

RAIL ROADS.

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 8.05, 9.05, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 8.05, 9.05 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 8.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 3.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 8.30 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, 5.20 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., 1.20, 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, 4.20, and 8.00 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.

Retraining, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.40, 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. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.
C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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April 9, 1878, 11

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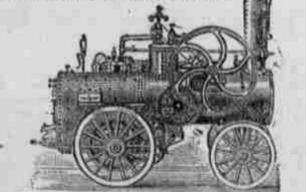
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A Mystery of the Sea.

THE story which I here relate, is that of an incident in the career of my neighbor and friend, Captain Barnabas Gorham, a veteran mariner who has just retired on his laurels, after a rough and adventurous, but on the whole successful, career. He is a man of honor and of spotless veracity, so far as my intimate knowledge of him enables me to judge, and I have no doubt that the circumstances as related by himself are true in every particular.

Gorham, when a young man of seven and twenty,—these figures represented less than half his age,—was sailing out of New York as mate of the packet-ship *Endeavor*, making voyages to Liverpool and back. He had been three years in the same employ, and stood high in the confidence and esteem of his commander, as well as of the agents of the company on both sides of the Atlantic. He felt himself a competent seaman and navigator, and was eagerly looking forward for some vacancy to occur, which would give him promotion to the command of the ship, and enable him to marry the maiden of his choice. It was an English girl at Liverpool who had levied an attachment upon him, but he determined not to commit matrimony, and undertake family cares upon a mate's pay.

On one of the outward voyages of the *Endeavor*, when nearly in the longitude of the Azores, but a long way to the northward of the group, a sail was raised ahead; and on approaching her she was made out to be a small bark lying with her main-top sail aback under easy sail.

The stranger was, of course, set down as a whaler manœuvring in the pursuit of his regular business, and as the *Endeavor* was carrying a press of canvas with a leading breeze, Captain Randall had no idea of stopping to communicate with her. But on a nearer approach, it became evident, that, although the bark was a whaler, her boats were all gone from the davits. They might, to be sure, have gone to a considerable distance in pursuit of whales, but what was strange there was no lookout-man even at the bark's masthead, nor could any person be seen moving either on or above the deck. The course of the ship was changed to pass within hailing distance but no response was received to the hail. A legion of ravenous sea-birds rose and took flight as the *Endeavor* ran past her stern, and an odor, not like that of Arabia Felix, was wafted from under the lee-quarter of the "*Bohemia* of New Bedford," lying with a whale alongside in the fluke-chain. From all appearances the whale must have been dead many days. The view of the bark's deck from the new direction still showed no living being in sight, and it became evident that something was wrong, some mystery about the deserted whaler which ought to be investigated. Captain Randall gave the order to haul in the studding-sails, and bring the ship to the wind.

As soon as she was hove to, my friend Gorham was sent with a boat to board the *Bohemia*, and make observations.—The result of these was not such as to explain or throw light upon the mystery of her abandonment. Everything was in tolerable order on board, and nothing indicated that any mutiny or difficulty had occurred. The log-book was found written up to noon on the 19th day of May, though it was now the 20th of June, showing that three weeks had elapsed since the desertion of the vessel.

From the same source it appeared that Alfred Deroll was or had been master of the *Bohemia*, and Richard Clarke first-officer. The last entry of latitude on the log showed her to have been then some six degrees south of her present position, and not far from the Azores, when the accident, or whatever it might have been, occurred. She had been ever since lying on the port-tack, and gradually working to the northward, and as she had met with a succession of moderate weather, and had, moreover, been drifting in the *slick* of the decaying whale she had made a smooth sea of it, and everything remained safe in its place without loss or damage.

Gorham did not stay long to take notes, but returned with his report to his superior officer. Here was a wind-fall indeed! The horizon had been sharply scanned in every quarter from the lofty mast-heads of the packet-ship, but no sail of any kind could be discovered far or near, except the uninhabited whaler. It is not every day that one has the good fortune to pick up a ship, tight, staunch, and strong, with neither owners nor crew to lay claim to her.

A copy of the shipping list which chanced to be at hand, gave the date of the sailing of the *Bohemia* from New Bedford, her tonnage, the captain and owner's names, and reported her as having six hundred barrels of sperm oil in her hold but three months back.—No doubt she had added to her catchings since that time, and the bark and her

cargo were probably worth, in round numbers, nearly forty thousand dollars. Such a prize was not to be lost, for Gorham and his commander were both shrewd Yankees with an eye to a good fat salvage. It was possible for the *Endeavor* to spare her mate and four men, for a prize crew: and Barna Gorham, who felt a host himself, was confident that he could take the *Bohemia* into an American port even with a very small crew. The season of the year was favorable, and he could keep her under moderate canvas.

Not many minutes were spent in preparation, for it was only necessary to pass the personal effects of five men into the boat. The *Bohemia* was in good condition, with plenty of stores, and water, on board; and within half an hour, Gorham had assumed his first command, and was cutting away the loathsome carcass of the whale from alongside, while the *Endeavor* had spread all her kites, and was speeding away on her course toward the British Channel.

Gorham's instructions from Captain Randall, were to make the best of his way back to New York, and then give up the property to the agents of the packet line, leaving the matter of adjustment in their hands. As soon, therefore, as the incumbrance of the whale was cleared away, and the main top-sail was filled and the courses set; keeping close on a wind, and heading nearly up to her course for the home-port. The topgallant-sails were suffered to remain furled, but Gorham did not propose, short-handed as he was to carry sail like a full-manned ship.—But the *Bohemia* proved a rapid sailer, and the weather continued favorable.—Everything went on regularly and ship-shape, and repeated trials at the pumps showed the bark to be perfectly tight.

Of course the new crew talked much about the mystery that surrounded the disappearances of the old one, and endeavored to account for it by a variety of theories, more or less absurd. As before related, there was not the least evidence of mutiny or trouble on board, nothing denoting that the ship had been abandoned by reason of panic; all around had the appearance of the crew having left on some temporary business intending to return very soon. All the boats were gone, except one new one which was on the skids over the quarter-deck, where whalers usually carry their spare boats. Of course they might have gone in chase of more whales, after securing one alongside, and this seemed a natural explanation, supposing they had lost the run of their ship by darkness or otherwise; but who had ever heard of all hands leaving a ship at sea, even a whaler, to take care of herself without any ship-keeper? The case certainly had some strange features about it, and Gorham and his men, after discussing it, at length were obliged to dismiss the subject in an unsatisfied way.

A week later, the *Bohemia*, having made a good stretch to the southward and westward, was crossing one of the favorite whaling grounds of the North Atlantic, and a whaling-brig was seen to windward with her boats down, and making various manœuvres. But, as all this was none of Gorham's business, and he had no need to communicate with the brig, he kept steadily on his course. The brig's boats apparently did not succeed in overtaking the whale, and, having abandoned the chase, were lying with their oars a-peak, when the *Bohemia* passed along under their lee, within a mile. One of the boats—there were only two of them—suddenly headed off under the full impulse of both oars and sail, pulling directly athwart the bark's track as if desirous to head her off and speak to her.

Gorham had no objections to exchanging a few passing words with any brother seaman, if he could do so without deviating from his voyage; but was quite unprepared for the angry shouts and frantic gesticulations of the man at the steering oar of the whale-boat.—His peremptory orders to "Heave to!" were enforced by a volley of oaths and threats, received only with a contemptuous smile.

"What's the matter with you, man?" he asked. "And who are you, any how? What brig is that to the windward?"

He caught the answer "*Draco*, of Provincetown!" from the boatsteerer in the head of the boat, but the first speaker continued to shout like a madman.

"Who are you, I'd like to know?—My name is Deroll, master of that ship, and I told you to heave to! How came you aboard of her, any way?"

"Picked her up adrift," was the cool reply.

A fusillade of curses was sent after the bark, but the boat was now dropping into her wake, and was soon left out of hearing. The oars were again manned, and she pulled up to meet the *Draco*, which was coming to take up her boats.

The brig hovered about the bark's weather-quarter, keeping the same course with her; and during the night the wind entirely died a way, so that

both vessels were becalmed the next morning within two miles of each other. Soon after sunrise a boat was seen approaching the *Bohemia*, and Captain Deroll, though flushed and tremulous from excitement, restrained himself and kept a civil tongue, until he was alongside the bark.

Gorham handed him the man-ropes, and received him with proper courtesy as he came in on deck. He glared furiously about him, but seemed struck dumb, for a moment, with astonishment at seeing naught but strange faces.

"Where's all my crew?" he thundered at last. And who are you that pretends to be in charge of my ship? Do you know who I am? My name is Deroll, and I am master of this bark the *Bohemia*. You understand, sir? I take charge of her now, from this moment."

The usurper did not seem at all overwhelmed with awe at this, as the speaker had seemed to expect he would. He felt that possession was nine points in the law, and had no idea of loosening his grip upon the handsome pile of salvage-money quietly.

"Not so fast," he said quietly. "You say that you are Captain Alfred Deroll, master of this ship. Any man might come on board and make the same claim; however I am quite willing to take your word that you are Captain Deroll, and that you were, until recently, the commander of this vessel; but you are not so now, sir. The *Bohemia* is, in a certain way a prize to the packet-ship *Endeavor* of New York, of which I am first officer, and I am here as prize-master, taking my instructions only from Captain Randall of that ship."

"But where's all my men? And my mate and second mate? And where are you bound with the ship? And what's to become of me with my voyage all broken up?" he demanded, following one question up with another in great excitement.

"My dear sir," said Gorham, "I know no more about your officers and crew than you know yourself, for I know not yet how you left the ship, or how you came to be in the *Draco*. As to where I am bound, as soon as there is a breeze I shall go on my way toward New York, where I am ordered. I am truly sorry that your voyage is broken up, but you are a sailor, and know that such things belong to the fortunes of the sea. I shall be happy to offer you a passage home in the ship; as to your personal traps, they are all safe, and at your disposal."

But it was very hard to persuade the unfortunate captain to talk or act rationally on any subject. He insisted that he had a right to take charge of his own ship wherever he found her; declared his intention to call for help from his friend Captain Nickerson of the *Draco*, to take her by force, if necessary; vowed that the bark should not go home, for he could take her back to Fayal, and ship more men, if he could not find his own, and, in short, he conducted himself like one demented by his troubles.

His boatsteerer, the same who had given the name of the brig the day before, now beckoned him aside, and seemed to be remonstrating with him to bring him to reason. A third man was called into conference, and appeared to take sides with the boatsteerer. But the captain was quite unable to see how anybody could depose him from the command of his own ship, and seemed not only angry now, but hurt in his feelings at the idea of his own men deserting his cause, and yielding his vessel and cargo to a gang of usurpers without a struggle for her. Indeed, could he have mustered a few men, he would surely have made an attempt to re-take the *Bohemia* by force; but Barna Gorham and his four ship-mates were prepared to meet any such movement, and would have proved themselves worthy foemen even against great odds.

But another boat was seen approaching; and soon Captain Nickerson, of the *Draco*, answered Gorham's hail, giving his name; and, as the boat shot alongside, obeyed the request to leave his crew in the boat until some friendly understanding could be arrived at. As soon as he stepped on board himself, and offered his hand, Gorham was satisfied that he had a common-sense man to deal with. A few words were sufficient to make him comprehend the whole situation, and he laughed at the idea of any one questioning Gorham's title to the command which he held.—Concluded next week.

Objections to Lady Physicians.

A ST. LOUIS doctor factory recently turned out a dozen female doctors, and here are a few reasons why we object to them:

A man, if there was nothing the matter with him, might call in a female doctor, but if he was sick, the last thing he would have around him would be a female doctor. And why? Because, when a man has a female fumbling around him he wants to feel well. He

don't want to be bilious or feverish, with his mouth tasting like cheese, and his eyes bloodshot, when the female is looking him over and taking account of his stock.

Of course these female doctors are all young and good-looking, and if one of them came into a sick room where a man was in bed, and he had chills, and was as cold as a wedge, and she should sit up close to the side of the bed and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to a hundred and fifty, and she would prescribe for a fever when he had chills. Oh, you can't fool us on female doctors. A man who has been sick, and had male doctors, knows just how queer he would feel to have a female doctor come tripping in and throw her fur-lined cloak over a chair, take off her hat and gloves and throw them on a lounge, and come up to the bed with a pair of marine blue eyes, with a twinkle in the corner, and look him in the wild, changeable eyes, and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose he knew his tongue was coated so it looked like a yellow Turkish towel, do you suppose he would want to run out over five or six inches of the lower part of it, and let that female doctor put her finger on it to see how far it was? Not much. He would put that tongue up into his cheek, and wouldn't let her see it for twenty-five cents admission. We have all seen doctors put their hands under the bed clothes and feel of a man's feet to see if they were cold. If a female doctor should do that it would give a man cramps in the legs. A male doctor can put his hand on a man's stomach, and liver and lungs, and ask him if he feels any pain there, but if a female doctor should do the same thing it would make a man sick, and he would want to get up and kick himself for employing a female doctor. Oh, there is no use talking about it; it would kill a man.

Now, suppose a man has heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosy mouth would be looking right in his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt. Don't you suppose his heart would get in about twenty extra beats to the minute? You bet! And she would smile—we will bet ten dollars she would smile—and show her pearly teeth, and the ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was trying to whisper to him, and— Well, what would he be doing all this time? If he was not dead yet, which would be a wonder, his left hand would brush the hair away from her temple and kind of stay there to keep the hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous and move around to the back of her head, and when she had counted the beats a few minutes and was raising her head he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for luck, if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel—and have her charge it in the bill. And then a reaction would set in, and he would be as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head till he got over being nervous, and then make out his prescription after he got asleep. No; all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practicing on him, and she would kill him dead. Ain't these objections enough?

Temptation.

While it is true that no one can escape temptation entirely, there is no doubt that he can largely modify its influence. The temptation which inhere in a man's moral make-up, he cannot wholly run away from, how much soever he may desire is because the evil is in him, as disease is in tainted blood.—But he can largely modify his action lessen its virulence. One way to do this is to keep himself from sight and surroundings which inflame his passion, and sharpen his appetites. If his temptation is it the direction of stimulents, then let him avoid the sight and smell of liquor, and the companionship of those who drink. So, whatever his weakness, let him keep beyond the reach of what ever can penetrate him at that point. The Indian method of fighting is an excellent one in spiritual warfare. The soldier of Christ should keep under cover as much as he can.—A good deal of dodging is allowable in the contest with Satan. "Discretion is the better part of valor," at times, and and it is better to beat a masterly retreat than to be captured bodily. A man who is morally weak at any point, and who, nevertheless, persistently exposes that point to attack, commits the gravest of sins.

How to Get Sick.

Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

How to Get Well.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.—Express.