# THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., MAY 17, 1881.

## RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R.R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

### NOVEMBER 15th, 1880.

#### Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows :

For New York via Allentown, at 5.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. 6z.
For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," 6.01, 5.50 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," 6.01, 5.50 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For Reading, at 6.00, 5.05, (Brough ear), 5.60 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 6.00, 5.05, 0.50 a. m. and 4.08 p. m.
For Portsville, at 6.00, 5.05, 0.50 a. m. and 4.08 p. m.
For Portsville, at 6.00, 5.05, 0.50 a. m. and 4.08 p. m.
For Rottsville, at 6.00, 5.05, 0.50 a. m. and 4.08 p. m.
For Rottsville, at 6.00, 5.05, 0.50 a. m. and 4.08 p. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

The 8.05 a, m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have The 8.05 a, m. w York, via Allentown.

# SUNDAYS :

For Allentown and Way Stations, at 6 00 a. m. For Reading, Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1, 45 p. m.

## Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows :

Leave New York via Allentown, 8 a5 a. m . 1.00

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., ar-riving at Harrisourg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 12.85 a. m. Leave Phil delphia, 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 Pottsville, 7.00, 9,10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 7.00, 9,10 a. m., 1.39, 6.15, and 10.35 p. m.

1 10.35 p. m. save Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.3) 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 8.00 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 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. in., 2.20 p. in.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

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# New Bloomfield, Penn'a... Proprietor.

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April 9, 1878. tf



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CONCLUDED.

I HAVE arrived at the conclusion,"

getically, "That Mrs. Moreton has sto-

Moreton sprang to his feet with such

vehemence that the sergeant, in evident

" This is most insulting," he exclaim-

ed. "Stolen her own diamonds! You

are an idiot, sir. Were they not her

own already? What motive did she

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders.

said, "without further inquiries I have

suggested. The only explanation which

I have to offer at present is that she stole

her own diamonds in order to give them

"You insulting scoundrel!" cried

Moreton, springing upon the luckless

officer, and seizing him by the throat.-

" Do you dare to say that to me in my

own house? Why, you-you infernal

He backed the sergeant against the

wall, and shook him. For a moment

it looked as if matters were about to

go hard with Mr. Polhemus, for More-

ton was a powerful man, and the ser-

geant a small one. I interfered to sep-

arate the struggling men, and succeed-

ed. The sergeant did not seem at all

disconcerted, but re-arranged his neck-

"I can hardly blame you, sir," he

said. You are her husband. I have

my convictions, and have done my

"Give me your bill," panted Moreton,

"and leave the house at once. If this

is an example of English detective work.

I stood by in silence while he wrote a

check to the sergeant's order. How

could I say the word that would per-

suade him to allow Mr. Polhemus to

continue his investigation ? I loved

The sergeant left Wellesley that morn-

ing, but he had left behind him, in the

mind of at least one of his hearers, a

leaven that would go on working, even

in his absence. He had given me a start-

ing point, and, for John's sake, I resolv-

ed from that hour to keep a vigilant eye

upon Mrs. Moreton and our friend Mad-

We found them together in the draw-

ing-room when we emerged from the

library, and both their faces brightened

when John told of the sergeant's dis-

missal. Mr. Maddock remarked in his

cynical way that all detectives were

either swindlers or humbugs ; and Mrs.

Moreton took both her husband's hands

in hers, and thanked him as a "dear,

good old boy, for sending that horrid,

disagreeable man away." It was strange

I thought, nevertheless, that neither of

them inquired the cause of the sergeant's

discharge. Was it because they did not

Moreton's excitement in the morning

"I cannot judge her motives," he

alarm, stepped back a foot or two.

len her own diamonds."

to Mr. Jack Maddock."

have, pray ?"

villain !"

tie, and smiled.

I'll have no more of it."

John, and I could not do it.

duty."

dock.

dare?

said the sergeant, coughing apolo-

least three hours. With a lond cry I raised the body in

> my arms. as I did so a piece of fine wire perhaps six inches in length, fell into my hand. Subsequent events caused me to remember this trivial circumstance : at the time of its occurrence I paid no heed to it, but cast the object carelessly upon the carpet.

ice. John Moreton had been dead at

I shall not dwell upon the events that took place at Wellessley during the few days immediately following my old friend's sudden death. There was, as in the case of his mother, a post mortem examination by the doctors, but the organs were found in an entirely healthy condition, and, although his decease was certified as resulting from apoplexy, I know that in the minds of both physicians the true cause was far from being satisfactorily explained.

Grief like that of Mrs. Moreton I never saw exhibited by human being, and my heart was filled with pity for her as I beheld her clinging wildly to her husband's coffin as we bore it away to its final resting-place. For days afterward I did not see her. Maddock still haunted the house, 1, too, remained, for the purpose of settling Moreton's confused affairs.

After a week's seclusion Mrs. Moreton emerged from her chamber, to the great relief, apparently, of Mr. Maddock .--From that hour there was a total change in the demeanor of both. Maddock became overbearing and insolent, and assumed the lofty air of master of the house. Mrs. Moreton threw her reserve and caution to the winds, and took no pains to conceal her infatuation for her wretch of a cousin. My suspicions, called into life by Sergeant Polhemus, and quieted by her apparent grief at her husband's death, were aroused into new activity. I resolved, first, to give leave of absence to Mr. Jack Maddock, and, second, to procure the recall of the detective, if he could be found.

She received my proposition that Maddock should take his immediate departure, with the utmost scorn.

" Mr. Clayton," she said drawing herself up with flashing eyes, "you forget yourself, and your position. Yor are in this house upon my sufferance. Mr. Maddock is my guest. I desire him to remain. I am mistress here."

"You are mistaken," I replied. "You are not mistress here. Neither this house, nor any thing that is in it is yours. You are penniless, and dependent upon me for the payment of a modate stated income out of your husband's estate."

There came into the beautiful eyes a look of the most intense alarm. The pupils dilated; her red lips blanched and quivered. Her discomposure was but momentary, however. In another instant she had regained her scornful calmness.

"From whom did you obtain your information ?" she asked quietly.

"From your husband's will, now in my possession. Respect for your grief and seclusion, Mrs. Moreton, has prevented me from making you sooner acquainted with its contents. You provided with an income sufficient for your support until you marry again .---The property is devised to John Moreton's children should any be born to him. Otherwise, it is given to charitable institutions. I am appointed sole executor and trustee." She leaned heavily upon the table at her side, and put her hand weakly to her temple. For that moment I pitied her more than I had ever done before,so young, so beautiful, so evidently wretched. She paused for several moments, looking into my eyes as a caged tiger sometimes looks into the eyes of its tormentor.

tective had been wrong in his suspicions ?

Thinking of these things I found no amusement in my book, and soon, overcome by the drowsy influence of the heat and stillness, I slept.

How long I slept I do not know. An excruciating, stinging pain in the back of my neck awoke me suddenly, and I sprang up with a loud cry. Mrs. Moreton stood by my side, with her hand upon my shoulder.

"You have been dreaming," she said. "Mr. Maddock is about taking his leave. I thought you might like to see him before he goes."

Maddock stood near the steps, with his valise and traveling shawl. I put my hand to my neck. A minute particle of blood came off upon my finger. I observed coldly that I wished Mr. Maddock a safe journey, and then rushed off to my room to get something with which to alleviate my burning pain.

Wrenching off my collar and vest, there fell to the floor a fine, pointed wire, precisely similar to the one which I had previously found upon my friend's body. In an instant that forgotten circumstance came back to my mind, and with it an overwhelming crowd of conjectures and emotions. I picked it up and examined it closely, forgetting entirely, in my excitement the pain I was suffering. It was a womans hair-pin, straightened out, of the fine, delicate, sharp-pointed kind known as "invisible.'

On my return to the drawing-room, I found Doctor Saville making a semi-professional, semi-social call upon Mrs. Moreton.

"Would it be impossible," I asked him with point-blank directness, "to cause death by inserting a fine steel wire at the back of the neck ?"

I looked at Mrs. Moreton as I asked the portentous question. She grew, not white, but absolutely livid, and gazed at me with quickened breath and parted lips.

The doctor smiled and waved his hand toward Mrs. Moreton.

"That is a question," he said "that you should ask my patient here. She is a surgeon's daughter."

"I did not know that," I replied " or I would have done so. I have been reading a novel in which a woman in her ambition to become possessed of an estate, and incited by an unprincipled wretch whom she loves, kills in that manner, successively, her husband's mother and her husband. I only wished to know if the story is probable."

"It is certainly possible," replied the doctor, "though it would require a skillful hand to find the vital point. A fine wire or needle passed into the back of the neck in such a manner as to divide the medulla oblongato, would cause death."

"Would death in such a case be instantaneous ?"

"Yes, or nearly so."

I saw the woman's quivering form before me, cowed, abject and terror-stricken. Yet I felt no pity, and pursued my inquiries with relentless pertinacity.

" Would such a wound beant to e

will shall be regularly paid to you or your agent. I do not forget that you are still the woman whom my poor friend loved. Do you hear me Mrs. Moreton ? you are free."

I turned away, and opened the door. She arose from her knees, and groped for it weakly as though she could not see. Then she fell forward suddenly. and senseless, across the threshold.

The servants told me, next morning. that Mrs. Moreton could not be found .--I knew well that I should never see her again. Her stipend under the will has never been called for, and its annual accumulation now amounts to a considerable sum. Mr. Jack Maddock probably deserted her on learning of the conditions of the will, as I heard of him afterward, in Texas and learned that he had been killed in a miserable bar-room brawl. The wretched woman who run so terrible a gauntlet for his sake, was left to explate her own crime and his, alone. God plty her.

## SUNDAY READING.

## A Beautiful Incident.

A man blind from his birth, a man of much intellectual vigor and with many engaging social qualities, found a woman who appreciating his worth. was willing to cast in her lot with him, and become his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved both their parents.

An eminent French surgeon while in this country called upon them, and examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him :

" Your blindness is wholly artificial: your eyes are naturally good, and could I have operated upon them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it will cause you much pain."

"I can bear that," was the reply, " so you enable me to see."

The surgeon operated upon him, and was gradually successful; first there was faint glimmerings of light, then more distinct vision. The blind father was handed a rose; he had smelt one before. but had never seen one; then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then his children were brought, whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed : "Oh, why have I seen all of these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them ! Show me the doctor." And when he was pointed out to him, he embraced him, with tears, gratitude and joy.

So when we reach heaven, and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories, we shall not be content with a view of these. No, we shall say, "Where is Christ? He to whom I am indebted for what heaven is, show me to Him, that I with all my soul may adore and praise Him, through endless ages."

# 3



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caused a reaction in the afternoon, and, after dinner, he complained of feeling tired and drowsy. About three o'clock he came into the drawing-room, and threw himself on the sofa. I sat at the window, reading, and Mrs. Moreton near the table with her sewing. It was not long before her husband's loud regular breathing proclaimed him to be fast asleep. Mr. Jack Maddock was, for a wonder, absent. Where he had gone, I did not know or care. It was pleasant to have him away, and pleasanter still to be able, whenever I glanced up slyly from my book, to rest my eyes upon Mrs. Moreton's beautiful head, and long dark lashes, bending over her work.

I had finished my book, and stepped across the hall into the library to procure another volume. I was absent perhaps five minutes. When I returned Mrs. Moreton still sat at the table, sewing; but I observed that she had, during my absence, thrown over her husband a silk quilt.

" I was afraid the poor boy would take cold," she said, with a smile.

I resumed my reading, and Mrs. Moreton her work. John's loud breathing had ceased, and he lay very still. He was evidently sleeping easily, and very soundly. The afternoon grew on. Mr. Maddock did not return, and John did not awake. After awhile it became too dark for either reading or sewing. Mrs. Moreton laid down her needle, and went softly across the room to where her husband lay.

" It is not usual for him to sleep so so long," she said. " I will go and give directions for ten. If he is not awake then, I shall shake him."

She left the room, and I sat looking out from the window into the gathering twilight. An hour passed; the tea-bell rang. I went to the sofa, and shook my old friend by the shoulder. It had a strange feeling, I thought, as I touched it. In some alarm, I threw back the coverlet quickly, and passed my hand over his upturned face. It was cold as I had misjudged her? What if the de- I

" Mrs. Moreton," I said " I am sorry for you, but I had no hand in this."

"You say you have the will in your possession ?" she asked in a voice that sounded strangely hard.

"It is among the papers relating to the estate," I replied. "I intended to show it to you to-day, and to file it in the probate court tomorrow. I will get it."

"No, no," she said, "not now. I want time to think. Promise me that you will not file it for a day or two .--'Mr. Maddock shall leave this afternoon."

I gave the promise, and left her, still standing by the table resting wearily against it, with her eyes cast down, and her white hands clasped tight together.

With my book, I went out on the piazza. The afternoon was much like the one when John and Maddock and I had sat in the same place, awaiting the conclusion of Mrs. Moreton's interview with Sergeant Polhemus. John's easy chair still stood there, inviting repose between its cushioned arms. The day was hot and sultry ; the bees droned idly in the clover and the summer clouds drifted lazily across the blue. I thought of the poor woman whom I had left in the drawing-room, so bowed down with grief, so young, and penniless. What if

the attention of the examiners upon a post mortem examination ?"

"It might. Inquiries as to the cause of death are not generally directed to that portion of the human frame, unless some suspicion exists to especially call the attention there.27

" Could instantaneous death in that manner be caused by such an instrument as this ?" I asked, taking from my pocket the straightened hair-pin, and holding it np.

Mrs. Moreton looked at it in motionless terror. The doctor took it in his hand, and smiled.

"It certainly could," he said. "In skilled hands this might become a most formidable and deadly weapon."

"Thank you," I replied.

The unsuspecting doctor took his leave at last, after an hour that must have been an eternity of torture to his wretched patient. When he had gone, I turned the key, and confronted her .--She sank at my feet in a trembling heap and buried her white face in her hands. " Mercy ! mercy !" she cried.

I looked down upon her with no feeling of compassion, but with no desire to add unnecessarily to her misery. It was not for me to judge her.

" Mrs. Moreton," I said, " you murdered my poor friend, your husband." She made no answer, but her lips moved, and formed the word, -

" Yes."

" You killed his mother."

"Yes."

" You have attempted, in order to obtain possession of and destroy your husband's will, to murder me, and you have failed."

" Yes."

"Mrs. Moreton I do not intend to seek your punishment, or to pursue you for my own revenge. Your crimes will bring their own retribution. You are free to leave this house as soon as you desire. The sum of money allowed for your maintenance under your husband's

#### Is It So?

The N. Y. Times says: The chief reason why Presbyterians cannot form successful seaside associations is, however, the unquestionable fact that Pesbyter ianism is a mountainous or, at all events, an inland faith. Born among the Waldensian hill tribes, it has reached its most vigorous growth among the Swiss mountains and in the rugged fastnesses of Scotland. Congregationalism, which is merely Presbyterianism passed through a course sieve and with less coherence among its particles, flourishes only on the inland and hilly parts. of New England, and has been unable to keep its hold on Boston and the seaport towns. In this country the true Scotch Presbyterianism of the grim covenanting type is found almost exclusively among the Allegheny mountains. and Presbyterianism of every kind has gradually receded from the coast line. and flourishes to any marked degree only in the interior of the country. It may be regarded as an established fact that an altitude of 800 feet above the sea is the lowest zone of Presbyterianism, and that it does not grow with with real vigor below the altitude of 1000 feet .-We can thus readily see why it is unwise and almost impossible to establish a Presbyterian resort. We might as well expect a mountain ash to flourish in the sand of the sea beach. Methodism, which has never flourished at any great height above the sea, is essentially a seacoast faith, and is perfectly at home at Ocean Grove or anywhere within the sound of the surf.

It is good in a fever, and much betbetter in anger, to have the tongue kept smooth and clean.

Those who hope for no other life are dead even for this.

The Bible without the Spirit is a sun dial by mooulight.