

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R.R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS NOVEMBER 15th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: For New York via Allentown, at 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows: Leave New York via Allentown, 8.45 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. Leave Reading, at 8.00 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH. Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 8.35 a. m., and 2.00 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.00, 10.00 a. m., 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 6.10, 9.30 p. m.

THE MANSION HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

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NOTICE! In the Court of Common Pleas of Perry County, No. 7 August Term, 1880.

HARVEY PATTERSON, by her next friend, Allen Sawyer vs. R. M. PATTERSON. To R. M. PATTERSON, Respondent.

ORGANS \$30 to \$1,000; 2 to 32 Stops. Pianos, \$125. Paper free. Address 4844 1/2 DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

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The success which has marked the introduction of Cream Balm, a Catarrh remedy, prepared by Ely Bros., Oswego, N. Y., is indeed marvellous.

JOB PRINTING of every description neatly and promptly executed at Reasonable Rates at the Bloomfield Times Job Office.

A Question About Cows.

A COUPLE of Third Ward citizens met each other on the sidewalk last Monday morning as they were starting for their places of business, and one of them a man who resides on Van Buren street, asked the other, a Jackson street man, if cows had any front teeth on their upper jaw.

"Why, of course they have front teeth on their upper jaw; how could they bite off grass if they hadn't?" The Van Buren street man said it was not a question of logic, but a question of fact; and if the Jackson street man did not know whether cows had front teeth on the upper jaw or not, he ought to say so.

"I did not ask you for your opinion," he said, "I asked you if you knew." The Jackson street man was a little nettled at this and replied with some warmth. He said if he had a child three years old who would ask such a question as that he should be afraid the child was an idiot.

"You would?" "I certainly should." "Then," said the Van Buren street man as it is such a simple question, of course you can tell me whether cows have front teeth on their upper jaw or whether they have not."

"Why of course they have." "They have, eh?" "Yes." "I'll bet you \$10 they havn't," said the Van Buren street citizen, pulling out a roll of bills, and peeling off a couple of fives and shaking them at his neighbor. "Put up or shut up."

"There is some infernal catch about this thing," said the other, suspiciously; "I might have known it, too, the minute you asked me such an infernally idiotic question."

"No catch at all about it," replied he other, "if cows have got front teeth on their upper jaws the \$10 is yours.—If they have not, the money is mine. Nothing could be fairer than that, could there?"

But still the Jackson street man hesitated. It was barely possibly that cows did not have any front teeth on their upper jaws. He remembered then, that cows in biting off grass always threw their noses outward, while horses nipped it off by jerking their nose inward. He was astonished at how near he had come to being victimized, but he didn't like to come down. The two were then near the meat market at the corner of Jackson and Michigan streets, and the Jackson street man was sure that a butcher would know for certain whether or not cows had front teeth on their upper jaws; so he pushed open the door and said to the proprietor:

"Linehan, have cows got front teeth on their upper jaw?"

Linehan was running a skewer through a roast of beef, but he stopped looked up in astonishment, and said, "What?"

"Have cows got front teeth on their upper jaws?"

"Cows?"

"Yes."

"Got any front teeth on their upper jaws?"

"Yes."

"Upon my word I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No. You see I buy my beef by the quarter at the slaughter house, and don't have anything to do with the heads.—But I can find out for you when I go over."

"I wish you would." So the Jackson street man closed the door, and rejoined his neighbor and the two walked along without saying a word. A milk wagon was seen coming up the street and it was resolved to hail the driver and ask him the question, as it was popularly supposed that milkmen are more or less familiar with cows.—The Van Buren street citizen cleared his throat and yelled:

"Hello!"

The milkman reined up and said: "Go ahead with your tests. If you find any water or chalk in that milk I'll give you the whole of it."

The citizens told him to be calm, as they had no intention of testing his milk, but only wanted to know if cows had front teeth on their upper jaw.

The milkman looked at them about a minute, and then whipped up his horse and drove off, mentioning some kind of fools that they were. Up on Wisconsin street they saw another milkman delivering milk, and overtaking him they explained the dispute. He smiled pityingly upon their ignorance, and said:

"Of course cows have front teeth on their upper jaws—a driveling idiot ought to know that much. A cow would be a handsome looking object without any front teeth on her upper jaw wouldn't she?"

the other. "Come now down with your dust. Put up or shut up."

"Why didn't you do it then, when you had a chance? I never claimed to know whether a cow had front teeth on her upper jaw or not; I only thought I had read so somewhere, and I asked to see if you knew about it for certain.—But now as the thing is settled, and there is no question about it, there is nothing to bet on as I can see."

"O, of course not," said the Jackson street man, sarcastically, "of course not."

Just then Mr. Clark of the Newhall House, happened to come along, and as the milkman picked up his lines and drove off, the Van Buren street man asked Mr. Clark if he knew anything about cows.

Mr. Clark said he did, having formerly been a farmer and a cattle buyer.

"Well," said the Van Buren street man, "do you know I got the queerest idea in my head this morning, about cows, that a man ever had. Somehow or other I got an idea that cows had no front teeth on their upper jaw; and I actually offered to bet ten dollars with this man that such was the case. I don't see what possessed me."

"Well if you had bet you would have won the money," said Mr. Clark.

"What!" exclaimed both the citizens together.

"I say if you had bet you would have won the money, for cows have no front teeth on their upper jaws."

"Sweet spirit hear my prayer," said the Van Buren street citizen, as he brought out his roll, and peeled off his two fives again and shook them at the Jackson street man, who turned away with a sickly smile, and said he could not always be pulling out his money.

Ignorance seems to be stalking through the land like a Kansas grasshopper on stilts.

A BOSTON GIRL TELLS IT.

A FEW days ago, a Boston girl who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived in Brooklyn on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire into the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in philosophy. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's perfectly lovely. It's about science you know, and we all just dote on science."

"It must be nice. What is it about?"

"It's about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really can enjoy its molecules."

"Tell me about them my dear. What are molecules?"

"Oh, molecules! They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things! Do you know there ain't anything but what's got molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson, too. They explain every thing so beautifully."

"How I'd like to go there," said the Brooklyn girl enviously.

"You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm, too; and, if there is one thing perfectly heavenly it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."

"Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."

"Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-not. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science."

"Oh, I almost forgot about differentiation. I am positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules or protoplasm but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook, you should hear him go on about it? I really believe he is perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them and we named them after him just on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, any way?"

"This is mull trimmed with Languedoc lace."

"I don't mean that—that other."

"Oh! differentiation? ain't it sweet, it's got something to do with spices. It is the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest things! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians.—If I only had an ascidian of the hand-

I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."

"What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl deeply interested.

"Oh! no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson, but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."

"Do you learn any thing else besides all these?"

"Oh! yes. We learn about common philosophy and logic, and those common thing like metaphysics but the girls don't care anything about those.—We are just in ecstasy over differentiation and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasm, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody besides Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly awfully mean."

And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend, while the Boston girl dreamed of seeing an ascidian chasing a molecule over a differentiated back fence with a club, for telling a protoplasm that his youngest sister had so many freckles on her nose that they made her squint eyed.

A Mysterious Speaker.

A SOLEMN-APPEARING stranger, seated in a travel-stained buggy, which was drawn by a horse that looked like Dore's picture of Rozinante, reined up in Titusville the other evening. The stranger stood up in his vehicle, glanced up at the town clock, bowed to the people passing on both sides of the street and said:

"I come unannounced and unheralded but at the earnest solicitation of the state central committee."

A dozen people stopped.

"The times are out of joint; oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right," remarked the stranger in a loud voice. "But the state central committee insisted so hard that I had to come down among you."

The crowd was swelling rapidly, and inquiries passed from lip to lip as to the speaker's identity.

"I think it's Col. Forney," suggested a man on one side of the street, while on the other side rumor was being rapidly circulated that it was Stanley Matthews, of Ohio, who had consented to come here and look after the oil vote for Garfield.

"I come unheralded," said the strange man, "not simply as a matter of taste, but as a matter of policy, I do not myself like these immense civic displays, and in saying this I do not wish to reflect upon our people for their magnificent reception of my friend General Grant. He was an exceptional case."

"I believe it's Garfield himself," said a man sitting on the curbstone.

"I wouldn't be surprised if it was Hancock," suggested another, as he glanced into a shop window to compare the stranger's face with a chromo of the General.

The stranger cast his eyes slowly over the crowd, and continued:

"The interest which you manifest assures me that you are alive to the great importance of this campaign."

"We don't want traitors to run this country!" shouted a man who thought the speaker was Gen. Garfield.

"Right; right you are, friend," responded the speaker pleasantly, "This is the grandest country the sun ever shone upon. We want men, honest men, men of wisdom, integrity and patriotism to rule this God-given government; then, raising his eyes to a ten-cent flag that fluttered from a window-sill, he apostrophized it.

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home, by angels' hands to valor given, thy stars have lit the welkin dome, and all thy hues were born in heaven."

The eloquent words of the speaker call forth loud cheers from both Democrats and Republicans, notwithstanding the cheapness, in a money point of view of the particular copy of the flag referred to.

After the applause had subsided, he went on:

"As I have said, the state central committee—"

"What central committee?" inquired a man who was anxious as to the speaker's politics.

"I am a plain, blunt man, and I will not have proceeded far until there will be no occasion to ask, "Under which king, bezonian?" The people demand a change. [Cheers from the Democrats.] The people of this country have been swindled long enough. [Democratic yells, and cries of 'Give it to 'em, hot and heavy!'] Gentlemen, I have known General Garfield long and well, and he is one of God's own nobleman. [Cheers from Republicans.] As a president, he would adorn his country. [Loud cheers.] I also know General Hancock. I consider him the very best type of the hand-

work of our Creator. [Tumultuous cheering by the Democrats.] But, gentlemen, it is principles, not men, that we must look after now."

The speaker paused, took some documents from under the buggy-seat, while the crowd wondered hopefully what side of the house he was on anyway.

"This is an important crisis in our country's history," he began again, "and historians will so record it. I dare say you are all sick of politics and politicians." [Cries of "We are! we are! Give us honest men!"]

"Yes, my friends, give us honest men! That is the Macedonian cry that greets me everywhere, and it strikes a responsive chord here in my heart of hearts. How many gentlemen are there in this vast concourse of intelligence, who says 'Down with politics?' [A hundred voices, "Here!" "here!" "here!"]

"Now we understand each other. I am down on politicians like a pile driver. I profess to be an honest man, and I have that here in this little parcel," and he held up a small tin box between his thumb and finger, "which I am too proud to recommend to honest men of whatever political party. I call it the Saint's Rest, or the Epluribus Unum Corn and Bunion Eradicator.—With it I remove the worst chronic case of corn, bunion, wart, or other excrescence that ever defiled the fair form of man or woman."

How Putnam Kept His Word.

AMONG the officers of the Revolutionary army, none possessed more originality than General Putnam, who was very eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners, a daring soldier, without the polish of a gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the North. At this time a stronghold called Horseneck, seven miles from New York was in the hands of the British. Putnam with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in the vicinity bent on driving them from the place. One morning he made a speech something to the following effect.

"Fellows you have been idle too long, and so have I. I'm going to Bush's at Horseneck, in an hour, with an ox team and a bag of corn. If I come back I will let you know the particulars. If I should not let them have it by hooky."

He shortly afterward mounted his ox cart dressed as one of the commonest order of Yankee farmers, and soon was at Bush's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers spy him than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simpleton, as they thought, they began to quiz him and threatened to seize the corn and fodder.

"How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they.

"For mercy's sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clodhopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty; "only let me off, and you shall have my bul team and load for nothing, and if that won't dew, I'll give you my word, I'll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and your condescension."

"Well," said they, "we'll take you at your word. Leave the team and provender with us, and we won't require bail for your appearance."

Putnam gave up the team, and sauntered about for an hour or so, gaining all the information he wished. He then returned to his men and told them of the foe, and his plan of attack.

The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands; and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clodhopper sarcastically remarked:

"Gentlemen, I have kept my word.—I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."

The reason why certain foolish men take more pleasure in low and sensual pursuits than in the higher pursuits which afford a serene if less exciting happiness, is to be found in the fact that they are foolish, just as it is said that the donkey prefers thistles to corn, simply because he is a donkey.

A Foolish Mistake

Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of acknowledged merit with the numerous quack medicines that are now so common. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative and will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for Rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See adv.—45 ct

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints.—Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—Portland Argus.

49-24