

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS OCTOBER 25th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as follows: For New York via Allentown, at 6.00, 8.05 a. m. and 1.40 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 9.00 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 6.00 a. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as follows: Leave New York via Allentown, at 5.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia at 7.45 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 9.35 a. m., and 2.00 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.50, 10.00 a. m., 2.30 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.

April 9, 1878, 11

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Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone.

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 addressing

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HORSE BOOK

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 large collection of valuable recipes, &c.

Dr. Van B. 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 CIRCULAR AGENTS WANTED. B. J. KENDALL, Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

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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 balance in hands of Mr. D. B. Milliken, Assignee, &c. of Wm. B. Diven, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bloomfield, on Saturday the 15th day of November, 1880, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day.

CHAS. H. SMILEY, Auditor.

New Bloomfield, Oct. 19, '80.

The Mysteries of Fires.

A REMARKABLE article from the pen of Professor Weissman appears in the latest issue of Siebold & Kolliker's "Zeitschrift," published in Leipzig. The savant deals with the interesting topic of spontaneous combustion, and suggests a theory to account for the destructive and extensive forest fires that almost yearly work such havoc with the sylvan forests of America.

Many a hundred fires every year remained unexplained, even after the most thorough and exhaustive investigation. "Among all the wonderful phenomena which chemistry presents to us," writes Professor Weissman, "there are few more remarkable than those of the spontaneous combustion of bodies, animate and inanimate, which emit flames and are sometimes entirely consumed by internal fire."

Prof. Weissman himself had the unfortunate experience of being burned out of house and home on a wild winter night some three years since, and he has diligently collected facts about the spontaneous combustion. It appears that he had been having his house painted, and one night the painters, as their manner is, left their working pants, their pots and their brushes on the asphaltum floor of the cellar.

In several instances oilcloth in large rolls has taken fire in damp, muggy weather. An instance of this also occurs in American fire experience. A planter in Virginia sent his servant to Fredericksburg for a roll of oilcloth. It was a warm day and the wagon was open. During the journey home it began to rain, and the roll of oilcloth took fire on the road.

In the carriage factory of Messrs. Eaton & Gilbert, Troy, N. Y., a drop of linseed oil fell into an open paper of lampblack, set it on fire, and came within an ace of burning down the whole factory.

Newly pressed hay frequently ignites, as do also oatmeal and cornmeal in barrels. During the famine in Ireland in 1844-48 a vessel was dispatched from New York with a cargo of corn meal for the relief of the sufferers. In discharging the bags from the vessel the last three were found to be on fire.

The "American Journal of Science" gives a remarkable instance of the spontaneous combustion of wood. A Mr. Adam Reigart, two years previous to the occurrence, received a piece of wood supposed to be cedar, detached from a large piece dug up 89 feet below the surface near Lancaster, Pa. The piece weighed a few ounces, and it was broken in two and laid upon a white pine shelf in Mr. Reigart's counting room.

coeding so rapidly that in a few minutes the shelf would have been on fire. Probably another prolific source of our forest fires is to be sought in the liability of decayed wood, not only to spontaneous combustion, but from the direct rays of the sun.

to its weight than the low, mellow, "church-going sound of the church bell. The same principal applies to the whistle of the locomotive, which is heard a long distance simply because its tone is shrill and penetrating. When hung stationary and struck, or tolled, a bell will not be heard, as a rule, half as far as when swung. The swinging motion not only throws all the sound off, but imparts to it a richness that is always absent when the bell is at rest when struck. A great deal is to be gained by ringing a bell properly.

Professor Weissman relates several well authenticated cases in which bulbous vessels, hyacinth glasses, wine decanters on shelves, by receiving the direct rays of the sun from an open window, have caused serious conflagrations. In the township of Boscowin, Merrimac county, N. H., it is related a shelf was set on fire in a hotel by means of a pear-shaped decanter containing gin.

"That animal bodies are liable to spontaneous combustion," says Professor Weissman, "is a fact which was well-known to the ancients. Many cases have been adduced as examples, which were no doubt merely cases of individuals who were highly susceptible to strong electrical excitation." A certain gentleman, known to the professor, on a cold, keen winter night, retired to his chilly sleeping room. He had worn silk stockings over woolen ones during the day.

One of the most remarkable cases of spontaneous combustion on record is that of the Countess Cornelia Zangari and Bandi, of Cessena, Italy. This lady who was in the sixty-second year of her age, retired to bed in her usual health. Here she spent about three hours in familiar conversation with her maid, and in saying her prayers, and having at last fallen asleep the door of her chamber was shut. As her maid was not summoned at the usual hour, she went into the bedroom to wake her mistress, but receiving no answer she opened the window and saw her corpse on the floor in the most dreadful condition.

The largest bell ever made in this country, says the Scientific American, weighed 22,000 pounds, and before it was fractured hung on the City Hall, New York. On one or two occasions this bell was heard up the Hudson River 13 miles in the night, when the city was comparatively quiet.

Belknap and Mrs. Greene eloped together at Melrose, Wisconsin. They drove a good horse rapidly, but had not gone more than ten miles before they heard a clatter of hoofs behind. Greene had hastily mounted and started in pursuit. The race was long and exciting; but the husband at length rode alongside the pair, cocked a pistol, and commanded a halt. Belknap was abject with terror. "You may have your wife, Mr. Greene," he said. "I don't want her," Greene replied; "you don't think I've chased you like mad to get her back? Oh, no. But I'll take my dollar and a half that she's got in her pocket." The money was given up, and the elopement proceeded quietly.

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THE DARKY CONVERT. SOME time ago Nick Woods, the colored man who took the premium at a colored fair for being the blackest man in Arkansas, borrowed \$10 from a prominent Little Rock politician. Yesterday Nick came to town and was approached by the gentleman.

Den I've got yer again. I nebber gained no benefit frum de money what I borrowed frum yer. I got drunk an' got on de rock pile. No, Colonel, I can't pay yer. I'd like mighty well ter do hit but she's agin my principum.

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SUNDAY READING.

Zabdel Adams, a Congregational clergyman of Massachusetts, in the last century, was noted for sharp wit and pithy sayings. He was apt to say pungent things in the pulpit, if matters went badly in the parish, and adjoining parishes had learned to fear his sharp tongue.

A neighboring clergyman noted for his mildness and timidity, once proposed an exchange of pulpits. Mr. Adams accepted the proposal eagerly, for he was itching to tell the people some plain truths about their niggardliness in neglecting their meeting-house. There were broken panes in the pulpit window a ragged cushion on the desk, and a general forlornness about the sanctuary.

Mr. Adams had prepared a stinging rebuke for parsimony, when his timid neighbor, suspecting some such purpose rode over on Sunday and exacted a promise that he would say nothing unkindly to the people. Mr. Adams reluctantly consented, but a new idea occurred to him. Taking a little bag into the pulpit, he waited till the congregation gathered. Then, looking around, as if feeling a draught, he examined the open panes, and opening his bag, took out a bundle of rags, stuffed them slowly into the openings, and surveying his work with great satisfaction. There was a sensation below.

He then began the services. In the middle of his sermon, growing very animated, he closed the Bible, set it aside, and lifting his hands impressively, suddenly brought them down with great force on the cushion. Feathers blew out of the holes abundantly. Looking around comically, he said: "Bless me! how the feathers fly!" and resumed his sermon as if nothing had gone amiss.

It is needless to say repairs were made before another Sunday, though he had kept the letter of his promise to the timid pastor.

Advice to Girls. Now girls, I want to say one word about getting married. The reason so many unhappy marriages are made, is just because young people do not stop to take a sober second thought upon the matter; but rush on without once considering what the poet calls "the eternal fitness of things."

Getting married ought not to be the great object of a girl's existence. I often think when I see young folks so anxious to get married, that if they could look into the future and see what trials, sorrows and troubles were ahead they would shrink back and not have courage to take vows that are to last death annuls them.

This getting married is a serious piece of business, any way it can be fixed. Because a young man drives a fast horse dresses well, and is an agreeable escort, it is no sign that he will make a kind, considerate and loving husband. You want to study him, try him, test his temper, and take time to do it in.

Don't marry in a hurry—you will have time enough to repent, if you do. Never marry for beauty or show. Do not marry a man who is very fond of fast horses; they do not make very nice husbands. I never see such a man but I think, "I pity the girl who marries you." It is a great venture to trust such a man; so girls, look out!

Again, do not marry a man who has a taste for strong drink of any kind. As you value your life's happiness and comfort, let such a man alone; better die than be tied for life to such a person. Yes, it is a living death, and you are putting your neck into a heavy yoke.