

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.
For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 6.00, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 6.00, 8.05, (through car), 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00, and 8.05 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
The 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York, via Allentown.

SUNDAYS:

For Allentown and Way Stations, at 6.00 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

Trains leave for Harrisburg as follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, at 8.45 a. m. 1.00 and 5.30 p. m.
Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route" and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m. 1.30 and 5.30 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 5.50 p. m. and 12.35 a. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, 7.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.50, 8.00, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 5.15, and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.30 a. m.
Leave Allentown, at 6.25, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 8.05 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.
Leave Allentown, at 9.05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochleith and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 9.35 a. m., and 2.00 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 8.30 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 5.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

J. E. WOOTTEN, 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.
A careful hostler always in attendance.
April 9, 1878. tf

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32 YEARS OF continuous and successful business, without change of name, management, or location, to "back up" the broadest reputation of our goods.

A multitude of special features and improvements for 1881, together with superior qualities in construction and materials not dreamed of by other makers.

Four sizes of Separators, from 8 to 12 horse capacity, for steam or horse power.

Two styles of "Mounted" Horse-Powers.

7,500,000 (from three to six years old) constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.

TRACTION ENGINES

Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. 8, 10, 12 Horse Power.

Farmers and Threshermen are invited to investigate this marvelous Threshing Machinery. Circulars sent free. Address NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Michigan.

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MUSLINS,

AT VARIOUS PRICES.

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Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines.

To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST,

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No trouble to show goods.

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SILVER GLOSS

STARCH

For the Laundry, is the best and most economical in the world. Is perfectly pure, free from Acids and other foreign substances that injure Linen. Is stronger than any other, requiring much less quantity in using. Is uniform, stiffens and finishes work always the same. Kingsford's Pure Corn Starch for Fodders, Biscuits, Mince, Cake, etc., is pure and delicate. Preferable to Branded Arrowroot. When you ask for Kingsford's Oswego Starch, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted.

Sold by all first-class Grocers everywhere.

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The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most efficacious ingredients of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

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To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels, urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

\$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters. Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged medicine nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALID FRIEND" and "NURSE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. J. C. is an absolute and trustworthy cure for rheumatism, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Reg. Geo. Rochester N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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ESTATE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of William F. Miller late of Watts township, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned residing in the same township.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement to

EMORY B. MILLER, Administrator

Feb. 8, 1881 (pd) [WILSON LUFFY, ATT'Y.]

JOB PRINTING

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

The Missing Ring.

"STRANGE things sometimes come under your notice!" I one day said to a noted detective.

"Yes, sir—strange, and sometimes romantic," he replied.

"If you will give me the facts for a short story I will put them in print," I rejoined.

He reflected a little, and then remarked that he recollected some curious incidents that he thought would interest me.

I expressed a strong desire to have them related, and he at once proceeded to tell me what I have here written down, word for word:

Some three years ago (he began), I was sitting alone in my office, when a fine-looking, well-dressed stranger, about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, entered, and asked to see Mr. Carbon, the detective.

"I am the person named, and at your service, sir," I replied. "Please be seated."

"I do not wish to be interrupted in what I propose to tell you," he said, glancing around, "nor do I wish to have any listener except yourself."

I arose and locked the door.

He hesitated a little, colored some, and then said:

"From my air of mystery, I suppose you think I have something to relate of great importance; but though it is important to me, and will be to you, if you trace out the real facts, yet I assure you, to begin with, it is nothing more serious than the loss of a diamond ring. The ring, however, I prize far beyond its nominal value, as an heirloom of the family, which has come down to me through several generations, it being presented to one of my ancestors by the then Duke of Cambridge.

"This ring," he proceeded, "came into my possession, as the lineal heir, on my twenty-first birthday; and though I have since worn it at times, I have always watched it with the most zealous care, and never left it out of my sight, except when locked in my safe, where I keep my most important papers and a few valuables.

"Now comes the mystery. My safe has a combination lock, and that combination not a living soul knows except myself—not even my wife. I will take my Bible oath, that the last time I had the ring, showing it to a friend, I returned it to the safe. That was a week ago to-day; and when I yesterday unlocked the safe to get a private paper, I missed the ring from the little iron box, where I always keep it. Startled at this, I began a search for it. First locking my room door, that I might not be disturbed, I took out everything in the safe, and examined every spot and paper with the utmost care, but without finding the precious jewel, and then put everything back in its proper place.—The ring was the only thing missing, and I found that nothing else had been disturbed. The loss of the ring grieves me, and the mystery perplexes me; and so, not knowing better what to do, I have come to you, to see if you can suggest anything to relieve me. Understand that I intend to pay you well for your advice; and, if you succeed in recovering the ring, your reward shall be two thousand dollars."

"Was the ring indeed so valuable as that?" I asked.

"Intrinsically, no," he answered; "and yet, to me, invaluable for the reasons I have named. The actual cash value of the diamond would not exceed a thousand dollars, and yet I would give five thousand—nay, ten thousand—rather than lose it. Besides, there runs a legend in the family, that whoever parts with it will suffer some great misfortune."

"You had it a week ago, you say—you showed it to a friend—you locked it up in your safe—and you have not seen it since?"

"That is my statement."

"Who was the friend to whom you showed the ring?"

"The Honorable Godfrey Percy, the youngest son of an English nobleman, who has been spending a couple of weeks at my house as my guest."

"Is he with you still?"

"He is. I will be frank with you.—My sister and I met him in London a couple years ago, and he is engaged to her, and will remain my guest till after the wedding, which is fixed for a week from to-day."

"Was he with you when you locked the ring in the safe?"

"Why that question, Mr. Carbon?"

"Well for anything you like. If you are to question my questions I fear we shall not get on very fast. If he was with you, of course he saw you lock it up, and you have proof that you did what you think you did."

"I beg your pardon Mr. Carbon. I thought your questions might imply some suspicion of my friend on your part, and I would just as soon have you suspect my own wife. Yes, he was present and saw me put the ring in the

iron box, lock that, and afterward lock the safe, and he is as anxious as I am to have me solve the mystery by the recovery of the precious jewel."

"So far so good. Now then you have servants, of course?"

"Yes, six—two men, a boy, and three females."

"You do not suspect any of them?"

"How can I, when no one knows the combination of my safe lock besides myself."

"It is a mysterious affair," said I, "and I can get no clue from anything you tell me. To make a start in the matter, it might be necessary for me to be an inmate of your house for a few days, and even that might amount to nothing."

"I would like to try anything that would promise even the shadow of a hope," he anxiously rejoined, with an air of depression.

"Then suppose I become your guest for a few days?" I suggested.

"If you will."

"But not as an officer—not in my real character," I proceeded. "You must introduce me as a friend of yours, just come to town—say William Perkins, from Boston—and not even your wife must know to the contrary."

"Very well—I will arrange it, and to-morrow, at three o'clock, I will meet and escort you home to dinner. But is it not possible that some one will recognize you?"

"I will take care of that," I answered.

We arranged the place of meeting at a certain hotel, and I was there a little before the time, disguised in a manner satisfactory to myself.

Mr. George Howell, the gentleman in question, appeared according to appointment, but I saw at a glance that he did not recognize me. He took a seat facing the door, and I let him remain some minutes over the time. Then I took a seat near him, and made some casual remark about the weather. He seemed uneasy, and not inclined for conversation; and I casually remarked that I was waiting for Mr. Carbon, a well-known detective, who had promised to meet me here at that hour. He turned and scrutinized me closely, and then observed:

"I know the gentleman by sight; and it is a little strange, if you have an appointment with him, that he fails to keep it."

"You are also expecting him, I believe?" I remarked.

"Why do you think that?" he asked in surprise.

"Because I am James Carbon, alias William Perkins," I smiled.

He started up, exclaiming:

"Clever! very clever, indeed! I should never have guessed it. Come, let us go!"

For three days I was an honored guest in the mansion of Mr. Howell; and during that time I closely studied every inmate, got all the minutest details from my host concerning everything I wished to know, and then took my departure in an open and formal manner, without leaving a suspicion behind that I was other than I seemed.—I then set my agents to work among the pawnbrokers of the city; and the day before that fixed upon for the wedding of the Honorable Godfrey Percy and Miss Virginia Howell, I called upon the brother of the latter and handed him his missing ring.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, fairly clutching it in his excited eagerness; it is, indeed the coveted prize! Where did you find it?"

"At a pawnbroker's."

"Then it was really stolen?"

"Yes."

"And have you any surmise concerning the thief?"

"Who is he?"

"I did not say it was a man."

"Perhaps for your own peace of mind, you had better never know," I hesitated.

He turned deadly pale and trembled.

"I understand you!" he gasped; "but even though the purloiner be my second self, I must have the truth from you.—It was my own wife, then?"

"No, it was not your wife."

"Ah, thank God for that at least?"

he cried, with a great sigh of relief.—

"Hail my sister?"

"No, it was not your sister."

"Who then! Now speak without fear!"

"You will have it?"

"Yes, I must know."

"Can I not prevail on you to let the secret remain with myself?" for, as yet, no other human being possesses it.

"No, Mr. Carbon—I must and will have it."

"What say you to your friend, then?"

"What friend?" he asked, in amazement.

"The Honorable Godfrey Percy."

He fairly staggered, as if he had received a blow.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

"It is true."

He sank down upon a seat, and for

some time held his head with his hands.

"Are you sure you have not made a mistake?" he asked at length, in a hollow voice.

"I am certain of what I assert."

"You can prove it?"

"I can."

"Then you shall prove it! Ah, me! poor, poor, dear Virginia! It will break her heart. It will be the death of her, I fear. Willingly, would I give half my fortune to have this otherwise."

"It is not too late, Mr. Howell," said I, sympathetically. "She need never know."

He bounded from his seat, his eyes blazing like a madman's and he turned upon me with a haughty rage that I have never seen equaled, not even on the stage.

"For what do you take me, sir?" he cried his now ashy lips fairly quivering.

"If this man is guilty, so help me God, were he even a prince of the realm, my own hand should blow his brains out, sooner than he should make my beloved sister the wife of a dastardly thief! Step into my private room, Mr. Carbon. I will send for him. You must face him before me, and make good your accusation or take the consequences!"

"Hark you, Mr. Howell," I said, "I see you are a high-tempered determined man; and I want you to understand that I am another. I will face your honorable gentleman and make my charge in my own way. He may deny it, and convince you that his word is better than mine. But mark this. If he does deny it, and you accept his denial, I swear to have him arrested for a felony, and all the facts publicly exposed from first to last!"

"I accept the conditions," he said, and he at once conducted me to his private apartment, in which stood the safe that his friend had opened to rob him.

A servant was dispatched for the Honorable Godfrey Percy, and in a few minutes he made his appearance, looking quite unconcerned.

I had arranged to have everything my own way, and as I now appeared without my disguise, the honorable gentleman did not know me.

He glanced at the two of us inquiringly, but I did not keep him in suspense.

Stepping up to him, I placed my hand rather roughly on his shoulder, and said, with sharp severity:

"Godfrey Percy, I arrest you for stealing your friend's diamond ring and pawing it at Isaac Jacob's. You will at once accompany me to the office of a magistrate and confront the witnesses."

He turned white as death, threw up his hands, and then fell down on his knees and begged for mercy.

"For God's sake, spare me!" he prayed. Spare me, oh, for God's sake spare me! It was the first and only time I ever did such a wicked thing.—I was wanting a certain sum of money, and too proud to ask you, my dear friend, for it. Oh, George, George, my dearest friend, for the love of holy Heaven, intercede with this officer, and save me from public disgrace and utter ruin!"

"You did take my diamond ring then?" said George Howell, in a quiet, even tone of voice that quite surprised me by its natural calmness.

"Oh, yes, I confess it."

"How did you open my safe?"

I watched you one day when you were working the combination, and was able to make it out. That then became my temptation."

"But the ring was also locked in the iron box."

"You had a duplicate key to that, which was in another drawer that was not locked. Oh, my dear, dear friend George."

"Call me Mr. Howell, and leave off the friend," calmly interrupted the other. "Godfrey Percy, you were to have been married to my sister, to-morrow. Only think of the disgrace which she, a Howell, has escaped from you, a Percy! In only another twenty-four hours she would have been the wife of a sneak-thief. I am really grateful to the Providence that has saved her from that abyss and myself from murder, for I should have killed you. You must run away now, without saying a parting word to any soul in this dwelling. I give you twenty-four hours the start.—If, after that time, any police officer, sheriff or constable can find you on American soil, I swear, before high Heaven, I will never rest till the iron gate of our State prison has bolted you in as a loathsome felon. One word more from you, and I will do it now. This is all. Go!"

He arose and pointed his finger imperiously toward the door, and the condemned culprit in silence arose from his knees and slunk out of sight.