

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 Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Philadelphia and Way Stations, at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

HAVING leased this property and furnished it in a comfortable manner, I ask a share of the public patronage, and assure my friends who stop with me that every exertion will be made to render their stay pleasant.

A careful hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878. H.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLANDT STEET, (Near Broadway), NEW YORK.

HOCHKISS & POND, Proprietors ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, \$2 per day, \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

THE WORLD'S MODEL MAGAZINE.

A Combination of the Esteemed, the Useful and the Beautiful, with Fine Art Engravings, and Oil Pictures in each Number.

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly

The Model Parlor Magazine of the World. Contains the essence of all others, including Original Poetry, Sketches and Stories, by the best writers of every branch of entertaining and useful literature. It is enriched with Engravings and Beautiful Illustrations worth more than its cost.

No one can afford to do without this world's acknowledged Model Magazine. The largest in form, the largest in circulation, and the best in everything that makes a magazine desirable. Single Copies, 25 Cents. Yearly, \$3.00, with a valuable premium to each subscriber who selects from a list of twenty articles. Send your address on a postal card, and receive in return full particulars. Sample Copies mailed on receipt of Ten Cents.

READ THIS.

A Tribute to American Journalism by the Representative Press of Europe.

Demorest's Magazine, a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, where it has enormous sales, the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published, and combines the attractions of several English Magazines.—London Times.

We have received another number of this delightful magazine, and we find ourselves bound to reiterate with greater earnestness the high eulogiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers. We are not given to disparage unduly the literary and artistic publications which emanate from the London press, but we are bound, in simple fairness, to assert that we have not yet met with any publication pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can at all compare with this marvellous shilling's worth.—London Budget.

The American Bookseller says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature, are so fully presented as in Demorest's." IN REMITTING, small amounts can be sent in Postage Stamps, but sums of one dollar or more, a post-office order is undoubtedly the most secure and convenient mode of payment. Send your registered letter, or by a draft made payable to our order. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th St., New York.

Agents wanted everywhere, to whom extraordinary inducements will be offered. Send your address on postal card for Circular and Terms.

NEW WAGON SHOP.

THE undersigned having opened a

WHEELWRIGHT SHOP,

IN NEW BLOOMFIELD,

are now prepared to do any kind of work in their line, in any style, at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction. Carriages of all styles built and all work will be warranted. STOFFER & CRIST, New Bloomfield, April 23, 1874.

Stouffer & Crist, New Bloomfield, Pa.

Stouffer & Crist, New Bloomfield, Pa.

SONNTAG'S MADONNA.

Sonntag, the well-known Western landscape artist, tells this good one on himself. In his early days, before he found his true vocation in landscape painting, he aspired to the glory of historical and high art. Envied by the bitter poverty of an art student, he painted his ideal. It was a Madonna, and, as he now says, one of the worst ever painted. It was so bad, in fact, that it would more readily have passed for a portrait of a she-devil than of the mother of Heaven.

Years afterward, when he had become a famous and prosperous man, he was on a sketching tour in the Wabash River country. He stopped at a little wayside tavern to get a drink. In the obscurity behind the dingy bar hung one of the most execrable pictures he had ever seen. Memory gave a reminiscent start at sight of it. It was his Madonna!

"I'll give you ten dollars for that painting," he said to the landlord. "Not much, you won't." "Fifteen." "Nary fifteen." "I'll tell you what I'll do, then. That daub only cost you five dollars and a half. 'I know it.'" "Well, I'll give you twenty-five if you'll let me go behind the bar and cut it to pieces."

"Stranger," observed the landlord, "I daren't do it. It would be as much as my life is worth. You see, my wife and me have awful bad tempers. We average three fights a day. And it would amount to a stabbing match, only when we're so far gone we can't control ourselves, we come out here, look at that picture, have a good laugh, and make it all up. I put it to you as a white man, now, would you sell it?" Sonntag paid for his whisky and left.

HOW SHE MET HER BEAU.

Lord Lytton defines a selfish man in one of his novels as one who would burn down his neighbor's house to boil his eggs for breakfast. Clemence Broissier, a young peasant girl, aged sixteen, serves to illustrate this theory. She fell in love with a peasant boy of her own age in a neighboring village, and as the beautiful Hero lighted her torch on her watch tower at Sestos to attract Leander, so did this damsel set fire to ricks, barns and cottages to draw Romarn to her village, and then, during the confusion, she contrived to get stolen interviews with her lover. The fires became as fast and frequent as in the Chinese village when Ho-ti and Bo-bo first accidentally burned down the cottage where the sow had farrowed and first tasted crackling. Fires blazed forth wherever a sow farrowed in every pig-stye and cottage. Mile. Broissier struck a lucifer in the thatch whenever she felt a desire to meet her sweetheart. Inquiries were instituted, and the damsel was sentenced to ten years hard labor, but as the French laws do not permit the infliction of this penalty on females, she will be shut up for a decade in the central prison for females at Clermont Ferrand.

AN ATHLETE LIFTING A MAN AND A HORSE.

Some astounding feats are being performed by a French athlete, Joignery by name, who is at present fulfilling to crowded houses an engagement in the Berlin Vaudeville Theatre. Tossing about huge cannon balls with sportive grace, this person appears nightly on a raised platform in the body of a theatre, above which platform is suspended an ordinary trapeze. His ankles are then fastened to the trapeze, so that he swings head downward a few feet above the surface of the central stage, and in full-view of every one in the house. A horse, covered with gay trappings and begirt with a broad leathern surcingle, to which two strong loops are attached, is then conveyed to the stage, and there mounted by a full-grown man. When all these preliminaries have been effected, Joignery seizes the loops in both hands, and by sheer muscular strength lifts the "horse and rider" some inches off the stage, sustaining their combined weight in the air for several seconds, and letting them down again as slowly and evenly as he had raised them.

AN ONION-BITING PARTY.

At an onion party in Rockland recently, a wicked brunette played a high game for kisses. At a party of this description it is customary for the girls to go into a darkened room, when one of the party bites a mouthful from an onion. A young man is then admitted and it is his proud privilege to kiss the batch of girls until he is enabled by the taste to determine which one of them bit the fragrant fruit. The brunette aforementioned, in this case slipped the onion into her pocket, instead of biting it, and

the spruce Boston drummer who was summoned to test and find, had kissed five times around the circle, and was beginning again, when a girl, whose jealous lover was outside, discovered the trick and the game was up.

OLD JOURNALISM.

We have all heard a good deal about antiquities in the shape of fossil newspapers published in England when journalism was in its infancy. But it will, perhaps, be new to many readers to know what was the condition of the periodical press in France and Germany a hundred years ago. It was about this time that a curious example was afforded in Prussia of a newspaper bestowed gratuitously on those by whom it was expected to be read. The journal in question was addressed "To every father of a family," and was, no doubt, full of admirable advice for the guidance of the recipients. The Gaulois, which records this fact, gives also a sketch of one of the French weekly papers, printed in 1780, or thereabouts, and from that time forward through the earlier days of the revolutionary period. This is the "Mercury of France," which was a weekly journal of the character now called "officious," and did not pretend to be innocent of government influences. It was published on Saturday, and each number is said to have contained no less than one hundred small octavo pages, which were equally divided between home and foreign intelligence. Literature made up the principal part of it, and each number invariably began with a copy of verses, besides containing other poetic effusions of very various merit. These, as well as many of the articles, were for a long time composed in a pastoral, if not bucolic style, and were full of mild allusions to the beauties of nature and the tender passions of shepherdesses. Even at the stirring moment when the Bastille was being stormed, the editors of the Mercure were calmly and delightfully engaged in inditing rhapsodies upon the charms of cottage life among the perfumes of the heather, and near the branches "on which Philomena had established herself." Polemical writing was unknown, and attacks upon a contemporary were as rare as they are now common in the ranks of the Gallic press. The revolution brought political discussion into vogue, but not in anything like its present shape, for while the Constituent was sitting it was forbidden to the editors to make any reflection or commentary upon the debates they had reported. And when any event occurred over which the government was disposed to draw a veil—as in the instance of the revolution at Geneva in 1789—strict orders were given to the press "not to say a word about it."—London Globe.

ANECDOTE OF THACKERAY.

It is related of Thackeray that, being very desirous to see a "Bowery boy," he went with a friend into the haunts of that peculiar creature to look for one. Very soon his companion pointed out to him a genuine specimen, standing on the corner of a street, against a lamp-post, red-shirted, black-trowsered, soap-locked, shiny-hatted, with a cigar in mouth elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. After contemplating him for a few moments, Thackeray said to his friend that he would like to talk to the fellow, and asked if he might do so. "Surely," he was told; "go to him, and ask him to direct you somewhere." Thereupon Thackeray approached, and said, politely: "My friend, I should like to go to—" such a place. "Well," replied the Bowery boy, in his peculiar tones, and without moving anything but his lips, as he looked up lazily at the tall, gray-haired novelist—"well, sonny, you can go, if you won't stay too long." Thackeray was satisfied.

THE WHIPPING-POST.

Official whippings are continued regularly at Newcastle, Del., and are regarded as a matter of course by the residents, though strangers are sometimes shocked by the sight. On the last whipping day five convicted thieves were punished. The first was a German, who was not severely lashed, and he walked away smiling. The second was a miserable tramp, who bore the ordeal without flinching. Two negroes, who came next, writhed and muttered under the pain of severe blows. The fifth was a boy of 15. He was so frightened that it was necessary to force him to the post, and at the first stroke he desperately freed himself by pulling his hands out of the staples. A handkerchief was used to fasten him, but he got loose again before the proscribed twenty blows were completed, and pathetically begged the Sheriff not to strike so hard.—Exchange.

Thousands of people are kept away from Christianity by the thick hedge of dogmas set around it.

If you have good health you have nine-tenths of all the Lord has ever given to any man.

Virtue is the safest helmet, the most secure defence.

A REMARKABLE PUBLICAN.

Two notices, framed, glazed and suspended upon the walls of a dram-shop on the New Canal at St. Petersburg, close to Madame Samsetsk's "Refuge for the Homeless," are reckoned among the curiosities of the Russian capital by a well-known writer in the Goloa. They run as follows: "I exhort the gentlemen who honor my establishment with their patronage to forego robbery and theft while within the precincts, not to thrash one another, and on the whole, not to make unpleasant noises. Those who act in contravention to this warning will receive punishment in my dram-shop of a sort that they will experience no difficulty in feeling."

The second notice affords a quaint contrast to the first, which enwraps a hideous threat in exquisitely courteous phrases, while the native benevolence of the eccentric dram-seller shines out generally in the following kindly advertisement:

"As soon as the cold and rainy weather shall set in, five coopeks will be here advanced to each needy and weary man, that he may pay for a bed whereon to rest his body."

It appears that the author of these remarkable notices faithfully adheres to the text of both. If his customers misconduct themselves he lays into them with a cudgel; but any poor wretch presenting himself after eight in the evening for assistance receives the promised five coopeks, after he has exhibited his legitimation papers and listened to a short exhortation, read aloud to him from a religious book.

A CURIOUS ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A curious romance in real life has, according to a Madras paper, lately been brought to light in Bangalore. Many years ago a corporal in a battery of artillery located in that station married an East Indian girl, whose parents and relatives resided there, but being sent home, his young wife accompanied him. Shortly after his arrival in England he deserted, and a body being found floating in the Thames, was identified as the levantine corporal and buried. His wife, believing her husband to be dead, having indeed identified the corpse, married another husband; he died, she married again; the third husband died, and she is now living with a store sergeant in the ordnance lines, Madras. Shortly after the arrival of the wing of the Thirteenth Regiment in Bangalore, a sergeant happened to spy a photograph of the man who was supposed to have died and been buried many years ago. He at once said he knew him, and on being told he could not as he had been dead many years, he replied that the identical individual was at that moment in Bellary, and paymaster clerk of the Thirteenth Regiment. On this statement the photograph was sent from one man to another; all identified it as being the likeness of the real Simon Pure, and as a last step it was forwarded to the adjutant, who also agreed that it was the paymaster clerk. Ample evidence having been produced, the paymaster clerk is now a prisoner at Bellary, having given himself up as a deserter.

SOME FACTS ABOUT AUSTRALIA.

Australia with Tasmania, is only a little less in size than Europe. The hottest climate in the world probably occurs in the desert interior of Australia. Captain Stuart hung a thermometer on a tree shaded both from sun and wind. It was graduated to 127° F., yet so great was the heat of the air that the mercury rose till it burst the tube, and the temperature must thus have been at least 128° F., apparently the highest ever recorded in any part of the world. For three months Captain Stuart found the mean temperature to be over 101° F. in the shade. Nevertheless on the southern mountains and tablelands three feet of snow sometimes falls in a day. Snow storms have been known to last three weeks, the snow lying from four to fifteen feet in depth and burying the cattle. Australia is a land of drought and flood. The annual rainfall at Sydney has varied from twenty-two to twenty-eight inches. Lake George, near Goulburn, was, in 1824, twenty miles long and eight miles broad. It gradually shrank till in 1837 it became quite dry, and its bottom was converted into a grassy plain. In 1865 it was a lake again, seventeen feet deep; two years later it was only two feet deep, and in 1876 it was twenty feet in depth.

ONE KIND OF A MIRACLE.

The Deutsche Zeitung prints the following in the report of a village school inspection. The examiner is trying to explain to the fat-headed listeners the character of a miracle. He asks a scholar: "What is a miracle?" "I don't know, sir." "If—all at once—the sun appeared in the heavens at night, what would you say it was?" "The moon." "But, if you were told it was the sun, what would you say?" "I'd say it was a lie." "Now, I never lie. Suppose I told you it was the sun?" "The scholar, after a moment's deep reflection, bobbed his head. "Please, sir, I'd say you were drunk."

A DANGEROUS LANDSLIP.

An "Eye-Witness" sends to the Basler Nachrichten an account of the earthlip which has so jeopardized the existence of Vitnanu, Switzerland. The danger was first perceived early one morning recently when great masses of rock fell from the side of the Rigi, which rises above the village, pushing before them a considerable breadth of cultivated land, many trees and loose stones, the whole finally lodging on a marshy slope at the foot of the mountain path from Vitnanu to Scheidegg. The immense weight of this mass of matter pressed from the soil near it large quantities of slime, which, together with pieces of rock and small stones, completely filled up the bed of the Dossenbach, in which, however, at the time there was very little water. At first no danger was apprehended, and it was only when the stream of slime, earth, stones and water, creeping slowly downward, reached the bridge on the road from Vitnanu to Gersau, that an alarm was given. Then the tocsin was rung, help sent for in hot haste to Lucerne, and means taken to keep the danger at bay pending the arrival of reinforcements. The Gersau bridge was destroyed to facilitate the passage of the river of mud. Trees were cut down, abattis made and temporary parapets raised to confine the slimy stream within its banks and protect the village from the impending deluge. Meanwhile other parties of workers cut channels to permit the outflow of the liquid matter into the lake, and wrought hard to clear the bed of the Dossenbach of the stones with which it is encumbered. It is hoped that these measures will be effectual, albeit the danger is far from being over, and several times the tocsin has been again sounded, and the villagers warned to be ready to quit their houses on short notice. A singular circumstance is that at the moment of the fall of the rock from the Rigi, the shore of the lake at the embouchure of the Dossenbach sank considerably, so that the stream will now fall, instead of flowing, into the lake as heretofore. This occurrence tends to confirm the theory that the earthlip was caused by an earthquake.

WHEN WERE TROUSERS FIRST WORN IN ENGLAND.

It is generally known to us middle-aged men, by "tradition," that breeches began to give place to trousers during the first decade of the present century, but it is not generally known that trousers were actually worn by London exquisites in the latter years of the last century. "It will be observed," says a writer in "Arliss's Pocket Magazine of Classic and Polite Literature," New Series, volume 3, 1825, "from the following description of a dandy published in 1791, that trousers were then in fashion, and were considered as a ridiculous article of dress: 'Advertisement Extraordinary!—Lost, last Saturday night, supposed in the lobby of the new theatre, an overgrown Baby, who arrived but two days ago in town, from the country. He had on a light-colored coat, with cape hanging carelessly over his shoulder; a pair of his father's breeches, which reach down to his ankles; and an old pair of his grandmamma's spectacles, which he converted into an opera-glass. He had on his sister's high-crowned hat, and his hair cut so short that you might observe his bare poll. Laughs a great deal; can swear a few fashionable oaths, but does not know how to write his name. Answers to the name of Master Pocket. As he had only sixpence a week pocket-money, it is feared he is detained in some cake shop for his reckoning; if so, all demands shall be cheerfully paid if he is restored to his disconsolate parents.'" Burlesque advertisements, such as the foregoing, were not uncommon in old magazines.—Notes and Queries.

LANDSEER AND THE LIONS.

It is now more than fifty years since I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Christmas, himself an animal-painter. He told me that he and Landseer used to study together, and that they used to go to Mr. Cross's menagerie, at Exeter Change, and there sketch and paint the animals then exhibited. The monkeys first claimed their attention, and the study culminated in the "Monkeyana." They next studied the lions, and one noble animal especially claiming attention, they both sketched and painted him. On its death, Mr. Cross presented them with the carcass, which they removed to their studio, and again studied as long as possible. The skin was afterward preserved and stuffed. They then dissected the body. The skeleton was articulated, and set up, and formed the object of future drawing and study. From this painstaking study of the lion and his anatomy arose those splendid pictures, "Van Amburgh in the Lions' Den" and the "Dead Lion of the Desert," and the numerous pictures of this animal which were exhibited in the Academy from time to time. The prostrate lions at the base of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar square were further illustrations of Sir Edwin's profound knowledge of the anatomy of the lion's paw, for though at first the world censured, yet it was ultimately confessed that the modeling was perfect. I do not know what became of Mr. Christmas, my informant, but he told me that he felt so thoroughly outpaced by his great rival that he should give up the race.—Notes and Queries.