

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," 7.45, (Fast Exp.) 8.55 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. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, 5.45 a. m., 1.00 and 4.30 p. m. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," 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.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.55 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, 9.25 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, 9.50 p. m.

J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.

C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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Floating on a Hollow Log.

IN 1849, a party of young men from Western Pennsylvania reached California, and disposing of their animals, provided themselves with the usual outfit for the diggings and with unabated ardor commenced delving for the precious metal. The luck of thousands attended them. Now their hopes would be at the fever point at the discovery of a few shining grains, and again they would toil for days without being rewarded by a single grain of hope.

Accordingly, collecting together their worldly all, they took a direction nearly due north, toward Oregon Territory.—Here, striking slightly to the east, they commenced a search through the mountains in that vicinity. The streams were turned aside, and their beds examined; and in wild, rocky gorges, never disturbed by the presence of man, they plied the pick and spade, and the forest rung with their glad, exultant shouts, as, in some instances, their labors were rewarded. Their success was quite good and they were comparatively well rewarded.

The company separated, with the agreement to return to the camping-ground at the end of a week. Each took a different direction from his companion, and determined to improve his time to the utmost.

It is our purpose to follow the adventures of but one of the company—George Ellis, who in one short week, experienced enough to fill a volume. At the end of the week, they all met upon the camping-ground, with the exception of two. The fate of one of these—William Trenck—was known. He had been discovered lying at the foot of a tree with a bloody orifice in his forehead, through which the bullet of some hidden enemy had passed. His scalp was gone, and there was no doubt entertained in relation to his destroyers.

Ellis was the best hunter and the most reckless of his party, and, without hesitation, he struck off in a northeasterly direction, toward Oregon Territory, and before he was aware of it, he had reached that portion of the country inhabited by the Indians called Molees.—Here, although he found plenty of game he discovered not the least traces of gold; yet as this was the last opportunity that he ever expected to be presented with, he determined to improve it to the utmost and visit every vicinity that his limited time permitted.

For five days he continued his wanderings without meeting with any event worthy of note, when late one afternoon he discovered that he was in a country inhabited by numerous Indians.—Their signs were all around him, and he found that the utmost caution was necessary to avoid an encounter. Several times he feared that his presence had become known; but no savage however showed himself; and at night, as he lay down to rest, it was with the hope that as yet he was safe.

Somewhere near midnight he suddenly awoke, apparently without cause, yet as he affirmed, with a strange presentiment of impending danger, which he could not shake off. When he awoke it was not as a person generally does, but in an immediate state of consciousness and as he cautiously arose to his feet, he felt the presence of some foe. There was a moon yet the night was cloudy, and it only showed itself at intervals.—As a heavy cloud floated past its face, Ellis either imagined or really saw several forms crossing the river toward him and as he listened intently he heard the soft, muffled dip of oars. This was enough; and, without waiting further, he commenced a hasty, though silent, retreat.

He judged it best to keep the stream in sight, as he knew that it would eventually lead him in close proximity to the camp. He had gone but a short distance when he heard a low peculiar sound, like the cry of a wild bird. This he knew was a signal of the Indians, and he lost no time in getting beyond the hearing of it.

A mile or two was passed when Ellis detected a half-decayed tree resting partly in the water. A sudden idea seized him, and stooping, he rolled it into the water. It was light and dry, and floated finely; and as he saw how well it bore his weight, he could not help congratulating himself upon his good fortune thus far.

Ellis secured his rifle, and stretched himself out in an easy position upon the log; and being wearied, before he was aware of it he dropped to sleep. He had about fairly got off in the land of dreams, when with an "Ugh!" he dropped beneath the surface, and gently touched the bottom. As he rose his head struck directly against the bottom of the log, and in no pleasant mood he reached up and clambered upon it. The log, in its course, had kept at a distance from the shore; but, in turning a bend, one end turned the bank, and thus dislodged Ellis.

Dispite the uncomfortable feeling which this misfortune had produced, the hunter felt that he was again passing into sleep. And he had reached that peculiar, semi-conscious state, in which the nerves are most sensitive, when there came a sound that made him quake with horror! It was at his feet and with a chill of dread he threw them in and worked his way as far from it as possible. Here he held his breath, and it was repeated—the fearful warning of the rattlesnake. Ellis peered in the darkness, but no object was visible; yet the reptile was within six feet of him, and from its movement was evidently preparing to strike.

Ellis' haste in retreating had given the log an up and down motion; and as his portion was depressed and the opposite rose, he shrank still further, fearing that the serpent would either drop or slip upon him.

In gliding down stream, Ellis passed a portion of the shore which was devoid of trees. At that moment the opposite end arose and by the aid of the moon he caught the shadowy outlines of the head and upper part of a monstrous rattlesnake protruding from a rotten aperture in the log. He was making preparations to strike, and while yet visible, he clubbed his rifle and brought a crushing blow directly upon it. This species of snake is easily killed, and nothing more was required to dispose of the one in question; yet to make matters doubly sure, he again raised his gun, and brought in down with greater force.—As it struck, the collision between the log and the hammer discharged it, and the bullet passed so close as to graze his side.

This was danger and escape unlooked for, and Ellis began to really wonder whether he was doomed to be killed by his own carelessness, or destined to see more providential escapes.

Ellis managed, after much difficulty, with the aid of his rifle, to disengage the reptile and fling it into the water.—He had just begun to breathe freer and easier, when he was horrified by hearing another deadly rattle from the same place that the first had come! There was then still another! Ellis knew where the snake must be; and without hesitation, brought his rifle down with crushing force upon it. He felt that he had killed it, yet he was not certain that he was yet free from danger, as there might be more concealed within. After waiting a few moments, and hearing nothing, he forced his gun into the aperture, and pulled forth the snake, raised it over his head, in order to throw it from him. As he did so, it slipped down, and fell loosely around his neck.

"Ugh! get out!" he fairly shrieked, as he jerked it from him. There was no danger of Ellis sleeping any more that night. He remained upon the log until the gray mist upon the stream showed that the morning had commenced breaking. He then worked it into the shore, and stepping forth, commenced his journey toward the camp. He had however lost all knowledge of its direction, and did not pass within many miles of it.

It is hardly necessary to follow all the adventures of Ellis. The day after leaving the log he spent in wandering through the forest. He knew the direction of San Francisco, and kept toward it. Several times he came upon a wild animal, and once had an encounter with a single savage, of whom he had the advantage. He lodged in /ees at night and after three or four days he came upon a number of miners, and in about a week after entered the streets of San Francisco. He had been altogether quite fortunate, and without remaining in the city, engaged passage in a steamer for New York, and, strangely enough, it reached the city in advance of the one in which his companions had gone. When the miners stepped upon the wharf in the latter city, their surprise may perhaps be imagined at meeting their old comrade, whom they had mourned as dead.

Bad blood always causes trouble. It may be a family taint, or boils, pimples, itch, tetter, &c.; but no matter, "Dr. Anderson's Blood Searer" is the cure all.

A Curious Match at Saugerties.

A small social circle in Saugerties is now anxiously awaiting developments in a romantic affair that has come to light within the past few days, in which a young dry goods clerk in Saugerties and a Columbia county girl play the leading parts. The names of the parties are suppressed, but the affair is of such an unusual character, that it becomes a matter of public comment.

On Friday last the young clerk was busily engaged in cleaning the interior of a front show-window when a fashionably-dressed and comely young woman entered the store and asked the proprietor, in a vivacious manner, what he would take for that article in the window, nodding significantly toward the young man. The proprietor laughingly replied, that he would sell him for a dish of ice-cream. The young woman said: "Very well, I will take him," and departed, returning a little later in the day with a female friend, when she invited the proprietor out to a cream saloon to bind his bargain.

The proprietor entered heartily into the spirit of the joke, as he looked upon it, and went with her. On his return to the shop the young woman accompanied him, and said as she started to leave: "I am going home on Monday noon; so have that article ready for me, as I shall certainly call for it." The clerk thereupon demurred, and said the bargain would not be binding unless he had a dish of cream as well, at which the young lady said: "Very well, you also shall have the cream," and left, returning in a few moments with a dish of cream in her hands.

The young man devoured the cream and enjoyed a social chat with his purchaser, and, becoming quite interested in her, made up his mind to stick. On Monday afternoon the young woman, true to her promise, drove up in a hack to the shop on Main street, and out stalked her purchase, clad in a new linen duster and store clothes, and with a hand-bag and sun umbrella in hand.—The hack drove off amid the laughter and best wishes of the fellow clerks of the young man, and the congratulations of the proprietor to the young woman, who warranted the young man to wear well and hold his color, and that he would never fade.

The party took the 2:30 train up the river, and on Monday evening the merchant received a despatch from the young woman stating that she had arrived at home safely with her purchase. The girl is worth \$25,000 in her own name, and is about 20 years old. The young man is fine-looking, has a neat little bank account of his own, and all say that the young woman might "go further and fare worse."

She Found Him.

Another fraud has been fooling folks by pretending to be a preacher. He called himself Rev. Frank Marshall, and introduced himself to the Baptist congregation of Fairland, Ind., without credentials, winning them sufficiently by his good looks and oily tongue to induce them to make him their pastor.—Then he won the affections of the daughter of the wealthiest resident, and the wedding day was appointed. Shortly before its arrival, while he was at a social gathering, he was confronted by his wife and child, whom he had deserted in Ohio. One of the deacons made him kiss her, then he had to skip the town with her.

A Careful Girl.

You may talk of sensible young ladies, but like everything else, they carry that sensibility to an excess. A young lady of Covington was engaged to a young man who thought that, as she was worth \$20,000, he ought to spend a good deal of money when he took her around. He paid seven dollars for a horse and buggy to give her a ride one afternoon. She broke off the engagement, saying he was extravagant and wasteful. She might have admonished him and let him go in peace, but she was evidently thinking he would quickly run through that \$20,000.

Not Born to be Drowned.

Mr. Stewart Brontzman, of Easton, has just had a narrow escape from an appalling fate. While coming home from Europe he was taken ill on the steamer, and to all outward appearances died. A canvass bag was prepared, and the body about being enclosed in it, when one of his friends objected to his being buried so soon after death. At his earnest persuasion the burial was delayed, and it was not long before Mr. Brontzman showed unmistakable signs of life. He was also on the ill-fated Narragansett, and saved himself by swimming.

Women that have been bedridden for years have been entirely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Miscellaneous News Items.

A captive balloon at Youngstown, O., while up with a man and woman, broke loose, Saturday a week, and ascended to a great height and disappeared.

A son of Mrs. Eisenhower of Lebanon was so much injured by the kick of a horse that it is thought he will not recover. The blow produced concussion of the brain.

A teller of a Bradford bank paid out by mistake \$900 in excess of a draft the other day, but the party who received it was honest and returned the money.

There are two lakes at Omaha City which were recently blown nearly dry by a high wind, and the ground to the leeward of them was strewn with dead fish blown from the water.

Just as Mrs. Smith, of Springfield, Ohio, was about to step up to her telephone a day or two ago and ask Mrs. Jones to come over to tea, a flash of lightning danced in on the wire and tore the machine into fragments. Mrs. Jones took tea at home.

The Huntingdon "Journal" recites the case of a farmer's wife living near that place, who gathered berries all one afternoon, gave birth to a bonning boy that night and attended market the next morning.

Goldsmith Maid's oldest colt killed herself last week in trying to jump a fence near Trenton, N. J. She fractured her shoulder blade. Mr. H. N. Smith, the owner, refused an offer of \$20,000 for her some time ago.

There is nothing like squaring an account to make a woman feel good. There was a widow in Ohio who owed her hired man \$320, and to get rid of the debt she married him, then immediately spent \$40 for a divorce and fired her new husband out. She was \$260 in by the operation.

A man named Delill, who was lost in the woods, near Long Lake, Minn., has been found. When found his face was terribly lacerated, and was supposed to have been picked by ravens. He was in a semi-unconscious condition, and will probably die.

At Cutler, Ill., seven months ago a straw shed belonging to John Patterson, fell down on some hogs, turkeys and chickens. A short time since Mr. Patterson was removing some of the straw, when to his astonishment, one of the hogs was found to be still alive, but as may be supposed very thin in flesh. The above is true.

A butcher at Port Washington Wis., discovered a fine sow, that had disappeared on the evening of July 4, in the cellar of a deserted house, the poor animal having been a prisoner on a diet of air and nothing for twenty days. While in solitary confinement a litter of six fine pigs first saw daylight, and they were all well and healthy looking when found, being apparently ten days old.

Mrs. Elizabeth Steward, of Steelton, aged 65 years, died very suddenly of heart disease on Monday a week, prior to nine o'clock. She prepared her husband's lunch to take with him when he went to work at the blasting furnace, and as she had not been in very good health for some time, she retired leaving the house in charge of a colored woman. The latter had occasion to come to Harrisburg and when she returned about 9 o'clock, she found Mrs. Steward dead in bed.

PHILADELPHIA, August 3.—This afternoon, between 1 and 2 o'clock, Robert Acheson, conductor of a construction train on the Pennsylvania railroad, was almost instantly killed in the company's yards, West Philadelphia. Acheson was walking on the track and his train while backing struck him on the back, knocked him down and ran over him, cutting off both his legs and mangling him so severely that he died soon afterwards. He was a native of Lancaster county.

A New York doctor sailed for Europe the other day, and wishing to mail several letters that he hadn't time to write before going on board, wrote them hurriedly as the vessel went down the bay, intending to give them to the pilot when they got to Sandy Hook. When he finished the letters the pilot was gone, so he got a large bottle from the steward, stuffed the letters into it, wrote a note asking the finder to mail them, and threw the bottle overboard. The bottle was washed ashore at Long Branch several days afterward, and the letters were mailed in Brooklyn.

LANCASTER, August 3.—Last evening seven year old daughter of John B. residing on Poplar street, died in agony of hydrophobia. It was two months ago that the little girl, one of her friends to the Herald, the outskirts of the city, for her companion was getting into the yard to pick but did not see a dog within reach, sprang the wrist. This shown symptoms of been tied up by its await developments, after it bit the child