RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

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," *6.40 (Fast Exp.) 5.65 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), 5.00 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

For Reading, at 5.15, 6.40 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 6.08 p. m.

For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

4.00 p. 10.
The 5.15, 8.05 a, m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through ears for New York, via Allentown. SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Alientown and Way Stations, at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philidelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m. Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows :

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows:
Leave New York via Alleutewn, 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m.
Leave New York via "Bound Brook Reute." and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., "1.30 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 9.00 p. m.
"Through car. New York to Harrisburg.
Leave Follodelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 5.50 (Past Exp) and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Heading, at 4.50, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.3°, a.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuyikill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m.
Leave Atlentown, at 5.50, 9.03 a. m., 12.10, 4.50, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5 50 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, 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 Paxten, 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, 10.09 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. m.

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

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 hostler always in attendance.
April 9, 1878. If

NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLANDT STEET, (Near Broadway,)

NEW YORK. Proprietors HOCHKISS & POND,

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, \$2 per day, \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and cityraliroads. NEW FURNITURE, NEW MANAGEMENT, 41y

THE WORLD'S MODEL MAGAZINE. A Combination of the Entertaining, the Useful and the Beautiful, with Fine Art En-gravings, and Oil Fictures in each Number

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly

The Model Parlor Magazine of the World, The Model Parior Magazine of the World, Contains the essentials of all others, including Original Poetry, Sketches and Stories, by the best writers to every branch of entertaining and useful Literature. It is enriched with Engravings and Beautiful Illustrations worth more than its cost; also, Floriculture, Architecture, Household Matters, Reliable Exshions and Full-size Patterns, with other rare and beautiful novelities calculated to elevate the taste and make home attractive and happy.

No one can allord to do without this world's seknow'edged Model Magazine. The jurgest in

No one can after to do without this world's seignow'edged Model Magazine. The largest in form, the largest in circulation, and the best in everything that makes a magazine desirable. Single Copies, 25 Cents. Yearly, \$3.00, with a valuable premium to each subscriber who selects from a list of twenty articles. Send your address on a postal card, and receive in return full particulars. Sample Cipies mailed on receipt of Ten Cents.

READ THIS. m bu the Repre-

A Tribute to American Journalism by sentative Press of Furope.

"Demorest's Magazine, a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, where it has enormous sales, the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published, and combines the attractions of several English Magazines."—Loadon Times.

"We have received another number of this delightful magazine, and we find ourselves bound to relievate with greater carnestness the high ecomiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers. We are not given to disparage unduly the literary and aristic publications which emenate from the London press, but we are bound, in simple fairness, to assert that we have not yet met with any publication pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can at all compare with this marvelous shifting's worth."—London Budget.

The American Ecolecter says: "There are une of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature, are so fully presented as in Demorest's."

IN REMITTING, small amounts can be sent in Postage Stamps, but sums of one dollar or more, a post-office order is undoubtedly the most secure and convenient; or money may be sent in a registered letter, or by a draft made payable to our order.

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

Description 18 and 18



A FULL ASSORTMENT

HARDWARE, IRON & STEEL

WILL BE FOUND AT

OUR NEW STORE-ROOM. F. MORTIMER,

New Bloomfield.

Those Infernal Yankees.

IN the dark shadows of Fisher's Island, gloomy, sullen and grim, lay, like huge monsters upon the waters, the British fleet, "The mistress of the Sens."

The broad red cross of St. George floated from their mastsheads, proclaiming them enemies of our country. Long had they lain thus in the inglorious squadron, crushing, it is true, the little commerce between the scaport towns of Connecticut and the cities of New York and Boston, but in reality putting them selves to far more trouble and inconvenience than their enemies.

The commander of the British Squadron, Sir Thomas M. Hardy, as loyal and brave a man as ever trod the quarter deck of an English seventy-four, grew heartily tired of this monotonous life, and wished that some cursed Yankee Privateer or Commodore would make an attempt to run the blockade.

While he was thus thinking, a party of Yankees on shore, wearied and exasperated by the continual and petty annoyances of the English fleet, were laying a plan to decoy a portion of them ashore.

Capt. Sim Haley, as true, beloved and patriotic a Yankee as ever played a trick on an unwary foe, accordingly loaded a large boat with a lot of old boxes filled with some worthless articles, and manning it with a few trusty comrades, pulled down the river Mystic into the Sound, as if determined to give the British squadron the slip and run their goods to New York. Com. Hardy seeing the boat, instantly gave orders to Midshipman Chambers to man the barge and capture the Yankee Rebels, His orders were promptly and cheerfully obeyed, for his men were glad of an opportunity to have a brush with the Americans.

Capt. Sim and his men pretending not to see the movement of the enemy held, steadily on their course, laughing to themselves meanwhile that the bait they had thrown out was so quickly swallowed. The British, excited by the hope of a prize, pulled vigorously at the oars, and the barge gained rapidly on Capt. Sim's boat. Suddenly the Americans seemed for the first time to become aware of approach of an enemy. With loud cries they bent to their oars, but so thoroughly frightened did they seem, that there was no sort of time kept by the rowers, the effect of which was to retard rather than add to the progress of the boat. They however managed to get the boat headed to the mouth of the Mystic. The British were hard on their heels and gained rapidly on them. The Americans had gradually recovered from their fright, and now were lustily at work. The distance between them was kept about the same, each party

rowing at the top of its strength. At length the daring Capt. Sim ordered his boat up to a certain point on the west side of the river, about one mile from the Sound, where it had been arranged that he should land; and disembarking, the boat's crew ran over the bank. The British by this time had also effected a landing, and no sooner had their barge's keel grated the sandy shore, than they encountered a most sudden and unexpected fire from a volunteer company from Mystic and vicinity, composed of Captains Anson, Haley, Averly, Crary and Denison, with Lieutenants Wheeler, Palmer, Hyde and Williams, with thirty others secreted behind the bank for that purpose. The British, startled and confounded by the apparition and the fall of several of their comrades, leaped like frogs into the

None was left to man the barge except Midshipman Chambers, who stood with drawn sword like a statue in the stern sheets.

When commanded to surrender, he, with the coolness of a brave general ordered his men from the water and delivered up his sword. Having secured his prisoners, litters were made for the dead and wounded, on which they were borne to the village. The prisoners were formed in the centre of a hollow square, and marched into Mystic to the enlivening strains of the "Rogue's March," and the shouts of the hardy and patriotic citizens.

These shouts of joy ou shore were echoed across the water to the British fleet, which told Com. Hardy the fate of his brave Midshipman, and his barge's crew. Turning on his heel, he walked down the companion way into the cabin of his flag ship; there, seated like a king on his throne, he muttered curses deep and long, about the revenge he would yet have on these "infernal tricky Yankees.33

Revenge being the sweetest thing that Com. Hardy could think or dream of, he was determined to revenge himself if possible, and on the mornlog of the 10th of the same month, he ordered his fleet up to bombard the little town of Stonington. For two days and nights the fleet poured into the town shot and shell of every description, but with very

little effect. The Bomb Brig Terror took her station in the line nearest the town, and made the night light as day with the blaze of rockets, while her shot and shell hissed like maddened vipers through the air, the floating batteries and line of battle ships making everything tremble with their thunder, except the hearts of those Yankee boys who manned the guns on shore. They, behind breast-works hastily thrown up, headed by this same Capt. Sim, assisted by Captains Dean and Denison, with hosts of other brave fellows worked at their guns on those hot days like blacksmiths at their forges, firing with such percision and taking such deadly aim that hundreds were killed and wounded on board the enemy's fleet, while the Bomb Brig Terror was made a perfect wreck, so much so, when ordered by the Commodore to retreat, she dare not take time to weigh her anchor, but slipped her cable and floated of with the tide, amid the shouts and cheers of the warlike hosts on shore.

All the ships in the line getting the worst of it, a general retreat was ordered. With shot holes plugged up and pumps working, the monster ships moved slowly and sluggishly off, like a wounded lion to his lair. They again dropped their anchors under the dark shadows of the Island, where

A few short prayers were said, O'er proud St. George's head,

and the sea received their mangled corpses, to be swallowed up by the sharks of the ocean. The surgeons were busy with saw and knife among the wounded, and the sallors were repairing the shattered ships, while the brave Commodore cursed himself and the way he had revenged himself on those "infernal tricky Yankees."

Anecdotes of Misers.

MISER of very penurious habits A was Mr. Daniel Dancer, who was born in 1716, and was the eldest of four children. His father lived on Harrow Weald Common, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he possessed property to a very considerable amount, which his son, Daniel, by a most determined and whimsical abstemiousness, increased to upward of three thousand per annum. The childhood of Daniel Dancer passed without anything remarkable. It was only when he attained his majority that he began to display a "saving knowledge" perfectly incredible. He had a sister whose disposition agreed perfectly with his own, and as they lived together many years, their stories are necessarily connected, and would furnish the most melancholy instance of the infirmity and folly of human nature.

Mr. Dancer's wardrobe might justly boast more colors, textures, and substances than the garments of a company of strolling players, and yet notwith-standing all his curious patching, his garment often failed to cover his skin, though he strove to keep all together by a strong hay band round his waist. Linen was a luxury to which, in spite of his avarice, he was not wholly a stranger; for at an early period of his life he used to buy two shirts every year; but for some time before his death he never allowed himself more than one. After this shirt got in his possession, it was doomed to hang upon his back till it fell off in rags, never being either washed or mended. After his sister's death, a pair of sheets as black as soot-bags were discovered upon the beds; but these Mr. Dancer would never suffer to be removed; and when they were at length worn out, they were never replaced; so that after that time he relinquished the use of linen to sleep in. He would never allow any one to make his bed; and at the time of his death it was observed to be filled with sticks which he had stolen from different hedges. His room was not swept for many years.

Mr. Dancer's ingenuity in concealing his money was most wonderful. His bank-notes were usually deposited with the spiders; they were laid among the cobwebs in the cow-house, and his guineas were placed in holes in the chimney and about the fire-place. The house, or rather the heap of ruins, in which Mr. Dancer lived, and which after his death Captain Holmes succeeded to, was a miserable decayed bullding, dreadful in its external appearance, for it had not been repaired for more than half a century. But though poor in outward appearance, the ruinous fabric was rich in the interior. It took many weeks to explore its contents. One of the richest escritoires was found to be a dung-heap in the cow-house, from which a sum little short of two thousand five hundred pounds was taken; and in an old jacket, carefully tied and strongly nailed down to the manger, were found in bank-notes and gold, five hundred pounds more. Several large bowls filled with guineas, half guineas, and quantities of silver were discovered at different times in searching the corners of the house, and various parcels of bank-notes stuffed into old cushions and

chairs. In the stable Captain Holmes found some jugs of ellver money. The chimney was not left unsearched, and well repaid the trouble; for in nineteen different holes, all filled with soot, were found various sums of money, amounting to more than two hundred pounds. And to finish up with, six hundred pounds in bank-notes were found in an old tea-pot. Thus living wretchedly, and dying without one vestige of comfort, Daniel Dancer and his miserly sister furnish to all future generations an illustration of the extreme of penuriousness. An extraordinary character lived

some twenty years ago in a small Scotch town on the Frith of Froth. His name was Joe Taylor. He occupied a miserable hovel, and wandered abroad over the country buying rags, old bones, etc., bundles of which were carried by a poor starved ass, the sole living creature belonging to him. The only food he allowed this wretched quadruped was the grass that grew at the side of the roads in their many wanderings, or a bundle of forage abstracted from some farmplace. Taylor's food consisted of whatever he could beg, borrow or steal-a few turnips lifted from the fields, some mussels or other shell-fish laboriously gathered on the shore, broken victuals from the houses of the rich, old cabbagestalks-anything, in short, that would stop the cravings of a untural healthy appetite. Living near the shore, Joe made a point of watching for wreckage of any sort, and it was a happy day for him when any floating cargo made its appearance on the beach. One day great excitement prevailed among the fisherpeople. The surface of the waves was covered to a considerable distance with quantities of apples, probably a part of some wreck. The inhabitants plunged into the sea, securing as many as they could, but were outdone by Joe, who with greedy eagerness managed to clutch a peck or two, which he sold next day in the town. After his death, which was hastened by a violent cold caught in an unusually long ramble, his but was searched, and in various holes and corners money to a considerable amount was found-not less than eighty pounds in all. In a corner of the hovel, under a stone of the uneven and broken floor, were found no fewer than three dozen silver spoons, of all sorts and sizes, discolored with damp, and marked with various initials. It was thought that Joe, in the course of his many years' depredations, must have carried off a stray spoon every now and then, and so accumulated these, of which he never made any use, and which he was probably afraid to sell. It was quite possible that in Joe's visits to the kitchens of the neighborhood he might have helped himself to what was lying about, while the cook brought her dish of broken scraps from some back kitchen or cupboard. Hence the mystery of the spoons.

Married More Than He Expected.

YOUNG medical student from A Michigan, who had been attending lectures in New York for some time, and considered himself exceedingly good looking and fascinating, made a deadly onset on the heart and fortune of a blooming young lady who was boarding in the same house with him. After a prolonged siege the lady surrendered. They were married on Wednesday morning. The same afternoon the "young wife" sent for and exhibited to the astonished student a beautiful little daughter, three and a half years of

"Good heavens! then you were a widow!" exclaimed the astonished student.

"Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest; to-morrow, Augustus, James and Reuben will arrive from the country, and then I shall have my children together once more."

The unhappy student replied not a word; his feelings were too deep for utterance. The next day the other "darlings" arrived. Reuben was six years old, James nine, and Augustus, a saucy boy, twelve. They were delighted to hear that they had a "new papa," because they could now live at home and have all the playthings they wanted. The "new papa" as soon as he could speak remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia.

"Well, no," said the happy mother, "my first husband was quite a different style of man from my second-complexion, temperament, color of hair and eyes-all different.

This was too much. He had not only married a widow, but was her third husband, and the astounded step-father of four children. "But her fortune," thought he, "that

will make amends." He spoke of her fortune.

"These are my treasures." says she, in the Roman matron style, pointing to

her children.

The concelt was now quite taken out of the student, who, finding that he had

made a complete goose of himself, at once retired to a farm in his native State, where he could have a chance to render his "boys" useful, and make them sweat for the deceit practiced upon him by their mother.

An Elephantine Pea Nut Trade.

A sensation was created during the stay of Forepaugh's show in Pittsburgh recently by one of the elephants descending upon a peanut merchant, whose place of business is near the Suspension bridge. The Roman protested vigorously, and entered into a hand to trunk combat with the elephant, but musele won and the elephant bore off a bag of peauuts in triumph. The man gathered himself up and returned to the combat with such vigor that the unwieldly beast had to drop the bag and defend himself. There was nothing mean about his elephantship, for instead of annihilating his puny antagonist as he might have done he simply scooped up a peck of dirt in his proboscis and threw it into Italy's eyes. The latter, though blinded with dust and rage, still clung to the sack containing the peanuts until reinforced by a keeper who pounded the brute vigorously. A citizen interfered and denounced the keeper as cruel for the vigorous use of the hook, when the showman retaliated by telling the outsider it was none of his business, as the proprietor of the show was responsible for the elephantine misconduct. The rest of the elephants viewed the combat with unconcern, and when the lender was finally beaten off and took up the line of march for the North side they fell in and followed composedly. He succeeded in munch-ing enough of the fruit to spoil one day's profits. The crowd did not seem to care whether Italy or India triumphed,

Whitewashed Babies.

A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun white as snow. They danced. they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of white wash. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained posession of the brush, and validatly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub, more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club,or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened, and even mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yell-ing with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.

Back Woods Justice.

Out in the lumber regions of Wisconsin recently, a wood-chopper wanted to have a raftsman arrested for beating him, but the backwoods justice of the peace had no warrant blanks, one subpoena, and one summons blank. He couldn't make these do for a warrant, so at last he said to the complainant, "See here, mister, this court is bound to see justice done in this township. You pay me two dollars and a half, costs of court, show me the man, and the court will lick the mischief out of him in two minutes." Complainant paid the cost and pointed out the accused, and the magistrate went for him in short order, fisticuff fashion, till he bellowed for mercy,and the other fellow was satisfied. The court then put on his coat and remarked that "he was a peace officer, and wished it understood that this court would preserve the peace, and any man who thought he could raise thunder in that neck of woods would have to try the case with the court personally.' Peace has reigned in that neighborhood since that code of law was established.

A Dutch Justice.

An old Dutch Justice of the Peace did up a marriage in this way:

He first said to the man; "Vel, you vants to be marrit, do you? Vel, you lovsh this woman so goot as any one you have ever seen ?"

"Yes," answered the man. Then to the woman-

" Vel do you lovsh dis man so better

as any you have ever seen ?" She hesitated a little and he repeat-

"Vel, do you lovsh him so vel as to be his wife?"

"Yes, Yes," she answered.

"Vel, that is all any reasonable man could expect. So you are married; I pronounce you man and wife."

The man asked the Justice what was

"Nothing at all, nothing at all: you are welcome, if it will do you may