

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 1.40 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and "Bond Brook Route," at 6.40, (Fast Exp.) 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 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 Auburn, at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 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 5.30 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, 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 3.30 p. m. Leave New York via "Bond Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 11.30 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 8.00 p. m. Through car, New York to Harrisburg. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 5.50 (Fast Exp.) and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 4.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 9.45 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 8.05 p. m. SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 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 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, 6.40 and 8.30 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, 6.50, 8.50 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. 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 hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878. 11

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A FULL ASSORTMENT OF HARDWARE, IRON & STEEL WILL BE FOUND AT OUR NEW STORE-ROOM. F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield.

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Now offer the public A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF DRESS GOODS Consisting of all shades suitable for the season BLACK ALPACCAS AND Mourning Goods A SPECIALITY. BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, AT VARIOUS PRICES. AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS. Weselland do keep a good quality of SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS And everything under the head of GROCERIES! Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines. To be convinced that our goods are CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST, IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK. No trouble to show goods. Don't forget the

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LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER Is rapidly acquiring a national reputation for the cure of Scrofulous Affection, Cancerous Formation, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Scalds, Head, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Mercurial and all Skin Diseases. This remedy is a Vegetable Compound, and cannot harm the most tender infant. Ladies who suffer from debilitating diseases and Female Complaints, will find speedy relief by using this remedy. C. W. Linecott, of Mesopotamia, O., says it cured him of Scrofula of thirty years. Two bottles cured Mrs. E. J. Dukes, of Colfax, Ind., of ulcerated ankle and big neck. Lindsey's Blood Searcher cured my son of Erysipelas—Mrs. E. Smeltzer, Larimer Station, Pa. The BLOOD SEARCHER is the safest, surest and most powerful purifier ever known. Price \$1.00 per bottle. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

To Regulate The Liver.

Use only SELLERS' LIVER PILLS, the best and only true Liver Regulator. Established over 50 years. They cure Headache, Biliousness, Costiveness, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, and all similar diseases like magic. Get the right kind. Sellers' Liver Pills, 25 cents.

EVERY LADY WANTS TO BUY OUR NEEDLES! WE WANT MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS To Sell Our Needle Package.

It contains: 5 papers, best large-eyed, cloth-stuck English Needles, 2 steel bodkins, 2 long cotton darners, 2 short cotton darners, 3 extra fine cotton darners, 3 wool darners, 2 yarn darners, 3 button needles, 2 carpet needles, 1 worsted needle, 1 motto needle. These needles would cost at retail, 61 cents. We will send full sample package for 25 cents, with full terms to agents. 1 Dozen postpaid \$3.00.

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Contains 15 sheets fine paper, 18 extra envelopes, 1 pen, 1 good penholder, a nice lead pencil, and a very handsome piece of jewelry. Also, one package in every dozen has an order for 1 set of handsome silver-plated tea spoons. Agents are making from 5 to 10 dollars a day selling this package. Sample package and full terms to agents postpaid 25 cents, 5 packages by mail postpaid for 1.00, 1 dozen by express for 1.75. Remember this is the fastest selling package ever offered to agents. Address all orders to KIRTLAND & CO., No. 645 Main St., Saybrook, Conn. Please say you saw the advertisement in this paper. 17 St J. M. GIRVIN. J. H. GIRVIN. J. M. GIRVIN & SON, FLOUR, GRAIN, SEED & PRODUCE Commission Merchants, No. 64 South Gay St., BALTIMORE, MD. We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce and remit the amounts promptly. 45 lyr. J. M. GIRVIN & SON.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that John A. Nesbit, of Madison township, Perry County, Pa., executed a deed of voluntary assignment in trust for the benefit of creditors of all his estate real and personal and mixed, to the undersigned, on the 29th day of March, A. D. 1880. All persons knowing themselves indebted to the said Assignor will make payment and those having accounts will present them for settlement to ANDREW ADAIR, Assignee, March 29, 1880. Chas. H. Smiley, Att'y.

A YORK COUNTY ROMANCE.

THE recent death of Paul Kunkle in York, at the age of 79 years, recalls to mind the history of a tragedy which at the time created much interest there and in Maryland, and of which he nearly proved to be a victim. The circumstances, as gathered from his son and neighbors who have known him for the past forty years, are as follows: About thirty years ago Paul Kunkle accompanied his brother to Baltimore, whence the latter was to sail for the home of his nativity in Germany. Having seen him off Mr. Kunkle started on foot for his home in York, carrying with him an old umbrella. With him was a companion, who left him at Cocks-ville, intending there to take the train and ride to Glen Rock, his destination, having become tired of footing it. Kunkle kept on his way on foot, and at Parkton met a stranger, with whom a conversation was begun, which finally ended in an exchange of umbrellas, the stranger giving a much better one than that which he received. Together the two men then kept on their way until York was finally reached, and the stranger, who gave his name as Conrad Winter, persuaded Kunkle to receive him at his home. Winter remained with the Kunkles for several days and had with him a number of articles, which he endeavored to give or sell to the family. He offered a pair of ladies' shoes in exchange for one of Kunkle's shirts, and the bargain being a good one, as the shoes were quite new, it was accepted. He offered a cap to one of the boys, but it being too large, was told to keep it, and also presented a handsome snuff-box to one of the children, which was likewise declined, on the plea that the child had no use of it. On the first morning of his arrival he stated that a murder had been committed in Maryland, and that the murderer had not been caught. Soon after his departure it was learned that a murder had been committed near Parkton on the morning on which Kunkle had been seen in the place, and detectives, who were already on the trail, traced Kunkle to his home, where the umbrella and the pair of new shoes were identified as the property of a Mrs. Cooper, the victim. He was at once arrested and thrown in jail at York, where he was kept several months, being finally taken to Baltimore. Mrs. Kunkle about that time gave birth to a child. Paul Kunkle, under the weight of trouble, became insane, or at least his reason was so unsettled that he could not give a lucid explanation of how the things had come into his possession or from whom he had obtained them. A true bill was found against him, and several trials were had, which resulted in his conviction and sentence to death. The period of his confinement in the Baltimore prison was about ten months, during which time every effort was made to establish his innocence. Acquaintances from York testified to his uniform good conduct, but the circumstantial evidence of his being in the vicinity at the fatal time, and the possession of the articles, was too grave to be overthrown. Being a Roman Catholic, the Bishop of Philadelphia took great interest in his case, visiting him in his prison at York, and, it is understood, in Baltimore also. Finally, about eight days before the time fixed for the execution, his mind became clear, and he was able to explain his leaving Baltimore with one man and his meeting with the other, with whom he exchanged umbrellas, and described them both. Officers of the law were put upon the track, and before long the man with whom he left Baltimore was found, who, strange to say, shortly after parting with Kunkle, had met with Winter, and had seen the umbrella, shoes and other articles. Winter's appearance was described, tallying with that given by Kunkle, and once more the officers were successful in their search, Winter betraying himself by one of those slight actions which so often lead to the arrest of criminals when they feel the safest. During all this time Winter, who was a blacksmith, had kept in his possession the stolen snuff box, and one day, while at work at Ashland, pulled it from his pocket and handed it to a fellow-workman, who wished a pinch of its contents. This workman discovered what the murderer never had, that the name of Mrs. Cooper was engraved upon a silver plate within the box. Being familiar with the incident, he at once informed an officer, who made the arrest, and upon trial Winter was convicted and condemned. Paul Kunkle was saved. Upon the scaffold Conrad Winter confessed his guilt, stating that when young he had been bound to a Mrs. Goodwin, residing near Parkton, who had compelled him to steal sheep for her benefit. Upon one of his expeditions he was captured and sent to the Penitentiary for his offense, and while there swore his revenge upon his mistress should be her death when he was released. Upon the evening of the murder he was walk-

ing along the road swinging a light switch, when before him he saw a woman whom he took to be Mrs. Goodwin. Seizing a stone, a heavy blow crushed her skull and she fell dead. Upon turning her over and seeing her face he found he had killed the wrong woman, it being Mrs. Cooper. Drawing her to a fence corner he covered her with brush, took possession of the shoes she had just purchased from the store, with the other articles, and made his escape, meeting with Kunkle and casting suspicion upon him as stated. Mr. Kunkle has lived to a good old age in the community, respected by all, the dark cloud of suspicion once resting upon him having been happily cleared away.

Some Leading Questions.

A YOUNG man who looked as if he had a heap of things on his mind, but who struggled hard to appear outwardly calm, put a five-dollar bill on the desk of a Detroit lawyer the other day, and said: "I want to ask you a few leading questions." "Go ahead," was the reply, as the money was quickly thrust out of sight. "If I am engaged to a girl, and I go back on her, what can she do?" "Sue for breach of promise." "But if she goes back on me, what can I do?" "Hunt up another." "Um! Suppose I have presented her with a \$2 fan, a pair of bracelets, a parasol and a ring?" "Then she's so much ahead." "If I believe that her infatuation for another is but a passing whim, and I flourish a revolver and talk of suicide, what then?" "Her father will probably pick you up and drop you into the first mud-puddle." "Um! Suppose I had presented her mother with a twenty-shilling umbrella?" "Then she'll keep dry." "And her brother with an accordion?" "Then he'll worry the neighbors." "Suppose, sir, I had, for the sake of making myself solid with the old man presented him with sixteen dollars' worth of watchdog?" "He'll set him upon you if you give any trouble." "Um! Have I no redress?" "Yes sir, go and liek the prairie ranger who has stolen away your girl's affections." "I'll do it!" "Glad to hear it. I'll defend your case for \$20." "Um!" "Um!" "Come to think of it, he is a bigger man than I am." "Then let him liek you, and I'll make it cost him \$50." "Um! I'll think of it." "Um! Office hours from 8 A. M., to 6 P. M. And the young man troubled with inward agitation took himself out.

How He Was Beaten.

This is how a designing and unscrupulous rascal out west got a wife: A girl who had been corresponding with a festive old bachelor of Modoc, California, accepted his offer to pay her traveling expenses and marry her if she would come out there. She started, and when she got to Reno, Nevada, she lay over and rested a day or two. While stopping she met a nice young man, who began to pour big lies into her ear about Modoc county. She was told that the elevated portion of the county was buried under snow and the lowlands were deep under water; that flour and sugar there were none, and when the sun sets the natives go to bed on account of not having lights. She began to get scared out of the idea of continuing her trip, and the cunning fellow saw it, and proposed that she marry him. She did so, and there is now a mad old bachelor in Modoc county, California.

Not Prepared.

"Are you prepared for death?" the clergyman asked, with a tremor of emotion in his voice as he took the sick woman's hand in his own. A shade of patient thought crossed the invalid's face, and by-and-by she said, "she didn't hardly believe she was; there was the little bedroom carpet to be taken up yet, and the paint up stairs had hardly been touched, and she did want to put up new curtains in the dining-room; but she thought if she didn't die until next Monday, she would be about as near ready as a woman with a big family and no girl, ever expected to be." P. S.—That woman got well.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

SUNDAY READING.

The Prevailing Habit of Swearing.

It may be a grievous truth, but it is true says a New York paper, that very many men and women are addicted to the use of expletives, some of which are profane, some simply silly, some in bad taste, some meaningless, and all unnecessary if you criticize them closely. Many men use oaths that are terrible in their intensity and bitterness, and yet their utterances have no feelings which need such language. They will condemn people to everlasting torment, curse their eyes, and call down the direct judgments of heaven on persons who cause them slight annoyance, and when anything goes wrong with them they will curse and swear like pirates; and yet really they would do no man any harm, and as to sending any man's soul to hell, their lives would be miserable if they thought they had done it. It is plain, therefore, that swearing generally is only a bad habit into which men fall, and it by no means indicates that they are profane in their thoughts or disposed to arrogate to themselves the divine function of passing eternal judgment on their fellows. The exclamations expressive of wonder or delight or indignation, which women so freely use, and which serve the purposes of a safety valve to relieve their feelings, and the darns and gollys of the boys are, in their essence, about the same. Of course it is foolish to use them, and their employment is in bad taste. They do not strengthen the speech, for they have lost any real meaning; their free and careless use has destroyed the force they may once have had. If men always had at their tongues' end the fit words to express their ideas and feelings, they probably would not swear so much. But when the right word doesn't come easily, an oath is handy for emphasis. This is about all there is in swearing. It can't be defended for it is a bad habit; and oaths, beyond question, greatly disfigure speech, which is most effective when it is the calmest and simplest. Yet that men took to swearing in a very early period of development is probably unquestionable; and that they have gone on in the practice, however civilized they have become, is a truth everybody's experience sustains. Christians, or those who nominally profess to be Christians, often swear as much as heathens, and probably there was more swearing before our era than there is now. We have even retained some of the pagan oaths in their exact form, and to others we have given new forms learned under Christianity, we have manufactured for ourselves an original supply. Tribute to a Mother. Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by her gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a gentle mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the dark, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when, of an evening, nesting in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glance cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church-yard; and still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother. Words of Wisdom. Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in. A work of art is said to be perfect in proportion as it does not remind the spectator of the process by which it was created. There is nothing more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to produce, as a proof that he has lived long, except his years. To feel much for others and little for ourselves, to restrain our selfish and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitute the perfection of human nature. Man, being essentially active, must find in activity his joy as well as his beauty and glory; and labor, like every thing else that is good, is its own reward.

Without earnestness no man is ever great, or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men; and he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular, but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it the depth of a shadow.