RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

MAY 10th, 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 Route," *5.40, (Fast Exp.) 8.65 a, m. and 1.45 p, m.
**Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 6.40 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, (through car), 5.50 a, m. 1.45 and 4.09 p, m.
For Reading, at 5.15, 8.40 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.50 a, m. 1.45, 4.00 and 8.98 p, m.
For Pottaville, at 5.15, 8.05, p.50 a, m. and 4.00 p, m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p, m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.65, 9.59 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.
SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a.m.
For Amentown and Way Stations, at 5.20 a.m.
For Reading, Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1.40 p.m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows :

Leave New York via Allentown, 8 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 2.00 p.m. *Through ear, New York to Harrisburg.

Leave roil: delphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 5.50 (Past Exp) and 7.45 p. m.

Leave roitsville, 8.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.

Leave roitsville, 8.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.

Leave Pottsville via Schuylkili and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m.

branch, 8.2) a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 2.05 p. m. SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5:30 p. m. Leave Pulladelphia, at 7:45 p. m. Leave Reading, 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, 8.35 s. 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 Sunday, at 7.00, 10.00 a. m., and 2.20 p. m.; and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

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

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Proprietor.

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April 9, 1878. If

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New Bloomfield.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

COVERNOR BISHOP, of Ohio, re-U cently granted a pardon to a man known upon the prison books as Richard Roe, but in society as James M'Coy. The release of this man recalls a history of crime which is so full of interest that it will bear repeating, and is related by the Columbus, Ohio, correspondent of the Cincinnati "Times" as follows :-James M'Coy was born in Hoboken, N. J., where his father, a very respectable man kept a wellknown hotel. Young Mc-Coy was a precoclous child, and it needed only association with evil companions to direct that precocity in the line of crime. After a run through juvenile depravity he left home and, joining a gang of burglars, soon became an adept in that line.

In the course of his wanderings he located temporarily at Cadiz, Ohio, where he was joined by his gang. One night in 1866, a night to be long remembered by the good people of Cadiz, the house of the cashier of the Bank of Cadiz was entered by four masked men, and the affrighted family were roused from a deep sleep to find at each of their beds a masked man, who, with a pistol at their heads, demanded perfect silence. The cashier seeing that resistance was useless, lay still and asked their object, only to be told that he must give up the keys of the bank vault. The keys were after some resistance delivered up, and after binding and gagging the family, the burglars withdrew, and when daylight came it was noised around that the Cadiz Bank had been robbed of a large sum of money-over \$100,000.

It is unnecessary to follow the pursuit and trail of the robbers : suffice to say that four of the five were after a time captured, and sentenced to the Ohlo Penitentiary for a term of years, and among them was young M'Coy, then known as Richard Ros, who was given a ten years' term.

After a time all the money but about \$10,000 was recovered by the bank, and it was supposed that the missing money was that given by the gang to M'Coy as his share. One of the gang escaped and the most persistent efforts of the police were unable to discover anything of his whereabouts.

Early in June 1869, nearly three years after this famous robbery occurred, a distinguished looking gentleman arrived at the leading hotel there and secured rooms. He was of elegant appearance, and was dressed in expensive, but modest garments, such as are worn by gentlemen of taste. He announced himself as the American agent of an extensive English clothing house, which was about establishing agencies in the far west.

The stranger spent money freely, played an occasional game of billiards with a master hand, drank but little, but always the finest liquors. His agreeable ways and gentlemanly appearance soon won him friends among some of the ultra-fashionable young men of the city, and to be the friend of the stranger was, with many, a condition to be envied.

Occasionally, the stranger drove about the city with a bright-eyed little beauty whose elegance of appearance and dainty garments attracted general attention among the young men. While the stranger was agreeable to all his new friends and was always ready to discount them in a game of billiards, or break the seal of the bottle of Sillery, he never introduced his female friend, whom he claimed to be his sister.

The pleasant agent of the English cloth house and his beautiful sister lived an easy life here for about three weeks. and one day went out to drive, ostensibly to a neighboring town on business, and by a singular coincidence, when the roll of convicts was called that night, James M'Coy, alias Richard Roe, was found to be missing.

Of course there was a great commotion among the prison authorities, and offers of reward for the apprehension of the fugitive were wired to all neighboring towns. One detachment of guards traced the fugitives to Delaware, and there lost all trace of them.

The next day the team hired by the stranger was returned here by the livery stable keeper from Delaware, who stated that about 2 o'clock that morning he had been awakened by the calls of a man asking for the care of a team. Upon coming to the front of the stable he found a carriage drawn by a team of horses completely covered with foam. and showing the signs of having been driven at great speed.

The carriage contained three men and a very pretty woman, and the leader of the party, a large, handsome man, had said that his party had come from Columbus on important business and intended taking the train for the East, which left in a few moments. He further said, the stranger told him where the team belonged, and had given him money to pay for their use, and ten dollars for his own trouble, and to pay for the return of the team to Columbus.

The story of this man was speedily

communicated to Col. Reymond Burr, then Warden of the Penitentiary, which with the knowledge he had upon the subject, satisfied him that the Delaware party was one he was specially interested in. When the young men about town learned that their handsome friend was charged with assisting in the escape of the convict Roe, they were at first indignant that any one should charge such a perfect gentleman with being the friend of a burglar, but after a time they saw the matter in a new light, and were wisely silent as to their acquaintance with the man.

What especially troubled the prison authorities was to learn who was the third man who had been seen in the carriage at Delaware, but it was afterward found that a young man named Frank Hatch, a son of a foreman of one of the prison shops, was missing, and in time it was discovered to a certainty that he was the third man in the car-

By a system best known to those who have dealings with criminals, the plan of the escape came to the knowledge of the prison authorities. It appears that the handsome stranger, the supposed agent of the English cloth house, was the burglar who had assisted in the robbery of the Cadiz Bank, and had escaped capture. After his escape he went East, and mixed in various criminal matters, but feeling the need of the shrewd head of his pal, M'Coy, conceived the plan of assisting in his escape.

To find an instrument to assist him in his plans was his first object, and in some way fastened upon young Hatch. Frank Hatch was of a good Yankee stock, and came with his father's family to this city perhaps twenty years ago. He was a bright, good-looking young fellow, and when he first came here was a boy of great promise. His father's appointment as foreman of one of the prison shops also gave Frank employment and the run of the prison. As Hatch grew to manhood he became wild and somewhat reckless, and was never quite so happy as when in the company of depraved women. This weakness the stranger was not long in discovering and as soon as possible a beautiful fallen woman was brought here from the East, and introduced to Hatch as the sister of

the stranger. The balt took well, and very soon Hatch was completely under control of the frail one. By easy stages the subject of escape of a convict was mentioned to Hatch, but he, knowing that to assist in such an escapade meant imprisonment for himself, at first refused to be a party to it. Then the dark eyes of the woman and her winning ways were exerted to the full, and young Hatch consented to think over the matter, and was happy with the woman-his des-

Finding him pliable the stranger capped the climax by offering Hatch \$7,000 in money if he succeeded in delivering M'Coy, alias Roe, safely outside the walls of the prison, and safe conduct for himself and the woman to New York city. This settled the business, and Hatch at once communicated with

M'Coy. At 6 o'clock that evening a wagon belonging to one of the prison contractors was about leaving the prison yard with a load of merchandise, when the driver was accosted by Hatch, and requested to add a barrel to his load. "What ye got there, Frank ?" asked the driver.

" Nothing but a barrel of shavings, Tom," was the response, and in a trice the barrel and its contents were lifted on the wagon and Hatch seated safely on top of it.

When opposite a large field of corn. Hatch lifted the barrel off the wagon, thanking the driver for his kindness, and went his way. Once in the cornfield, the barrel head was kicked in, and out stepped James M'Coy, clad in his prison suit. A shrill whistle soon brought up a carriage containing the stranger and the handsome woman, and after giving M'Coy time to array himself in a fashionable suit of clothes, the party all entered the carriage and drove at breakneck speed to Delaware, from whence they took the train direct for New York.

The conduct of Hatch nearly broke his father's heart, and brought sorrow upon the whole family; but after a time his name was not mentioned in the family, and he was looked upon as one dead to them.

As near as can be learned, M'Coy became a wanderer from place to place, even going as far west as California .-The prison authorities repeatedly got on his track, but he was always sufficiently shrewd to match cunning with cun-

Nearly three years after the escape, one of the prison authorities, while visiting the Cherry Hill Prison of Philadelphia, was attracted by the appearance of one of the convicts there confined for participating in burglary of a Philadelphia bank, and upon further examination, he proved to be M'Coy, late of the Ohio stronghold.

As soon as M'Coy's term in the Cher-

ry Hill Prison expired, he was claimed by the Ohlo authorities, and returned here to serve out his unexpired term of nearly seven years. He was only fairly back in the Ohio Prison when his family-which had in the mean time removed to Troy, N. Y .- began to beg for his pardon.

Gov. Noyes, Allen and Hayes were repeatedly applied to, but refused to extend executive clemency. Then a vigorous campaign was commenced upon Gov. Tom Young in M'Coy's behalf, the beautiful sister of the convict being the suppliant. When the State House attachees learned of the business of the handsome woman with the large black eyos, they, as a unit, declared big-hearted Governor Tom could never stand the pleading of such a woman ; but Gov. Tom disappointed them all by very firmly refusing to give freedom to the bank robber. In vain the woman pleaded and wrung her white fingers, glistening with Jewels, for Governor Tom had made up his mind that the man did not deserve pardon, and handsome faces and tear bedimmed eyes could not change his decision for a moment.

Some time ago the old father of Mc-Coy died leaving a handsome fortune .-With business to settle up, and no male member of the family in a condition to assist, the heart of the mother and sister went out to the eldest son and brother, then an inmate of a felon's cell.

The sister came again to Ohio, and after a vigorous campaign succeeded in inducing Judge McIlvaine who sentenced the prisoner to recommend his pardon on the ground that his sentence of ten years was a long one, and that his term of seven years had probably punished his offence.

Gov. Bishop granted the pardon upon condition that M'Coy should never return to Ohio. The sister and brother left for their Eastern home, where luxury and freedom awaited the man who for so many years had known nothing better than the confinement and meagre diet of a prison.

What became of young Hatch will probably be asked by many who read this story. Well, the burglars took him to New York, as they promised, where, after a season of riotous living the handsome women who had lured him to destruction, did just what women of her class alway do when the purse is emptyleft him for a richer friend. The burglars found him in their way, and rather expensive to keep as a pet, so they-no, they did not kill him, but instead, they put him where he might be useful-had him appointed a member of the New York police force, which place he held for sometime. As near as can be learned, he died of consumption several years ago, his disease being brought about by his mode of life.

The Young Lady From Boston.

A MONG the city visitors who are spending the season in our place, is a Boston gentleman and his daughter, a highly cultured young lady of twenty, with refined manners, resthetic tastes and eye glasses. At the boardiny house table, one day last week, young Mr. Sampson, who is clerk in a dry goods store, observed, as he waited for his dessert:

"Did you see that tall book agent in town to-day ?"

It being very warm, nobody vouchsafed a reply, but young Mr. Sampson, not at all disconcerted by the outburst of silence, continued:

"He was in the store this morning, to show me his book-medical work, or 'lustrated bible, or something of that sort. It was right hot, and I was sitting on the counter, kinder thinking like, when in he comes, takes off his coat and pants-"

Here Mr. Sampson was interrupted by the smashing of a plate, which had fallen violently to the floor, beside the young lady from Boston. After the hired girl had removed the broken pieces, and the confusion had subsided, Mr. Sampson resumed his narrative, without noticing the agonized expression on the Boston young lady's face.

"As I was saying—he comes puffing into the store, sets his valise down with a bang, takes off his coat and pants

"Oh!" screamed the young lady from Boston, in an awful voice, that cracked the soup-tureen from Alpha to Omega, and fairly made the hair of the bachelor boarder's wig stand on end. And then as Mr. Sampson opened his mouth as if to continue his story, she fell under the table in a stony faint, and was borne to her room in a state of rigid insensibillity.

After quiet had been restored, and everybody had silently said nothing for some moments, young Mr. Sampson remarked in a very soft and gentle voice, as he waited for his second piece

"He comes into the store, you know, and he takes of his cost, and pants like a dog, and says, ' Is this hot enough for you 2) 1

SUNDAY READING.

Predestination.

An old-time Baptist preacher of this city, who has retired from active Gospet dealing, but who still keeps a firm eye on the faith, has just had a little experience with a colored man that causes him to think very seriously. Meeting the colored man the old preacher said : " Dave, if you don't bring that saddle home I'll have you put to jail."

"What saddle is yer 'furren ter ?" "The one you stole from me."

" Parson, fore de Lord, I nebber stole yer saddle."

"Yes, you did. I saw you when you took it off the yard fence. I believe I'll have you arrested anyway."

"Look here, parson, you'se a old Baptis', isn't yer ?"

"Yes and I'll have you sent to the penitentiary."

"Well, so is I, an' now, ketch de pints ez I gin 'em to yer. Dar is jes so many saddles in dis worl' what is ter be stole, and dar's jes so many men what is ter steal dese saddles. Dis is predespernation. Now, of yer saddle happens to be one ob de predisposed saddles, an' I happens ter be a predisposed man, kin I he'p it ? Dar was Judas, fer instance. He couldn't he'p 'trayin' de Saviour, case de Saviour sald, ' Judas' sop in die dish an' go an' 'tray me.' Hit wa'n't. Judas's fault, case he was one of de pre-

ob der worl'." "I don't want a religious discussion. Dave. It isn't the saddle now that I eare so much about. It is that you told me a lie in saying that you didn't steal

disposed, so 'tended frum de foundation

" Well, den parson, 'spose I take back de lie an' keep de saddle ?"

" A lie once told always stands. You have lied to me you scoundrel, and I believe that it is my duty to have you arrested."

" Parson, dar's jesa certain amount ob lies to be tole in dis worl' an' ef I is one of de men what is predisposed ter tell one ob dese lies hits not my fault, an I can't he'p hit."

" You go on now and get that saddle, or I'll swear out a warrant for your arrest.".

"I'll do de bes' I kin parson, but dar is jes a certain amount of stolen saddles ter be returned in dis worl'. If I's one ob de predisposed men, an' I b'lives I is, you'll fin' yer saddle hangin' on de yard fence 'bout sundown dis evenin'."

DOXOLOGIES.

Dr. E. M. Hatfield sends a letter to the New York "Observer," containing some information as to the doxologies most commonly used. The Long Metre Doxology, now sung every Sunday, all over the English-speaking world, in ten thousand churches or more:

"Praise God from whom all blessing flow," &c.,

was written by Bishop Thomas Keer, of the Church of England, and published in 1097. The other popular Long Metre Doxology which still retains its place among the orthodox as a tribute of praise to the Trinity :

" To God the Father, God the Son," &c., was written by the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts, and was published in 1707, ten years later. Watts wrote also and published at the same date, the Common Metre Doxology, in common use everywhere-

" Let God-the Father, and the Son," &c. The only other Common Metre Doxology that rival's it-"To Father, Son and Holy Ghost," &c.,

was published, in 1696, by Tate & Brady and was written by one of them, probably Tate. The Short Metre Doxology most generally used in our churches-"Ye angels round the throne," &c.,

was written by Dr. Watts, and dates from 1707. John Wesley, in 1739, gave to the churches an excellent Short Metre Doxology, much used by the Methodis: Episcopal churches: " To God-the Father, Son And Spirit-One in Three.

Be glory, as it was, is now And shall forever be." Charles Wesley, 1739, wrote a useful Doxology:

" Sing we, to our God above, Praise eternal as his love. Praise him all ye Heavenly Host ! Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Duty itself is supreme delight when love is the inducement and labor. By such a principle the ignorant are enlightnened, the hard-hearted softened. the disobedient reformed and the faithful encouraged.

To commit the execution of a purpose to one who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one-third of the man; his heart and his head are against you, you have commanded only his

It is well worth remembering that the whole world will breathe a little freer if you will only resolve to be an bonest and upright man.