

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS MARCH 15th, 1880.

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 5.30 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 5.20 a. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows: Leave New York via Allentown, at 5.45 a. m., 1.00 and 3.30 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH. Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 6.40, 9.35 a. m., and 2 p. m., daily, except Saturday and Sunday.

THE MANSION HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

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

THE WORLD'S MODEL MAGAZINE. A Combination of the Best Writing, the Most Useful and the Most Beautiful, with Fine Art Engravings, and Oil Pictures in each Number.

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

REWARD. For any case of Bleeding of the Lungs, or Consumption, or any other disease, which is cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, a reward of \$1000 will be paid.

HOTEL LICENSE. WHEREAS, it is the custom in many Counties of this Commonwealth, to publish the applications for license, with the names of those persons endorsing them, and the bondsman and the owners of the property.

JOHN SHEETS, Chairman.

Caught at Last.

MR. DAME was a rich, retired merchant, in the habit of carrying a liberal supply of money about him, and given to wearing expensive jewelry.

The manner of the crime was as little mysterious as its motive. The victim's skull had been beaten in with some blunt instrument, and his money, jewels and watch had been taken.

Any brutal ruffian might have done such a deed. There was no particular clue to follow; and even Orville Thoms confessedly the shrewdest man on the force, whose scent on the trail of a criminal seldom proved a fault, was obliged to acknowledge he didn't see his way.

Mr. Thoms had won his spurs a year before, as an amateur, in ferreting out a formidable gang of forgers around whom he succeeded in weaving a web of circumstances that left not a loophole for escape; and when the whole band after their conviction, wagged their tongues against him, denouncing him as their ringleader, who had betrayed them for a price, there was a general smile of derision; and, as a mark of the public confidence in Mr. Thoms, he was given a place on the detective force, of which he was a member at the time of Mr. Dame's murder.

The mayor offered a large reward for the apprehension and conviction of the murderer. Mr. Thoms noticeably pricked up his ears at this. He was not the man to let such an amount of money slip through his fingers.

"He'll get it!" more than one of us whispered.

And sure enough, on the third morning when we met again for consultation, Mr. Thoms sauntered in, with a smirk of satisfaction on his face, and took a seat at the table.

The rest of us had nothing new to tell whereat Mr. Thoms smiled contemptuously.

"I have a report to make," he remarked quietly.

"Proceed, sir," said the chief, eyeing him rather sharply.

"At an early hour this morning," Mr. Thoms continued, "I noticed a shabbily dressed man enter a pawnbroker's office. His manner was lurking and suspicious. I followed him in, making a pretext of wishing to pawn a ring I had taken from my finger. Whilst biggling with one of the clerks, I kept a keen eye on the man I had followed, who was offering a handsome gold watch to another clerk.

"Let me see it," I said, turning up my lapel and displaying my official badge; and placing myself between the customer and the door, I took the watch from the counter and examined it. Inside the case was the maker's name and the number. No doubt was possible. It was the murdered man's watch of which I had a full description.

"The man gave no satisfactory account of himself, or his possession of the stolen property, and of course, I arrested him at once. The case is a very simple one. The murder, it is conceded, was committed in the perpetration of a robbery. Part of the property taken is found in the possession of the prisoner, a circumstance which he fails to explain. What proof, could be any stronger?"

"Bravo!" we exclaimed. "The reward is yours, Mr. Thoms. It's a fortune you might afford to retire on, and give the rest of us a chance."

Mr. Thoms beamed benignantly, and the meeting broke up.

I was on the point of leaving with the others, when the chief touched my arm and desired me to remain for a few minutes.

Our brief conference was strictly confidential, and it would not be proper to reveal it here. At the end of it, I hurried out. My way and Mr. Thoms' lay along the same street; but he had so much the start that I was barely in time to see him enter his own door.

Bright and early next morning I was met by our chief at the principal railroad depot, whither I had cautiously followed a gentleman in an iron-gray wig and blue goggles, whom I lost no time in pointing out to the chief.

The latter approached and touched the gentleman's shoulder.

"A word with you, if you please sir," said the chief.

"I'm in a hurry," returned the other "the train is about starting, and I really cannot afford to miss it."

"Do not force me Thoms," the chief whispered, "to strip you of your disguise here. Your plan was cunningly laid, but, unluckily for you, it has not succeeded. It was a shrewd device of yours to feign intoxication right before last, and take an exposed seat in the park. From a concealed spot I saw a thief approach and pick your pocket of a watch, as you designed should be done. As he hurried away you rose and followed stealthily, whilst I, unobserved kept in sight of you both. We all three

sauntered up and down till morning came, and the shops began to open. I saw you and your man enter a pawnbroker's place, and there is no doubt that it was Mr. Dame's watch which was offered to be pledged, and quite as little that it is the same which I saw taken from your pocket by the thief whom you would now bring to the gallows with the double purpose of screening yourself and securing the proffered reward. The object of your present journey, doubtless, is to convey to a place of safety the rest of your ill-gotten gain."

The new prisoner was taken to a private room and searched, and on his person were found a number of articles readily identified as having belonged to Mr. Dame.

And so after all, it was our model detective who was tried and hanged, and not the wretched pickpocket who had been purposely enticed into stealing the tell-tale watch, that he might suffer for another crime of which he was not guilty, and enable the real culprit to escape and pocket the reward.

A SHARP PARENT.

AT Baden Baden, a Hungarian Count, Christian W., and his daughter Helen came to pass the season. The young Countess, charming and beautiful and heiress to a large fortune bequeathed her by her mother, was soon surrounded by a host of admirers. She speedily became captivated by one of the most worthless of her suitors, Carl M., because he had a handsome face, and long, black, wavy beard, was gifted with a fascinating manner, dressed with exquisite taste, danced marvelously, and possessed rare powers as a singer. Carl was a noted gambler and given to dissipation, and Count Christian became possessed of the information that the young chevalier had quitted Naples in consequence of some scandalous adventure in which he had been implicated.

Helen was so completely infatuated with Carl that she gave no heed to the advice, the prayers or even the orders of her father. She would not believe the reports of the disgraceful antecedents of her wily lover. The condition of affairs brought the Count, possessed of a remarkable degree of firmness, to the determination of originating some plan whereby he could effectually overcome the persistent efforts of Carl to secure his daughter, as well as convince Helen that to save her from such an unprincipled man was a deed of paternal tenderness and care.

The chevalier had continued adroitly in his work of ensnaring the young heiress, and finally in direct terms asked her to elope with him. He wrote a note proposing a clandestine meeting at an hour when her father was in the habit of going out to play whist with some gentlemen of his acquaintance, and in it made the suggestion that, if she favored the proposition, she should wear in her belt a rose as a sign of consent. Count Christian, having intercepted the letter, took occasion soon after to approach Helen, and then ask her to go out with him, at the same time handing her a flower, remarking: "Put this in your belt as an ornament." She smilingly obeyed. In the course of their walk they met Carl, who bowed, and was overjoyed to notice that Helen had carried out his request.

The Count conducted his daughter to the residence of one of his acquaintances and requested her to wait till he called for her. This done he returned to the house he occupied on the outskirts of Baden Baden. He had sent away his servants and was alone. At the appointed hour Carl arrived and leaped over the garden wall. Finding the door securely closed, he entered the house through one of the windows. With pleasurable excitement he hastened toward Helen's apartments, but great was his astonishment to find her father armed with a brace of pistols. The Count closed the door, and said to the miserable chevalier:

"Carl M., I could kill you; I have the right to do so. You have entered my house at night; you have broken in to it. I could treat you as a felon—nothing could be more natural."

"But, sir," said Carl, trembling, and in most inaudible tone, "I am not a robber."

"Not a robber!" exclaimed Count Christian. "What are you then?" You have come to steal my daughter, to steal an heiress and a fortune. I have your criminal letter. I shall show you no mercy. If you refuse me I will slay you!"

"What is your will, sir?"

"You must leave Baden this instant. You must put at least two hundred leagues between it and you, and never come into the presence of my daughter. For your traveling expenses I will give you 20,000 francs."

Carl endeavored to speak. "Silence," said the Count in a voice of thunder. "You must obey. In that secretary is the money. Take it."

The chevalier ventured the remark: "Permit me to decline your offer."

The false modesty of the young man was overcome by the imperious gesture of the old man.

"But," said Carl, "the secretary is locked."

"Break the lock then," returned the Count, and with his pistol in his hand he repeated, "Break it, or I'll blow your brains out."

Carl obeyed.

"It is well," said the gentleman, "those bank notes are yours. Have you a pocket-book with anything identifying it as belonging to you?"

"Yes."

"Then let it fall in front of the secretary which you have broken open."

"What, sir?"

"I must have proof which will convict you. I mean to have all the evidence of burglary. Robber or death!—Choose! Ah, I see your choice is made. Now go before me. I do not quit you until you are a league from Baden. I'll return late, and enter no complaint against you till to-morrow noon. Now, begone."

Chevalier Carl could not resist the compulsory order, and Count Christian's plan was carried out to the very letter. The affair created great noise and excitement. Helen could no longer doubt as to Carl's character, and it was not long before his image was banished from her heart, and that was in due time surrendered to one of her cousins, a captain of an Austrian cavalry regiment.

Why the Book-Keeper Stole.

HE had a wife.

His salary was \$2,500 per annum. But she complained.

She wanted a better house. Better clothes.

Nothing fit to go out in. No country cottage.

Nor carriage. Nor front pews.

Nor society. She coveted a place on the ragged edge of the select 500.

She kept it up. Night and day.

And moaned and Groaned and Growled and Wept.

He lacked style, also. As well as new clothes every six weeks, and various other things.

He knew how his employer made several hundreds daily on the streets.

A thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours.

So he took it, and went up the street and won.

She got her sealskin. He took more and lost.

More to get that back and lost. More yet.

Defalcation discovered. He wears the Penitentiary check.

Others are going, too. Beware.

But if you win regularly, society won't be hard on you.

But if you lose, society will sit down on you.

Beware. Better is a modest room up two pair of back stairs than a cell in the Tombs.

And a plain woolen jacket rather than a pair of prison uniform pants on poor Charlie's legs.

Something in a Name.

Remarked Brother Gardner, of the Limekiln Club: I, for one, he had been pained to oblige a growin' desire on de part o' cull'd folks to knock deir children down silver-plated front names. Down in my block ebery cabin hez a Hortense, or a Maud, or a Genevieve, who will grow up to go bar fut in summer an' bend ober de washtub in winter. I believe dat half wat ails de niggers now-a-days am deir fancy names. I tell ye, dem am a powerful burden for a chile to carry. No young gal wid a big foot an' a mouf like a sasser am gwine to look any purtier for bein' called Cleopatra Viva Clarabel. No, sah. Ize a believer in de good ole-fashion names, such as Polly, Dinah, Chloe, Sam, Tom an' Jim. Dar's sunthin squar' an' honest in 'em, an' dey weigh sixteen ounces to de pound. Dis kentry am tryin' to get rid of em, an' banks am bustin', men stealin', towns burnin' up an' tornadies sweepin' o'er de land. I tell ye, an honest, straightforward name is half to 'rds keepin' a chile honest; an' if I kept a grocery store I'd trust Moses all day long, an' keep boaf eyes on Adolphus.

"Old Billy Gray" used to do a big lump of the foreign mercantile business of Boston. One day a new salesman was employed by Gray's firm. He had heard much of Mr. Gray's wealth and was every day expecting to see a sleek old gentleman dressed in the finest clothes, with gold watch, chain, jewelry, &c. This new salesman bought a turkey one morning and was looking out for somebody to carry it home for him. A plainly dressed man asked him how

would he would give him to carry the turkey for him. "Ninsepence." The bargain was struck and the two walked down towards State street side by side, the elder carrying the turkey by its legs in one hand. When the young man's home was reached the turkey was duly delivered and the ninsepence paid as agreed, whereupon the elder of the two returned thanks to the young man, attended with the request that whenever he wanted to pay ninsepence for the carrying of a turkey a few blocks on the way he himself was going to just call on old Billy Gray and he would be glad of a job by which he could earn ninsepence so easily.

FOR THE TIMES How to Have a Bad School.

BY J. A. ZELLERS.

THE following which is taken from the Pennsylvania School Journal, may be of benefit to the citizens of Perry county.

- 1. Elect the most ignorant, bigoted, close-fisted old fogies in the district to the school board. 2. Employ the cheapest teacher you can get, regardless of qualifications, reputation or experience. 3. Find all the fault you can with the teacher, and tell everybody; especially let the pupils hear it. 4. When you hear a bad report about the teacher or the school, circulate it as fast as you can. 5. Never visit the school, or encourage the teacher.

6. If you should happen to visit the school, take close notice of what seems to go wrong, and tell everybody about it except the teacher.

7. Never advise your children to be obedient to the teacher, and when one is punished, rush to the school room before your passion is cooled, and give the teacher a hearing in the matter in the presence of the whole school.

8. Be indifferent about sending your children to school regularly.

9. Do not be concerned whether they have the necessary books.

10. If any of the pupils make slow progress, blame the teacher for it.

11. Occupy your old tumble-down school house as long as you can, and do not go to any expense to repair it.

12. Do not go to any expense to get apparatus, improved furniture, etc.

13. If the teacher or pupils should complain of an uncomfortable or inconvenient school-room, do not consider it worthy of notice.

14. Get the cheapest fuel you can. In general, conduct your school on the cheapest possible plan, and let your chief concern be to find fault and devise ways of retrenchment.

If these rules are faithfully carried out, you are not likely to fail in having a bad school.

National Handwriting.

It is a remarkable fact that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his country. If he be English he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation.

Professor B— states: I am acquainted with a Frenchman who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixing exclusively with French people, but who, although he had a French writing-master, and, perhaps, never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style; yet in Paris all writing-masters profess to teach the French hand so it was really national instinct. Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their hand writings. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs can be instantly determined by his handwriting. The difference between the American or English and the French hand-writing is immense—a school-boy would distinguish it at a glance; that between Italian, Spanish, and German handwritings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference in the handwritings of nations as in their languages.

Between male and female, says a modern writer, there is a difference of kind only—not degree. Man is strong, woman is beautiful; man is daring and confident, woman is diffident and unassuming; man is great in action, woman in suffering; man shines abroad, woman at home; man talks to convince, woman to persuade; man has a rugged heart, a woman a soft and tender one; man prevents misery, woman relieves it; man has science, woman taste; man has judgment, woman sensibility; man is a being of justice, woman an angel of mercy. It was not an old bachelor who wrote this though.