

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.

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.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m.

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.

April 9, 1878. H.

NATIONAL HOTEL. CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway.) NEW YORK.

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.

THE WORLD'S MODEL MAGAZINE. A Combination of the Entertaining, the Useful and the Beautiful, with Fine Art Engravings and Old Pictures in each Number.

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly. The Model Parlor Magazine of the World. Contains the essentials of all others, including Original Poetry, Sketches and Stories, by the best writers to every branch of entertaining and useful literature.

READ THIS. The American Journalist by the Representative Press of Europe.

Demorest's Magazine, a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, whose it has enormous sales, the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST. 17 East 14th St., New York.

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.

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

\$1000 REWARD. For any case of Blind, Moping, or Unruly Children, or those who are afflicted with the Piles, Hemorrhoids, or other diseases, which cause them to stand in 1 week, and ordinary cases in 3 days.

Mysteriously Missing.

AT THE foot of the Boston mountain 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.

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.

The Mason family were anything but pined with her choice, and spared no effort to break off the attachment the lovers had for each other. Lizzie, however, could not be moved.

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.

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.

Thus the coils of circumstantial evidence closed tighter and tighter about the young man, and beyond his bare assertion there was nothing to be said in refutation.

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.

John Mason broke jail and fled to Texas, his brother David going into exile with him. This settled all doubts or questions as to his guilt or innocence.

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.

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 beside the glowing fire in the big fire place of his lonely cabin.

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.

When a spout first discharges on a man's own premises and the contents then find their way to a neighbor's premises, it does not constitute a trespass.

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 impression on the mind of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

TO YOUNG MEN.

A LITTLE common sense and good 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.

SUNDAY READING.

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.

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.

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.

In this state of mind, late one night, she fell asleep, with a few stray tears 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 vision 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."

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 whether he would lead 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."

The angel in tender 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 dresser 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."