

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 6.45, (Fast Exp.) 8.35 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 exp), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp) 8.05, 8.50 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 3.40 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 "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.30, 3.20 p. m., and 5.00 p. m. Through car, New York to Harrisburg. Leave Philadelphia, at 8.45 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 5.50, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 3.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.30, 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 1.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 9.05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochel 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 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, 6.30, 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 desire 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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CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway.) NEW YORK.

HOOCHISS & POND, Proprietors. 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 city railroads. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

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HORSE Send 25 cents in stamps or currency for a new HORSE BOOK. It treats all diseases, has 35 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, a table of doses, a BOOK large collection of valuable recipes, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Dr. Wm. H. Hall says: "I have bought books that I paid \$5 and \$10 for which I do not like as well as I do yours." SEND FOR A CATALOGUE AGENTS WANTED. B. J. KEN-DALL, Enosburgh Falls, Yt. 20 1y The Book can also be had by addressing THE TIMES, New Bloomfield, Pa.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Perry County to pass upon exceptions filed to the account, and to distribute balances in hands of Mr. D. B. MILLIKEN, Assignee, Sec. of Wm. R. Diven, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bloomfield, on Saturday the 13th day of November, 1880, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day. CHAS. H. SMILEY, Auditor. New Bloomfield, Oct. 19, '80.

SUNDAY READING.

NOT ALL IN THE BRINGING UP.

It isn't all in bringing up, Let folks say what they will; You silver-wash a pewter cup— It will be pewter still. E'en he of old, wise Solomon, Who said "train up a child," If I mistake not, raised a son, Gay, rattle-brained and wild. A man of mark, who fain would pass, For lord of sea and land, May have the training of an ass, And bring him up full grand; May give him all the wealth of lore, Of college and of school, Yet after all make him no more Than just a decent fool.

Another raised by penury Upon her bitter bread; Whose road to knowledge is like that The good for heaven must tread, Has got a spark of Nature's light, He'll fan it to a flame, Till in the burning letters bright The world may read his name. If it were all in bringing up, In counsel and restraint, Some rascals had been honest men— I'd been, myself, a saint. Oh, 'tis not all in bringing up, Let folks say what they will; Neglect may dim a silver cup— It will be silver still.

An Account Kept Somewhere.

It is related of the celebrated Dr. Jewett that in the course of his travels he once entered a country tavern and sat down by the bar-room fire to warm his fingers. His keenly-roving eye soon discovered prominent over rows of bottles with highly colored contents in large letters, the inscription, "No credit given here." Turning to the landlord (to whom he was personally unknown) he said:

"Ah, I see you bring people square up to the mark here!" "Yes," replied the landlord, "It's no use to trust rum-customers now-a-days. We must get it as we go along or never get it."

Jewett warmed his fingers awhile and then turning to the landlord, said: "I think I could add a line or two to your inscription that would make it very nice."

"What would you add?" inquired the landlord.

"Give me a pen and a piece of paper and I will show you."

"Walk into the bar; there's a pen and ink—help yourself."

The doctor walked into the bar, and taking up the pen, wrote as follows: "No credit given here, And yet I've cause to fear That there's a day book kept in heaven, Where charge is made and credit given."

Laying down the pen and leaving the lines, he walked to the fire, and again sat down, expecting an explosion. The landlord went behind the counter and read what he had written. A pause of some moments ensued, when the doctor glancing around, was to his great pleasure, and somewhat to his surprise—from the intimations of dampness about the eyes of the landlord—convinced that he had driven a nail in a sure place. "A word fitly spoken, how good it is."

Can You?

Can you tell why men who cannot pay small bills can always find money to buy liquor and treat when among friends?

Can any one tell how young men who are always behind with their landlords can play billiards, night and day, and always be ready for a game of cards when money is at stake?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families who have no income and no work, while others, who are industrious, are half starved?

Can any one tell why four-fifths of the young ladies prefer a brainless fop, under a plug, with tight pants and a short coat, to a man with brains?

Can any one tell why it is that some mothers are always ready to sew for the distant heathen when their own children are ragged and dirty?

Can any one tell why a man who is always complaining that he cannot afford to subscribe for the local newspaper, and every week borrows it from his neighbor, can afford to attend every traveling show that comes into town?

Judgment of Men.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor the other.

Don't judge him by his family connections, for Cain belonged to a very good family.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge a man by his speech, for a parrot talks, but the tongue is but an instrument of sound.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures.

A FAMILY SECRET.

LADY EASTCHAMP was the widow of a gentleman who had owned one of the finest estates in the English county of Yorkshire. She was the sole executor of her husband's property, which she held in trust for their only son. The age at which it should be handed over to him was not the usual age of twenty-one however, but twenty-five.

At this age he was also to receive another fortune, bequeathed by an eccentric relative in Scotland, and which, principal and accumulated interest, amounted to more than a million sterling.

The one peculiar condition about this last bequest was that if the young man did not take possession precisely at 12 o'clock upon his twenty-fifth birthday it was to revert to the next heir named in the will, and between whom and the late Sir Charles Eastchamp had existed a life-long dislike, amounting almost to positive hatred.

The young man, now Sir Henry, had always had a taste, almost amounting to a passion, for traveling, and when he had reached the age of twenty-three had accompanied an exploring expedition into the interior of Africa. Nearly two years passed without any word from him reaching home until, within a week of his twenty-fifth birthday, he returned, and claiming his property according to the condition of both wills, took up his residence at the hall.

A month afterward Lady Eastchamp was taken suddenly ill, and for several weeks was confined to her bed with a malignant fever.

During the whole time she was most tenderly nursed by a young girl, her adopted daughter, and, thanks to her care, the crisis of the fever was safely passed, and the lady was on the fair way to recovery.

For nearly a week these favorable symptoms continued, and she was fast approaching convalescence, when one morning the nurse, awaking from her doze in her chair, found the lady lying dead and cold in her bed.

The alarm was given at once, and the physicians, hurriedly summoned, declared that she had died by poison.

Laudanum was the drug that had been used, and when the fact was learned that the previous afternoon the lady's adopted daughter had purchased it in the adjoining village, though not at once brought into custody, she was placed under strict surveillance.

This adopted daughter whose name was Clara Lowell, was a very beautiful girl of not more than eighteen. The child of one of her former schoolmates, who had died in giving her birth. Lady Eastchamp had always treated her as if she had really been her own daughter, and now the girl could not have appeared more inconsolable had she in reality lost a mother.

Notwithstanding her display of grief, however, the circumstances appeared so strong against her that she was arrested.

She admitted having purchased the laudanum, in compliance with Lady Eastchamp's request, who had given the vial to her son. This, however, the young man positively denied.

When asked why she had not set up with the sick lady as she had done on previous nights, she replied she had done so until 12 o'clock, when it was at Lady Eastchamp's own request that she had retired.

"As for any further questions you may ask," she said firmly, "I will not answer them. Though I may have suspicions, I do not know anything except that I am innocent."

She adhered firmly to her resolution of silence, and the strictest examination could not extort an answer from her.—Her obstinacy, however, had but the effect of confirming the magistrates in their belief in her guilt, and she was consigned to prison to await her trial.

Though such was the effect upon the magistrates, there was one person who thought differently. This was a young detective who had been sent from Scotland Yard to work up the case, and his belief in the girl's innocence was firm.

"She is hiding some family secret, not her own guilt," he said to himself; and proceeding to the prison he tried to engage her in conversation, in the hope that some chance word would give him a clew to the solution of the mystery.

In this hope he was doomed to disappointment, however, for the girl still remained firmly reticent, and quite discouraged he returned to the hall, but with an idea that had before occurred to him taking more definite shape in his brain.

"If I could but imagine a motive," he said to himself, "I would say it was the son who was guilty; but, no; there could be none possible."

Still the idea would not be banished from his mind, and remaining at the hall for two days longer, he watched the young baronet night and day, but with-

out finding the least confirmation of his suspicions.

He was on the point of giving it up in bitter despair, when on the evening before the funeral of the murdered lady, a note was brought to him.

It was from the Eastchamp family lawyer, and contained but half a dozen words:

"Come to my office at once."

Rewarding the messenger with a small coin, the detective at once started to obey the lawyer's summons.

He found him waiting for him with a flushed face and excited manner, and, seizing him by the arm, he dragged him toward the inner door office.

"A most extraordinary thing," he said. "Marvelous!"

Before the detective could reply, they had passed into the private office, and found themselves face to face with a young man whose resemblance to the young baronet was so remarkable that involuntarily he exclaimed:

"Sir Henry Eastchamp!"

"Yes," the young man answered, "the real one. You are I understand, a detective. Explain—"

An involuntary exclamation from the detective's lips, as the truth flashed upon him, interrupted the sentence.

"Idiot!" he cried, "not to have thought of it before. I see it all now."

Then addressing the young man: "But how do you, sir, explain your absence at the time when you should have appeared in person to claim your legacy?"

"Simply enough. I was with an exploring expedition in Africa. I was taken prisoner by the natives, and kept in captivity for over a year. As soon as I escaped I made the best of my way home, only to find another man stepped into my shoes."

"And did you send no word until your arrival in England?"

"Yes. I telegraphed to my mother from Aden."

"And that was?"

"A week ago to-day."

"And you have reached home several days sooner than you expected when you telegraphed?"

"Yes."

The detective could not refrain from an expression of pleasure.

"It grows as clear as noonday," he said. "It was the following night your mother was murdered."

He was silent for a moment, evidently thinking deeply. Then he asked: "Is there any one at the hall—any old servant that has known you from childhood?"

"Yes, several. There is my old nurse Esther, besides—"

"That will do," the detective interrupted; "let us lose no time, but go to the hall. We may be too late as it is."

His enthusiasm and energy were not without their effect upon his companions, and in silence they followed his instructions. Without a word they followed him from the office, and halting a passing carriage, entered it and were driven to the hall.

At the park gates they alighted, and proceeded to the house, entered by the servant's door.

"Where is Sir Henry?" the detective asked one of the servants.

"In the library, sir," the man answered; "but he is busy, and does not wish to be disturbed to-night."

"It is no matter," the detective said; "send his old nurse, Mrs. Esther, here at once."

After giving his command he passed rapidly along the passage and up the staircase, still followed by the lawyer and his companion, until he reached the library door, which, without knocking he opened, and entered the room.

The supposed baronet was seated at an escritoire writing, and at the intrusion looked up, with a haughty frown on his face.

"What does this mean?" he began but before he could finish the sentence the detective had reached his side, and laid his hand upon his arm.

"It means," he answered "that the rightful heir has come to claim his own, and that I, an officer of the detective force, arrest you for the murder of Lady Eastchamp."

A cry of despair broke from the lips of the arrested man, but with a sudden leap, he wrenched himself from the detective's grasp, while his hand sought his breast.

Thinking he was about to draw a weapon, the detective's hand also grasped his revolver, but before he had done so, the prisoner's hand had again been taken from his breast and raised to his mouth.

The sound of breaking glass as a vial was crushed between his teeth, caused a malediction to leave the detective's lips.

"He has escaped us," he cried, with chagrin.

"Yes," the prisoner answered, in a voice of despairing triumph, "I have escaped you. In a few more moments I will be, ah, heaven!"

His voice died away in a choking,

gasping sob, and he fell face downwards on the floor.

Almost at the same instant the door of the library again opened, and an old woman of more than sixty entered.—For a moment she stood as one bewildered, and then quickly advanced to where the real baronet was standing.

"Ah, master Henry," she said "it is you indeed. My poor, dear mistress never would believe you were dead, and it was that you might have your own when you came home that she got another to take your place."

The three listeners stood astounded at the secret her words revealed as she went on to tell how, sooner than allow the bequest to pass into the hands of her husband's enemy, Lady Eastchamp had procured a substitute to represent her son. They also understood how, learning that the real heir was about to return home, the impostor had sought to confirm his claim to the name and fortune gained by fraud by a still darker crime.

He was free from human punishment now, however, for the poison he had swallowed, was almost instantaneous in its effect, and he was dead. Miss Lowell was of course, at once released from prison, and a year or two later became Lady Eastchamp. The suicide of the impostor satisfied the public mind, and beyond a favored few outside of the ranks of the secret service, no one ever knew the darker shades of this family secret.

Took the Brag Out.

A carpenter and joiner in Oneonta, New York, said to his fellow-workmen: "I am going to send over home to Scotland and get a claw-hammer—one that I can work with. I can't get a decent hammer in America."

About this time a friend of his was going back to the "auld sod," and he commissioned him to go to the best hardware store in Glasgow and get him a carpenter's claw-hammer, the best he could find.

In due time the friend returned, bringing the desired tool. The party gathered around him including some of his fellow-workmen and he proceeded to open the package, in the meantime making this remark: "I'll show you something to make your eyes water," as the friend had assured him that he bought him the kind of hammer used by the best workmen in Glasgow.

He affectionately unbound the wraps and as he took the tool and handed it over to his friends, he said:

"There look at that!"

One of his friends did so, and read the trade-mark on the hammer: "Made at Norwich, N. Y., U. S. A." You can imagine the scene that followed. Suffice to say that there was no more bragging about Scotch hammers.

A Hypocrite Ring.

"Say, mister," as he walked up to the proprietor of a jewelry store who stood behind the counter, "have you any of these here—finger rings—these here—these—oh, I forgot what you call 'em?"

"Gold rings?" asked the proprietor.

"No, not quite gold rings—oh, yes; hypocrite gold rings; that's it."

"I can't understand what you mean by that," said the proprietor with a stare.

"I mean," said the young man, "this kind of gold that looks like gold and isn't gold; this here kind that most everybody is wearin' now-a-days. I want a ring for my girl, and I want you to scratch on the inside, 'Jim Brown to Sallie Jones.' Don't care what it costs. You can go as high as fifty cents for it all if you want to. It's a begagement ring."

The boss took it all in, and soon fixed him off with a "hypocrite" gold ring done up in the softest cotton.

He Did Once.

A leading officer in one of the courts was charged with never going to bed sober. Of course he indignantly denied the soft impeachment, and he gave the particulars of a particular night in proof. We quote his own words:

"Soon after I got in bed, my wife said:—"

"Why husband, what's the matter with you? You act so strangely?"

"There is nothing the matter with me," said I.

"I'm sure there is," said she; "you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?" And she got up, lighted the candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with one hand. "I knew there was something about you," said she.—"Why, you are sober!"

Living Witnesses.

The hundreds of strong, hearty, rugged and healthy looking men, women and children, that have been rescued from beds of pain, sickness and well nigh death by Parier's Ginger Tonic, are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth. You will find such in almost every community.—Read of it in another column. 41 4t