

## 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.  
 For New York via Philadelphia, and "Bound Brook Route," at 5.45, (Fast Exp.) 8.55 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.  
 Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon.  
 For Philadelphia, at 6.15, 8.45 (Fast Exp.) 8.55, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.  
 For Reading, at 5.15, 8.45 (Fast Exp.) 8.55, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 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 5.40 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 6.15, 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 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, 5.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m.  
 Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," at 6.15 a. m., 1.30 and 4.50 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 9.00 p. m.  
 Through car, New York to Harrisburg.  
 Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 5.50 (Fast Exp.) 5.50 p. m.  
 Leave Pottsville, 6.05, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.  
 Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.35, 11.00 a. m., 1.30, 5.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m.  
 Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m.  
 Leave Allentown, at 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 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, 8.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, at 4.45, 6.10 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, 5.30 p. m., and on Saturday only, 5.10, 6.20, 9.50 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 with me that every exertion will be made to render their stay pleasant.  
 A careful hostler always in attendance.  
 April 9, 1878. tf

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CORTLANDT STREET,  
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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, \$5 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

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GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

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 and all diseases  
 that follow as a  
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 Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we  
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 a trial without expense. The best  
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## A FULL ASSORTMENT

OF

HARDWARE,  
IRON & STEEL

WILL BE FOUND AT

OUR NEW STORE-ROOM.

F. MORTIMER,

New Bloomfield.

## Courtng Under Difficulties.

SAM LEWIS was a boy. He was a rich farmer's boy. He was not a particularly wicked boy, but he was filled with that natural and pure spirit of cussedness without which a boy is never truly a boy. Sam had a sister; a good-looking, intelligent young lady of twenty, who bore the sweet name of Mary. Sam loved her in his way, and she certainly loved him; indeed she was about the only one upon the premises who could do anything with him, or for whose wishes he cared. Mary, like every good-looking daughter of a rich farmer, had plenty of beaux. Each of these had to pass the scrutiny of Sam's eye, and the judgment of Sam's mind as to his fitness to pay court to his sister. If Sam set his face against the wooer; then was he unto him; for unregenerate youth would find more ways to make things generally uncomfortable for the love-lorn visitor than ever Moses discovered for the torment of Pharaoh.

Bill Sykes lived three miles across the country from Mary's house. He dwelt with his widowed mother upon the 40 acres that had been set apart to her as dower out of the estate of her deceased husband. He had that angular, coffin-shaped countenance which invariably accompanies self-conceit. His reddish yellow hair was oiled illimitably, and plastered carefully down over his contracted forehead. His moustache dyed with acid and stiffened with beeswax, was twisted in a neat, scratch-awl style. Now place upon his vest a huge brass chain and cock a "plug" hat over his ear, and you will gain some idea of his appearance when dressed for a courting expedition.

Bill's only possessions were a skeleton wagon and a nick-tailed nag, which latter, he was always swearing could trot "all around" any horse in that part of the state. It is perhaps needless to add that his own asseverations constituted the sole evidence of the animal's speed.

About four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, in the pleasant month of September, Bill reined up in front of farmer Lewis' gate, bent upon a formal visit to Miss Mary. He was courteously received, and shown by the young lady into pleasant parlors, through whose open windows the odors of orchards and meadows came floating. The caller seeming disposed to protract his visit, the lady stepped into the next room requested Sam to "please put Mr. Sykes' horse in the barn." Sam started promptly to obey, for there were few things he would not do for his sister. As he came where the pony and skeleton stood he was unfavorably impressed. He thought it looked like an upstart, tricked out affair, which nobody of sensible and solid qualities would be likely to own. He performed his sister's bidding, however, muttering to himself, "Sykes—Sykes—who is this Sykes I wonder?" As he passed back into the house, he contrived to get a fair view of the visitor. He was disgusted, and inwardly resolved to bring Sykes' visits to an untimely end. Perhaps Sam's displeasure might be justified upon other grounds than mere personal pique, for Sykes' acquaintance with the Lewis family, and especially with Miss Mary, had been only the most limited and distant character, and certainly could not warrant the familiar and protracted visit he was now making. Sam characterized the visit in his own emphatic style as being "d—d impudent," and proposed to treat it accordingly. It was nine o'clock before Sykes announced his readiness to depart, and Sam was requested to bring his horse. He soon returned from the barn with the announcement that the bridle to Mr. Sykes' harness could not be found. Sykes went out to assist in the search, lantern in hand, but the most careful examination of the premises failed to reveal the whereabouts of the missing article. Finally Sam lent him one of his father's bridles with the understanding that he was to return it the next morning. Sam found the bridle before Sykes came back, and as he exchanged it for the one returned he was pleased to notice that Sykes looked "mad enough to fight," as he said to Mary. For this reason he had hoped that Sykes' first and last visit had been made.

But he was doomed to disappointment. The second Sunday at the same hour as before, Sykes returned. The horse was put in the barn by Sam as before at his sister's request. When he had completed his task he sat down upon the woodpile to meditate. What was to be done? Here was this Bill Sykes, who did not know enough to take a hint, and was too obstinately conceited to learn anything. It was evident that something more significant than the hiding of bridles must be resorted to. Sam finally rose from his seat, threw away the stick he was whittling, and took a course across the fields to a neighboring farm-house where lived several of his playmates. At dusk that evening Sam might have been seen in consultation with three other boys of

nearly his own age, upon some subject which to judge from their manner, keenly enlisted the sympathies of every one of the party.

It was soon fully dark. Sykes was in Farmer Lewis' parlor, making himself as disagreeable as possible to Mary, and Mary was doing her utmost to keep her temper and treat him decently. But the boys we have mentioned, led by Sam, had business of importance upon their hands. They drew Sykes' skeleton around behind the barn and there with the help of Mr. Lewis' carriage wrench, took it to pieces. They took off the wheels, took off the seat, the dash-board and the thills. Then they took each separate piece and section of the vehicle and placed it in the top of an apple tree in the adjacent orchard, each in a separate tree, and as widely scattered as the size of the orchard would allow.

Sykes stayed even later than upon his first visit, and it was half-past nine when he finally rose and said he "guessed he must be going." Mary went to speak to Sam but found that Sam and her parents had gone to bed. Sykes assured her that he was familiar with the barns, and if she would furnish him a lantern he would get his own horse. She brought the lantern and he went out. He found his horse he found his harness, even to the bridle, but his skeleton he did not find. Round and round the yards and barns like a will-o'-the-wisp went that lantern—around the house, down to the orchard out into the highway—still no skeleton could he find. What was to be done? The case was a fearful one. He pondered, he wept, he swore. As he thought of the storm of ridicule that would burst upon him from the whole countryside, he absolutely raved. Yet there was the awful fact, the skeleton was gone. Mary had retired, the house was dark, and he was ashamed to arouse the family. In anguish of spirit, he bestrode his nick-tailed pony, harnessed as he was, without saddle or blanket, and rode slowly home.

Sam was away when Sykes returned next day to see about his skeleton. The events of hunting up and getting together the scattered members of the vehicle, the immeasurable fun that was had, and the storms of relentless ridicule through which the victim passed, we leave to the reader's imagination; only adding that Mary Lewis was never troubled with any more visits from Bill Sykes, nor was Sam's strategy ever known to be insufficient for any similar emergency.

## THE STORY OF THE COQUETTE WELL.

ONE of the most famous of the oil farms that were developed in the early days of the petroleum excitement on Oil Creek was the Hide & Egbert farm near Petroleum Centre, Pa. Dr. Egbert of Franklin and his partner had between them \$1,000, which they paid for the farm. This was considered an immense price for it, as it had not yielded enough under cultivation to pay taxes. In 1864 they struck oil on it. They had several good wells, but none that compared with the great gushers that had spouted their 2,000 and 3,000 barrels a day further down the creek.

Hyde & Egbert's superintendent had a brother who lived in an Eastern town. He was in love with a young lady of the place, who was noted in the neighborhood as a great coquette. One night in the early fall of 1864 a troupe of Indians gave an exhibition in the village. The young man and the young lady in question attended it together. After he had escorted her home, he seized an opportunity that offered and asked her to become his wife. She refused him. He went to bed disappointed and despondent. He had long entertained the idea of seeking his fortune in the oil regions and before he retired that night he had determined on carrying out the idea without further delay. Before morning he had a dream. He thought that he stood in a wild, mountainous place, alone and friendless. Suddenly an Indian, hideous in war paint, sprang from a thicket and rushed toward him with his tomahawk raised. The dreamer was unarmed. He tried to save himself by flight, but he could not move. He had resigned himself to his fate, when another person appeared on the scene. It was the coquette who had rejected his suit. She had a rifle. She quickly placed the weapon in her jilted lover's hands and disappeared. The lover covered the Indian with the rifle and fired. When the smoke cleared away the Indian was gone. Where he had stood there gushed from the ground a stream of oil of great volume. It flowed down over the land in a miniature river.

The young man awoke from his dream. It made a great impression upon him. He interpreted it as a good omen for him, not only in business matters, but in his love affair. He departed for Oil Creek next day, and went first to the farm where his brother was working. One day the superintendent was showing his visiting brother over the Hyde & Egbert farm. Suddenly the

latter stopped and looked about him with an explanation of surprise.

"This is the very spot that I saw in my dream," said he.

He then related his dream to his brother. The spot was not considered a favorable one for striking oil, but the dream of the young man so impressed the superintendent that he determined to sink a well there. The result was awaited with intense interest by the two brothers. The drill, at the depth of 600 feet, struck a literal river of oil. The rich deposit spouted out of the earth at the rate of 2,000 barrels a day. The well became famous at once. It was given the name of the "Coquette," because of the coquettishness of the young lady that resulted in its being drilled. Thousands of persons flocked to the farm to see it, and a fee of ten cents a head was charged for a sight at it, pouring its wealth into Dr. Egbert's tanks. It flowed for fifteen months. Dr. Egbert made an immense fortune from it, and then sold a one-twelfth interest in it for \$275,000. He gave the young man \$30,000 whose dream led to the discovery of the Coquette well. With this sum to start with, the fortunate dreamer in a few months made a handsome fortune. He returned to his native village. Still loving the young lady who had refused his hand, and learning that since his departure she had ceased entirely to go into society, he proposed to her again. This time he was accepted, and he married the former coquette. Shortly after the well ceased to yield oil voluntarily, fell to a small "pumper," and then became entirely exhausted. A few rotting timbers of the derrick that stood above the once famous well is now all that marks the spot where the river of oil burst forth.

## A Rich but Foolish Farmer.

Isaac Steele, a farmer, living near Petrolia, Butler county, made \$100,000 from the oil production of his farm. He is an old man, and lives with his daughter. He keeps not less than \$50,000 in greenbacks in his house, and he has no faith in bank or any investment for money. Three years ago he had \$100,000 in bank notes locked in boxes and trunks about his house. The money became damp, mildewed and mouldy. When he discovered the condition of the money he took the notes from their hiding places and spread them in the sun about his orchard to dry. The spectacle of a fortune lying loose on the ground among the trees was witnessed by hundreds who were attracted to the farm by the singular proceeding. The money was thus exposed for two days, guarded by old Steele, his wife, daughter and hired man. When considered in good condition again it was returned to the trunks and boxes again. Three nights after the greenbacks were housed Steele, woke up to find three masked men in his bed room. They bound the old man and his family, and had discovered and secured \$1,000 of the hidden treasure when they were frightened away by the return home of the hired man from Petrolia. Even this experience did not move the old farmer to make a different disposition of his money. On the night of the 28th of last April, his house was again broken into by three men wearing masks. The old man and his wife fought them until they were rendered unconscious. In the struggle the masks were torn from the faces of two of the men. They were recognized as Jas. James and Wm. McDonald. The third man was not known. The men began to search the house, but before they had secured any booty Steele's hired man had alarmed the neighbors, and the robbers fled. In an old box under Steele's bed there were \$40,000 in greenbacks. The robbers were followed, but escaped to the woods. Three days after the two were captured. They have just been sentenced to five years each in the penitentiary.

## Comfort for Backward Children.

From the fact that the lower animals arrive at maturity much earlier than man, and the inferior races of men develop more rapidly than the superior, a French biologist infers that precocity indicates a low order of development.

A young pastor who has recently had a son born to him notifies a brother pastor as follows: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given.—Is. 9: 6." It was written on a postal card. The receiver showed the message to a sister of his church. "Ah, yes," said the sister after reading it, "it weighed nine pounds and six ounces."

## How She Saved Her Daughter.

"I shall never again feel so awfully nervous about my babies teething," writes a grateful mother. "We almost lost our little darling by a long attack of cholera infantum, but happily heard of Parker's Ginger Tonic in time. I took a few spoonfuls myself, which soon cured my nursing baby entirely, and an occasional dose has kept me and baby in such perfectly good health, and made us so strong and comfortable that I would not be without this reliable medicine for worlds."—A Mother of Brooklyn. 29 Im

## SUNDAY READING.

## Blot out a Day.

I keep on a desk before me a calendar of the year, with a day of each week by numerals. When the day is passed, I draw a pen across a figure or the figures representing a day. It is gone and I blot it out. So far as the column of numerals is concerned, I can do so.

But I am startled by the words, "I blot out a day." A day is a wheel in the great machinery of life—a link in the chain of my probation. It is as truly a part of vital and essential being as a year or a century. The day is given me. Will it vanish at my bidding? I did not originate it; I only received it. I have no more power to blot it out than to bring it in.

It was a gift. How should I treat the giver if I could and would blot it out? It came as a proof of the love of the Giver. To many that day came not. It was on its way; but the chain broke.—But divine kindness would not allow me to be a loser. Shall I not honor the Giver?

A day of sadness perhaps! Blot it out for that reason? If my sins made the sadness of the day, then let the day stand—a memento of and reminder of my folly. That day is worth saving that brings such a voice of reproof.—Perhaps the day was sad under divine discipline. Surely, then it ought to stand lest, blotting it out, offence be given to Him who afflicts "for our profit that we might be partakers of His holiness."

A day of gladness, perhaps—the sky bright, the air balmy, joy in friends and all worldly comfort—above all joy in the Lord and gladness in his salvation. Shall I mar such a beautiful picture? Shall I blot out such a day? As I erase the figure with a pen shall I drop it out of my mind as if there had never been such a day? Is this the kind return?

A day! That day just erased from my calendar, how much could have been accomplished in it! What a noble river of holy emotions might have rolled through my soul in that one day! what fervor of love, ardor in prayer, and workings of faith, bringing the light and joy of heaven into the soul!

There hangs my calendar. I cannot blot out much longer. The last day of the year is at hand. The symbols of what remains may be erased by my driving pen; but these links of life—these way-marks of the path to eternity, these gifts of God, these opportunities of usefulness—my gratitude shall welcome them, my love and zeal carry out their great design. They shall aid in the grand result, that my name shall not be blotted out of the Book of Life.

## The Thin Partition Between Life and Death.

When we walk near the powerful machinery we know that one single misstep, and those mighty engines would tear us to ribbons in their ponderous jaws. So, when we are thundering across the land in a railway car, and there is nothing but half an inch of iron flange to hold us upon the rail. So when we are at sea in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine then that we see how close we are on the edge of the precipice. But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land the partition that divides us from eternity is something thinner than the oak plank or half an inch of iron flange. The machinery of life and death are within us. The tissues that hold these beating powers in their place are often not thicker than a piece of paper, and if that thin partition was pierced or ruptured, it would be just the same with us as if a cannon ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he will to widen the space, no man at any time can go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

Wealth is the possession of the few, but intellectual culture is happily within the reach of all in the favored land of school and books. Wealth has opportunities to surround itself with treasures of culture and art, but it will wish to call to the enjoyment of these possessions those who can appreciate them. Wealth is at much greater loss for culture than culture is for wealth.—Wealth without culture is a subject for laughter and derision. Culture without wealth ever commands profound respect. Then let young people seek first, if they were ambitious to belong to good society, a genuine intellectual culture.

The religion of to-day needs more than anything else a strong infusion of the divine and Biblical element. It has become weak, flaccid prattling. It says too many sweet, soft, pretty things to tickle the ear and catch the crowd.—Men are needed with the power and spirit of Elijah to say strong, deep, powerful words. Then religion would reach the masses just as electricity reaches the subterranean streams.