## THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., MARCH 9, 1880.

### RAILROADS.

## PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R

## ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS NOVEMBER 10th, 1879.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows : For New York via Allentown, at 5.15, 8.95 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Houte," \*8.20, (Past Exp.) 8.85 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

Brook Route," \*6.20, (Past Exp.) 8.85 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
\*Through car arrives in New York at 12 mon. For Philadeiphia, at 5.15, 6.20 (Fast Exp) 8.05, 5.55 a. m., 146 and 4.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.15, 8.20 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 140, 4.00, at 6.20 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 140, 4.00, at 6.20 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 140, 4.00, at 6.20 m.
For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuyikill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.
For Auburn, via Schuyikill and Susquehanna Branch 45, 530 a. m.
For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m.

4.00 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1 45 and

4.00 p. m. The 5.15, 5.05 a, m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York. The 5.00 train has through cars for Philadel-

The s. of that The S. 05 a, m. and 1.45 p, m., trains make close connection at steading with Main Line trains having through cars for New York, via "Bound Brook Route." SUNDAYS: .

For New York, at 5.20 a.m. For Allendown and Wey Stations, at 5.20 a.m. For Beading, Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows : Leave New York via Allentown, 845 a. m , 1.00 and 5.30 p. m.

Leave New York via Allentown, 845 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 \*1.00 p. m., ar-riving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 9.20 p.m. "Through car, New York to Barrisburg." Leave Columbia, 7.55 a. m. and 3.40 p. m. Leave Columbia, 7.55 a. m. and 3.40 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 6.00 (Fast Exp) and 7.45 p. m. Leave Follaville.0.09, 9.16 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Follaville.0.09, 9.16 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Follaville.0.09, 9.16 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Foltaville via Schuytkill and Sasquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Auburn via Schuytkill and Susquehanna Branch, 1.60 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.05, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 p. m. SUNDAYS:

#### SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5 29 p. m. Leave Poiladelpilla, at 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, 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

### THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,

#### GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

HAVING lensed 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. tf



HOCHKISS & POND, Proprieters

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

The restaurant, cale and lunch room attached are unaurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, 82 per day, 83 to 810 per week. Convenient to all ferries and cityraliroads. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

#### THE WORLD'S MODEL MAGAZINE.

A Combination of the Entertaining, the Theful and the Beautiful, with Fine Art En-gravings, and Oil Peteures in each Number

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly

DUMOTOSUS IMUSUIGACE MONUNY The Model Parlor Magnitus of the Wold. Obtains the essentials of all others, including friginal Poetry, Sketches and Stories, by the best writers to every branch of entertaining and send Beautiful Ilustrations worth more than its out stantiful Ilustrations and Full Size Pat-calculated to elevate the taste and nake theme are and the there is a state and make theme are and the state in the sovieties of matters, Reliable Fashlows and Full Size Pat-calculated to elevate the taste and make theme are and the state and make the sourd's work the largest in circulation, and the best in overything that makes a magazine desirable viable Copies. 25 Cents, Fearly, 86.00, with a val-vable copies, 25 Cents, Fearly, 86.00, with a val-vable copies, 25 Cents, Fearly, 86.00, with a val-vable copies. 25 Cents, Fearly, 86.00, with a val-sate is of twenty articles. Bend your address on a list of twenty articles. Bend your address on a bast card, and receive in return full par-cents. **READ THIS.** 

# Mysteriously Missing.

TTHE foot of the Boston mountain A in, Searcy county, Ark., dwells a man named Mason. He is over eighty years old, and his tall figure, white hair and patriarchal, air give him an indescribable appearance. His house is a rough but comfortable log cabin, and the few acres around it afford ample subsistence. An excellent marksman, he has never abandoned the use of his trusty rifle, while the numerous deer and bear skins within and without the cabin bear ample testimony of skill and suc-CCHER.

With the exception of his wife he lives entirely alone. But his life has not always been thus desolate. Only a few years ago three children brightened his humble home, two boys, John and David, and one daughter, Lizzie, who was the pride of the old man's heart and the light of his rude cabin. The sons were light-hearted boys, given to drink somewhat, but liked by everybody, while Lizzle was a rare, wildwood blossom ----Her soft blue eyes and flaxen hair played sad havoe with the hearts of the younger portion of the opposite sex in all that section and many sought her hand in marriage, the fortunate suitor being a young man named Charles Mc-Kinley, rather dissipated, not worth a dollar, yet handsome, very forest Apollo-in short, just the kind of a man to win a young girl's heart.

The Mason family were anything but pleased with her choice, and spared no effort to break off the attachment the lovers had for each other. Lizzle, however, could not be moved. Entreaties and threats were alike unavailing. The former gave her courage to plead for Charley ; the latter made her eling the closer to him. The young man was also firm. I will never give up Lizzie, he said, with a big round oath, when questioned on that point. Finding all other efforts useless the Masons resorted to more violent measures. John Mason met Charles McKinley one day in the forest and a desperate fight ensued, in which both were badly cut and bruised, but in which John was decidedly worsted. This stirred up additional bitterness and for a time threatened to draw the majority of the surrounding families into the quarrel and disturb the peace of the neighborhood. Lizzle sought to pour oil on the troubled water, and her gentle words melted the hardened natures that evil passions had filled with wrath. There was a reconciliation between her lover and brother, and there was general rejolcing in consequence, when an event occurred which changed amity into distrust and suspicion.

The event was no less than the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Charles McKinley. He was last seen alive, alone in the forest beyond the mountains, and was on the trail of a herd of deer. The most rigid search failed to discover him or any trace of his whereabouts. He had dropped out of sight and life as if the carth had opened and swallowed him up. All sorts of stories were rife. One said he was murdered, another that he

had run away, still another that he was purposely hiding himself and would suddenly return. But as time went on and he neither came nor was heard of the suspicion that he had met with foul play gained ground rapidly, growing into certainty in the minds of very many persons.

spoke afterwards. John hid the body in a dark cave in the mountains, and there it still remained ! This dream made a powerful Impression upon the young girl, and though many were disposed to laugh at it, even while admitting it told tremendously against her brother, nothing could shake her faith and confidence in its horrible reality !--She insisted that it was true, though no trace of the body could be found in any of the numerous mountain caves after most rigid search, and the vision rested only upon her individual statement .--But her faith gave ten-fold power; her acts seemed to confirm her belief. From that moment she was a changed woman. Slowly she pined away. The color faded from her cheeks, giving place to a deathly pallor ; her step, once light and elastic, became slow and languid; her eyes lost their tender glance and sparkled with an unearthly lustre; she uttered no complaint. Like the gentle girl who loved the unfortunate Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, she passed to her earthly grave, forgiving all, beloved by every one, the victim of a sad broken heart !

John Mason broke jall and fled to Texas, his brother David going into exile with him. This settled all doubts or questions as to his guilt or innocence.-Flight was accepted by one and all as a confession of guilt. Liberal rewards were offered for the capture of the brothers, David being considered an accessory to the crime, but neither were ever apprehended. From the Lone Star state they went to Louisiana and in New Orleans fell victims to that dread scourge, yellow fever. Letters now in the father's possession contain the most fervent protestations of their innocence, and subsequent events clearly exonerate them from complicity in the taking off of young McKinley. For years after, when the main actors in this strange episode slept in their graves miles apart ; when interest in the scenes we have just related had almost died away, or was recalled with awe at the hunter's winter fireside, the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the young man was brought to light!

A party of hunters, while chasing a deer in an adjacent county, found his remains in a cave in which the animal they were pursuing had established his lair. There was only a ghastly-looking skeleton of a man, a rusty rifle, and, rudely carved in the yielding rock upon which it rested, these words :

" Lost, can't find my way out, Charles McKinley."

That was all, but it told its own story. It solved an enigma that had darkened many lives. It cleared from the foul stain of murder, though too late, John Mason and his brother.

This was the life-history-a record which, by the way, is authentic and can be verified by other living witnesses the old man told us, one evening as we sat leside the glowing fire in the big fire place of his lonely cabin. The nightwind swept down the deep mountain gorges with the roar of an angry sea, the stars twinkled dimly overhead, the howl of the wolf echoed dismally far out in the shadows of the woods, while the

When a spout first discharges on a man's own premises and the coutents then find their way to a neighbor's premises, it does not constitute a trespass. Hunting and fishing, however, constitute the most common annoying sources of trespasses to which our farmers are subjected. No matter that neither grass nor grain are trampled down, whether gates are left closed, bars left up and no rails broken, the pursuit of game on the lands of another without permission is trespass. To even enter an unclosed piece of wood, where there are no crops to be injured, in pursuit of game, which may have taken refuge there, is a violation of law-quite as much as if a wheat field in ear had been trampled down. In fishing as in hunting, the ordinary ponds and streams are the exclusive property of those through whose lands they flow or in which they happen to be situated. In the case of navigable streams, any one may boat up and down them and fish in them, but has no right to land on the shore and do so.

## A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE-

Now that "mysterious disappearances " appear to have set in with unexampled severity, it will be of interest to recall a very remarkable instance which made a great immpression on the mind of Nathaniel Hawthorne. A gentleman whom Mr. Hawthorne names Wakefield, being happily married and dwelling in London, one day hit upon the idea that be would mysteriously disappear. There was, or at least there is, nothing peculiar in that. Only Mr. Wakefield determined that he would not disappear further than the next street. Accordingly he took lodging in the street next adjoining that in which his once happy home was situated, and there, lost to sight though to memory dear, dwelt for twenty years. During that period, our authority says, he beheld his home every day, and frequently the forlorn Mrs. Wakefield, but was himself never recognized. After this gap of twenty years in his matrimonial felicity, when his death was accepted as a certainty, when his estate had been administered and his wife long re. signed to her autumnal widowhood, one evening quietly knocked at the door, walked in as if he had just arrived after a day's absence in the city, and thence-forward lived a loving and home-staying epouse. The advantages of this topo-graphical arrangement are obvious, at least as far as Mr. Wakefield was conleast as far as Mr. Wakefield was con-cerned. His propinquity would have enabled him at any time to appear on the scene, supposing his wife had been less faithful to his memory, and been disposed again to embark upon matri-mony. To that extent he seems to have had his wife at a disadvantage, and on the whole his conduct is not commenda-ble. But there is one grain of comfort the whole his conduct is not commenda-ble. But there is one grain of comfort to be derived from the story—which we should add, is not born of the fertile brain that weaved the weird tale of "The House with the Seven Gables," but was related as a matter-of-fact in a contemporary newspaper. It goes to prove, in support of more modern and notorious instances, that when gentle-men, and particularly married gentle-man, "mysteriously disappear," there are alternatives to the acceptance of the theory of robbery and murder.—London theory of robbery and murder.-London News.

#### TO YOUNG MEN

#### SUNDAY READING .\_

8

#### WHAT GOD DOES IS FOR THE BEST.

MRS. M-, a lady of more than ordinary intelligence, lived many years ago in Petersburg, Virginia. She was a married woman, and the mother of four children at the time of the occurrence of the incident which I now relate. The writer received the story from her own lips before she was called away from earth. She died at an advanced age, having adorned her Christian profession by a life of exemplary piety.

Martha, her eldest child, was a beautiful girl, at the time referred to being about fourteen years of age. She was her mother's idol, though her mother was unconscious of the fact. Handsome in person, sweet in disposition, gentle in her manners, and withal devotedly attached to her mother, she occupied a supreme place in her affections. Just as she was verging on womanhood she was taken ill, and gradually from bad to worse. The most assiduous care in the way of nursing and the constant attention of the skillful physician failed to arrest the disease. The mother was frantic in her grief as it became apparent that Martha must die. Amid all, the sweet girl was calm, patient, and resigned. At last the death angel came and released the wan and wasted sufferer from the grasp of the disease.

The mother was positively inconsolable. Nothing could allay the bitter anguish of her heart. She lost her appetite, refused to take her food, sleep deserted her pillow, and gradually she wasted away almost to a skeleton. She wept until she had no more tears to weep. Her friends exhausted every device to divert her mind from the painful subject. Her pastor prayed, counselled, and admonished in valn. It seemed she must waste away and die.

In this state of mind, late one night, she fell asleep, with a few stray tear-drops on her shrivelled cheek. Her sleep was fitful for awhile, and then she fell into a profound slumber, and sleeping she dreamed. Suddenly, as she related the vison to me, a bright and beautiful angel, clothed in the habiliments of light, appeared to her, and, in a sweet and winning voice, tenderly asked.

"Would you see Martha ?"

Instantly she responded.

Yes; above all things in the universe I would see her."

"Then follow me," said the heavenly visitant.

She arose and followed her guide without a word of further inquiry. Presently a stately and magnificent edifice greeted her wondering and half-bewildering gaze. The door of entrance was open. She ascended the steps and entered the resounding hall, following close behind the angel, not knowing whither he would lead her. Without even casting a glance behind or saying a word, suddenly the angel paused and with his ethereal finger touched a spring. Noiselessly a door swung wide open and revealed the inmates to her astonished gaze. There was a throng of excited revellers, in the mi chanalian excesses, flushed with wine, and presenting a revolting scene of debauchery and worldly dissipation. The angel pointed his white index finger at the most conspicuous figure in the group, the one who led the dance and was most bolsterous in the mirth and festive glee, and the turning his eye on the mother, said,

#### READ THIS.

A Tribute to American Journalism by the Repre-sentative Press of Furage.

A Tesbule to American Journatism by the Repre-matative Prees of Furage. "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 cancestness the high coomiums we have already pronounced on pre-ceding numbers. We are not given to disparage unduly the literary and aristic publications which emeniate from the Loadon pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can at all compare." The American Boo'sellor mays: "There are mone of our monthlies in which the beautiful and

London Budget. The American Boo'seller says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the nseful, pleasure and profit, fashion and liter-ature, are so fully presented as in Demorpest's" IN MEMITTING, small amounts can be sent in Postage Stamps, but sums of one dollar or more, a post office order is undoubledly the most secure and convenient; or money may be sent in a regis-tered ketter, or by a draft made payable to our order. Address

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th M., New Fork. 55. Agents wanted everywhere, to whom extra-ordinary inducements will be offered. Send your address on postal card for Circular and Terms.



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. STOUFFER & CRIST.



Of course John Mason was accused of the murder, and though he strenuously denied the charge, the evidence against him was strong enough to warrant his apprehension. Once in the meshes of law it seemed as if a hundred circumstances came up, all crying trumpet-tongued, "Guilty !" Divers persons had heard him threaten to kill Charles McKinley; that young man had himself said that he did not consider his life safe as long as John Mason remained in the country. Even John's father admitted reluctantly that his son had declared his intention of riddling Charles McKinley with buckshot, while David corroborated the parent's statement.

Thus the coils of circumstantial evi dence closed tighter and tighter about the young man, and beyond his bare assertion there was nothing to be said in refutation. The blow had fallen on the young girl with crushing effect. The sudden disappearance of her lover, the arrest of her brother on the charge of murdering him, almost drove her insane. She however, shared the popular opinion that young McKinley had been murdered, and that her brother was guilty of the terrible crime. Urged for a reason for her belief, she finally admitted that it rested on the slender foundation of a dream. She added that on the night succeeding the day upon which Charles McKinley disappeared, in a dream she saw her brother and him in a violent quarrel. The men were in a dark ravine; there was a mountain to their right, and a deep, dense forest to their left. She heard their words ; she saw John strike McKinley with his rifle, and fell him to the earth. That blow was fatal. The young man never

darkness of night filled all space.

## THE LAW OF TRESPASS.

A lawyer contributes the following. What constitutes trespass is a question that arises continually, especially among farmers and owners of smaller tracts of real estate, and ideas concerning it are about as vague as they well can be. An interesting article on the laws governing this question appears in the last quarterly report of the State Board of Agriculture, which deserves to be read by every farmer in the land, as they are often called upon to face the troubles arising out of such cases than any other class of men in the community. Trespass is defined as "any transgression or offence against the law of nature, of society, or of the country in which we live, whether it relate to a man's person or property." This is its widest meaning. Ordinarily, however, it has reference only to an entrance on the property of another without authority, and in doing damage while there, whether much or little. The laws give the owner exclusive control over his property. Any infringement of his rights without his permission, or justified legal authority therefore, constitutes a trespass. It does not need that the land should be enclosed by fence. The law supposes an imaginary enelosure, which answers every purpose, and the simple act of passing it constitutes trespass, although no harm should result to crops, cattle or aught else. Even a person legally authorized to seize certain goods on a man's premises dare not break open doors for that purpose; if he does, his authority avails him nothing, and he becomes a common trespasser. Neither is a person justified in so arranging spouts as to discharge water on another man's land, even though he never step off his own grounds, nor permit filth to pass a boundary line without due permision.



LITTLE common sense and good A advice will not be wasted, hardly out of place, even here. We do not know who wrote it and here it is:

Young man if you contemplate a business career, you cannot look after your habits too carefully. Your aim in life is to be successful, with bad habits it is impossible to be successful or respected Matters which seem of small moment to you now may become in future the turning-point in your career, either up or down, as they have that of many a man before you. In illustration of this we print the following anecdote as related in one of the most prominent New York dailies :

Horace B. Claffin, the most prominent and wealthy dry goods merchant of New York, was alone in his office one afternoon when a young man, pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered. "Mr. Claffin," said he, "I have been unable to meet certain payments because parties failed to do by me as they agreed to do, and I would like to have agreed to do, and I would like to have \$10,000. I come to you becaue you have been a friend to my father, to my moth-er and might be a friend to me." "Come in," said Claffin, "Come in and have a glass of wine." "No," said the young man, "I don't drink."

"Have a cigar then ?"

"No. I never smoke." "Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can.'

"Very well," said the young man as he was about to leave the room. "I thought perhaps you might-Good-day

sir," "Hold on," said Mr. Claffin, "you don't drink ?"

don't drink ?" "No." "Nor smoke, nor gamble nor any-thing of the kind ?" "No, sir !" "Well," said Claffin, with tears in his eyes, "you shall have it and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have \$5000 once and asked me the same questions. No thanks—I owed it to you for your father's sake."

"There is Martha, behold her."

The mother passionately exclaimed, "No, no! that is not Martha! I was raising her for God, and for his church, and for Heaven. That is not Martha."

"So you thought," responded the angel in tenderest accents ; " but she was your idol. You could deny her nothing. That is what she would have been."

The door closed.

"Follow me," said the angel.

She followed with a palpitating heart. Her mind was filled with anxious and painful thought. The angel paused and again touched a secret spring, and the door flew open as if on golden hinges. Before her enraptured eyes there was displayed a vast multitude of the most resplendid forms she had ever conceived of in human mould. Brows of lustrous beauty, faces radiant with supernal light, voices sweetly modulated, and all enrobed in spotless white. Not a trace of sorrow was on any face. It was Heaven, and the angel, pointed to the brightest of the joyous and happy throng, said, turning his glad eye on the mother.

"There is Martha as she is."

The dreamer awoke, but awoke from that dream in unutterable ecstasy-she awoke praising God. And relating this dream she said to the writer, "Dream though it was, to me it was an apocalypse. I brushed away my tears. My heart was relieved of its sorrow, and I now believe, and I have long believed, that Martha's death was best for her and best for her mother.