THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., FEBRUARY 24, 1880.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R.R. THIS STORY, to which I have given

seven years.

A Shrewd Detective.

occurred, as the Despenard affair.

a charming suburban villa on the banks

of the Seine. His family consisted of

himself, his wife and two children, a boy

and a girl, aged respectively five and

One night about nine o'clock, in the

summer of 1864, the servants were

startled by the report of a pistol, accom-

panied by the sound of breaking glass

ringing through the house. After a few

moments of hesitation lest it should be

burglars, they rushed in a body to the

library, from which the sound had seem-

ed to proceed, and found their master

fallen face downward upon the floor,

with the blood flowing profusely from a

A hasty and horrified examination

showed he was dead, the bullet having

penetrated his brain, while the shattered

glass of one of the large windows also

proved that the assassin, whoever it

might have been, had stood on the

veranda outside and taken aim at the

Fully ten minutes must have elapsed

before the slow wits of the servants had

arrived at this conclusion, and then they

began to wonder that Madame Despe-

nard had not also been aroused by the

noise. Could it be possible, they asked

themselves, that she also had fallen a

victim? And with this fear in their

minds, they proceeded to her boudoir

No answer being returned, they open-

ed the door, which was unlocked, and

entered the room only to find it empty ;

and they were looking at each other still

more surprised than before, when one

of them, more self-possessed than the

rest, suggested that the police should be

Word was accordingly sent to the

nearest station, and within half an hour

four gendarmes, accompanied by two

detectives in plain clothes, arrived upon

Still, Madame Despenard had not ap-

peared, and vague suspicions of her were

gathering in the officers' minds, when

the street door opened, and the lady en-

Her face had a terrified look, while the

lace shawl she wore about her shoulders

was torn almost in two, and upon the

particulars of the tragedy that had taken

place during her absence being told her,

Carried to her bed chamber, and re-

storatives applied, she only recovered

consciousness to pass from one hysterical

fit into another, until the physician who

had been summoned began to fear she

Meanwhile, the officers had charge of

the house, and the detectives, pursuing

would have an attack of brain fever.

wound in the temple.

victim through the glass.

and knocked on the door.

sent for.

the scene.

tered.

she fainted away.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

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," *6.20, (Fast Exp.) 8.65 a. m. and

For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Ronte," *6.20, (Fast Exp.) 8.65 a.m. and 1.45 p.m. *Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 5.20 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.65 a.m., 1.45 and 4.00 p.m. For Heading, at 5.15, 5.20 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a.m., 1.45,4.00, and 8.00 p.m. For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m., and via Schuyikull and Susquehama Branch at 2.40 p.m. For Auburn, via Schuyikill and Susquehama

2.46 p. m. For Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 5.30 a. m. For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and

4.60 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.65 a. m., 1 45 and

1.60 p. m. The 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York. The 8.00 train has through cars for Philadel-

phia. 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, Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows :

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows : Leave New York via 'Bound Brook Route.'' and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m. 1.30 and '4:60 p. m. ar-riving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8:20 p. m. and 9:20 p.m. "Through car, New York to Harrisburg. Leave Columbia, 7.50 a. m. and 8:40 p. m. Leave Columbia, 7.50 a. m. and 8:40 p. m. Leave Columbia, at 9.46 a. m., 4:00 and 6:00 (Past Exp) and 7.45 p. m. Leave Printadelphia, at 9.46 a. m., 4:00 and 6:00 (Past Exp) and 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4:00, 7:25, 11:50 a. m., 1.80, 6:15, 8:00 and 10:35 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4:00, 7:26, 11:50 a. m., 1.80, 6:15, 8:00 and 10:35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 5:05, 9:05 a. m., 12:10, 4:30, and 9:06 p. m. SUNDAYS:

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. WOOTTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,

GEO. F. ENSMINGER. Proprietor.

HAVING leased this property and furnished it in a comfortable manuer. 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. SA careful hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1578. If

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THE WORLD'S MODEL MAGAZINE.

A Combination of the Entertaining, the Uneful and the Beautiful, with Fine Art En-gravings, and Oll Pictures in each Number

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly

The Model Parlor Magnaine of the Wold. Contains the essentials of all others, 'Including original Poetry, Sketches and Stories, by the best writers to every branch of entertaining and send Beautiful Illustrations worth more than its original Beautiful Illustrations worth more than its provide the sendence of the Woldshift Matters, Reitable Fashions and Full-size Fat-enced to clevate the taste and make home attractive and happe. More can afford to do without this world's body of the sendence of the sendence of the socknowledged Model Magazine. The iargest in body of the sendence of the sendence of the sendence socknowledged Model Magazine. The iargest is socknowledged Model Magazine. The iargest is body of the sendence of the sendence of the sendence whose contained to cach subactiber who selects in a postal card, and receive in return full par-tence. **BEAD THIS** The Model Parlor Magazine of the Wolld.

still further went to confirm the conviction of prevariention.

The weapon with which the deed was done was found lying in the garden but the above title, is among the most singular instances of mistaken circuma few yards away from the spot where the deadly shot had been fired. It was stantial evidence during later years, and a small, elegantly-mounted pocket-revolis still remembered in France, where it ver, which every member of the household identified as having been given Mousieur Despenard was a retired the prisoner by her husband several speculator on the Bourse. He was remonths before. puted to be very wealthy, and occupied

Caught in the catch on the shutter outside the window was found a shred of lace shawl, which exactly matched the pattern, and fitted the rent in the one Madam Despenard had worn when she returned to the house.

In the soft mould of the garden were found foot prints, undoubtedly those of the prisoner. She had an elegant, though peculiarly shaped foot, and there could be no mistake on this point .----Moreover, the identical shoes were found thrown down a well in the garden, while the fact that the boots she had worn on her return to the house were but partially buttoned, had not escaped the vigilant eyes of the detectives.

Her manner too, during her trial, Impressed the spectators with a feeling that she was-guilty, and when a verdict to that effect was brought in, she had but few sympathizers among the audience. A sentence of life imprisonment was pronounced and she was carried from the court insensible, and regaining consciousness, it was only to pass into delirium of brain fever.

She still lay in the hospital ward when the case, which had begun to fade in the public mind, was again recalled prominently to their remembrance.

One day a lady called upon the executors of the murdered man and claimed a share of his property, alleging that she was his wife, legally married to him fifteen years before.

Though there could be little doubt of the validity of her claim, the executors who were personal friends of the murdered man considered it their duty to contest it, and the alleged widow at once instituted a suit against the estate.

The claimant, who, though evidently on the shady side of thirty-five, was still a remarkable handsome woman, had almost universally the public sympathy, and the verdict that awarded her claim was received by a burst of applause throughout the court-room.

Graciously acknowledging it with a bow and a triumphant smile upon her face, the woman was about to leave the room, when a man dressed in black, with a scrap of red ribbon in his buttonhole, advanced and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Not so fast, madame, if you please," he said. "The case is far from being ended yet."

The look of triumph faded from the woman's face, leaving it deathly pallid as she turned and faced him.

"Who are you !" she gasped, "and what do you mean by this outrage ?"

"My name," the man answered, calmly, "Is Jules Chasson, of the Seventh Division of Detective Police, and I arrest you for the murder of Henri De-

the well. The lady's story of being attacked by a woman was true, and the shred of lace was torn from the shawl for the purpose of affixing it to the shutter. This however was after the time when ascending the veranda, the murderess, peering through the window saw her victim scated in a chair reading. His face was half turned towards her, and raising the revolver, she took deliberate aim and fire-

A wild blood-curdling laugh ringing through the apartment Interrupted the detective's narrative, and the breathless audience, once more turning, saw that It proceeded from the arrested woman, whose eyes were rolling widly, and upon whose llps a foam had gathered.

Her erime had been found out by man's ingeunity, but the retribution had come from an avenging God. The sudden shock of discovery, at the very moment she had deemed her success complete, had overthrown her reason, and she was an incurable maniac.

The detective had not spoken without proof to support his assertions, and the wronged wife, now the object of public sympathy, was at once released from confinement, and restored again to her children.

Still it was months before she fully recovered from the terrible shock she experienced, and before then the woman who had so cruelly wronged her, had still further paid the penalty of her crime. In one of her paroxysms of maniac fury she had burst a blood vessel and expired.

An Editor's Dream.

TE FELL asleep after a time, and lo! I he dreamed again. And it seemed to him in a vision that having armed himself with certain papers and books, he turned his steps once more toward the place and knocked at the gate.

"Hello, is that you again ?" said Peter. "What do you wish ?"

" Let these persons again come forth " replied the editor, and Peter this time made them all pass through the gate and stand outside.

They came as before and uttered the the same cries as before.

"Why didn't you notice that big egg I gave you ?" yelled the first.

" Because it was rotten," replied the editor.

"Why didn't you write up my soda fountain ?" eried the druggist.

" You had your tickets printed at the other office," calmly replied the local man.

"Why did you write about old Tomlinson's hens and never speak of my new gate?" shouted the third.

" Old Tomlinson paid for his advertisement and you didn't. Here's the bill." said the editor.

" Why did you spell my name wrong in the programme ?" groaned the local talent.

"Take a look at this manuscript of yours and see for yourself ?" said the editor with a grim smile.

The rest of the company yelled their complaints in unison, and the editor calmly sorted out a serious of bills, for unpaid subscriptions, and presented each one; and it was so, that when they had received them, they all tore their hair, and rushed violently down a steep place into the sea, and St. Peter taking the editor calmly by the hand, led him within the gate and said : " Come friend : these chaps managed to slip in here in spite of us, but, thanks to the press, we know now what sort of fellows they are, Come in and stay; we need a few such men as you in here."

SUNDAY READING.

A Problem For Men and Boys.

Johnny was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart and hand.

He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father and mother sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow, scarcely large enough to hold a book, you would think, much less to study and to calculate. But he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother, and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word ; but as he leaned back on his high chair to rest a moment, he heard his father say : "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night; drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes and said : " How many did you drink, father ?"

" I drank but one, my son," said the father, smiling down upon the little boy

"Then were you only one tenth part drunk," said Johnny, reflectively.

"Johnny !" cried his parent, sternly in a breath ; but Johnny continued with a studious air.

"Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one tenth part drunk, and-"

"There! there! interrupted the fa-ther, biting his lip to hide the smile-that would come, "I guess it is bed time for you. We will have no more arithmetic to night." So lohney was includ away in hed

arithmetic to night." So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and to see if he was wrong. And just before he lost him-self in slumber he had thought: "One thing is sure, if Dean hadn't taken the one glass he would not have been drunk; and if father had taken nine more be would have been drunk : an if more he would have been drunk ; so is the safest way not to take any, and I never will."

A Fable.

Once upon a time there was a king, and the thing he liked best was wisdom, and the thing he liked worst was the king who ruled next door. He wanted to find the wisest man in the kingdom, and so he asked the question :

"What is the lowest order of creature ever created on the face of the earth ?"

And the astrologers and wise men came together and argued ; and some said a "carrion crow" and some said a " pole-cat:"

But the king wasn't satisfied, and all the astrologers got sick and some committed saicide; but the king was not to be comforted.

Then a young man came in and said : "Oh! king, the lowest order of creature is the gossip and tale-bearer."

And the king's countenance brightened, and sweet-toned harps were played upon, and they put a gold ring on the young man's finger, and all the nobles pulled down their vests as he went by. And the kingdom grew and waxed strong, and waxed all its enemies; and so did the young man, for he was exceedingly wise.

3

READ THIS.

A Tribule to American Journa'ism by the Repre-sentative Press of Furope.

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

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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.



their investigations, found link of a chain of evidence to encompass the perpetrator of the crime.

Long before daylight the detectives had left the house, and, returning to the station, laid their report before the chief, who at once granted a warrant to arrest Madame Despenard for the murder of her husband.

The lady had by this time become calmer, and she received the news in a silence which might either have been the sullen submission of conscious guilt or the apathy of utter despair.

The course of French justice is proverbially dark and secret, and, though the public was excited to the hightest pitch, no inkling to appease their curiosity was revealed until the whole evidence was cut and dried ready for her public trial.

Then a case was presented against her. overwhelming in its evidence of her guilt, and perfect even to the minutest detail.

From the preliminary evidence of the servants, it was proved that on the preceding day Monsieur Despenard and his wife had had a violent quarrel. The lady's own maid testified to its bitterness, and that she had overheard the prisoner accuse her husband of deceiv. ing her by a false marriage, and that he had another wife still living. This the murdered man had denied, though not vehemently, saying she was dead.

This testimony supplied the required cause for the quarrel; while the circumstantial evidence that pointed to her as the assassin could hardly be more convincing.

First, there was her unexplained absence from the house at the time the murder was done, and her strange agitation on returning. Her own story that, having a headache, she had wandered along the banks of the river, where she had been attacked by an evidently insane woman, who tore her shawl and disarranged her dress, was at once set down as a weak invention. Besides the hesitating air with which it was told

spenard, once your insoand.

The audience was siruck speechless by his words, even the court sharing the general surprise.

"This is certainly a remarkable proceeding, M. Chasson," the judge said at length, "and one, I must say, that requires further explanation."

"Which you shall have, my lord," the detective answered with a respectful bow. "In the first place then, this woman was really married to M. Despenard fifteen years ago in a small village in the south of Normandy. After a few months, however she eloped with another man, and for more than seven years following M. Despenard heard nothing from her, which in the eyes of the law annulled his marriage. Therefore when he again married, it was perfectly legal, and the lady now unjustly under sentence for his murder was lawfully his wife. I say unjustly accused, my lord, for the real murderess is the woman who now claims her widow's dowry."

The detective paused a moment, and all eyes turned upon the woman by his side were startled by the change in her countenance. It was pallid to the very lips, which were slightly parted as if to utter words which her voice refused to speak, and her eyes stared into vacancy with a look as if she once more saw her victim, arisen from his grave, standing before her.

"About a year after his second marriage," the detective went on, "the first wife returned, and commenced a regular system of blackmail upon Monsieur Despenard, which, for his wife's sake he submitted to until about a week before his death. Then, when he refused to submit any longer to the extortion a scheme of almost fiendish subtlety entered her mind. Through the connivance of Madam Despenard's maid, she gained admittance to the house while the lady and her husband were absent, and possessed herself with the revolver and shoes, which were afterwards found in

Treasure-trove Revealed while Plowing.

Mr. E. P. Puckett, while plowing in an old field, in Blount county, his plow struck something hard, and upon examining it he found a box, and on opening It he could scarcely believe his own eyes as he gazed upon over \$1,800 in gold and silver coins. There was \$1,200 in gold, and \$600 in silver. Upon inquiry Mr. Puckett became convinced that this money was buried during the late war by Mr. A. W. Arnold, now deceased, a citizen of that vicinity. Several efforts had been made by Mr. Arnold's family to find this box, they being aware that he had buried it when the Federal troops threatened that section of the State .-The money was turned over by Mr. Pucket to the widow of Mr. Arnold, who now resides in Marshall county .-She is represented to be a worthy lady, having several children, who will be benefited by the money their father buried. It is stated that a great number "of persons in that section of the State burjed considerable quantities of gold and silver coin about the same time that Mr. Arnold did.

A Cress Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying bables need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this. -Ed. 8 2t

Mark This, Boy.

Did vou ever know a man who grew rich by fraud, continue successful thro? life and leave a fortune at death ?

This question was put to a gentleman who had been in business forty years. After reflecting a while he replied :

"Not one. I have seen many men become rich as if by magic and win golden opinions, when some little thing led to an exposure of their fraud, and they have fallen into disgrace and ruin. Arson, perjury, murder and suicide are common crimes with those who make haste to be rich regardless of the means."

Boys, stick a pin here. You will soon be men, and begin to act with those who make money. Write this good man's testimony in your mind, and with it put this word of God: "He that hasteneth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." Let these words lead you to resolve to make haste slowly, when you go into business, in the matter of making money.

The Lord's Prayer.

In the services of all Christian congregations the impressive custom prevails of repeating, more or less frequently, the Lord's Prayer. Sometimes, to our sorrow, we have heard clergymen vary the words, enlarging upon and paraphrasing the simple, grand original. Against this-to us-unhappy practice, allow an earnest protest. When our Lord's disciples said "Teach us to pray," then said He. " When ye pray, say "Our Father who art in Heaven." We will use these words as they were taught us by the blessed Jesus ; and let no vain triffing by misjudging mortals be indulged. There are no words so sweet, so expressive to the Christain heart, as those his Saviour used; and though oft they be repeated, he shall never weary of nor desire to exchange them.