

## 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.  
 For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 5.20, (Fast Exp.) 8.50 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, 8.20 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45, 4.00 and 6.00 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 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, via Allentown.

The 8.05 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, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

## Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, 5.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 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, 8.20 p. m., and 9.20 p. m.  
 \*Through car, New York to Harrisburg.  
 Leave Philadelphia, at 6.45 a. m., 4.00 and 6.00 (Fast Exp.) and 7.45 p. m.  
 Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.  
 Leave Reading, at 6.40, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 2.15, 8.00 and 10.35 p. m.  
 Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 5.25 a. m. Leave Allentown via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 11.50 a. m.  
 Leave Allentown, at 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.20, and 9.05 p. m.

## SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.20 p. m.  
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m.  
 Leave Reading, at 7.25 p. 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 9.30 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 7.10, 10.05 a. m., and 2.30 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.00 p. m.

J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.  
 G. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

## THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,

GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

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.  
 A careful hostess always in attendance.  
 April 9, 1878. H

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CORTLANDT STREET,  
(Near Broadway.)  
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HOCHKISS &amp; POND, Proprietors

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 NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

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17 East 14th St., New York.

Agents wanted everywhere, to whom extraordinary inducements will be offered. Send your address on postal card for Circular and Terms.

**\$1000 REWARD** For anyone who can furnish information leading to the discovery of the person or persons who have stolen the sum of \$1000 from the estate of the late John W. Demarest, deceased, and who have been found guilty of the same. The reward will be paid to the person or persons who furnish the information leading to the discovery of the person or persons who have stolen the sum of \$1000 from the estate of the late John W. Demarest, deceased, and who have been found guilty of the same. The reward will be paid to the person or persons who furnish the information leading to the discovery of the person or persons who have stolen the sum of \$1000 from the estate of the late John W. Demarest, deceased, and who have been found guilty of the same.

## 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 bondsmen and the owners of the property. And whereas, the last Convention of the Perry County Christian Temperance Association passed 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 SHRETS, Chairman.

## THE WIDOW REED.

DENIS McLAIN and Dick Renshaw were two of the most expert and successful counterfeiters ever known in the Northwest. Both were bold shrewd men, who had defied the laws and evaded justice by one artifice or another for years, and were noted for their courage and coolness in the face of danger.

Counterfeiting was their specialty, and it was said among the profession that "Dick Renshaw and Denis McLain had turned out some of the best work ever put afloat in the West."

Their latest exploit had been the counterfeiting of the ten-dollar notes of a Chicago bank, and so perfect were they that hundreds of people were victimized and the bank officers themselves could hardly tell the spurious notes from the genuine. Renshaw and McLain were suspected, and Hugh Graham, a detective of more than ordinary ability, was detailed to work out the case.

With patient perseverance, he traced the daring criminals from one haunt to another, until he finally discovered that his men had taken up their abode with a widow lady who resided about half a mile from the little village of M—, on the Quincy and Burlington Railroad. This widow—Mrs. Reed by name—was a quiet, lady-like person, and by the village folks generally was considered a very worthy and highly respectable woman. Graham felt quite sure that she knew nothing about the true character of her boarders, who represented themselves to be real estate men, looking up the value of land in that locality, and were only known as Mr. Day and Mr. Williams by the unsuspecting villagers.

While Graham was making cautious inquiries about the widow and her strange lodgers, in a small back room on the ground-floor of the lady's modest cottage, those two lodgers were seated in earnest conversation. The one, tall and rather fine looking, with black hair and eyes, and somewhat slow of speech, was Denis McLain. The other, short and stout, with a smooth beardless face, and cheeks as rosy as a girl's, was Dick Renshaw; "the best note engraver outside of the State Prison," as a friend of his once proudly remarked, in speaking of his talents.

Said Renshaw now known as Williams, rising and walking uneasily up and down the floor:

"I'm sure it was Graham, and the fellow with him is Jim Deming, a bandy-legged Chicago detective, whom I saw in St. Louis last winter the time we put out the fives. There's no mistake I tell you. I saw them get off the train at M—, not an hour ago, and they mean business."

"Well, if they do, we must outwit them—that's all," replied the older man quietly.

"But how? I fear we are run to earth this time, Denis. We can't give them the slip in this small town, and the confounded telegraph will head us off which ever way we turn."

"No, there's no hope of escape in that direction."

"What are we to do then?"

"Do? Why stay and take our chances where we are?"

Dick looked at him in astonishment, but said nothing, and his companion continued:

"We are in a very tight place, that's certain, but I don't despair. Graham is good on a take. Now there is nothing here to convict us—not a dollar of the stuff on the premises, and the dies and plates are all safely out of the way. I took good care of that part of the business. It is now only 8 o'clock and if we work lively we will give Graham and his bandy-legged friend some trouble yet before they catch us."

In a few words Denis explained his plan of outwitting the detectives, and when he had finished, Dick nodded approvingly, and they both left the room together.

It was just nine o'clock, of a bright June morning, that two men walked leisurely up the road leading to Mrs. Reed's dwelling.

As they neared the house they saw an elderly gentleman, with gray hair and beard, hoeing corn in the field on the opposite side of the road, and the larger of the two gentlemen, who was none other than the clever detective, Graham pleasantly accosted the old laborer.

"A fine morning you have for hoeing my friend, and your corn is looking nicely for the time of the year."

The old man straightened himself up with difficulty, and glanced curiously at the speaker.

"Yes, it's a promising crop; but the land is good about here, sir, and good land brings good crops most generally," answered the simple old fellow.

"Ah, that explains it," laughed the detective. "Could you tell us if the house over yonder belongs to the widow Reed?"

The old man pushed back his worn straw hat, rested the blade of his hoe on his heavy boot and replied, with great deliberation:

"Yes, that's the widdler's; may be you are looking for board?"

"Not exactly; but we have friends stopping with her—strangers; though I presume you have seen them occasionally at M—."

"Well, yes, I've seen a couple of strangers thereby—city fellers," said the honest old toiler thoughtfully; "but I never seen 'em to speak to. They don't be social like to country folks, and keep pretty much by themselves. That is my house you see over there," pointing to a tumbled down old building, perched on a hill side at some distance across the fields "I've lived there nigh on to twenty years and I've often seen the widdler's boarders around of a morning long afore most people are up. My wife thinks they must be queer sort of folks for they burn a light all night. I hear they may be inventors, makin' a new kind of a machine to keep steam boilers from bustin', and don't want their secret to get out."

The detective's face beamed with satisfaction.

"Here's a trifle for you," he said well pleased, and passed on.

The laborer pocketed the "trifle," and bent again to his toil, piling up the rich earth around the root of the young corn with renewed energy.

The widow Reed was a small delicate featured woman of perhaps forty, with innocent blue eyes and soft brown hair which was just beginning to show a trace of "silver threads."

And it was the little widow herself who opened the door to Graham's respectful knock. To her look of inquiry, he said:

"I called to see Mr. Williams. Is he at home?"

"I will see," she replied, politely and tripped away to ascertain.

She soon returned, and announced that neither Mr. Williams nor his friend Mr. Day were in their room, adding:

"They usually take a walk about this time, but are seldom gone more than an hour. Would you like to wait or leave cards?"

The callers decided that they would wait, whereupon the widow hospitably remarked:

"Perhaps you would prefer waiting in their room, as it is cooler there than here," glancing at the dazzling sunlight, which was just commencing to flood the windows of the little parlor.

Both visitors eagerly assented to the lady's proposition, and were at once shown to the room of the absent counterfeiters. There the unsuspecting widow left them, and returned to her household duties.

As may readily be supposed, the detectives were not scrupulous about examining the apartment and its belongings in a most thorough and business like manner. But nothing was found—not a sign of anything calculated to implicate the inmates with the crime of making bad money.

For a "den" of counterfeiters it was certainly all very natural and home-like. The detectives looked puzzled, but were still confident that they were on the right track.

Minute after minute passed away, and no sound broke the stillness save the splashing and rubbing of a stout servant girl, who was washing in the little summer-kitchen adjoining the room in which they sat. To-and-fro she walked from tub to boiler and starch-bowl, her sleeves rolled up, an old blue sun-bonnet drawn over her heated face, and girt around the waist by a wet, sudsy apron.

An hour went by. Mr. Williams and his companion had not returned; and the detectives were about to summon Mrs. Reed for the purpose of making further inquiries when the good lady presented herself at the door, and said, in a tone of gentle apology:

"I am afraid you find it rather tiresome waiting. It is quite unusual for them to remain away so long."

"Did they leave no message?" asked Deming.

"Not that I know of," she answered simply enough.

"Have you any objections to asking your servant?"

"None at all. I should have thought of it before."

She instantly withdrew, and a moment after the listening detectives heard her interrogating the stout domestic, who appeared in no amiable mood.

"Did Mr. Day leave any message with you, Amanda, when he went out this morning?"

"Leave a message with me?" snapped Amanda, giving the sheet she was wringing a vicious twist around her arm. "Why should he leave a message with me? But come to think of it, Mr. Williams left a note as he was goin' out and told me to give it to you if you asked about him."

"Then why did you not do so, Amanda, without keeping me waiting all this time? Give me the note now, if you please."

"Because you did not ask me. And with washing and a hundred things to

do besides, it went clean out of my mind. The notes around somewhere; I forgot just where I put it. Oh, it's there on the window sill!"

And with this waspish information, Amanda snatched up her basket of clothes and went to hang them upon the line in the back yard, while her mistress glad apparently to be rid of her ungracious servant, took the note, and immediately returned to her anxious visitors, who had overheard every word of the above conversation.

"You are right in your conjectures," she said, "Mr. Williams did leave a message, or a note which amounts to about the same thing, and no doubt will explain what now seems so strange."

She tore open the note, and it did explain with vengeance. It ran thus:

DEAR MRS. REED:—Business of great moment calls us away at once. We will not return. Inclosed please find remittance for two weeks' board, in addition to which we also give you our personal effects, which we find inconvenient to take with us at the present time. With thanks for your many kindnesses, I remain, respectfully,  
 "G. W. WILLIAMS."

Poor Mrs. Reed was astonished.

"I don't understand it!" she gasped, sinking into a chair. "I don't understand it at all!"

"But I do!" cried the enraged Graham, springing to his feet. "Deming, we are completely fooled, and, while waiting here like a couple of idiots, they have given us the slip."

"Who are you? What can you mean?" exclaimed the widow, in great alarm.

"We mean, madam, that your late boarders are two of the most accomplished counterfeiters in the United States.—We are detectives and are here to arrest them—that is we came for that purpose; but—"

"Gracious heavens! what do I hear? Counterfeiters! and I thought them such perfect gentlemen," interrupted Mrs. Reed, now terribly agitated, and trembling in every limb.

"Perfect scoundrels! This is a devil of a business after all the trouble we have had," said Graham turning to his companion. "They are off on the train that left M— half an hour ago, and all we can do is to telegraph and stop them, if possible, before they can reach Quincy."

Mrs. Reed was pale with fear and consternation. To know that she had been innocently harboring two such dreadful characters naturally filled her with horror and dismay.

"Perhaps they are concealed somewhere about the place, and have not gone off at all!" she faltered, hardly daring to speak above a whisper. "They may be hiding in the barn or the wood shed or the house at this very moment," looking around apprehensively and with a visible shudder. "Amanda and I are alone—what could we do if they should be here? They might murder us in our beds, or burn the house! It is frightful to think of it; and they were so gentlemanly, and paid their board so promptly!" hysterically bewailed the widow, sinking back into her chair, quite overpowered by the horror of her unprotected situation.

"Don't alarm yourself madam. They are far enough away, I'll warrant you, to prevent our presenting them with a pair of bracelets to-day," was the baffled Graham's grim reply.

But the poor woman was still skeptical, and tearfully implored them to at least search the house, and not leave her at the mercy of a brace of villains, who might be secreted within sound of their voices, for all that they knew to the contrary.

This the officers did not believe, feeling convinced that the game had taken wing; nevertheless, they made a hasty search of the house and out-buildings, running against and nearly capsizing the irritable Amanda, who was carrying a tub of suds, and who resented the indignity by an offending jerk which came near deluging the luckless Deming with its soapy contents.

Of course, the search was useless. No counterfeiters were unearthed, nor anything belonging to their dangerous occupation. It was all time thrown away and bidding the terrified Mrs. Reed good morning, the disappointed officers hurriedly took their leave.

The old laborer, leaned thoughtfully on his hoe, saw the detectives depart at a much faster pace than they had come and, when they were fairly out of sight, he shouldered his hoe and quickly left the corn-field.

The widow stood in the doorway, and watched them disappear with a smile of quiet satisfaction hovering dreamily on her lips. Poor, over-worked Amanda untied her wet apron, rolled down her sleeves, and with the old man who came in at that moment, retired to the room so recently ransacked by the "lynx-eyed" detectives. The false beard and gray wig were laid aside, the heavy boots and shabby clothes removed, and, lo! Denis McLain was himself again.

Amanda speedily divested herself of her be-draggled female apparel and was

Amanda no longer, but Dick Renshaw, the skillful bank-note engraver.

"We played it well," he remarked, complacently. "Well, indeed, Mrs. Reed is an admirable woman. They are off the scent—outwitted handsomely, and we can now finish our work and depart at our pleasure."

Clever Mrs. Reed! Yet she was a little woman, with innocent blue eyes, and soft brown hair just beginning to show the gleam of "silver threads."

## The Berner Street Hoax.

It has been suggested in the *Tribune* that the author of the annoyances to Dr. Dix may be actuated by a desire to perpetuate a hoax, in imitation of that prince of practical jokers, Theodore Hook, who three-quarters of a century ago kept England laughing at his cunning and his wit. The masterpiece in this line was what is known as "The Berner Street Hoax," in 1800. If "Gentleman Joe" was prompted by a wish to emulate that example, he has produced a very weak imitation.

The hoax was conceived in malice, having been an outgrowth of a grudge entertained against its victim, Mrs. Tottenham, a wealthy lady living at No. 54 Berner street. Hook's accomplices were a certain "Mr. H—," who had been also concerned in many of Hook's previous jokes, and a celebrated actress at the time. Together they sent out 4,000 letters to persons in every station of life, purporting to be orders, appointments, or invitations from Mrs. Tottenham. They all named the same day, and an hour was appointed for each appropriate to his calling. Thus, at five in the morning the streets resounded with the peculiar cries of an army of chimney sweeps, who, with their masters, thundered upon the knocker of No. 54. Before they had gone, the ponderous coal wagons from the wharves were driven up to the house, each with a load of coal to deliver at the house, blocking the street and causing a great noise of wheels and clamor of blackened drivers. Later, a large number of cooks appeared, everyone carrying a huge wedding cake for the festivities that were never to take place. Then followed tailors with suits of clothes; upholsterers with samples; undertakers with coffins ready-made; barbers with wigs to fit; milliners with arms filled with bandboxes, and dentists, nerved to draw teeth. By this time the family at No. 54 were nearly beside themselves with distress at their situation and fear from the rage of the disappointed tradesmen.

But more was to come. Great furniture vans rolled up to the house with contents to fill one hundred houses, organs and pianofortes came, each with a number of men to carry them in; linen drapers brought large rolls of goods, and jewelers produced their rarest gems at the command of the wealthy and fashionable lady of Berner street. At noon forty fishmongers appeared, all bringing "cod and lobster;" and butchers followed, every man with a leg of mutton.

At a fashionable hour, the carriages of many persons who moved in the best circles began to arrive, and while they were still there several "coaches and four," gaily decorated for a bridal journey, wheeled into the street. Noblemen, Princes, and persons in high station came to pay their respects. Lawyers, summoned to consult on important matters; clergymen to administer to the dying; artists, eager for the patronage of the great, came in numbers together. Surgeons, too, arrived in hot haste, and finding that their carriages could not pass for the crowd, and seeing the multitudes apparently drawn by some accident in the house, they descended and forced their way on foot through the throng. And finally, when the crowd was at its greatest, fittingly to crown the joke, the Lord Mayor himself, in his robe of state, and seated in his official chariot, was driven to the door.

London was excited for many days over this affair. Hook avoided trouble by leaving the country for a time. The tradesmen were eager to recover damages for their losses, and others to obtain revenge for their annoyances.

## Extraordinary Superstition.

Two or three stories of extraordinary superstition are in circulation abroad. One is that in Venice not long ago a lottery drawing gave rise to the opening of coffins in order that the sign of a lucky number might be detected in the eye or on the lips of the corpse. Shrouds, dusty and covered with mould, were examined for traces of writing that might lead to the sought-for knowledge, and new-born infants were closely inspected for birthmarks that would reveal the secret, while it is said that ladies of birth and education wore their dresses with the insides turned out in order to propitiate the god of the wheel. This mania lasted for a week. Another story is from Naples. A monk who had begged since monasteries were abolished died recently in a hospital of injuries inflicted by two men who insisted that he tell them the lucky numbers in a lottery, and beat him because he refused to do so.