

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 Philadelphia and Bound Brook Route, at 8:50, 9:50 a. m. and 1:45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 6:05, 8:05, (through car), 9:50 a. m., 1:45 and 4:00 p. m. For Reading, at 6:00, 8:05, 9:50 a. m., 1:45, 4:00, and 5:00 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 Annum, 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 4:00, 8:00, 11:50 a. m., 1:30, 6:15, and 10:35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, at 5:30 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 5:20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7:45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 8:10 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, 8:10, 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, at 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.

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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

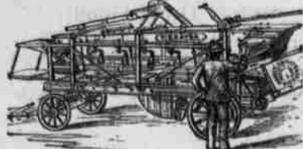
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REMNANTS of PRINTS—of these we have a large quantity in good styles. In addition to the above goods we have a nice assortment of Ladies' Neckties, Corsets, German town Yarn, Zephyrs, Shoes for Ladies and Children, and thousands of other articles. F.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

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Now offer the public

A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

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Consisting of all shades suitable for the season.

BLACK ALPACCAS

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Mourning Goods

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MUSLINS,

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AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS.

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To be convinced that our goods are

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By buying Direct from GEO. F. McFARLAND'S

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Our location is unequalled for shipping. Five main lines of railroad center here, giving us

Cheap Freights and Quick Transit

In any direction. Our stock for Spring, 1881, is the largest and finest we have ever offered, comprising

Fruit and Shade Trees, Shrubby,

Grape Vines, Small Fruits,

Roses, etc., etc.

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Is easy and profitable. We have the best sorts, new and old, for general culture. Prices low.

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GEO. F. McFARLAND, Proprietor.

Advertisement for HOP BITTERS featuring an illustration of a bottle and text describing its benefits for various ailments like indigestion, nervousness, and general weakness.

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Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine 13.

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EMBROIDERIES, EDGINGS, INSERTS, ENGLS, and other trimmings. F. MORTIMER.

DOE-SKINS. Our stock of NEW GOODS for Men's Wear is complete. Prices from 12 1/2 cents up. F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield, Pa.

Found Dead.

FOR the first time in its history, the inhabitants of the quiet little village of Elmdale had been shocked by the discovery of a great crime in their midst.

Seth Driscoll a well-known citizen was found, at early dawn, lying dead in his own garden. A ghastly bullet wound in the back of his head left no room to question the cause of his death; and any suspicion of suicide was rebutted, as well by the position of the wound as by the discovery of foot-prints leading back and forth from near the body to the garden wall, at a point where the latter bore evident marks of having once been scaled.

But the crowning evidence was that of a pistol recently discharged, lying near the base of the wall where the murderer had clambered over. It was picked up by Jonas Wenlock, Dr. Driscoll's nephew, who gave a start of surprise at the sight. "I know who owns this weapon!" he exclaimed.

"Who? who?" questioned a dozen eager voices.

"Volney Kendall," he answered.

Had a thunder clap fallen upon the listeners the effect would not have been more startling. The young man whose name had just been uttered was the last person to be suspected of an atrocious crime. At the first instance the very thought was repelled with abhorrence; but at the second came a strange revelation. It was remembered that Volney Kendall had been an earnest suitor for the hand of Kate Dunseth, Mr. Driscoll's ward, and had received from the haughty guardian a supercilious rebuff which he had bitterly resented. Here was a motive for the deed which coupled with the circumstances of the pistol, awakened conviction in the very minds where, a moment before, the slightest shade of suspicion had been indignantly scouted.

Within an hour young Kendall, pale and agitated, was dragged a prisoner to the scene of the tragedy where fresh evidence was speedily added to that already accumulated. His shoes were found exactly to fit the tracks in the garden, even to the print of the nails.

He acknowledged to the ownership of the pistol, but declined all explanation of its presence at the place where it had been found, or of his whereabouts on the previous evening.

None longer doubted the prisoner's guilt and he was placed in close confinement to wait the coroner's inquest.

Next day I was retained for the accused; but from an interview with him permitted by the jailer, I came away without a shadow of hope; for, although he asserted his innocence, he persisted in maintaining silence on points the clearing up of which were vital to his defense.

The inquest was held at the house of the deceased. The facts already stated were laid before the jury; but when the prisoner was questioned, save acknowledging the ownership of the pistol, and denying all knowledge of the murder, he declined to answer.

Once he looked appealingly to Kate Dunseth, who was present, summoned as a witness with the rest of the household. She met his look with a tearful bewildered gaze, and he turned away and bowed his head in silence.

I drew from Jonas Wenlock, whom I was permitted to cross-examine, that he had a heavy insurance on his uncle's life, and from another witness who had undertaken the duty of investigating the condition of Mr. Driscoll's affairs, that they were in a very embarrassed state. But the Coroner cut me short:

"It is hardly proper Mr. Wilson, in the face of the evidence, to insinuate either that Mr. Driscoll committed suicide, or that is nephew murdered him."

All the witnesses had been examined but the gray-haired doctor who had made the autopsy, and who now took his stand. He was one of your grave taciturn men, who keep their own counsel till the fitting time comes to speak.

"Tell us, Doctor," continued the coroner, after a few preliminary questions "what, if any, wounds did you discover on the person of the deceased?"

With minute precision the witness described the bullet wound in the head giving the diameter and depth to the fraction.

"In your opinion, was the wound the cause of death?"

"It was not," was the answer, in a tone whose calmness and composure were not in the least ruffled by the murmur of astonishment which greeted the words.

"Pray explain," requested the coroner with ill-concealed surprise.

"There were no signs," replied the doctor, preserving the same quiet manner, "of either external or internal hemorrhage, which would have necessarily followed the severance of the blood vessels by the passage of the bullet, had the man then been alive. When the shot was fired he was already dead."

"To what, then do you attribute Mr. Driscoll's death?"

"To poison. A careful examination of the organs revealed the presence of a fatal quantity of prussic acid, which must have entered the stomach during life as was clearly shown by its inflamed condition."

As suddenly as the belief in Volney Kendall's guilt had sprung into being, a new suspicion flashed on the minds of all.

It was true, then, that Seth Driscoll, with ruin staring him in the face, and his ward's money to account for, had taken his own life. And the shot—that must have been fired by Jonas Wenlock on discovering his uncle's dead body, and the evidence of suicide afforded, most likely by the phial which had contained the deadly draught. He had thus hoped to secure the insurance money, which would have been forfeited by death self-inflicted. True, there was no direct evidence of all this, but none the less did every one believe it.

"Everything seems cleared up but the tracks and the pistol," said the coroner when the doctor had concluded.

"And these it is my place to explain Mr. Kendall having declined to do so, out of delicacy toward myself." Interrupted Kate Dunseth, hastening forward from whence she and Volney had been holding an earnest colloquy for the past five minutes.

"My guardian had forbidden Mr. Kendall the house; and the latter sent me a message requesting a secret interview in the garden. The message miscarried—perhaps intercepted—and Volney, Mr. Kendall I mean—not finding me at the place appointed, in returning over the wall, accidentally left fall the pistol which he carried for protection in case of encountering a certain person who was his deadly foe, and who always went armed."—Here she cast a withering glance at Jonas Wenlock who was careful not to meet it.

The verdict of the jury was that the deceased had come to his death from poison administered by his own hand; and Volney Kendall went forth a free man. Kate Dunseth's fortune was irretrievably lost, but it was not for that that Volney had sought her love; and he was a prouder man, the day he led to the altar, at the thought that she could have no doubt now that it was herself and not her wealth that he had wooed.

Jonas Wenlock never sued for the insurance money.

An Adventure in the Southwest.

WHEN I was quite young, my father went as a missionary to the Indians who lived in what was known as the Red River district. We made the voyage down the river from St. Joseph, Mo., in two canoes, which were drawn upon the shore for us to sleep in at night, a bright fire being kindled in front of them to keep off prowling animals.

In this way our little party consisting of my father, mother, one older sister, myself, and two boatmen journeyed to the mission station. The station was a long, low, double building of logs, already occupied by another missionary named McCoy. He had lived, until our family came, without any other companion but a half-breed Indian called Tony.

Supplies were sent to this lonely spot by the Board of Missions and other friends from the States. These were brought down the river in canoes, and hauled up to the station on a rude sled by a yoke of stout oxen.

One day my father and McCoy had gone to the river for a load of supplies.—It was a day's journey to the landing and back. Tony had gone with them.—No one was left at home but mother and us two girls.

The day passed very pleasantly.—Toward noon, as we were watching mother about her work, my sister suddenly clasped her hands and cried out, "Oh, what a big dog!"

We turned to the door and my mother uttered a cry of terror, for in the doorway there stood, not a dog, but a large black bear.

He was probably drawn by the smell of the sugar and molasses, for bears are very fond of sweets. We were greatly frightened, and could not leave the cabin, because the animal was between us and the door.

If we could have got to the ladder and up the loft we might have escaped that way; but the barrels were in front of the ladder, and so was Bruin. There was really no way of escape, so my mother drew us two children close to her, and took refuge behind the great packing box, where she had been at work, thus putting a slight barrier between us and our unwelcome visitor.

A barrel of crackers was open, and we found out then that bears like crackers, for that fellow soon upset the barrel and munched as many as he pleased, while we looked helplessly on, and saw our luxuries disappear.

But he was anxious to get at the sugar, and soon left the crackers and began to

paw and scratch at the sugar barrel, which was not open, and which stoutly resisted his efforts.

He grew angry, and, with a fierce growl, gave it a smashing blow with his huge paw, and lifted his foot for another, when a report from a rifle sounded in our ears, and we heard the ping! of a ball, just as Mr. Bruin rolled, a huge, woolly heap, on the floor. The sound of a horse's feet followed, and, as my mother hurried out from her refuge, our deliverer stood in the wide doorway.

He was a stalwart Indian, with long black hair streaming half a yard down his back, and a scarlet blanket wrapped around his strong limbs. We children were almost as much afraid of him as of the bear. But all the Indians who came to the mission were friendly, and my mother knew this one. He was a Cherokee chief called Ma-shoon-tire, which means "The Running Wind."

"Ha! Squaw heap scare?" he cried, with a laugh. "Me see tracks, track him in house! Shootee! No hurt?" accompanying his words with expressive pantomime.

My mother told him we were not hurt and thanked him for shooting the bear, in words which he could understand.

"He! he! Bear much good meat!" said Ma-shoon-tire. "Bear want eatee up you. Now you eatee up bear?"

At my mother's request he dragged the huge carcass outside the door; but when she told him it was his bear as he had shot it, he emphatically refused to claim it.

My mother then gathered up a pall full of the scattered crackers and gave them to Ma-shoon-tire, who, when he learned their use, seemed to be as delighted with them as the bear had been. He filled his capacious hunting-pouch at his side with them, and then began to examine the goods which my mother had been taking out of the box when she was interrupted by his bearship.

Among other things there were two or three little cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, printed with figures of cats and dogs and large A-B-C's in bright red. They had been sent to us children, but the great Cherokee chief was so delighted with them that my mother, grateful to him for saving her from a great danger gave him two of them.

He took them in great glee from my sister's hand, tied one in his streaming black hair, and the other to the end of his rifle-barrel, and said, "Little papoose makee Ma-shoon-tire fine! Ma-shoon-tire makee little papoose fine! Big much heap fine!" And taking from his pouch a long string of brilliant beads, made of various colored glass, he threw them over her neck, pleasing her almost as much as the gay little handkerchiefs had pleased him.

Then he went out to the bear and cut the claws from one of his fore paws as a trophy.

Having done this he bounded upon his pony and rode gaily away, his handkerchief pennons fluttering in the wind and leaving our enemy slain upon the ground.

A Chinese General's Strategy.

A very amusing story is told of the manner in which the Chinese commander in Turkistan reconquered that county from the Son of Heaven. On the death of the famous Akalk Guazi sovereign to Turkistan, the Chinese Government wrote to their general to raise an army and go forth and conquer.—The general replied that he could do nothing without arms and money, whereupon the Chinese Government sent their general a good round sum of money and a number of European rifles of the most improved manufacture, but at the same time the general was cautioned that if his troops lost or spoiled these arms he would have to replace them at his own expense. Whereupon the Chinese General locked away the rifles in the public arsenals, and armed his troops with spears, sticks and bows and arrows. Having thus disposed of the new weapons the general turned his thoughts toward the money. This he divided into two parts—the one he sent to a relative in Shanghai with instructions to invest it in the bank of the foreign devils for his account. The other half the general distributed among his country's foes, provided their villages were quietly surrendered. A series of victories was then reported to Pekin, along with a demand for more money.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great medicine for the cure of all female complaints, is the greatest strengthener of the back, stomach, nerves, kidneys, urinary and genital organs of man and woman ever known. Send for circulars to Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. 17 21

No good Preaching.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.—Albany Times. 17 21