

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 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 3.30 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45, 4.30, and 8.05 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.05 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 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 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 5.30 a. m. For Allentown and Way stations, at 5.30 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., 1.50 and 5.20 p. m. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 3.30 p. m., and 8.20 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 6.00 (Fast Exp.) and 8.15 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 5.15, 8.00 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Auburn via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 11.50 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.05, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 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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For any case of Blind, Deaf, or Dumb, or other ailments, if cured by Dr. J. P. Sellers' Pills. These Pills are the only ones known to cure cases of long standing in 1 week, and ordinary cases in 3 days. Some persons, however, are slow to believe, and will not believe until they see the result. Dr. J. P. Sellers' Pills, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists. Sent by mail to J. P. Sellers, M. D., 101 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Persons who are afflicted with any of the above ailments, should be careful to get the genuine Pills, and not the cheap imitations. The name of Dr. J. P. Sellers is on the wrapper, and is blown in the glass of each bottle. Beware of cheap imitations. Sent by mail to J. P. Sellers, M. D., 101 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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An Indian Romance.

IN THE old times when Cleveland was very young, the settlers along the lake shore had much more communication with the Aborigines than the whites. Long rows of canoes, instead of steamers were wont to lie along the shore where the Union Depot now stands and the railroad runs, and the traffic was in blankets, beads, venison and furs, instead of wheat, iron, coal and petroleum. There were winding paths instead of streets, and wigwams and log cabins were the business blocks and dwellings. Natural forests were the parks, and while there were no grand water works, Cuyahoga was uncontaminated by vile sewage.

One bright afternoon in the autumn of A. D., 18—, there came into the village a neat appearing squaw, apparently 25 years of age, with a lithe, half-breed boy of 10, who either walked beside her or capered on before. The little settlement was unusually active upon that day, and the October sun-light rested upon a scene of surpassing beauty. The lake and the landscape were silver and gold, and the skies were blue an amber, and the Indians were gay in their holiday attire of feathers and bright blankets.

The face of the young Indian woman bore an expression of sad anxiety, that was quite in contrast with the brightness around her. She did not mingle with the crowds of Indians, but sat down near the entrance to the principal trading house, and while surveying the motley scene, talking kindly and soberly with those who spoke to her.

There was something in the appearance and demeanor of the Indians which showed that they regarded this as an important day. Their gay attire, the almost complete absence of weapons among them, their comparative silence towards the whites, their freedom and sportiveness among themselves, all went to teach the experienced observer of Indian character that they were moved by some uncommon though undisclosed purpose.

After her arrival had ceased to attract attention the young squaw passed quietly into the store, the boy remaining outside playing with his red companions. As soon as she could do so unobserved, she strolled, as if inadvertently, to the rear of the store, where, in partial concealment, she caught the trader's eye. He knew from her glance that her signal must be heeded. As he contrived to come close to her she communicated to him the plot of the Indians.

"They will all pretend to go home to-night; but they will not go home. They will come back in the night. They want your goods. If you will give them up, they will not kill you, if you fight, they will kill you. I shall be with you."

Having said this, she sauntered slowly out, with a sadder face than before, and resumed her former seat. Soon the boy came near her and she whispered something to him secretly. He went into the store, where a number of squaws were pretending to trade, and stood, as if by mere chance, where she who sent him had stood. The trader, still busy, came close to him and whispered the names of certain white men of the village. The boy soon strolled out to his play again, but somehow sport seemed to take him near and into the shops of the men whom the trader had mentioned. He would give the chief trader's name secretly with an intimation of danger, and then go storming on with his playing. His momentous little task was soon accomplished, and the shouts of himself and his fellows were soon echoing again in front of the store of the chief trader.

The sunbeams were nearly as level as the lake, when the Indian woman beckoning to her happy protegee, began to loiter toward the trail by which she came; one heart how light, and the other, oh, how heavy! They kept their way until well out of sight, then left it and took a circuitous course, stopping finally at a wigwam upon the shore about one mile eastward from the village.

John Morton was the foremost trader in the village, intelligent, trustworthy, and a leader among his fellow settlers; so that when a warning of danger with the sanction of his name went round to a certain trusty few, there was a certainty of prompt and effectual response.

At sundown the Indians began to depart, and by dusk not one remained in the village. As soon as darkness had settled, the few who had been warned assembled in Morton's store for consultation. It was not many minutes before a rap was heard, which Morton readily recognized as that of the woman of whom we have spoken. By her devotion and fidelity she had saved him from many dangers and many losses.—She was admitted and began at once to reveal the Indians plan in detail. It was not their intention to make a general attack; their designs were only upon

Morton's store. They expected to find him sleeping in the little apartment off the main room, terrify him into acquiescence, ransack the establishment and carry off such booty as suited them. Should he resist, they would kill him, if necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

Word was instantly sent to such as could be trusted in an emergency, and within an hour some 25 men who knew the use of gunpowder, were assembled at Morton's, all fully armed, and with Morton's stock of ammunition to back them. They decided to take their stand outside the building, and post sentinels in every direction 40 rods away. The woman was to retire to a safe distance and remain secreted. Morton commanded.

All being in readiness, they had not long to wait. Within an hour a sentinel came in with the tidings that a party, some twenty to thirty as nearly as he could judge in the starlight, were approaching. By a preconcerted signal the other sentinels were called in, and the men deployed in such manner as to give an impression of the largest possible numbers when a simultaneous fire should be delivered.

It appeared that the savages, thinking it an easy matter to rob a single man, had not come in force, but had detailed a few braves for the purpose. On they came, with their stealthy tread, until their forms began to be dimly outlined. As they came within easy range, Morton estimated their number to be not more than twenty. When all was ripe, Morton gave the word to fire. As the twenty-five rifles scattered in a long line, blazed out upon them, they seemed to think that an army of a thousand men had opened fire. With one united horrible yell, they fled to the woods, and no trader of that village was ever thereafter molested by them. The men had purposely aimed high, as they desired rather to frighten than to injure those with whom they were not at all anxious to inaugurate a bloody feud. As a consequence no blood was shed and no serious ill-feeling engendered.

The Indian woman who had proved so faithful a friend, was provided with a home in the village. She was given a rudimentary English education, adopted the dress and civilization, and subsequently married Morton, who was in fact the father of the little fellow who had followed his mother to the village on that eventful day. Some of her descendants still reside in Cleveland; others are scattered elsewhere.

An Eccentric Parson's Will.

We have already alluded to the remarkable funeral of the Rev. Wm. N. Parry, of Worcester, Mass. His will is one of the oddest things ever probated. He forbids any announcement of his death in any newspaper. He directs that after death his body shall be placed in a box of unplanned boards, dressed in his poorest clothing, stockings, drawers and shirt, and no other garments, and shall be immediately nailed up, that no one be allowed to look upon him at his funeral; that there be no flowers, no minister, no public notice of the funeral and no other religious service than the reading by some member of his church of Psalm xxii and xc., and the singing of his favorite hymn, "Lead kindly light," and that no strangers be allowed to tend his funeral. He then provides "that after the above exercises I be taken in an express wagon, or any other cheap conveyance, to be interred in any lot, or place or parcel of ground that any member of my church will, for the love of God, give me. I am not ashamed to ask this, for my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ had to be put under similar obligation and to be favored with a like disposition after his death; that no head stone, floral wreath or other sign be used to mark the place of my burial, as my God and Lord needs no such reminder of the place where my dust reposes." He then says that his wife shall not attend his funeral, and gives his directions for the settlement of a mortgage. One of his requests was that no newspaper allude to his death. If the other provisions of his will have been as thoroughly disregarded as this one, the document may be set down as a complete failure. No man's death has had more general attention called to it.—New Haven Register.

A Good Housewife.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See other column. 12 2t

Never let a cough, cold, or croup go too far. On the first symptoms, send for your druggist for "Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup." 25c per bottle.

FOR THE TIMES. Leadville Letter.

Never in the history of a country, has a mining camp met with such wonderful success, such world-wide fame, and with such promise of permanency as has been the good fortune of Leadville, appropriately called the City in clouds. Leadville has become a centre for the miners, where they can obtain all the material necessary to push their business, and provisions for their own sustenance. Men of means have become largely interested in the mining operations conducted in the surrounding mountains, and to-day there is probably more capital invested on the carbonate fields of Leadville, than in any other one interest in the world. I shall not attempt to give a description of all of the mines about Leadville, but will give a brief description of a few of the most productive ones.

The Morning Star, consists of two claims—The Morning Star and Waterloo, located on Carbonate hill, but a short distance from the limits of the city. This mine was discovered on the 8th of June, 1877, and the shipment of ore was begun in March, 1878. During that year ore to the amount of \$7,447.70 was shipped to the smelters. For the year 1879, 7,182 1/2 tons of ore have been shipped, for which has been received the sum of \$290,491.26. The Carbonate and Shamrock are the property of the Leadville Mining Company, a New York stock company with a capital of two millions of dollars. The company is mining about fifty tons of ore daily and is declaring dividends every month of twenty thousand dollars. Geo. Denker a resident, formerly of Blain, Perry Co., Pa., is foreman of the mines, and the property has been placed in fine shape for working. Little Giant Mine is booming up and promises to be one of the best mines in the camp. The ore is of the highest grade. A dividend for last month's earnings was declared to the owners, net, of \$10,318.81. The Iron Mine on Iron Hill has been one of the largest producers about Leadville. For the past year the daily product has been fifty tons per day. The Little Pittsburg, the first large stock company to be organized in the east on Leadville property was the Little Pittsburg, New Discovery, and Winnemac Mines, on Fryer Hill. The organization was affected with a capital stock of twenty millions of dollars and regularly ever since the organization of the company, monthly dividends of one hundred thousand dollars have been declared, and one month an additional fifty thousand was paid in a dividend. Since the organization of the company which took place about nine months ago, the amount of ore mined has been 30,831 tons and 1,115 pounds which has been sold to the smelters for the sum of \$1,778,507.21. The present daily output varies from one hundred and fifty-five to one hundred and sixty tons per day, a fair average being one hundred and forty tons. The Little Chief, the total value of the ore produced last year was \$1,487,000. The Breece Iron Mine on the west side of Breece hill is at present worked for the iron to be used as a flux at the smelters. The production is about one hundred tons per day.

The Robert E. Lee, although producing ore but a little over three months of the past year, the Robert E. Lee Mine produced over half a million of dollars. The richest ore ever taken out in the camp came from this property, some lots selling as high as ten thousand dollars per ton, and two car loads in one lot sold for \$47,000, and in one single day there was ore taken out that was worth \$118,500. There are actually hundreds of mines and prospect holes in this vicinity that have not yet reached mineral, and still from indications and location are very valuable and bring high figures. No doubt a large proportion of these will be shipping ore within the next year.

There has been little destitution here. Willing men can easily find employment. Miners get 3 to 4 dollars per day; carpenters, masons and blacksmiths from 4 to 5; wood choppers, 3 dollars; laborers, 2.50 to 3; barkeepers, 25 dollars per week; waiters, 10 to 12 with board; clerks in stores and banks 60 to 200 dollars per month; female domestics 30 to 80. Prices, &c.—Washing, 1.50 to \$2 per dozen; furnished single room, 5 to 10 dollars per week; board, 6 to 12 dollars. Flour, Colorado, 6.25 to 7 dollars per cwt.; hay 60 to 75 dollars per ton; oats, 6 to 7 dollars per cwt.; corn, 3.50 to 3.75 dollars per cwt. Meat—ham, 1.64; Bacon, 1.34; onions, .94; cabbage, 1.24; potatoes, .70 to .85; butter, .50 to .60; eggs, .50 to .60 per pound.

Those wishing to come to Leadville, had better bring blankets, plenty of warm underwear, overcoats, thick, substantial clothing, and strong boots. No weapons, they are not fashionable here. Plug hats are regarded as a curiosity, and flannel shirts are the rule. Notwithstanding the wickedness that is carried on in this city, there are God-fearing, wholly civilized, intelligent, cultivated and moral people here. It may be known by the number of churches in the city, and the large congregations that assemble therein. There are eastern cities larger than Leadville that can not boast better churches or a greater number of religious societies, or better preachers than can Leadville, the city of two years growth. To-day the people may listen to sermons on numerous topics from ministers of every creed and denomination. And it is not only Sundays that Leadvillians worship the Lord; every night for six weeks the church bells have been heard and large numbers of "the lovers of the Lord," have assembled to attend the services. J. F. ROTH. Leadville, Col., Feb. 16, '80.

A carpenter, who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building upon which rain had fallen. The roof being slippery he lost his footing, and, as he was descending toward the eaves, he exclaimed: "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, in an iron spout, he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety, when he thus delivered himself: "I know'd it: there's a pair of shoes gone!"

SUNDAY READING.

WHAT IT DOES.

COL. Bob Ingersoll was lately employed in a case which involved the manufacture of ardent spirits, and in his speech to the jury he used the following language:

"I am aware there is a great prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the colled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can comprehend the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All we have to do is think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the instruction, of the little children tugging at the breast of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the men of genius it has wrecked, of the struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons and the scaffolds on either side, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness.

"It breaks the father's heart, be-reaves the dotting mother, extinguishes the natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, and blights parental hope, and brings premature age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, father fiends, and all paupers. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, embraces consumption, invites cholera, imports pestilence, covers the land with misery, idleness and crime. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims to the scaffolds. It is the blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, hates love, scorns innocence and virtue.

"It incites the father to butcher the helpless offspring, and the children to grind the patrician axe. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and despises heaven. It suborns witness, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, and endangers the government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. "It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and stained with havoc, it wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies; the father of all crimes, the mother of all abomination, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy."

Let Your Light So Shine.

A traveler once visiting the lighthouse at Calais, said to the keeper: "But what if one of the lights should go out at night?" "Never! impossible!" he cried. "Sir, yonder are ships sailing to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out, in six months I should hear from America, or India, saying that on such a night the lights at Calais lighthouse gave no warning, and some vessel had been wrecked. Ah, sir! sometimes I feel, when I look upon my lights, as if the eyes of the whole world were fixed upon me. Go out! burn dim! Never! impossible!"

With how much dignity can enthusiasm invest the humblest occupation! Yet, what a lesson to the Christian! It is no romance which makes the Christian a spiritual lighthouse for the whole world, with the eyes of the whole world upon him. Let then his light be full and bright and clear. The moment he neglects it, and leaves his lamps untrimmed, some poor soul, struggling amid the waves of temptation, for lack of it, may be dashed upon the rocks of destruction.

Chunks of Wisdom From Josh Billings.

"Throw physic to the dogs," is a very old proverb, but where will you find the dogs that will touch it?—A dandy is an individual whose usefulness in this world depends entirely upon the fit of his clothes.—Tricks upon travellers are always dangerous experiments: I have known a dead hornet to wake up sudden, and sting just once more.—Familiarity is a dangerous experiment; the most familiar thing in the whole world is a puppy, and the oftenest stepped on. This is my plan: To believe all things that I hear, but to put my faith and money in but few.