that it was all the money in the pocket-book, and as she reached him the three, he asked—

"Is that all the money you have?"

"Yes sir," was the reply.

"How do you expect to go to New York then," he asked.

"I will travel until they put me off. Then I will go to work and earn money to carry me further."

"Indeed," remarked the conductor, now deeply interested in the girl. And may I ask what is taking you to New York?"

"It is my home, sir. A year ago I was persuaded to come West, being assured that working girls were better paid here than there. I came out to L—and was engaged in the family of Mr. R—. I lived with them a few months when they went out West. I then engaged with a farmer, but was taken down with chills and fever, from which I have not recovered. I have worked hard for a year, and these four dollars constitute all my savings. I am sick and I am going home. Probably I can get work as I go along my way."

seventeen dollars, enough to pay her fare to New York. She knew nothing of the movement until she received the amount when her grateful feelings gave way to copious tears. No one doubted her honesty.

But W. was not satisfied. Before she left the train he gave her a memorandum setting forth the route she should take, and a card which he requested her to use instead of tickets. On the card was written the following:

To my BROTHER CONDUCTOR:—I have passed this worthy young lady on my train to Columbus. A collection was taken up for her, and seventeen dollars placed in her hands by the passengers. For God's sake, don't take one cent.

Conductor Little Miami Railroad. This, no doubt, enabled her to reach home safely, and with money in her purse.

Sold Himself.

The Sioux City Journal says: They tell a good story of a Corcoranville farmer, who sold a load of corn at the town the other day. When it was weighed he slyly stepped on the scale, and then drove off to unload. When the wagon was weighed he took good care not to be on it, and congratulated himself that he had played it on the buyer in good shape. The grain-dealer called him in and after figuring up the loss paid him in full. As he buttoned up his coat to go out, the buyer kindly asked him to smoke with him, and they talked over the crops, and the price of hog and the likelihood of the Maple Valley Railroad building up that way. The farmer fairly squirmed in his chair, uneasiness about the chores at home, lest he could stand it no longer, and he must go. The dealer quietly said that was not to be thought of, that he had bought the farmer at full weight and paid him his own price, and that he had a right to do as he pleased with his own property. The raiser of corn said that he had indeed sold himself, in one sense at least. He acknowledged the corn—as it were—and compromised the affair.

In a Painful Fix.

The Sioux City Journal says: Cleo McIntire, of the Sioux City and Dakota freight depot, sleeps in that building and was so incautions as to venture outside the door at an early hour on Sunday morning, without putting on much apparel as would be needed to ensure his admittance at a full dress evening party. The door has a spring lock, and slammed to as soon as she was out. It was then that he remembered that the key to open it was in the pocket of the pair of pants which he did not have on. He tried in vain to get in the window, and was obliged to meet his way through the storm as he was the baggage car of the Pembina train, where the boys lent him some clothing, and he went on down to the Depot Hotel, where he boards. He was so overcome by the cold that after coming into the warm room he fainted. He was helped up to a room and a physician summoned. Yesterday he was able to attend to his duties as usual, but he bears a grudge against that spring lock.

All for Beauty.

WHAT will not women endure to preserve their beauty? One of the most astonishing instances of surgical science and human endurance, as exemplified in the Pennsylvania Hospital, the case of a young girl whose lover's face in the face, is related by Forney's Progress. She was only 16, and beautiful, but the jealous dastard had his act apparently rendered her hideous for life, the whole skin of her face being pitted with shot and powder. One of the Physicians at the hospital, who looks upon surgery as a restorative after extracting the shot picked out separate grain of powder with a needle. The writer saw the patient after she recovered, and her skin was as smooth as an infant's.

Noah Davis, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, said, in a public speech lately delivered by him: "That habits of intemperance are the chief cause of crime is the testimony of all judges of large experience. It is established beyond argument, by official statistics, by the experience of courts, by the observations of enlightened philanthropists, that the prevalence of intemperance in every country is a standard by which its crimes may be measured."

Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the mass of "patent medicines," and in this way they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and always found them to be first-class, reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—Tribune.