

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS MAY 10th, 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 5:20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 5:20 a. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows: Leave New York via Allentown, at 3:45 a. m., 1:00 and 5:30 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5:20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7:45 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 8:40, 9:35 a. m., and 2 p. m.

Return leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 7:00, 10:00 a. m., and 2:20 p. m.

Return leave HARRISBURG daily, except Sunday, at 7:35 a. m., and 10:35 p. m.

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

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

HAVING tenanted this property and furnished it in a comfortable manner, I ask a share of the public patronage.

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CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway.) NEW YORK.

HOCHKISS & FOND, Proprietors.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service.

THE WORLD'S MODEL MAGAZINE.

A Combination of the Entertaining, the Useful and the Beautiful, with Fine Art Engravings, and Oil Pictures in each Number.

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The Model Parlor Magazine of the World. Contains the essentials of all others, including Original Poetry, Sketches and Stories.

READ THIS.

A Tribute to American Journalism by the Representative Press of Europe.

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We have received another number of this delightful magazine, and we find ourselves bound to reiterate with greater earnestness the high eulogiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers.

The American Book-Seller says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature, are so fully presented as in Demorest's."

Agents wanted everywhere, to whom extraordinary inducements will be offered.

\$1000 REWARD

For any one who will furnish information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who have committed the robbery of the New York & Pennsylvania Railroad Co. at Pottsville, Pa., on May 15, 1879.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF HARDWARE, IRON & STEEL

WILL BE FOUND AT OUR NEW STORE-ROOM.

F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

GOVERNOR BISHOP, of Ohio, recently granted a pardon to a man known upon the prison books as Richard Roe, but in society as James M'Coy.

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.

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 Ohio Penitentiary for a term of years.

After a time all the money but about \$40,000 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.

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.

The stranger spent money freely, played an occasional game of billiards with a master hand, drank but little, but always the finest liquors.

Occasionally, the stranger drove about the city with a bright-eyed little beauty whose elegance of appearance and dainty garments attracted general attention.

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.

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.

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.

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.

communicated to Col. Raymond 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.

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.

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 a good Yankee stock, and came with his father's family to this city perhaps twenty years ago.

The bait 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 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.

When opposite a large field of corn, Hatch lifted the barrel off the wagon, thanking the driver for his kindness, and went his way.

When 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 cunning.

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.

As soon as M'Coy's term in the Cherry Hill Prison expired, he was claimed by the Ohio authorities, and returned here to serve out his unexpired term of nearly seven years.

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.

Some time ago the old father of M'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.

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 woman who had lured him to destruction, did just what women of her class always do when the purse is empty.

The Young Lady from Boston.

Among 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, aesthetic tastes and eye glasses.

"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 illustrated 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.

"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.

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 of pie:

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

SUNDAY READINGS.

Predestination.

An old-time Baptist preacher of this city, who has retired from active Gospel 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.

"What saddle is yer 'furren ter?'"

"The one you stole from me."

"Parson, 'fore de Lord, I nebbber 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're a old Baptist, 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 predestination. Now, ef 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, caso de Saviour said, 'Judas' sop in dis dish an' go an' 'tray me.' Hit wa's't Judas' fault, case he was one of de predisposed, so 'tended frum de foundation ob der worl'."

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

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

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

"Parson, dar's jes a 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 '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 1697. 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 rivals 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 Methodist 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 enlightened, 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 hands.

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