

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

May 29th, 1881.

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 6:31, 8:05, 9:50 a. m., 1:45 and 4:00 p. m.
 For Reading, at 6:30, 8:05, 9:50 a. m., 1:45, 4:00, and 5:00 p. m.
 For Pottsville, at 8:05, 9:50 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, at 2:40 p. m. For Annapolis, at 8:10 a. m. For Allentown, at 5:20, 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 2:30 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1:45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, at 5:45 a. m., 1:00 and 3:30 p. m.
 Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia, at 7:45 a. m., 1:30, 4:00, and 5:30 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1:50, 5:20, 9:20 p. m., and 12:35 a. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 9:45 a. m., 4:00, 7:50 and 1:45 p. m.
 Leave Pottsville, at 6:05, 9:10 a. m., and 4:00 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 7:30 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 1:30, 4:15, 7:50 and 12:35 p. m.
 Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, at 8:10 a. m. and 4:40 p. m.
 Leave Allentown, at 6:00, 9:10 a. m., 12:10, 4:30, and 9:00 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York at 5:30 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7:45 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 7:30 a. m. and 10:55 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 5:35 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4:45, 6:10, 9:30 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6:10, 7:30, 10:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 5:10 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.

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.

32 YEARS of continuous and successful business.

We have three large power plants.

We have a large stock of all our goods.

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A Black Hills Duel.

I SHALL never forget the night which closed the day that Jack McCombe sold the "Maid of Erin" mine on Carbonate Hill, Leadville. The consideration was \$63,000. The "Maid of Erin" was not the only one of Jack's mines, he was interested in the "Highland Chief," "California Tunnel," and a dozen others, and his heart was just as big as his purse. He was one of Leadville's first six aldermen, and made it a point to know every man in the mines, and a jollier fellow could not be found from Denver to Saynache pass. Jack determined that a portion of the proceeds of his sale should be devoted to his friends and as a consequence it was a gala night in the Carbonate camp.—Drinks and cigars were free at Johnny Shea's Gem saloon, in Harrison avenue, and the programme was to conclude with the stage box and an unlimited quantity of champagne at Tom Kemp's Grand Central theater, the largest variety house ever erected in the West, or East either, for that matter. Being "a newspaper man," as Jack put it, the party would not be complete without the writer, so, dropping my work, and accompanied by Harry Norton, the city editor of the *Chronicle*, I joined the gay party.

A gay party it was, too. Apart from the host there were Lieutenant-Governor Tabor, Alderman Ed. Kavanagh, Alderman J. M. Murphy, Alderman Kelly and half a dozen local majors and colonels, and one general from the regular army, whose name I cannot recall.—The female members of the theater were also well represented, it being the custom in that city for the actresses, from song and dance artists to the leading lady, to visit the boxes and quaff champagne. On that particular night Ida Corey, of the Corey Sisters, a most finished dancer, flirted with Governor Tabor, Maggie LeClaire, clinked glasses with Alderman Kavanagh, and Viola Wray, Amy Tudor, Frankie Russell, Lottie Beaumont and Fannie Garretson entertained the company.

Amid all the hilarity Harry Norton appeared ill at ease. He drank a few glasses of champagne, and then removed his chair to the corner of the box, out of the glare of the footlights, and lit a cigar.

"What ails you, Harry?" I asked. "It cannot be possible that you have the blues to-night?"

"No," said he, "but I was just thinking of a little incident which happened to me four years ago to-night, in January, 1876, in the Black Hills. If you care to hear it, draw your chair a little nearer."

Harry's manner of speaking impressed me strangely, for he was seldom communicative, at all times reticent, and he rarely referred to his past life. He was a dashing fellow, about 35 years of age, and there was not a thread of silver in his raven hair or heavy drooping moustache. He was a native of Buffalo, and had been connected with the *Courier* of that city, had written a half-dozen books and there was very little of the United States that he had not thoroughly explored. His full name and title was Captain Henry J. Norton, the title having been acquired in the recent Cuban revolution.

"This incident, as I am pleased to term it," he began, "has never been narrated but once before, and then it was poured into the ears of a priest at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, about eighteen months ago. When I cross the range and go prospecting in God's country, you can tell it if you see fit. Four years ago to-night I was in Deadwood. I had returned from an expedition up the Yellowstone river and published a book on my research. Deadwood was at that day what Leadville is at the present time—all life and fire, and riches and glitter. There were no beggars in her streets, and every man was the possessor of gold, mining stock or unlimited credit. I was a guest of the Dakota House, and passed my nights, in the main, at the theaters. At one of the theaters a woman whom I had known in Detroit three years before was singing ballads. She was too noble a woman to tread the boards of any stage, but, like many others, gifted with a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, she found on the variety stage an easy avenue to a livelihood.

She was a woman, every inch, and was always accompanied by a younger sister to and from cities and their Michigan home. Being an old friend she felt perfectly at home in my company, and we were together much of the time.—No man in Deadwood, except myself, would she permit to act as her escort, and the consequence was that it was not many weeks until I was envied by half of the men in the camp. On the night I refer to, after the theater, I went down into the bar-room for the purpose of taking a drink before retiring.—While pouring out a glass of whiskey a

stranger walked up and accosted me, saying:

"You are Mr. Norton, I believe?" "I answered in the affirmative, and invited him to drink. He hesitated for a moment, and then, calling for a lemonade with a 'light stick,' asked me to accompany him out on the street. He was a fine looking young man, of heavy build, and wore better clothes than the average miner. I noted all this from the fact that he was a stranger who wished a private conversation with me, and had been so uncivil as not to introduce himself. Together we stepped beyond the doorway, and then halting, he said:

"You are a man and a gentleman, and I am the same. I love Miss —, mentioning the name of my actress friend; and she could love me, I am certain, were it not for you."

"I raised my hand to strike him down, but the muzzle of a revolver, the butt of which was clutched in his hand, deterred me. I stepped back a couple of paces."

"I have thought this matter over," he continued, lowering the revolver, 'and have determined that one of us must die. I could have shot you down any night and none would have been wiser, but I am frank enough to make you a proposition.'

"But I shall offer no opposition to your marrying Miss —," I said hurriedly. She is nothing more than a dear friend to me. Go ahead and win her, man." I thought him crazy, and believe to this moment that he was not in his right mind.

"No," said he slowly, and with determination; 'this world is not large enough for we two men. I will kill you before this night is done or you will do me the same favor. You are armed and shall have an equal chance for your life; we will go up the valley a little ways, and there settle our quarrel like men.—If I kill you none shall ever know whether the "cases were right or wrong," and if I fall it will be with no malice toward you.'

"He took my arm, and we walked up the street together. It seemed like a dream to me, and yet there was the man anxious to murder me, at my side. I began to grow nettled, and was sufficiently reckless before we reached the Bismarck stage road to have fought him with the Bowie knives had he demanded it. Then, too, I was angry at the free manner in which he had spoken of Miss —. Up the valley we strode, something like four hundred paces.—The snow was crisp and hard, the moon was full and in the clear sky lit up the surrounding country and the sleeping city below in a fantastic manner. Two or three hungry coyotes, which had ventured down to the outskirts of the camp, scampered away and were except myself and companion the only evidence of life in the valley. Presently my strange guide and enemy halted and said:

"You stand here and I will step ten paces further on."

"I obeyed his directions."

"He paced of ten strides and, removing his hat, faced me, revolver in hand. 'Hold on!' said I: 'if your mind is fully made up to shoot me, at least let me know your name.'

"That makes no difference to you," said he. 'It's as good a one as you can boast. Please be ready to fire when I count to three.'

"I am a clever shot with the pistol, and can shoot the spots from a card at even twenty yards, and felt confident that no matter how good a shot was my antagonist, that I could kill him at ten paces. I drew my derringer and cocked it carefully. I was standing with my back to the moon and he was a little above me, and the moon shone full on his broad brow. He leveled his weapon and began to count. As the fatal words were slowly pronounced, I raised my revolver, and at the word three pressed the trigger. We fired at the same instant, and I felt the wind of his bullet by my head. He sank to his knees without a struggle and fell upon his face in the snow."

"My being in the shadow a little below him and the moon's rays falling on his pistol barrel had, even at so short a distance disturbed his aim. I walked forward, turned over the body, still warm, and looked down into its face. My bullet had sped true. There was a small, bluish-looking hole, from which the blood had not yet sprung, in the centre of his forehead. If any one heard the pistol shots, no heed was paid, and not wishing to be arrested and charged with murder, I walked down the valley over the hard-beaten snow and returned to my hotel."

After a minutes pause Harry Norton relighted his cigar, emitted a cloud of smoke through his nostrils and continued:

"The following afternoon I saw quite a crowd assembled at the city undertaker's, elbowing my way into the group, and asked an acquaintance standing near what caused the commotion."

"Some cuss got sick of the camp,

went up the valley last night and committed suicide. The wolves were hovering about, and picked his bones pretty clean before one of the men from the "Homestead mine" came down to town and found him."

"He might have been murdered?" I answered in a questioning tone.

"No; he committed suicide," was the reply. 'His revolver was found in the road, and one chamber had been emptied. He just got homesick and went up there and "called" himself, and the wolves had a good meal and he can't be identified. He was not murdered, for over \$200 in bills were found scattered about.'

I walked away and shed no light on the mystery. In Deadwood, where people came in and departed by hundreds every day, mysterious disappearances were rarely reported. I am in ignorance as to the name of the man whom I shot down in that strange duel, and though I remained in the Black Hills for some time afterward I never paid another visit to the theater where my lady acquaintance was playing. That is all."

Handsome, talented Harry Norton has fought his last duel and penned his last leader. He fell into the long sleep last May, after a day's illness from pneumonia. Such a funeral as he was accorded was never before witnessed in Leadville. The four daily papers in the camp turned their column rules, and the Pacific Coast Association and a band of music followed the remains to the second cemetery that Leadville has filled in less than three years. He was buried by the side of Charley Vivian, the actor, and a friend from Colorado informed me that a few days ago that in the vacant lot adjoining poor Harry's grave, just to the left, Texas Jack was laid to rest last summer.

An Old Rich Firm.

THE Rothschilds have been attracting no little attention to themselves here in Paris by the announcement of the extension of the act of partnership, which expired September 30th of this year, to 1905. The Paris branch of the famous family is quite large. The dowager Baroness Rothschild, who lives in the family mansion in the Rue Laftie, had five children—Baroness Alphonse, who is at this date at the head of the family; Baron Solomon, who died a long time ago; Baron Gustave, Baron Edmond and the Baroness Nathaniel Rothschild. The venerable dowager is a veritable fountain of charity. She gives away hundreds of thousands of francs every year. In the summer she lives in a splendid country house at Boulogne, where apartments for each of her sons and daughters are kept constantly in order.

Baron and Baroness Alphonse Rothschild live in the old mansion in the Rue St. Florentine, where Tallyrand once resided. They are gay and are extremely fond of society, and are seen everywhere in the monde; the Baroness is one of the most accomplished equestriennes who frequent the Bois de Boulogne. Her husband is an enthusiastic patron of the turf. He has stables at Meantirif and Chantilly, and lavishes millions on them. Solomon Rothschild was a delicate minded man, fond of conversation, books, pictures and society. His widow has a daughter who will, it is said, be the richest heiress in the Paris family.—Baron Gustave is the only one who has married outside of the family.

One of the sons of the late Nathaniel Rothschild has just purchased the splendid mansion of Count Toistel, in the Avenue de Friedland; and another named Arthur spends his life in collecting books. It is said that no one else in France, except the Duke de Aumaie, possesses such inestimable treasures of rare editions and luxurious bindings as this young Rothschild. One of the latest additions to the delegates to Paris of this phenomenally rich family is Baron Adolphe Rothschild, of Naples, who has closed out his business and retired with the serenity of conscience promoted by the knowledge of the possession of 180,000,000 francs. He may be seen now and then in the Bois, jolling negligently in the blue carriage, which is one of the peculiarities of the house. He is a great collector, and will spend hundreds of thousands of francs upon any trifle which he happens to consider he must have. There is but one Catholic in the family, and that is the Duchess of Grammont, who, it will be remembered, was the daughter of Baron Rothschild of Frankfurt on the Main, one of the richest members of the group.

"Don't Know Half their Value."

"They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, who the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I would have lost both of them one night if I had not given them Hop Bitters. They did them so much good I continued their use until they were cured. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them high enough."—B. Rochester, N. Y. See other column.—*American Rural Home*. 27 21

SUNDAY READING.

Tact.

In the Youth's Department of the New York *Observer*, we find the following words of advice addressed to a young girl, which we commend to our young readers:

Never remind your companions of their personal defects.

Never remind them of their failures.

Never make comparisons.

Keeping in mind this last rule, you will, for instance, never volunteer your opinion as to who is the prettiest girl in school.

Be very careful what you say or intimate to your companions in regard to their looks. If you can say nothing complimentary, say nothing at all. I warn you in this matter, because girls of your age are so deeply interested in the subject of personal appearance, and are inclined to talk so much about it.

An old author says: "every woman who is not positively ugly thinks herself handsome;" and a modern observer that "a girl can forgive being called wicked or stupid, but she cannot forgive being called homely."

However this may be, do not run the risk of giving offence by saying to A, who has a freckled face, "B would be rather pretty if it were not for her freckles;" or to C, who has defective teeth, "Bad teeth would ruin any one's looks," etc., etc. Many persons who are not quite idiots render themselves extremely disagreeable by such speeches as these without the least intention of giving offence.

"There is no use in trying to cultivate tact," a lady once said to me. "Tact is like beauty, a gift from heaven." Whereupon I glanced at that lady's dressing table, with its array of lily-white, hair vigor, vaseline, etc., and thought: "If young ladies took as great pains to cultivate tact as they do to enhance beauty, this would be a much pleasanter world to live in. Beauty is a very good letter of introduction, but perfect tact is a joy forever."

Cultivate tact, then, as you would music. You will never play like Blind Tom, but there is no reason why you should not practice the scales.

Blood Money.

We make drunkards by law in the United States of America. We kill men, and rob men, and burn out their brains, soul and manhood, but we do it legally. The government says to the manufacturer, "See here, friend you are ruining the country by this business, I can't afford it. You are poisoning and killing off my subjects in a most unmerciful manner, for which I get no compensation. I don't mean that you shall quit the business, but I mean that you shall pay me a certain fixed amount for the privilege of carrying on your wholesale murder traffic, or else you will have to close up and quit the business."

"All right," says the manufacturer, "fix your price and I'll pay it. It does not make any difference to me. The man who buys the whisky will pay the tax."

And the tax is laid upon the whisky, and the wines, and the beer; and every barrel, and keg, and case of wines and liquors has the government brand and the government permit on it. Death by law! Death by government! Death by act of Congress! The city or county or state steps in and says: "What are you going to do with that poison?"

"Sell it to murder your sons and daughters." "No you don't; you cannot poison and kill people in this city unless you do it by law. You must have a license or permit of some kind, which you must pay for, and then you can ruin all the souls you want to, provided you do it according to law. So hand over your money and then go to work."

He gets his license, rolls in his whisky barrels and beer kegs, paints the lower sash of the window, puts green wickets in the door, writes saloon over the entrance, sticks a cigar in his mouth, mops off the counter with a wet cloth, and the agent is ready for business.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and making one's self loved, is to be cheerful; joy softens far more than tears.

To tell a lie, and then defend it with other lies, is like digging a cellar and making it large enough to hold all the dirt that is misplaced.

A Wise Deacon.

Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have the doctors visiting us so often."

"Brother Taylor, the answer is very easy. I use Hop Bitters in time; keep my family well and save the doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time."

"Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter."

27 21

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, RUCH, MANDRAKE,

DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Head,

Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs. Sufferers from Indigestion, Sleeplessness, and especially Female Complaints.

S1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. T. C. is an absolute and trustworthy cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All Agents sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

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Wanted.

Canvassers in every

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take orders for Nursery

stock. Steady and de-

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Good Wages. Experi-

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widely and favorably known. For terms address

C. L. VAN DUSEN, Geneva, N. Y.

Van Dusen Nurseries, established 1838. Also

Stock at Wholesale.

FANCY Goods and Notions. Some new at

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