

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

June 27th, 1881.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: For New York via Allentown, at 8.05 a. m. 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 6.30, 8.45 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 6.30, 8.05, 9.00 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 6.20, 8.05, 9.00 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 5.00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. and Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.10 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.00 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 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, 5.10 and 9.00 a. m. and 1.30 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, 3.20, 9.20 p. m. and 12.35 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 4.00, 7.50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.00, 7.30, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 4.15, 7.50, and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, at 5.15 a. m., and 4.40 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.50, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, via Allentown at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.31 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 5.35 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 9.10, 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, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only, 5.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

J. E. WOOTTEN, 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 3, 1878. tf

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO., (or by postal card if at a distance) any adult person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED,

-OR THE-

Story of the Sewing Machine.

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

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between Geo. A. Liggett and G. J. Delancey, of Perry county, Pa., under the firm name of Liggett & Delancey, expired on 15th April, 1881, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by said Geo. A. Liggett, and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to him for payment, until the 20th of June, 1881, and after that day the accounts of the firm will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

GEO. J. DELANCEY.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Susanna Steel, late of New Buffalo borough, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in same place. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement to

DAVID T. STEEL, Administrator.

MOMIE Cloths and other Dress Goods in various styles.

F. MORTIMER

FANCY Goods and Notions, Some new and rivals. Cheap.

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JOB PRINTING of every description neatly and promptly executed at Reasonable Rates at the Bloomfield Times Steam Job Office.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals Dr. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

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May 3, 1881—ly

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We sell and do keep a good quality of

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And everything under the head of

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Machine needles and oil for all makes of

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To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

No trouble to show goods.

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CENTRAL STORE,

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USE PURE TINTED GLOSS PAINT!

make experiments on your buildings with untried and unreliable antics at your expense.

DON'T PAY

for water and benzine \$1.20 to \$2.00 per gallon.

DO BUY

the Lucas reliable and guaranteed Tinted Gloss

PAINTS.

Circulars and Sample Cards of Paint mailed on application.

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HELP

Yourself by making money when a sudden 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 falls 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

ESTATE NOTICE

—Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Rev. S. S. Richmond late of Tronon township, Perry County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. P. O. Address—Landisburg, Perry County, Pa.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

ALBERT E. RICHMOND, CHAS. H. SMILEY, ALLY. Administrators. May 10, 1881.

The Lady Who Painted, OR—MY FIRST WEALTHY CLIENT.

MY mood was deeply, darkly, desperately blue,—in fact, the little imp of the hypo were having it all their own way, running in mad riot through my brain.

I sat with my chair tipped back and my feet elevated to the top of high desk. I was smoking furiously, and reviewing my miserable situation.

Had I been a woman, I should have indulged in a good cry. As it was, I uttered a few mild oaths, for which I trust I may be pardoned.

"Please, sir," whined my office-boy, "as there a'n't no copying wanted, and a'n't no business doing—"

"You can go to the circus and be hanged to you!" cried I. "Clear out!"

And he cleared.

I was alone in the world. A crabbed bachelor uncle had given me an education, and seen me admitted to the bar, and then turned me adrift to shift for myself. My office was cozy but I owed for my rent; I had a tolerable collection of law books; I owned the clothes on my back.

I was desperately in love with pretty Nelly Rogers, whose parents had smiled upon me in the days when I was regarded as the prospective heir of a rich man, but turned the cold shoulder ever since they recognized the fact that I was an impecunious young man, with my own way to make in the world. I hung out my shingle with the legend upon it,—

"Arthur Linden, Attorney and Counsellor at Law;" but my modest little bait had hooked no fish.

"Bad debts; no money; clothes getting shabby; and invited to a party at Nelly's," groaned I.

Then I varied my mournful ditty, and reflected,—

"Young and strong, but poor as a church-mouse, and desperately in love. Nothing for me but the poor-house!"

I tossed away the stump of my cigar angrily.

"If this thing last much longer, I shall take to the road, a la Dick Turpin!" cried I desperately.

Then came a quick, decided rap at my door. A cold shiver ran down my back. I thought of Mephistopheles coming to claim one Dr. Faustus.

"Come in!" I managed to ejaculate. The door opened, and there stood Gen. Pomeroy, whose jolly face and portly form were familiar to everybody in town.

"What the deuce can he want of me?" was my mental query.

"My, Arthur Linden, I believe."

"You are right, sir."

"My name is Pomeroy,—General Pomeroy."

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, general."

"I trust you can spare me a little of your valuable time."

"I would pitch you out of doors if I thought you understood the irony of that!" was my thought; but it did not pass my lips. Instead I said aloud,—

"I'm quite at leisure this afternoon, sir."

"Particular business," faltered the general with a very deep blush, and the suggestion of a simper. "Very delicate affair. By the by, Mr. Linden, I have heard glowing accounts of your discretion, and I understand that you are not married?"

"I am not."

"Nor engaged? Pardon the apparent rudeness of the question. No discourtesy intended, I assure you."

"I'm not engaged, sir,—not matrimonially."

"So I have been informed, otherwise I should not have chosen to trouble you with my business. Woman are the deuce to worm secrets from a man that"

"I trust, general, that I should respect professional confidences, whether?"

"Oh, to be sure. I dare say. No offence! But this is a very peculiar case, a ticklish matter, a very delicate piece of business, you see, Mr. Linden."

Then bending toward me and sinking his voice to a whisper,—

"I am about to be sued for a breach of promise."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"I'm in a bad scrape, Mr. Linden."

"I should think so, general; but we must never let the case come into court—we must compromise. It would put a gentleman occupying your prominent position in a very awkward, embarrassing position."

"Yes, yes, I know all that! But I cannot help myself. It must be gone through with. I have decided that I will not marry the lady, and, of course, I cannot prevent her suing me for damages. I am in a bad fix—a disagreeable Pickwickian scrape! I need advice; it is my desire to retain you as my counsel."

"I will serve you to the best of my ability."

"The circumstances are these," began the general.

"And well you may blush, you old rascal!" thought I; "for, if my mem-

ory serves me, I read your wife's death in the paper not more than six months ago."

"My marriage was not a happy one,—made up by family interests, and all that sort of thing. I met Miss Deyton, who is a governess in a family of my acquaintance,—hem! —hem! —some months ago. I fell genuinely in love with her. You needn't smile, Mr. Linden. I had my Rosalinds, but never before a Juliet."

I regarded the elderly, pompous Romeo critically to see if I could discover any nascent symptoms of insanity.—But, no; save for a simper, a twinkle, and a smirk he looked quite sane, though vastly silly.

"I proposed to Miss Deyton, and was accepted."

"Actually proposed, general?"

"Upon my bended knees, sir, with my heart in my throat, I was quite desperate over her, you understand."

"And she has proof of this,—letters perhaps?"

"I should say so! Letters by the bushel, love-letters, sir; I know not what I wrote, but they were ardent, Mr. Linden, you may be sure."

"And you have letters of hers, also, that show her in a ridiculous light,—letters that she wouldn't like produced in court?"

"Not a line sir that isn't prudent and reserved; not a line that any lady need be ashamed for the whole world to see."

"You must compromise this matter, general. The case must not come into court. Your letters would be read and published; yourself made ridiculous; your most private affairs bruited around town. And the lady would gain her case, and recover damages, unless you chose to fight a thing of this sort through all the courts and weary her out with litigation. Money would do it, I suppose. My advice is buy her off."

"She's not to be bought off. Her motive is revenge. But I have a good defence."

"Well, general?"

"The lady paints!"

"Paints?"

"Puts any quantity of rouge upon her face, sir, and no denying it! She's a very beautiful woman, Mr. Linden,—eyes black as sloes; lips like ripe cherries; black hair; tall willow form; a bewildering smile; and a voice to charm the heart out of a man."

He smacked his lips with unctious, and closed his eyes as if contemplating a beatific vision.

"But all this is a clear case of an attempt at deception, Mr. Linden.—Beautiful as the lady is, it was her brilliant, blooming color that fired my fancy and she knew that well enough.—I called on her one evening, sir,—it was very warm,—and in kissing her—hem! —I discovered that the color ran, positively ran down her cheeks. She took her handkerchief and wiped it off. I expostulated. Miss Deyton wept, and promised to cease the practice, and did so for some time; but, sir, she was not nearly so pretty as she had been. She resumed the rouge, and I broke the engagement. Now she comes down upon me like a thief in the night, with an engagement ring, and no end of spooney letters and I can't say what all."

"I don't know about the defence."

"Think it won't wash, eh?"

"I can recall no precedent."

"But I have been deceived, duped."

"Exactly what the lady will declare is her case, general. I vaguely recall an instance of a woman who refused to live with her husband on the plea that she had fallen in love with him for his beautiful hair; but after marriage she discovered that he had deceived her,—was perfectly bald, in fact,—and she had lost her affections to a wig."

"And the decision, was in her favor?"

"It seems to me that it was. I'll look it up general, and make as strong a case as I can for you."

"Do so. Ah me! my predicament is a sad one. I'm so in the habit of going to see Miss Deyton that I don't know what to do with my evenings. I never was so lonesome in my life, Mr. Linden. If I go to talk this unhappy affair over with her, she will begin to cry, and then I shall be a goner. I cannot resist her tears."

"General," said I, suddenly. "take my advice and marry the lady!"

The general frowned; but I detected in his eye the look that is apt to creep into the eyes of the best of us when we receive advice exactly in accordance with our own secret wishes.

"It isn't to be thought of. I shall call in again in the course of a week or so. Of course I retain you as my counsel, sir. Good-day."

The general had taken out a plethoric pocket-book, counted out five twenties, and pushed them toward me.

I could scarcely believe my eyes.

I wanted to catch the dear old simpleton around the neck, and bug and kiss him on the spot.

I felt as a son might feel toward a dotting father.

"God bless you!" I faltered. But fortunately he didn't hear me; the door had closed upon his burly form.

I executed a war-dance!

It was delicious, delirious extravaganza.

No one can understand my feelings but those who can recall the first time they handled money of their own earning. Had I earned this money, by the way?

A week later my dear old fool visited me again. He sported an immense diamond upon his shirt-front, and there was an air of particular spruceness about his attire.

"Well, Mr. Linden, I've decided to act upon your sensible advice. For a young man, sir, you are possessed of wonderful acumen. I shall always esteem you highly. I'm to be married, sir, and you must be sure to come to the wedding."

"I congratulate you general."

"You see I really love Miss Deyton, and she may paint her face all the colors of the rainbow before ever I'll quarrel with her again. I called upon her one evening to see what she intended to do about the letters and so on. I was prepared for tears and a scene. But there's no counting on a woman. She came into the room looking as pretty as picture, took a seat beside me, and began to argue."

"To argue?"

"She asked me if I didn't wear false teeth. I told her that false teeth were a comfort and a necessity; not a sacrifice to vanity and deception. She laughed and showed her own teeth, as white as pearls and as even as—"

The general rolled his eyes to the ceiling as in distracted search for a simile, then resumed,—

"They are hers, Mr. Linden, by a dower of nature, and no thanks to any dentist. She laughed, sir, and said that it had been her observation that those who wore false teeth were generally very particular that they should be becoming, and very anxious to deceive the public eye into the belief that they were natural. I could not deny that, Mr. Linden."

"As for a little rouge being such a gross piece of deception," says Miss Deyton, 'how about the ladies who wear false hair?' Here she took out a hair-pin or two, and shook down her heavy, beautiful hair. She laughed roughly as she knotted it up again. 'Amanda,' says I, 'it is ruinous to the skin.' 'I deny that,' says she; 'but even if it were so it is not so black a sin as the tight-lacing which destroys the health of so many women, and of which I am innocent.' You see, Mr. Linden, she actually did not leave me a leg to stand upon."

"General," said I, solemnly, "if this thing had come to law the lady would have gained her cause without a legal adviser; she's a second Portia,—a Daniel come to judgement."

The general heaved a profound sigh.

"In a world like this," said he, "it is no such easy matter to know what to approve, or what to disapprove, or just where to draw the dividing line."

I met Nelly Rogers at the general's wedding, and we came to an excellent understanding with each other.

Ever since the morning when I had the visit from my first wealthy client my affairs have prospered. The general is given to litigation, and much of his business comes into my hands; besides, he has won me much patronage through his disinterested eulogiums to my discretion and forensic abilities; best of all Nelly's parents smile upon me again as upon a rising young man. Once a week I dine at the general's palatial residence, and I often smile to myself as I gaze upon the beautiful chateleine and her dazzling complexion. I am happy to add that she and the general make a very united couple, notwithstanding the lady's continued use of war-paint.

Every Ladder has two Ends.

When a small boy, I was carrying a not a very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly: "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember; that is, every ladder has two ends."

I never have forgotten it, though many years have gone. Don't we carry things besides ladders that have two ends?—When I see a young man getting "fast" habits I think he sees only one end of the ladder, the one pointed toward pleasure, and that he does not know that the other is wounding his parents hearts. Many a young girl carries a ladder in the shape of a love for dress and finery; she only sees the gratification of a foolish pride at the forward end of that ladder, while the end that she does not see is crushing modesty and friendship as she goes along thoughtlessly among the crowd. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.