RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS MARCH 15th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:

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 Houle," *6.20, [Fast Exp.] 5.85 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.20 (Fast Exp) 8.05, (through car), 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

For Reading, at 5.15, 8.05 p. m.

For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuyikili and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.

For Auburn, via Schuyikill and Susquehanna Branch at 5.00 a. m.

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

The 5.15, 8.65 a, m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York, via Allentown.

The 8.95 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains make close connection at Reading with Main Line trains 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 Fellows:
Leave New York via Allentown, 8.45 a. m., 1.06
and 8.20 p. m.
Leave New York via "Bonnd Brook Route," and
Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., "1.30 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 2.20 p.m.
"Through car, New York to Harrisburg,
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.30 and 6.60
(Fast Exp) and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Pottsville-8.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.50, 1.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15,
8.00 and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuyikill and Susquehanna
Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Auburn via Schuyikill
and Susquehanna Branch, 11.50 a. m.
Leave Allentown, at 6.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30,
and 9.65 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m. Leave Heading, at 7.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 9.05 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, 5.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, at 4.45, 6.10 and 9.39 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 7.00, 10.00 a. m., and 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. in.

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

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OTEL 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 bondsmen and the owners of the property. And whereas, the last Convention of the Perry County Christian Temperance Association parsed a resolution, ordering the Executive Committee to publish the same, this is to inform all persons interested, that the said names will be published before or about the first week in April of each year.

By order of the Executive Committee.

John Shears.

Janis 3m Chairman.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

THREE years ago, I shipped on board the Niger, Capt. Philips. Our voyage was to Hilo, Sandwich Islands, and back to Puget Sound, whence we sailed. The captain, officers and crew were, when I joined, Americans and West Indiamen; but, as another hand was wanted besides myself, I persuaded Jack Chester, an Englishman with whom I had become friendly, to fill up the vacancy. Jack was a fine looking fellow, a jovial companion, and had lots of information which he knew how to use ; but, although he dressed and talked like a sallor, he had not been long on board the ship before it became plain that he had not been brought up a salt.

Our captain was a Tartar and no mistake, and he had the eye of a hawk, no fault committed by man or boy escaped him. This was especially unfortunate for my shipmate. He shipped on able seaman's wages, but his deficiencies were so many and glaring that our captain, who seemed to watch his movements more carefully than those of the rest of the crew, often inflicting upon him punishments painful to witness. I had a strong attachment to Chester, and stood his friend whenever I could, by taking some of his duties along with mine; but I was not always at hand to help him, so he fell oftener than others beneath the captain's displeasure.

One night when I was at the wheel the wind rose into a gale. The captain came on deck and set all hands to reef the topsails. The men were manning the halyards to hoist away, when poor Chester, instead of letting go the reef tackle, let go the weather fore-topsail brace and away went the yard fore and aft. By luffing up smartly however, we managed to get it checked without carrying anything away. But Captain Philips, frothing at the mouth, swore he would tan the foolish lubber's hide who had done so clumsy a thing. Saying which, he rushed at Chester with a piece of ratline, which he brought down upon his neck and shoulders, giving them a fearful cut. He was in the act of raising it again, when a voice from aloft roared out, " Hold your hand!"

The voice was wonderfully loud and clear, seemingly coming from the maintop. The captain fell back and looking up, cried in a great rage, "Aloft there! 'Halloa!" was answered back.

" Come down on deck," was the captain's imperious order.

"Come up here, and see how you will like it," was the contemptuous response.

" Come down, I say, on deck !" foamed the captain.

"Come up and fetch me," returned the voice from aloft.

"Who is up there, Mr. Rassom!" cried the captain, appealing to the first

"No one, sir," was the reply, " so far as I can see. All seem present here on deck."

The captain's rage was now terrible to witness.

"All seem present, Mr. Rassom! What do you mean by that, sir?" ask you again, who is up there?"

"No one known to me," returned the man. "All are present. All are on deck, in sight."

Such was the case. But the second mate without awaiting order, sprang up the rigging and looked over the top-rim, then made a circuit of it, looking all around the masthead, then reported himself alone.

"Then the ship must be haunted!" cried the chief mate.

The captain thereupon dropped the rope's end which he had held in his hand, and went below. It was evident that he was strangely affected by what had occurred. And so my fellow countryman escaped further punishment that night.

But in a few days our skipper had forgotten his fears, and looking out for another object on which to vent his spleen. I had the ill-fortune to feel his wrath .-He ordered me to make a knot in the end of an old fagged rope to be used for a lashing. In a little while I returned, saying that I had made the best job I could of a rope that was quite fagged out.

"Well," said he, "if that's your best, you are as much of a lubber as your friend Chester. But I'll dock you both to ordinary seaman's wages."

I tried to show him that the rope was too much worn to make a neat job of

it. "Indeed," I said, "It is sadly fagged." "Fagged, is it ?" cried he, scorn-

fully; "then I'll finish it over your lubberly back." "No, you wont !" roared out a voice

from behind the long boat. The captain rushed in the direction of the sound, but he failed to discover the

speaker. "Who was that?" he cried, in a storm of wrath, adding, " Let me know who it is, and I'll thrash him within an

inch of his life. "Will you? Ha! ha! ha!" was the mocking reply, dropping seemingly from the mainton.

It was broad daylight when this took place, so every one could see that there was no one up there.

I was as much startled and mystified by the occurrence as was the captain; but neither he nor I, nor any of the crew to whom he appealed could throw light thereon. But whoever or whatever uttered the words, my purpose was served, as was Chester's on a previous occasion. The lrate captain went below filled more with fear than rage, throwing behind him, as he stepped upon the cabin ladder, the rope's end which had so vexed him.

Sailors in general are superstitious beings. Whatever cannot be easily made out or accounted for on natural principles, is laid to the account of the supernatural. Our captain was no better in this respect than his crew, for he was as illiterate as they, except in the matter of navigation, and as rough and untutored. He evidently believed that his ship was haunted, and that a spirit from the vast deep had a mind to torment him by its interferences. His fears were increased not many days after. On retiring to rest, at the end of his evening's watch, his slumbers were disturbed by a loud and fearful cry, which seemed to enter the sidelight, which was left open for ventilation. The cry was heard by by the second officer, who was on the quarter deck, and by Chester, who was at the wheel, neither of whom could throw any light upon the incident to the captain, who had rushed on to the deck in a state of terror, and demanded in vain for the production of the offen-

From that time it was clear to all that Captain Philips was tormented by apprehensions of coming disaster. An idea was fixed in his mind that his ship was visited by a spirit from the invisible world, which preferred to make itself heard rather than seen. And this idea was strengthened by the fact that when he was on deck and became angry at the conduct of any of the men, especially when his anger was made manifest in oaths and blows, the unseen but ever vigilant visitor from afar, would-perched apparantly on the top of the mainmast-uttered insolent laugh or the solemn warning. On these occasion the poor man would rush off to his cabin with blanched cheek and tottering limb, and there abide until the gale in his moral sensibilities should subside!

That it was angry with no one else but the captain was clear, from the fact that it never took notice of the conduct of any other person. The mate or boatswain might act as they pleased, or the men might jibe and call each other hard names; no matter-the voice was not even heard-neither laugh nor moan fell upon our ears.

Thus matters went on until we were within two days' sail of the islands. All the while our poor captain had been kept from tyranny by bis fears of the voice; but now, exasperated by some fault in seamanship on the part of Chester, and being the worse for liquor, he hurled a belaying pin at him, which struck him on the head. Clapping both hands thereon, with a yell he rushed into the forecastle. It was evident the skipper expected to hear the voice, for he looked nervously aloft; but when all was silent in that direction, his courage returned, and he desired the second officer to call Chester back to the deck .-Getting no answer to his call, the mate went below, where he found the poor fellow delirious. Returning to the deck he reported him to be in a dangerous condition.

This filled the captain with fear. He ordered that every attention should be paid him, which was done. That night it became necessary to have all hands on deck to reef and while we were on the yards an awful cry, like that of a manise, arose from the bows of the vessel, and the next moment several of us saw a human form on rail near the foreswifter, and then a loud splash was heard in the water under our lee.

The captain and chief officers, who were on deck rushed to the side. A hat was seen for a moment bobbing on the crest of a wave; the maniacal scream was repeated, when Captain Phillips, himself utlered a cry, fell senseless on the deck. The mate then called us who were on the topsail yard :

"Come down from aloft! Clear away the small boats!"

We thought he was as near beside himself as was the captain; and so he was for the moment, for when we had gained the deck, he was ready to countermand the order.

Everything was awful beyond expression; the wind and the water were raging wild; it was impossible for a small boat to live in so rough a sea, so making a virtue of necessity the search for the poor maddened fellow was abandoned, amid vows of vengeance against the captain and tears for our lost messmate.

Forty-eight hours after this we entered the port of Hilo. A vast change had come over the crew. The captain know-

ing their peculiarities, had supplied them with money and copious libations of whiskey; so instead of reporting him to the consul, as they declared they would they were ready to shout him praises all day long. In this, however, I did not agree; but unable to bring the tyrant to justice single-handed, I resolved to quit the Niger.

I did so. After blding in the woods for several days, I was caught and brought back to the ship. As my adtures as a fugitive are not essential to the unfolding of my story, I pass them by, and take up the thread of my narrative.

When we set sail on our return voyage captain Philips was an altered man. He abstained from spirits, he controlled his temper, and this, with the addition of a fine steady breeze, made our lives on board happy. But alas! we were doomed to a sad ending up of the voyage.-Keeping too near the land, and a squall laving hold on the ship, we were driven on a lee shore. It was just after midnight when we struck, and leaping out of my hammoek, I ran on deek. I could see nothing save the wild waters racing over the deck. I cried out to my shipmates, but got no answer. It was not possible to reach the after-part of the vessel where the life belts were kept. So acting on the impulse of the moment I leaped into the sea. Catching hold of a friendly rock, I was saved. Daylight came after a weary waiting. The first thing I saw was the dead body of poor Captain Philips, and not far from it was that of our Chinese cook. The rest were saved.

We made our way to Portland where we were paid off. Thence I proceeded to San Francisco. I had often asked myself whence came those strange voices and fearful words which had so alarmed our captain and put most of the crew in terror, and had so opportunely on one occasion saved me from the vengence of the captain. But it was, beyond my power to answer the inquiry; neither could the mate nor any of the survivors throw light thereupon. Had we known what ventriloquism was, we might have found a solution of the mystery; but I had never heard an adept in the art, neither had any of my shipmates; otherwise I judge such fact would have been mentioned, and the voices accounted for on that ground. Poor Chester, when with us, our most intelligent shipmate, seemed to be as much in the dark as the rest of us, although he was not in the least put out of the way by the occurrences. Strolling along the streets of San Francisco one night, about a year after the wreck, ready for anything in the way amusement that might turn up my eye caught a large poster which announced the wonderful doings of Professor Meredith, "the unrivalled and world-renowned ventriloquist."

This, thought I, shall be the source of my evening's enjoyment. Turning my face in the direction of the "Hall of Science and Emporium of Amusements, I was soon seated in a snug corner of the body of the building, and was not long in being carried away by the wonderful sayings of the Professor. At last he told us he would hold an imaginary conversation with a person up the chimney. He did so. When, in the midst of a dialogue, the person up in the flue, gave a derisive " Hah, hah, hah!"

I was startled. I sprang from my seat. "Surely," said I half aloud "those are the voice and tone and words which more than once came from the maintop of the Niger." And while I was staring at the Professor with eyes ready to leap out of their sockets, he came to the front of the stage to perform his part .-Then; in spite of his flowing beard and other decorations, I saw in Professor Meredith the identical Jack Chester who over twelve months before, was believed to have leaped, in a fit of madness into the sea.

"Chester!" I cried out in my excitement.

"Sit down!" cried one; "Put him out !" said some other. In the mean time I had come to myself and resumed my seat, but not before I had gotten from the Professor a sign of recognition.

When the performance was over, my old shipmate, (for it was he) beckoned me to him, and taking me to his private room, he grasped my hand in all the fervency of ardent friendship.

"Sit down Henry, my boy," he said, " and you shall have a solution of the mystery which hangs over me and the past."

" How came you to be saved from a watery grave on that awful night when you plunged into the raging sea?" I impatiently asked.

"I did not jump overboard," replied Chester laughing; neither was I any less sane than I am at this moment.-The entire affair was a trick of my own invention to frighten the captain and then get away from his clutches. My madness was a sham, and the man over board was simply a bundle of old togs, topped by my old hat, which I had just put together. The moment I pitched them over the rail I slipped down into | column.

the fore-peak, where I lay hid ustil the night after the ship entered the port, when I stole out and went on shore. had taken care to lay up junk, and I managed to avoid detection until the Niger sailed. The cries which your heard from the maintop, from behind the long-boat, and in the cabin, I need not now explain."

"No, all is made clear by the doings of this night," said I.

"Exactly so," said he. And then he continued; "I had performed as a ventriloquist in most large cities and towns in Europe before you knew me; but, becoming somewhat restless in my habits and having squandered all my earnings, in a fit of restlessness I took to sea, and, in the capacity of a sailor, found my way to Puget Sound. But I had not in me the stuff of which sallors were made so after my adventures on board the Niger, I went back to my old profession,in which I have done well. My wild oats are all sown I hope, and having learned wisdom by bitter experience. I shall stick to that line for which I have a capacity-a better thing than splicing old ropes or taking in topsail reefs on a blowing night.

"I should think so." I said. "But you nearly killed the captain with fright whilst you caused us many a heartache at your supposed loss."

" For the latter I am sorry," returned Chester. "But I cannot say that I pitled the captain. His cruelty to me was terrible, and he would possibly have ended by killing me, but for my fortunategift of ventriloquism. 'All's well that ends well."

"True," I returned. "And I rejoice that you are alive to say so. You kept your secret famously, for neither Capt. Philips nor any of his crew ever suspected Jack Chester was the ghost that baunted the Niger."

A Comleat Mistake.

T appears that the double of an eminent professor of physiology at the Berlin University is a hair dresser, whose shop is situated in the immediate neighborhood of that institution, and who, well aware of his likeness to the learned doctor, carefully copies the latter in dress, bearing and demeanor.

A few days ago the professor was walking homeward from his lectureroom when a gentleman, entirely unknown to him, stopped him in the street, saying:

"Follow me to my house. I want you to cut my hair!"

The amiable professor, one of whose principles of life it has always been never to withhold from a fellow-creature any service that, might be within his power to render, meekly accompanied the stranger home, and there addressed himself to the task thus imperatively prescribed to him.

Forlorn of professional seissors, he picked up a pair of shears, used for cutting paper, for a writing-table in the dressing-room to which he was conducted, and, with this implement, proceeded most conscientiously to cut his victim's hair down to the very

When he cleared about half the skull of its hirsute covering, he accidentally stuck the point of his shears into the scalp of his patient, who, springing to his feet in great wrath, exclaimed; "Can't you take care what you are about?" Do you call yourself a haircutter ?"

"A hair-cutter!" replied the astonished sage, "certainly not. I am only Prof. B——, very much at your service. Prof. B——, very much at your service as you perceive."

What Fools!

Inspired and directed by a lady medium of Rochester, N. Y., three gentlemen of Barre have been led to dig for gold that was supposed to have been buried near the swamp in that town many years ago. The devotees of faith have been actually engaged in their labors all winter on a farm located about six miles from Albion, digging over one and one-half acres of ground.

Not succeeding in finding their looked for gold, they again sent for the medium, who told them it was owing to having talked while digging that kept them from obtaining it, and consequently it had moved elsewhere. Sheagain located it, th's time about two miles from Albion, and they are again industriously at work to find it. They seem somewhat encouraged, as they affirm that one bright sunny day they saw the box containing the gold, and were about to pry it up when one of their number sneezed, and it immediately disappeared from their sight.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cored by it. Will you try it? See another 16 24