

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS
NOVEMBER 16th, 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 6.45, 8.35 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 6.00, 8.00, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 6.00, 8.00, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 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 Allentown, at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 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, 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, 8.20 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, 6.15, 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 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 8.30 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 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, 9.30 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. H

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO
Battle Creek, Michigan,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE

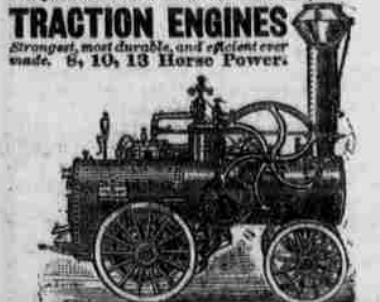
VIBRATOR

THRESHERS,
Traction and Plain Engines
and Horse-Powers.

Most Complete Thresher Factory Established in the World, 1854
32 YEARS of continuous and successful business, without change of name, management, or location, is "back up" the broad warranty given on all our goods.



STRAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Straws of threshing machines, Plain Traction Engines and Plain Engines ever seen in the American market.
A multitude of special features and improvements for 1881, together with superior qualities in construction and material not dreamed of by other makers.
Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse power, for steam or horse power.
Two styles of Mounted Horse-Powers.
7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.



Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. 6, 10, 15 Horse Powers.

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

USE PURE TINTED GLOSS PAINT!

DON'T make experiments on your buildings with untried and unreliable articles at your expense.
DON'T PAY for water and benzine \$1.50 to \$2.50 per gallon.
DO BUY the Lucas reliable and guaranteed Tinted Gloss PAINTS.

Circulars and Sample Cards of Paint mailed on application.

JOHN LUCAS & CO.,

141 North Third Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

REMNANTS of PRINTS—of these we have a large quantity in good styles. In addition to the above goods, we have a nice assortment of Ladies' Neckties, Corsets, Garter-socks, Vests, Sephties, Shoes for Ladies and Children, and thousands of other articles.
F. MORTIMER,
New Bloomfield, Pa.

An Extraordinary Robbery.

THE wholesale produce and commission store of Mr. Purvis, on Delaware avenue, near Vine street was robbed on the night of October 17, 1885.

The safe had been opened apparently by false keys, and upward of nine thousand dollars in greenbacks were abstracted. A package of bonds to the amount of \$3,000 more remained untouched.

Two clerks, both young men, usually slept in the store. August Yerkes had been in the employ of Mr. Harrison Purvis about four years and enjoyed the confidence of his employer. Pembroke Sharon, the other clerk had only recently been taken, but the manner in which he took hold of the business impressed Mr. Purvis so much in his favor that he predicted a successful future for the young man as a very able salesman and ultimate prominent merchant. Under this impression he placed implicit trust in Sharon, and selected him as a companion of Yerkes in the store at night.

Both of these young men were in the store on the night the robbery occurred; but when the place was opened in the morning Sharon was missing and Yerkes lay on the floor near the safe with a severe gash on the side of his head, which had been bleeding profusely, judging by the amount of blood on the floor.

The unfortunate young man had evidently endeavored to staunch the blood for both his hands were stained, as also were his clothes. By the disorder in the office and the numerous blood stains both on the floor and walls it was evident that a desperate struggle must have taken place.

It was conjectured from this that Sharon, having provided himself with false keys, had opened the safe and been surprised by his fellow clerk in the midst of his work who in turn dealt him the blow near the temple, and then, after a severe struggle between them, Yerkes fainted from loss of blood and the robber fled with his booty.

Varnoe, the detective, and a physician were at once sent for, and while Dr. Edson attended to his patient the detective examined the premises with his usual carefulness, particularly the second floor and returning to the lower floor found that Yerkes had recovered and sat in an arm-chair with a bandage around his head.

"Well, Mr. Varnoe, what have you discovered?" asked Mr. Purvis.

"I find that the robber has been to the second floor," replied the detective; "possibly he has taken some valuables from there as well."

The merchant hastened upstairs, but presently returned, saying nothing had been disturbed or removed as far he could see.

"Whatever his object may have been, I am positive that he visited the second floor after the bloody struggle had taken place."

Then Yerkes gave the following account:

He awoke suddenly and found that Sharon had left the bed, and fearing that some mishap had overtaken him he lit a paraffin candle by the small gas jet in the room and began to search for him.

Not finding him on the second floor he descended to the first floor, and discovered him before the open safe. They saw each other at the same moment, and Sharon was spell-bound at being discovered in his criminal act. Then began the struggle, the evidence of which was so plainly evident. Sharon being the stronger of the two soon overpowered his opponent, and threw him so violently on the floor that he became insensible.

Varnoe listened with wrapt attention to the end, then made a few notes in his book, after which he walked out of the store with his eyes bent on the floor before him until he reached the street; then, after casting his eyes searchingly around on the ground, he walked over to the dock and gazed for a few moments into the water in a thoughtful manner. When he returned to the store and rejoined the others in the office, it was with a grave countenance.

"Mr. Purvis, the robber has evidently escaped by way of the river, as the blood tracks reach to the docks."

All eyes were now directed toward the wounded man who had suddenly grown very pale. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but fell back in his seat with a groan and fainted away.

While the doctor was applying restoratives to his charge the detective drew Mr. Purvis away to the rear of the store and remained there for half an hour in conversation with him, and judging by his frequent exclamations he must have been greatly astonished at what the detective told him.

Re-entering the office, they found Yerkes still unconscious, and at the suggestion of Varnoe he was conveyed in that condition to the hospital.

"Now, Mr. Purvis," said Varnoe, you will please point out to me which are the clothes usually worn by Mr. Sharon while on duty at the store.

"Certainly, sir," replied the gentleman; "that is readily done," and he went to a closet where the clerks kept their outer garments and opened it. He took piece after piece from the hooks, an exclamation as if of surprise escaping him as he did so.

"What is it?" asked Varnoe, when Mr. Purvis laid the garments on the bed.

"Why, as I live, Sharon has not only left his coat and vest behind, but also his pants!" said Mr. Purvis, with a look of bewilderment.

"That is singular," remarked the detective, exchanging significant glances with the doctor; "the more so when you bear in mind that Mr. Yerkes when found had on his coat, vest, pants and boots, while the robber even left his boots behind him," pointing to a pair beneath the bed.

"You will now please see whether Mr. Sharon has left anything of value in his pockets."

Every pocket was instantly divested of its contents. There was found a valuable gold watch and chain, a wallet containing a trifle over \$5, a penknife, pencil and memorandum book, etc.

"Retain the articles, Mr. Purvis, and restore the clothes to the closet," said Varnoe. "I have another surprise in store for you, I think."

When this was done Varnoe took off all the bedclothes and threw them on the floor, leaving the mattress bare. An exclamation of surprise burst from Mr. Purvis as he pointed to the mattress where a number of bloody finger-marks stained it along a seam about ten inches in length.

"Now I see what you are driving at," cried Mr. Purvis, scanning the seam—"you mean to say the robber has hidden his booty in the mattress?"

"I think so at all events," was his reply, as he took out his knife and opened the seam.

Then inserting his hand into the opening, he presently drew forth the package of greenbacks. They were intact, so Mr. Purvis announced after examining the fastenings and seals.

"What am I to think of this?" asked the gentleman, in a helpless tone. "I declare that my head aches trying to divine the motive of this extraordinary robbery."

"Think as I do."

"What is that?"

"Why, that Pembroke Sharon, instead of being the robber is the victim of the robber, which accounts for his leaving his outer garments behind. He evidently surprised the robber at his work, and in the encounter that took place he murdered poor Sharon, dragged him across the street, as the trail showed to me, and tossed him into the river."

"Then you really suspect August Yerkes as the robber?" asked the merchant, greatly agitated.

"I am sure he is not only the robber, but possibly also a murderer," was the reply.

"Oh, the wretch!" cried the merchant, passionately; "and in my heart I admired his bravery, while I pitied him for what he had endured for endeavoring to protect my property."

"I am convinced that you have hit on the right man," said Mr. Purvis. "If he knew of this he might give us the slip. The next thing to be done is to use every means in our power to recover the body of poor Sharon."

"Poor, indeed, since all the clothes he has on his back are not his own," spoke a voice behind them.

All looked at the speaker, who wore an old seaman's suit, and looked as if he had just recovered from a severe spell of sickness.

Something in the tone of the voice struck a chord in the breast of the merchant. He approached the man and asked eagerly:

"Who are you?"

"My name is Pembroke Sharon."

In a moment he was surrounded by the trio, who congratulated him on his escape from death. He requested permission to assume his proper dress, after which he would tell exactly what had occurred during the past night.

His story was very similar to the one told by Yerkes, with this difference—the positions were changed. It was Sharon who surprised the other before the opened safe just in the act of stowing in his pocket the package of greenbacks alluded to. It was Sharon who denounced the act, and Yerkes, both angry and frightened to be thus detected, picked up a paper-weight and hurled it at his fellow-clerk, striking Sharon on the head, inflicting a ghastly wound, from which he fainted, and knew no more until he awoke on board a vessel near the navy yard. He was told that they picked him up in the river.

The captain and two of his men had been to the theater and were returning in a boat to the vessel when a white object attracted their attention and they made for it, and drew the apparently dead man in the boat and took him on board the vessel where his wants were at once attended to.

When Yerkes' version of the affair

was related to him he laughed derisively and was on the point of making a remark when familiar footsteps were heard ascending the stairs.

"By heaven! I believe it is August Yerkes!" whispered Sharon as he hastily entered the closet and drew the door to. He was none too soon, for the next moment Yerkes walked briskly up to where the three gentlemen were standing. Something in their faces told him that something was amiss—something to his disadvantage, too.

"You are probably surprised to see me here again?" remarked he, for want of anything else to say.

"We are indeed," said Mr. Purvis, regarding him with an ominous frown.

"You all appear to be anything but pleased to see me?" next remarked the robber and would-be assassin.

"On the contrary, we are very glad to see you," here spoke Varnoe, with an ambiguous smile.

Glancing at the detective with a skeptical air, Yerkes, walked to the closet and opened the door, and the next moment he uttered a fearful shriek and started back with his hair standing on end, and his face the color of ashes.

He had seen (as his guilty conscience told him) the ghost of his victim, for Sharon remained standing in the closet perfectly immovable, his eyes fixed reproachfully on the guilty wretch.

The horrid vision was too much for his brain to endure. Yerkes became a raving maniac and became so violent that Varnoe was obliged to manacle him hand and foot and again return him to the hospital, from whence he was shortly afterward conveyed to the insane department of the almshouse.

Pembroke Sharon was generously recompensed by his employer for his heroic attempt to prevent the robbery, and promoted to a responsible position in the store, which he filled with credit both to himself and his grateful employer.

Yerkes lived a year or so after his confinement, and died a raving maniac, a terrible retribution for his attempt to fasten a crime on an innocent person and thus rob him both of his reputation and life at one blow.

Origin of Mother Goose.

REV. J. M. MANNING, D. D., the pastor of the Old South Church Boston, at a recent Christmas Festival, gave the following interesting biography of an author who has become famous throughout the world. He said:

There are many things in the history of the Old South Church, Boston, which help to make its name famous. But there is one thing in the history of the Old South Church which has not had the recognition it deserves. In the list of admissions for the year 1698 occurs the immortal name of Elizabeth Goose. I almost beg pardon of her memory for saying "Elizabeth," since by the unanimous verdict of the world, in whose heart her name is enshrined, she is known as "Mother" Goose. So, then, Mother Goose is no myth, as some have thought but once lived in Boston, in veritable flesh and blood, as the records of the Old South Church clearly show.

The maiden name of this venerable lady, mother of us all, was Elizabeth Foster. She lived in Charlestown, where she was born, until her marriage. Then she came to Boston, where her thrifty husband, Isaac Goose, had a green pasture ready for her, on what is now Washington street, and including the land in and about Temple Place.—She was his second mate, and began her maternal life as stepmother to ten children. These all seem to have been lively little goslings, and to their number she rapidly added six more. Think of it! Sixteen goslings to one goose—assuming that none of them had been eaten up by the hawks and that none had died of crook in the neck. Poor, happy Mother Goose! No wonder that her feelings were too many for her, and that she poured them out in the celebrated lines:

"There was an old woman lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

Yet her family cares seem, on the whole, to have set lightly upon her; for she was no wild Goose, flying South or North with every turn of the sun, but she staid by her nest through cold or heat, happy as the day is long, and living to be ninety-two years old. She even survived the father Goose many years, and she led and fed her numerous flock and tenderly brooded them in the little enclosure on Temple Place till they were able to swim and forage for themselves.

One of these, her daughter Elizabeth, became the wife of Thomas Fleet. And here is the fact to which we owe it that her name and fame are spread through the world. Thomas Fleet was a printer, living in Pudding lane, a place whose very name had so savory a taste in the dear old lady's mouth that when Thomas Fleet became a happy father she insisted upon going to live with him as nurse of honor to his son and heir. To coddle her own grandchild in Pudding

lane, was the beau ideal of blessedness for Mother Goose. Her activity and concern in the house were such as to throw what we read about busy mothers-in-law wholly into the shade. No doubt she would have been glad to save Rome, as certain other geese once did with their cackling, but lacking the opportunity to do this she sang her ditties from morning till night, "up stairs down stairs and in my lady's chamber," till her son-in-law became sensibly alarmed at the fertility of her genius. Sing she must, however, for she was not a poet, full of divine fire which refuses to be quenched? It is well for the world that she was a law unto herself. No up-start son-in-law could control her, or keep her from humming and cooling at her own sweet will.

And now it was not a Roman Senate, but a Boston printer, that her persistent music awaked. A happy thought occurred to Thomas Fleet. He printed and sold songs and ballads at his printing house in Pudding lane. Was it not a sign of something good about to come to him, that this precious mother-in-law with her endless rockings and lullabies, had put herself in his way? He stopped asking the irrepressible songster to rock less, and urged her to sing more.— And while she sat in her arm chair, or shuffled about the room lost in sweet dreams, he carefully wrote down what he could of the rhymes which fell from her lips. His notes rapidly accumulated and in a little while he had enough of them to make a volume. These he now printed, and bound them into a book, which he offered for sale under the following title: "Songs for the Nursery; or Mother Goose's Melodies for children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers." This title page also bore a large cut of a veritable goose, with wide open mouth, showing that the proverbial irreverence of sons-in-law is not a thing of recent origin. They were just as saucy in those days of Mother Goose as now, and just as ready to turn a penny at the expense of their mothers-in-law.

How the immortal author bore this profane use of her name, or what she thought of the ungracious but shrewd Thomas Fleet, history does not say.— We have every reason to believe, that she took it just as sweetly as she had taken all the other trials and annoyances of her life. She possessed her soul in patience, and continued her gentle ministry to the little ones; still gathering them into her arms, and soothing them and gladdening their hearts, after the shadows of old age had fallen about her; not weary of her delightful task, but busy as ever with it, when the time came for her motherly soul to spread its wings and fly away to the great company of children in heaven.

Such is the true story of Mother Goose. Her little book started forth on its errand. It grew and multiplied with each new edition till it made her dear name a household word wherever it went.

One Kind of Preach, Another of Practice.
The pastor of a Second Advent congregation in Kansas preached a sermon one day recently in which he declared his belief in the prophecy of the closing up of terrestrial affairs during the present year, and a few days after took a note, payable in five years, on a loan of \$1000. The loan was made at twelve per cent. interest, and ample security was demanded. The question which now agitates the members of the congregation is whether they will discharge the pastor or give up their belief in the prophecy.

A very excellent lady was desired by another to teach her what secret she had to preserve her husband's favor. "It is," replied she, "by doing what pleases him, and enduring patiently all that displeases me"—one woman in ten thousand.

Improvement for Mind and Body.
For genuine merit there is no tonic sold that begins to compare with Parker's Ginger Tonic. One 50 cent bottle contains more life and strength restoring power than a bushel of malt or a gallon of pure milk. As an appetizer, blood purifier and kidney correcter, it meets with astonishing success, and invalids find its use promptly followed by renewed energy and vivacity mental and physical improvement, and gradual restoration to perfect health. See advertisement in another column. 14 im

A Great Enterprise.
The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company is one of Rochester's greatest business enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—Graphic. 152t

Elixir Vitæ for Women.
Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., has made the discovery! Her Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for female complaints. A line addressed to this lady will elicit all necessary information. 15 2t