

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 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
 For Philadelphia, at 6.00, 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 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 6.30 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, 3.45 a. m., 1.00 and 2.30 p. m.
 Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 3.30 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 4.30, 8.00, 11.50 a. m., 1.35, 3.15, 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, 4.50, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 8.00 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 6.35, 8.40, 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 6.15, 7.00, 10.40 a. m., 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 5.10 p. m., and on Saturday only, 5.10, 6.30, 9.00 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, or location as "back up" the best country given on all our goods.
 April 9, 1878. 11

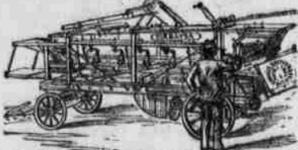
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO

Battle Creek, Michigan,
 MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE

VIBRATOR

THRESHERS,
 Traction and Plain Engines
 and Horse-Powers.

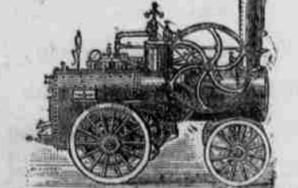
Most Complete Thresher Factory! Established in the West of 1849.
 32 YEARS of continuous and successful business, without change of name, location, or location, and the broad warranty given on all our goods.



STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Sifters, Crushers, and Grinders. Finest 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 materials not duplicated by other makers.
 Four sizes of Separators, from 4 to 14 horse power, for steam or horse power.
 Two sizes of "Mounted" Horse-Powers.
7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber constantly on hand, from which we "back up" the indispensable 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 method of 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 \$1.00 to \$2.00 per gallon.

DO BUY the Lucas reliable and guaranteed Tinted Glass PAINTS.

Circulars and Sample Cards of Paint mailed on application.

JOHN LUCAS & CO.,

141 North Third Street,
 18 6m Philadelphia, Pa.

REMAINTS 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 Yarns, Zephyrs, shoes for Ladies and Children, and thousands of other articles.

F. MORTIMER,
 New Bloomfield, Pa.

The Stolen Diamonds.

A Detective Story.

I HAD not seen my old friend John Moreton for a long time. He had married, as I had heard, a young wife, many years his junior, but I was in Europe at the time, and was, consequently, not invited to the wedding, and on my return I learned that he had purchased a villa near Boston, and had removed thither with his bride. I had begun to think a good deal about him, and to wonder if he had become so absorbed in new delight as to forget me, his bosom bachelor friend of forty years' standing, when I was surprised and pleased, one fine day, to see him walk into my office on Wall Street.

He was the same honest, cheery John as of old, but there was a tinge of sadness in his habitually good-humored face.

"John!" I exclaimed, jumping up, and seizing him by both hands, "my dear old fellow! so you have remembered me at last!"

"Hahn't forgotten you, Joe," he said taking the seat I proffered him; "but you see, when an old bachelor like me gets married, it rather upsets him, and he is a good while in getting around to his old ways again."

"You have found a young wife, they tell me," I said.

"She is twenty," he replied, "and I am fifty. People had a good deal to say about the discrepancy in age, and to tell the truth, I moved to New England to get rid of my neighbors. I know I am old enough to be her father, but she is the dearest, truest, and best wife in the world, and she loves me; and I guess if we are satisfied the rest of the world will have to be."

"I am dying to see her," I replied offering him my cigar-case; but I suppose I shall have to wait until I am invited."

"That's precisely what I came to New York for," said John. "I want to take you back with me to Wellesley. We all need cheering up down there and your visit will do us good. I have just sustained a bereavement, Joe. It has been a great shock to me."

His eyes moistened, and his voice trembled. He lit his cigar, and smoked in silence for a while, even after I had asked for an explanation. As he did not seem to hear my first question, I asked again,—

"Who is it, John?"

"My mother," he replied.

"Was it not very sudden? I know that she was well along in years, but I had not heard that she was ill."

"She was not," he replied. "She died, as we suppose of fright."

"Of fright?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. My mother removed with us to Wellesley, and occupied a room in my house. She was, as you know, a woman of over seventy-five years, but unusually well, erect and vigorous for her age.—On the night of her death I was absent in Portland on business. It was the first time since our marriage that I had passed a night away from my wife.—She was almost inconsolable at the thought of my going, but, as it was to be only for a night, consented, and slept that night with my mother, transferring to my mother's room her jewels, including a valuable diamond necklace which I had given her as a wedding-gift."

He paused a moment, and puffed vigorously at his cigar before continuing.—When he proceeded his voice wavered and he seemed much agitated.

"In the morning," he continued, "my wife awoke with a sensation of heaviness in her head, and the air of the room was strongly impregnated with the odor of chloroform. On putting out her hand my poor girl touched the dead body of my mother, lying cold and rigid at her side. She shrieked in terror, and leaped out of bed. On the floor lay an empty bottle, and a sponge. The door of the chamber had been burst open. My wife's diamond neck-lace and jewels were missing."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed. "have you no clew to the perpetrators?"

"None whatever," he replied. "The servants slept in a remote part of the house. The outer door, at the foot of the stairs, leading into the garden, was found unlocked. Besides the servants, the only occupants of the house that night were my mother and my wife.—My wife's cousin, Mr. Maddock, who has been visiting us lately was with me in Portland. If he had not been my poor mother might have had at least one protector."

"Have you made any effort," I asked "to trace the burglars?"

"I had some detectives from Boston out there," replied Moreton, "but they could make nothing of it. I also consented to a post mortem examination of my mother's body by our local physicians, Doctors Saville and Olney. They found no mark of violence, and every organ in perfect health; nothing to prevent the continuance of life for many years. In their opinion the vial did not contain sufficient chloroform to have induced insensibility, could not possibly

have contained enough to have caused death. Poor mother! Doubtless the drug did not operate upon a woman of her years as upon my wife, and while Nelly was sleeping heavily at her side, my mother was awakened by the noise made by the ruffians, and died of terror."

"Doubtless you are right," I said, "but the whole affair is most mysterious. The villains must have known of the exact whereabouts of the jewels, and that the women were alone."

"That is the real mystery," replied my friend. "The servants are not to be for an instant suspected. They are all females except the coachman, who sleeps in the barn. All of them are trusty people, who have been employed by my mother and myself for years."

"You are your mother's only heir," I suggested, after a moment's silence.

"I am," he replied. "I am, through my mother's death, rich. Her property was vastly greater than I supposed. It amounted to nearly a quarter of a million."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"You now see, he continued, "why I want you to go home with me. We are in a very melancholy state down there. Poor Nelly is in a terribly nervous condition over the affair. If it wasn't for Jack Maddock, I hardly know what I should do with her. He amuses her, and endeavors to distract her mind from the horrible occurrence as much as possible. You are a lawyer, and can advise me about several matters connected with my mother's estate. I have given up the Boston police as a bad job, and have secured the services of a very celebrated English detective,—a Sergeant Polhemus,—who is going down with me to-night. Don't refuse me, Joe. Pack your valise, and meet me on the Fall-River boat at five o'clock. Will you do it?"

"I will," I exclaimed. "Of course I will. I have been dying to come for three months past."

True to my word, I appeared at five at the place appointed. Moreton introduced me to Mr. Polhemus,—Sergeant Polhemus, of Scotland Yard,—who came on board as the last bell was ringing. Polhemus would have been a more appropriate name; for the sergeant had but one eye, which he rolled about in a very comprehensible and alarming manner.—He was a short man, with sandy beard and hair, and was slightly pockmarked. Altogether he was not prepossessing, and in conversation was the very essence of taciturnity.

Our trip to Boston was very uneventful. We arrived there at seven the next morning, drove to the Albany depot, and were at Wellesley before nine. It was a cloudless day, and the fragrance of June roses was in the air as we entered the grounds of Moreton's villa, and walked up the winding path toward the house. On the porch stood two persons. One of these was Mr. Jack Maddock, the other was Moreton's wife.

It is a difficult thing to convey to others one's first impression of a woman. I can only say that, as I first saw her that morning, half screened by the climbing vines which covered the porch, and with the sunlight filtering down upon her through the leaves, Mrs. Moreton formed a most essential part of a very beautiful picture. She was dressed in deepest black, without ornament of any description except the wedding ring upon the third finger of the left hand. Her hair was the yellowest of yellow, turned into spun gold in the sunlight, and her complexion was of marvelous clearness and softness. As we first caught sight of her, her arm was raised to twine into place some wayward tendrils of the vine above her, and thus the beautiful contour and exquisite grace of her lithe young figure was displayed. I did not wonder at John Moreton's infatuation, even at the age of fifty.

"Nelly!" he exclaimed, springing forward as her eye met his.

In another moment he had her in his arms, and her dark-blue eyes brightened with apparent happiness as she kissed him again and again. Mr. Jack Maddock looked on silently and cynically.

To this young man, even before I had been introduced to him, I took an immediate, unreasoning, and unconquerable aversion. More intimate acquaintance did not dispel this feeling, but rather increased its intensity. He was a young man of perhaps twenty-eight, but his *blaze* air, and the unmistakable marks of dissipation in his otherwise handsome face, made him look at least ten years older.

"You have been gone so long, John!" said Mrs. Moreton, still clinging to him.

"I shall never go away again without you, Nelly," he replied, kissing her. "I have brought back with me my old friend, Joe Clayton, as I proposed you know, and here is Mr. Sergeant Polhemus,—a very celebrated English detective. I was most fortunate in meeting the sergeant. He came over to attend to a forgery case, I believe, and having a little spare time after completing his

own business, consented to come down here with me to look into our own matter. He was recommended to me by an English friend in New York, and you may be sure, dear, that if anybody can find your diamonds, he will do it."

Mrs. Moreton shuddered, and turned her dark eyes upon the detective.

"It was a dreadful thing," she said. "I do not like to speak, or even think, of it."

Sergeant Polhemus smiled, and rolled his eye, but made no reply, and John led the way into the house.

Dinner was served at two, and during the interval the sergeant disappeared.—When the bell was rung I saw him coming from the barn, and surmised that he had been cultivating the acquaintance of the coachman. Dinner over, Mr. Polhemus requested a brief private conversation with Mrs. Moreton, and she, somewhat reluctantly, I thought ushered him into the library, while John, Jack Maddock, and I adjourned with our cigars to the piazza.

An hour passed, and Mrs. Moreton did not issue from the library. I could see long before the end of that time, that Moreton was becoming uneasy. He looked at his watch, and lit a fresh cigar smoked it out and lit another, while Maddock talked of the latest turf news, and of the coming July regatta. The sun crept slowly down toward the west and the drowsy summer afternoon waned away, but the sergeant and Mrs. Moreton still remained closeted together. Even Maddock began to fidget, and paced nervously up and down the piazza, biting his cigar.

"What the devil can they be talking about all this time?" exclaimed John, as last. "I told him all the particulars of the affair, on the boat last night.—Poor Nelly can tell him nothing more."

The servants, as we could see through the dining-room windows, were beginning to lay the table for tea; the level bars of sunset were slanting across the fields; still Mrs. Moreton and the sergeant did not appear. At last the library door was flung open, and Mrs. Moreton entered the hall. She came immediately to where we were sitting. She was very pale, and evidently agitated. John took her tenderly in his arms.

"Why, Nelly!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing," she replied; "only don't leave me alone with that man again.—He has done nothing but ask me questions. Some of them I couldn't answer, and he seemed to think I was trying to deceive him. He couldn't have been more—more—no, not insulting, but rude—if I had been a burglar myself. He is a dreadful man. I never want to see him again."

"My poor girl," said John, patting the yellow hair, "I will speak to him about this. Where is he now?"

"Up stairs examining the room where—where mother died. O John, send him away,—send him away!"

"Certainly I will, if you wish it," replied John; "but then suppose he can find your diamonds?"

"I don't want my diamonds," she cried, "if that man must live here. But if he does stay, let him keep out of my sight."

"I will," said John. "I will speak to him now."

He entered the house, leaving Maddock and me on the piazza. His wife followed him, but as she crossed the threshold, her beautiful, limpid blue eyes were turned an instant toward us, and I saw, or fancied I saw, a quick, instantaneous flash of intelligence come into them as they rested upon Maddock. It was like the reflection from an electric spark,—so transitory, so unsubstantial. When she had gone, I laid away its impression in the inner recesses of my mind, among ephemeral dreams, and unreal fancies. Subsequent events only brought it again to my mind, and gave it any significance.

During the next few days I did not see much of Sergeant Polhemus. Whether Moreton had really requested him to avoid meeting his wife, or whether the sergeant was busy in other quarters, I did not know.

I met him sometimes in unfrequented roads early in the morning, when I took my daily walks before breakfast. On such occasions he always appeared to be in a hurry, and his eye would roll, as he nodded to me in passing, but he never stopped, and seemed to wish to avoid being questioned. He was frequently absent at meal-times, and I suspected that this was a device of his own for obtaining his meals subsequently in the kitchen with the servants, with all of whom he seemed to be on terms of great good fellowship. At all events the sergeant was left to himself, and allowed to work in his own way.

Mrs. Moreton evinced the greatest aversion to him, and her feelings in this respect like most of her other fancies, was fully shared by her cousin, Mr. Jack Maddock. This gentleman took little pains to conceal his admiration for her, and my heart was heavy, for my friend's sake, when I saw that Maddock's regard for her was, to a certain

extent, reciprocated. In fact, so evident was this to me, that I was more than once on the point of advising John to tumble his wife's cousin out the window baggage and all. As for John, he was blind to everything but his wife's sweetness and loveliness, and I could not bear to arouse his suspicions.

One morning, after breakfast, the sergeant requested a few moments' private conversation with Moreton and myself.

"Is it about the burglary?" asked John.

"Yes," replied Sergeant Polhemus.

"The we can all hear it," said John.

"We are all friends here and there need be no secrets."

The detective coughed deprecatingly behind his hand.

"Mrs. Moreton is so nervous on this subject," he said "that I think she had better not be present."

"On the contrary," observed Mrs. Moreton, "I would like to be present if I may. The ordeal can scarcely be worse than the one which I was subjected to the other day. The diamonds, you will remember were mine."

"You see, sergeant," said John. "My wife prefers to remain."

"I cannot consent," said Sergeant Polhemus, rolling his eye toward Mrs. Moreton, "to speak on this subject before Mrs. Moreton or Mr. Maddock. I have no objection to Mr. Clayton, for he is, as I understand, your legal adviser, but what I have to say is for your, and his ears alone."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed John. "Stay Jack,—don't go. I know, sergeant, that that's very professional, and all that, but this lady is my wife, and she has lost her diamonds. Of course she is as anxious as I am to know what become of them. The gentleman, Mr. Maddock, is my wife's cousin. I will answer for his discretion. So proceed."

"If you will not give me the private interview that I request," said the detective, "I must decline to proceed any further in this business. I have the gravest reasons, sir, for refusing your request."

Again there flashed across my mind the semi-recognition of an instantaneous telegraphing between Moreton's wife and Maddock. Again it might have been only my fancy. John looked wonderingly at the sergeant for a moment, and then turned abruptly into the library. Polhemus and I followed him.

"I suppose I must humor him," John called out to his wife and Maddock; "but I'll tell you all about it after we come back. Now, sir," he continued, locking the door, and turning to the sergeant, "what is it? Have you found who committed the burglary?"

The detective drew forth his handkerchief, and placed it over the door-knob, to cover the keyhole, before answering.

Then he replied in a low voice,—there has not been any burglary."

"What!" he exclaimed when he regained his voice "no burglary? Wasn't the chamber door burst into splinters? Aren't the jewels gone? Wasn't the hall-door found unlocked? Wasn't—"

The sergeant stopped him with a wave of the hand.

"All these things may be true," said he. "For the sake of argument we will admit that they are. Nevertheless there was no burglary."

"Wasn't the chamber broken into?" exclaimed Moreton, angrily.

"No, sir."

"Do you take me for a fool, sir?" exclaimed John, turning red in the face, and rising hastily.

"Not at all, sir," replied the imperturbable sergeant. "To the unprofessional eye the chamber does certainly look as though it had been broken into. But it was not. It was broken out of."

"Ha! The robber, then, was concealed in the room when my wife and mother entered it, you believe?"

"No, sir," replied the detective. "A robber would not have burst through the door, when he could have simply turned the key, and walked out. There was no robber in the case."

Moreton looked for a moment into the detective's single revolving eye, and sank back again in the chair.

"What are you driving at?" he asked, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. "Don't make a mystery where there is none. Have you found who took the diamonds, and what became of them?"

"I believe that I have," said Sergeant Polhemus; "but motives of delicacy restrain me from pursuing my inquiries further with out your permission. That is why I requested to speak to you in private."

"Motives of delicacy!" exclaimed Moreton. "Hang your delicacy! If you have discovered anything, let us know what it is."—Concluded next week.

A lady friend of ours called the other day and stated that her husband had seen St. Jacobs Oil advertised in our paper; he used it for rheumatism and was convinced of its merits.—Cambridge (Mass.) American Protestant.