### THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., JUNE 15, 1880.

### RAILROADS.

## PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ABRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

### MAY 10th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows :

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows : For New York via Allentown, at 5.15, 5.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," \*6.40, (Fast Kxp.) 5.85 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. \*Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Fuliadelphia, at 5.16, 6.46 (Fast Exp) 5.65, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 5.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via 5.04 (Fast Kxp.) 8.65, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.50, and 5.69 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.15, 5.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via 5.04 yill and 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.60 p. m.

4.60 p. m. The 5.15, 6.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York, via Allentown. SUNDAYS:

r New York, at 5.20 a. m. r Allentown and Way Stations, at 5.20 a. m. Reading, Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows :

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., ar-riving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 5.20 p. m., and 9.00 p.m. "Through car, New York to Harrisburg." Leave Follow Holdelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 5.50 (Fast Kap) and 7.45 p. m. Leave Following, 6.60, 9,10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Following, at 4.50, 7.23, 11.60 a. m., 1.30, 6.16, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottaville, 5.60, 7.25, 11.60 a. m., 1.30, 6.16, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottaville via Schuytkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.50, 9.65 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 p. m. SUNDAYS:

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5 39 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7,45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7,35 a. m. and 19,35 p. m. Leave Allentown. at 9,05 p. m.

#### BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sanday, 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 7.00, 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, 9.00 p. m. L & WHOTTEN, Leave Managar

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 patromage, and assure my friends who stop with me that every exertion will be made to render their stay pleasant. Sor A careful hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878. tf



HOCHKISS & POND,

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, 82 per day, 83 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and cityraliroads. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

# NERVOUS DEBILITY.

### GRAT'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK The great Eng. TRADE MARK "The great isng-lish kemedy, an unfailing cure for Seminal weak-ness, Spermator-rhea Impotency, and all discuses that follow, as a sequence of Self.

BEFORE TAKING. SAL Lassitude, AFTER TAKING. Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Prematur old age, and many other diseases that lead to In-senity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. SP-Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. SP-The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by address-ing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich. Sold by druggists everywhere. 24aly.

### Thought They saw the Devil.

SOLOMON RAY.

SUNDAY READING.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray : Nothing of value he gave away. He hoarded and saved, he pinched and saved, And the more he had the more he craved. The hard-earned dollar he tried to gain

Brought him little but care and pain; For little he spent, and all he lent He made it bring him full ten per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray. The years went by and his hair grew gray, His checks grew thin, and his soul within, Grew hard as the dollars he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must ; For life is fleeting, and man but dust. The heirs were gay that led him away, And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

Yet men will toll, persist and save, Nor carry their treasure beyond the grave. Their gold that day will mait away, Like the selfish savings of "Solomon Ray."

#### . You Have a Father.

Rev. Dr. John King once went to visit the children in an orphan asylum. The children were seated in a school-room, and Dr. King stood on a platform before them.

"So this is an orphan asylum," said he. "I suppose that many of you children would say that you have no father or mother, were I to ask you ?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir;" said some little volce.

"So you say you have no father ?"

"Now," said Dr. King, "do you ever say the Lord's prayer? Let me hear

The children began: "Our Father

"Stop, children," said Dr. King; "did

"Stop again,children," said Dr. King; "What did you say? 'Our Father?" Father. I want to tell you about him. that you have a Father. Go to him for

Dip it up.

A ship was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down towards the distressed ship and hailed them : "What is the matter ?"

"We are dying for water," was the response.

" Dip it up then was the answer. "You are in the mouth of the Amazon river."

There those sailors were thirsting and suffering, and fearing and longing for water, and supposing there was nothing about them, when, brin in fact, they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe, and did not know it. And though it seemed to them that they must perish with thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but " dip it up." Jesus Christ says :- "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." And the Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come; and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Thirsting soul, the flood is all around you; "dlp it up, then !" and drink, and thirst no more.

CAPTAIN Paul Boyton, the renowned swimmer, during a recent interview said :

" The Tagus is perhaps the most remarkable river I ever navigated. I left Toledo, in Spain, and paddled down through that country and Portugal to the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of 850 miles. For over seven hundred miles it is not navigable for vessels, but winds in an erratic and-to me-annoying manner through the most weird scenery that Spain possesses. Between Toledo and the ocean its descent is 3,600 feet .--At its source and for a short distance down the shores are lined with luxuriant trees and grasses, but soon these utterly disappear, giving way to arid and stoney banks, which in turn grow into precipitous mountain sides. For the first three days I paddled along satisfactorily, but as the number of days since I began my journey increased my troubles augmented. Then my course wound through a continued series of canyons, whose gloomy walls were in places so high and steep that they almost met and nearly hid the sunlight from the yawning chasm beneath. Towards night it required no great stretch of fancy for me to imagine that I was being swiftly carried along through a mysterious subterranean passage. The river was studded with boulders, hurled from the mountain tops by fearful storms, and often as I was bowled along under the pressure of the roaring wind and rushing current, I was thrown against one of these obstacles and my senses nearly shaken from me.

To increase my peril the river was full of falls and rapids of unusual violence. In places a shallow current would dart toward the rocky mountainside and then turn at a sharp angle and merge into a deep and peaceful sheet of water. I blessed those havens, for they afforded me a chance of taking muchneeded rest, Looking into their clear depths I could see the hideous fish darting about, but the bottom was a fathomless pit. Words are wanting to picture the loneliless of my situation. For ten days I saw not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a single sign of man's abode. My diet was nauseating and I felt with alarm that I was gradually losing my strength.

One day, it was the tweifth of my journey, as I was floating on the bosom of a sort of a lake, suddenly I was plunged head-first over a fall and struck with such force against the precipious wall of the canyon that I lost consciousness. Happily my rubber suit saved me from what would otherwise have been a certain death. I recovered my senses after an interval, I know not how long and, with a prayer on my llps, was about to resume my voyage, when to my horror I found that my tender was lost! It had been sucked into a whirlpool, probably, and the current was rapidly bearing me away from the scene. I was nearly frantic. My tender was gone, my hopes were blasted, my life was not worth a straw! The contents of the little float were at that moment as precious to me as all the wealth that a king could bestow. I paddled on for several hours, trusting to find a way out of the river. If I could only find a shepherd generous enough to share with me his frugal meal I was saved. But I hoped in vain. Encumbered by my rubber armor, with waning strength and and tremulous movements I made many futile attempts to clamber the slippery mountain sides, but in every case I tumbled back into the river exhausted. For three days I was urged on, I know not how, by the impetuous waters. I was ravenous with hunger, my limbs quivered like aspens, a chill sweat oozed all over my body, and my brain was delirious. I swore like a madman, heaped maledictions upon the Tagus, and at times sang wild snatches of songs. To this day I cannot account for the supernatural strength given me during those seventy-two hours of agony. The howling of wolves and the hooting of owls during the nights heightened the sombre current of my reflections. On the morning of the third day, just after daylight, I entered the canyon of Casaras. I swallowed a pint or two of water and stood upright in my rubber suit. I listened for the tinkling of a bell, or some sound that would give token of a habitation. Nothing broke the silence but the distant fall of waters. As I sank back in the river in despair, to my joy I thought I saw a thin vell of smoke coming over the edge of the high plateau and falling on the water. My heart beat rapidly as I paddled on for five minutes in the direction of the smoke. At last I saw the bluish haze rising from behind a gigantic rock. With accelerated steps I left the river and clambered along the rocky bank. Several times I slipped and fell, receiving numerous bruises. I was compelled to make many detours to reach the plateau, but finally reached it, almost dead from fatigue. I

peered around the edge of the large rock that I had observed and saw the fire which caused the smoke. A large pot was suspended from a tripod over a fire kindled with sticks and matted grass.-The pot contained, what I now believe to have been a mess hardly fit for dogs but which I then judged from the greasy odor to be hardly second to the dish of the gods. Two men in active conversation, stood near the fire with their backs towards me, and one of them stirred the savory mess while he talked. They were dressed in the garb of mountaineers, and were most probably shepherds. Both were clothed in faded garments, but all the colors of the rainbow were there, more or less observed by the dirt of years. My hunger was keen, so I introduced myself without the tedious ceremonials so highly appreciated in Spanish society. I inflated my dress and, standing forth in full view, let my paddle fall to the ground. Startled by noise, the men turned about and gazed at me in superstitious terror. With shricks of fear they swiftly turned about and scampered off at the top of their speed. Then I went over to the pot and ravenously devoured its half-cooked contents, seorching my throat and spilling half of the food. I never saw my impromptu host after, nor did I care to see them, in fact. After my repast I disrobed of my armor, and, stretching at full length on the sward, was soon slumbering. When I awoke I hid my rubber covering and walked for a few miles, when I came to a farm house and managed to buy another lot of greasy bread and indigestible hard-tack. From this point to its mouth the river was navigable and I never more was troubled about food. On the eighteenth day I arrived at my journey's end. I was met by the Governor of Casaras, his suite and many ladies and gentlemen who had anxiously been expecting me. The whole party rode on gayly caparisoned mules to the castle of the Governor, where I received a royal welcome and rested for a fortnight. Thus ended my navigation of the Tagus, the first and only time that a man had ever descended that terrible river from its source to its mouth. Perhaps, after many days the story will be told in whispers among the Spanish peasantry of how, once upon a time, while two mountaineers of Casaras were cooking their morning meal, the devil appeared to them in a horrible form, horns hoot and tail, surrounded by fire and caused them to flee for their lives."

#### A Laughable Scene.

A ludicrous scene occurred at a depot recently. The train which goes up the Creek backs down to the depot, then uncouples, and the locomotive and a couple of cars go over Centre street to allow a car from the Valley train to be switched in. As the piece of train moved off, a person on the stationary car yelled, "There goes the train !" and started in pursuit. His example was contagious. Everybody believed that the train was leaving them, and rushed wildly out of the car. Two men tumbled over the railings in their haste and fell in the mud. A fat woman with a basket of purchases rushed out of the car door, slipped, and bounced down the steps on to the platform, like a bag of lard rolling down stairs. And when she struck in a pool of water on the boards, it sounded like slapping a griddle cake on to the iron. Then she yelled murder and called for the police. A fat old gentleman got stuck in the doorway, until the crowd pushing from behind suddenly loosened him, when he shot out of the door and off to the end of the car into the arms of the brakeman, with a speed which confused the old man into the belief that he had collided with the locomotive. A nervous man followed and attempted to jump over the fat lady, who had not yet arisen. His toe caught in her waterfall, and he plunged head first into the stomach of a man who was rushing to assist the lady, doubling him up on the ground, while a yard of false hair fluttered from the nervous man's toes for a moment as he waved them in the air, looking like a wellworn rag on the end of a black stick. Two men who had gained the train just at Sycamore street, said to the brakeman, " Well, we caught it." "Yes, you caught it, though what in the thunder did you run like that for when we're going to back up again is more than I can tell." The two men got right off and stood looking into each other's faces for five minutes without speaking. Then said one, "is there anything strong enough for us to drink in this town ?" Matters were finally arranged at the platform. The fat old gentleman was assisted into the cars again and two men helped up the old lady and her purchases; procured a portion of her waterfall-a dog had run off with the other part-and by telling her that nobody had been hurt by the collision, persuaded her to take her seat in the car once more. The nervous gentleman was discovered trying to pull a plug hat off from his head and shoulders, while in the face of the man

propped up in one corner of the depot, with both hands over his stomach, could be discerned the features of him who broke the nervous gentleman's fall.

3

### Why the Needle Points Northerly.

SAN FRANCISCO gentleman lately wrote to the Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey, Professor C. T. Patterson, asking the reason why the magnetic needle points to the north. In reply Prof. Patterson wrote as follows, and possibly many more than the original inquirer may be glad to read his simple statement of the facts of the case.

The reason why the needle points in the northerly direction is that the earth in itself is a magnet, attracting the magnetic needle as the ordinary magnets do; and the earth is a magnet as the result of certain cosmical facts, much affected by the action of the sun. These laws have periodicities, all of which have not as yet been determined.

The inherent and ultimate reason of the existence of any fact in nature, as gravity, light, heat, etc., is not known further than that it is in harmony with all facts in nature ; even an earthquake is in perfect harmony with, and the direct resultant of, the action of forces acting under general laws.

A condensed explanation in regard to the needle pointing to the northward and southward is as follows : The magnetle poles of the earth do not coincide with the geographical poles. The axis of rotation makes an angle of about 28with a line joining the former.

The northern magnetic pole is at present near the Arctic circle on the meridian of Omaha. Hence the needle does not point everywhere to the astronomical north, and is constantly variable within certain limits. At San Francisco it points about 17º to the east of north, and at Calais, Maine, as much to the west.

At the northern magnetic pole a balanced needle points with its north end downwards in a plumb line; at San Francisco it dips about 630, and at the southern magnetic pole the south end points directly down.

The action of the earth upon a magnetic needle at its surface is of about the same force as that of a hard steel mag-net, 40 inches long, strongly magnetized at a distance of one foot. The foregoing is the accepted explana-tion of the fact that the needle points to

the northward and southward. Of course no ultimate reason can be given for this natural fact any more than for any other observed fact in nature.— Scientific American.

#### Did the Same as Others.

-, who is When good Governor Sa devout Episcopalian, was the Chief Magistrate of Kentucky, he was wont to frequently entertain the members of the General Assembly at the Governor's Mansion. To one of these levees came with the member of his county, an old mountaineer who had just reached Frankfort with a raft of logs which he had brought down the Kentucky River. The old man who was called familiarly " Uncle Johnny," soon became the cen ter of an admiring group, to whom his jean clothes were not at all improper attire for the Governor's levee ; and his tongue being loosed by a glass of sherry wine, which he then tasted for the first time in his life, he was entertaining his admirers with stories from " his country," when the Governor approached. " Uncle Johnny, here is the Governor," said one of the company; and straightway the old man was silent, for he was overwhelmed by the first vision of the majesty of the Commonwealth.

# "How many of you say you have no father? Hold up your hands." A forest of hands were put up. " Yes, sir; yes, sir."

you."

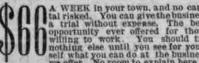
who art in heaven-"

you begin right?" The children began again : "Our

Father who art in heaven-"

Then you have a Father-a good, rich He owns all the gold in California; he owns all the world; he can give you as much of any thing as he sees it is best for you. Now, children, never forget all you want, as if you could see him. He is able and willing to do all that is for your good."

HORSE Send 25 cents in stamps or currency all diseases, has 35 fine engravings showing posi-tions assumed by sick horses, a table of doses, a BOOK rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a targe amount of other valuable horses informa-tions, br. Wm, H. Hall says: "I have bought books that I paid 55 and 816 for which I do not like as well as I do yours." SEND FOR A CIR-CULAR AGENTS WANTED, B. J. KEN-DALL, Enosburgh Fails, V. 20 19 "The Book can also be had by addressing "The TIME," New Bloomfield, Pa.



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A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

# HARDWARE, **IRON & STEEL** WILL BE FOUND AT OUR NEW STORE-ROOM. F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield.

#### Comfort in a Cloud.

A friend of mine, says a recent writer, told me of a visit he had paid to a poor woman, overwhelmed with trouble in her little room ; but she always seemed cheerful. She knew The Rock. "Why," said he, " Mary, you must have very dark days, they must overcome you with clouds sometimes." "Yes," she said, " but then I often find there's comfort in a cloud." "Comfort in a cloud, Mary ?" "Yes." she said, "when I am very low and dark I go to the wiudow, and if I see a heavy cloud, I think of those precious words, 'A cloud received Him out of their sight,' and I look up and see the cloud sure enough, and then I think-well, that may be the cloud that hides him, and so you see there is comfort in a cloud."

TA leading elocutionist once said to a young preacher: "I can do nothing more for you. All that you need now to make you a power is some great sorrow." A heart that has had no breaking lacks the divine element of sympathy. If the Lord himself was perfected through suffering, can not we, his children, thankfully accept the baptism he was baptized with ?

"Go on with your story, Uncle," said one ; " the Governor will like to hear \$t. 75

"Yes, go on, Uncle Johnny," said the Governor, with a kindly smile of encouragement ; and the old man, thus convinced that even the Governor was also a man, concluded his narrative.

Then becoming bolder, he ventured to address the Governor, saying, " Guvner I went to your meeting yestidy, and I seen whar you sets."

He had been to the Episcopal Church, and had been shown the Governor's pew.

" Did you, Uncle Johnny ?" respond-you like it ?"

"Well Guvner, I never knowed much what they was a doing, but I riz and fell with 'em every time,"

#### Russian Proverbs.

When sovereignty is divided, it is very soon destroyed.

His right arm is often a man's worst enemy.

Beware of a tamed wolf, and a reconciled enemy.

The robber does not always steal, but it is as well to be on the lookout for him.

The rich man in battle shields his face but the poor man takes care of his clothes.

The old man repents of that of which the young man boasts.