

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. 1.11 and 4.00 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and Bound Brook Route, at 8:30, 8:45 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 6:53, 8:05, 9:50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5:20, 6:30, 8:05, 9:50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 4.50 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5:30, 8:05, 9:50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.10 a. m. For Allentown, at 8:20, 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 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., 1:00 and 5:30 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, 8:20, 9:20 p. m., and 12.15 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9:45 a. m., 4:00, 4:50 and 7:45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 6:00, 9:10 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4:50, 7:30, 11:50 a. m., 1:30, 6:15, 7:50, and 10:55 p. m. Leave Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8:10 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 6:00, 9:00 a. m., 12:10, 4:50 and 8:05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York via Allentown at 5:30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7:45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7:30 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 8:25, 6:40, 9:55 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, 7:40, 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. WOOTTEN, Gen. Manager. G. 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. 11

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,

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containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographic cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only in application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

The Singer Manufacturing Co.,

Principal Office, 34 Union Square,

138ly New York City, N. Y.

Advertisement for HOP BITTERS featuring a bottle illustration and text: 'If you are a man of business, worried by the strain of your duties, and use Hop Bitters. If you are young and disordered, or suffering from indigestion, or poor health or languidness, rely on Hop Bitters. Whoever you are, whenever you feel that you are not doing your best, or that you are not getting on in life, it may save your life. It has saved hundreds.' Includes a small illustration of a man and a bottle of Hop Bitters.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between Geo. A. Liggett and G. J. Delaney, of Perry County, Pa., under the firm name of Liggett & Delaney, 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 25th of June, 1881, and after that day the accounts of the firm will be placed in the hands of an auditor for collection. GEO. J. DELANEY, June 7, 1881.

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. May 31, 1881.

MOMIE Corsets and other Dress Goods in various styles. F. MORTIMER. FANCY Goods and Notions, Some new at FIVE CENTS. F. MORTIMER. OIL CLOTHS for Floors, Carriages and Tables. Prices low. F. MORTIMER.

Old Jeremiah's Conversion.

NEAR the river in the upper part of Arkansas, lives old Jeremiah Winfrey, known all over the neighborhood as possessing a fund of profanity so great that no one, no matter how desirous of "swearing" distinction, could hope to rival. Old Jeremiah, although named for one of the most distinguished prophets, made no efforts toward reform. He did not allow a preacher to come to his house, so great was his aversion to the gospel. One night, when the wind blew cold and when the sleet beat against the window pane with that sharp rattle so brightly tending to produce thankful emotions to those who are within a warm room, and so exasperating to the traveler, a man rapped on the door of Jeremiah's house.

"Come in," exclaimed the old man, as he put aside a plate of pop-corn. The door opened and a young man, carrying a pair of saddle bags entered. Jeremiah immediately began a series of attentions. He gave the stranger a seat in the corner near the churn, while his wife and daughters flew around in that hurry flurry only known to women, preparing supper for the "poor traveler." After supper the stranger had been invited to smoke, and when Abe, Jeremiah's son, had been sent to "shelter" the stranger's horse, the old man, eyeing the stranger, asked:

"What do you feller?" "I am engaged in the Lord's merchandise. I, my kind christian friend, am a meek and lowly circuit rider."

"Then git out o' my house, sir," exclaimed Jeremiah. "Git right out, or I'll apply a par of cow hide boots to that part of your physical arrangement what rests in the cheer. A circuit rider, why, ding your soul, I swapped horses with a circuit rider when I was a boy, and got cheated so bad that my father thrashed me. Git out of here. Mosey!"

"I am sorry, my christian friend—" "Git out. Abe git this feller's hoss. Move on."

When the preacher had gone, the old man sat for an hour, swearing and smoking.

"Father," said Abe, "I'll bet my filly agin the sorrel nag that you'll be a circuit rider in six months."

"Go to bed you young varment or I'll whale you."

"You'd better take the bet pap. Here's your chance to win the filly."

"All right, I'll take the bet. Go to bed."

All next day the old man swore about the preacher's impudence, and in general terms expressed regret that he did not use a stick on him. Next night, when the old man was feeding the cattle in the barn, a voice so strange that it made the old man's blood creep, moaned rather than exclaimed:

"Jeremiah Winfrey!" "Who's that?" answered the old man.

"Jeremy Winfrey!" "Well."

"Ride the circuit of the Gospel."

"I'll show you what it is to fool with me," hotly exclaimed the old man, and he climbed all around the barn looking for the offender. He could find no one, and when he went to the house he aroused Abe out of bed and told of his strange experience. Next day, when the old man was riving boards in the woods, a voice over his head exclaimed:

"Jeremiah Winfrey!" "Where are you?" said the old man, dropping his froe and gazing up.

"Jeremiah Winfrey!" "Well?" still gazing.

"Ride the circuit of the Gospel."

"Oh, Lord," supplicated Jeremiah, dropping on his knees. "Oh, forgive me for my sins, but keep me from riding a circuit."

The old man went home, and experienced some trouble in trying to convince his wife and Abe of the fact that something supernatural had spoken to him. The old lady sighed and said that she was afraid Jeremiah was not in his right mind. Thus matters went for months. Nearly every night the voice at the barn would call the old man, and every time he went to the board tree the same solemn admonition would come from above. Unable to longer endure such mental torture, the old man, who had by this time professed religion, made application to conference, and was accepted. On the morning when he first started out as a circuit rider he presented Abe with the sorrel nag. He soon instituted a revival, and was so successful that he received a complimentary letter from religious headquarters. Several nights ago, just after family prayers, and while Parson Jeremiah was upbidding Abe for not joining the church, the young man said:

"Pap, you did become a circuit rider, didn't you?"

"Certainly I did. You well know the circumstances."

"Yes, I know, replied Abe. "I know a little more about the circumstances than you reckon. Arter I made that

bet with you I hid in the barn loft and called you through a horn. When you clim up I hid under the hay. Then I beat you down and run to the house. Next day when I seed you goin' out to rive boards, I clim up in the tree an' got down in the holler. I again beat you to the house. I practised this on you pap, till you 'fessed 'ligion. I wanted the nag you know."

The old man sprang from his seat, seized a piece of rope, but throwing it down, raised his hands and said in a calm voice, "Let us pray."

A fraudulent transaction can sometimes have a good result. The old man is still a preacher.

A Romance of History.

CONRAD the Emperor of Germany, was remarkable for his unsparring punishment of all who crossed his purpose. A quaint but true legend recites that a certain Count Lupold, who was one of those fearing death, fled into a remote forest and lived in a hut with his wife. It happened that the Emperor, while hunting, came to the spot, and passed the night with them. This night the count's wife became the mother of a son, and the emperor dreamed that the child born would be his heir. As the same dream re-occurred twice, he was greatly troubled, and the next morning he commanded two of his servants to kill the child. They took it away; but being moved to compassion by its smiles, they placed it under a tree, and brought back a hare's heart to the emperor. A certain duke, passing by soon after, found the child, and took it home to his wife, and adopted it as his own. Afterward, the emperor, being with this duke, and hearing him relate, as a forest adventure, the history of this boy, who was then present began to suspect that the victim had escaped. Being confirmed in the opinion, he took him into his service as a page, and then sent him with a letter to this empress, in which he charged her upon pain of his displeasure, to have the bearer put to death. The youth set out, and after seven days came to a certain priest's house, who received him with great hospitality. The priest was struck by his comely air, and by his traveling so far. While he slept he looked at this letter, and discovered the horrible fate that awaited him; so erasing the writing, he substituted these words:

"This is the youth whom I have chosen as the husband of our daughter. I charge you to give her to him quickly."

Next morning the lad awoke refreshed, and said:

"Adieu, dear host."

The priest replied:

"Remember me when you are emperor."

The boy only laughed, esteeming it a jest; so they parted. On arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle he delivered his letter, and so well did the stratagem succeed, that when the emperor wrote soon after, to ask if his order had been obeyed, the empress assured him that the nuptials had been celebrated with great celerity as he desired. The emperor hardly believed his eyes when he read her letter. Mounting his horse, he rode off immediately and with great speed to Aix-la-Chapelle. On his arrival the empress presented their daughter and son-in-law. For a long time the emperor seemed lost in astonishment and uncertain what to do. At length nature prevailed, and he exclaimed:

"The will of heaven cannot be resisted!"

Then he compelled the two squires to reveal what they had done, and the count to come from the Black Forest and receive back his son in peace from the emperor, who left him as heir, and who succeeded him as Henry II. On the spot in the forest where the child was born was erected afterward the monastery of Hirschau.

Ministerial Advertising.

"CAN I do anything for you in my line to-day?" asked an advertising agent, laying his card before a prominent Brooklyn theologian.

"But, my dear sir, I'm a clergyman," protested the divine. "I don't advertise. I don't need to."

"Humbly!" responded the agent, seating himself on the table. "They all advertise. I don't suppose you want to come out and say, 'The Rev. Joseph Gospel, Practical Preacher; Knotty Theological Points a specialty.' That isn't the way to do it. My idea is to have you preach a heretical sermon or abuse another minister, and then I'll put you up an article for the press that will just raise your hair. Down comes the crowd to see you; contribution plates just heaped up with five dollar notes; salary raised and the parsonage newly furnished. The expense is slight and you make a good thing of it. Let me show you our list of prices."

"I don't believe in the heretical sermon," said the theologian, musingly.

"Hit off some other person, then. Come out and say he's no account.

Bang him around for a few Sundays and leave the rest with me. That's the way we fixed up Dr. Revelations, and he's just raking in wealth. If you don't like that I'll get up a feeling in the church against you and bring you off triumphantly; double the congregation, and take up a collection to pay expenses. That will cost you more but it does the business quicker."

"What will be the expense for that?" asked the minister.

"Twenty-five per cent. of the gross receipts for six weeks and one-third of the foreign contributions for twelve months. It don't come out of your pocket and you reap the benefit."

"What does it cost to abuse another minister?"

"Three hundred dollars down and one-half the raise of salary, payable quarterly."

"That's rather high," murmured the minister. "What does the heretical sermon cost?"

"That comes lower. You can get through on that line for two hundred and fifty dollars."

"It's more than I can afford," sighed the parson.

"You might go into one of our combination schemes. I'll get a dominie to go for you and you hit back. Cost you one hundred and fifty dollars apiece. How does that strike you? We can effect a reconciliation afterward for fifty a head more and a raise of salary guaranteed. Just look over our catalogue of ministers and pick out your man. Take some fellow you can get away with and there you are."

"How do I pay for this?" asked the parson.

"Twenty-five dollars down and the balance when the job is finished."

The money was paid, and the agent having secured enough for a peddler's outfit, solemnly swore to lead an honest life thenceforth, abandon his evil associations and quit all schemes that in any way savored of illegitimate enterprise.

An Old Mystery Revised.

THAT famous query which convulsed England, "would you be surprised to learn?" quoted from the volumes of Dr. Kenealy's cross-questioning in the famous Tichborne trial, is pertinently revived in the appearance of a new claimant to the ancient barony of De Ilchenboue, Hampshire, England. The full narrative of the new Roger is a remarkable document, whether it be veracious or not. The present Roger is a well-to-do ranchero in the land of gold, at San Diego, California, and his statement, if it had no other merit, possesses the substance of the finest wrought fiction and a certain indescribable charm of vraisemblance, which will go far with all but a judicial tribunal to establish the claim he makes of being for thirty years a self-dishherited member of the British nobility.

In the Arthur Orton testimony the claimant, while making by the aid of relics and mementoes of the lost heir a perfectly coherent story, every probability was thrown out of joint by his complete forgetfulness of all that related to his youth. The real Roger Tichborne had been born and brought up in France, yet Arthur Orton couldn't speak or understand a word of the language. The real Roger had enjoyed the careful education of the Jesuits, yet Arthur Orton could not tell whether the Eneid was written in Latin or Greek. Arthur Orton was a gross, ill-educated, unrefined sailor. The present claimant is the opposite of all this. He remembers distinctly his childhood. He names the play fellows with him at the Jesuit school. He names and describes his tutors. He names incidents in which persons still living can contradict or corroborate his recollections. He revives scenes betwixt his father and mother that no one but an intimate could have known. He assigns the motives to his aunt, Lady Doughty, which rendered his love for Kate Doughty fruitless, and he unlocks the mystery of the famous lost package, sent her family solicitors, which, though the object of prolonged search, could not be produced on the trial. He declares that document contained a foolish vow that he had made, that if he ever wed Kate Doughty he would rear a chapel on the Tichborne estate worth 200,000 francs. Whereas Arthur Orton declared that the document contained a confession of his seduction of his cousin.

He left Europe to avoid the enmity of his aunt, who was passionately averse to his marriage with her daughter Kate. That he had heard her protesting to mutual friends that her daughter should never marry that "French dog." The story is coherent and conclusive so far as the circumstances and motives go. Nor are the reasons of his long disappearance and obscurity improbable. He crossed the South Atlantic and through many vicissitudes reached the heart of the South American continent, when his body servant, who he believes was sent with him for his ruin and murder, left him stunned and maimed from the results of a fall from his horse. The

native nurse, whose name he gives, and even the village and the landmarks, said that he couldn't live, and the rascally servant robbed him and fled. The narrator recovered, but had completely lost his mind. He was a maniac for a year or more. He then drifted through many adventures, served in the rebellion and was wounded in front of Richmond in 1864. He finally settled in California, having married meanwhile a Miss Williams, of New York. All his children are called after the Tichborne traditional family names. No reader can finish the account without the conviction that the man is telling the truth, and it will not be surprising if, as he alleges, so soon as he shows himself to the friends of his youth, he will be rehabilitated. The result will be a singular vindication of the penetration and trustworthiness of the English bench, which, in spite of a national outcry, swept aside the plausible fabrications of Arthur Orton, whom half of England firmly believed then and believes to this day to be a wronged and persecuted nobleman.

A Sleepwalker.

Miss Sadie Lord is a pretty girl, who lives in Clinton, on the Bangor, Maine, railway. One cold night she got out of bed from her mother's side and went to the next room. Her mother missed her from her side and followed her, whereupon Sadie, in the thinnest of night garments, made a dash out of the door and ran almost directly in front of the express train, which came thundering along the track. The frightened mother shrieked as she ran after her, but the girl sped on her course, and by a miracle just missed the train. On she dashed into the darkness and barely escaped drowning in the deep and turbid river Kennebec. The mother had the church bell rung, and all the men that could be summoned in the night made a search for the missing girl. She was found far from home, sleeping under an ox-cart in a farm-yard. During all this time the girl was in a profound sleep and was surprised and terrified when she came to her senses. This phenomena of somnambulism is very curious. People have been known to take risks when unconscious, that would appal them if awake. They seem to be able to see with their eyes shut and to know the perils of their path with all their senses apparently closed to the outside world. There is a very pretty and popular opera, entitled "La Sonnambula," the heroine of which is a young girl who, on the night before her marriage, wandered into a strange gentleman's room. Her lover thought she was unfaithful, but by a happy accident, he and his friends saw her the following night walking while asleep and crossing a dangerous bridge over a mill stream, which no one would dare go near in their waking hours. Of course all ended happily.

The Worst Liar He Ever Met.

Among the inmates of a county insane asylum in a neighboring State is a man who is often perfectly sensible, and when accosted at such times causes visitors to wonder why he is confined there. This inmate entered into conversation the other day with a caller whose dress proclaimed him a clergyman. Said the madman:

"It was too bad, was it not, the killing of Grant at Chicago?"

"It was," said the minister, who followed the accepted custom of assenting to the statements of lunatics for peace sake.

"Hayes was assassinated at Cincinnati, was he not?" again asked the lunatic.

"Yes," replied the clergyman.

"And was not Queen Victoria murdered in her palace?" To this query from the madman the clerical visitor once more answered in the affirmative. The lunatic, with "damnable iteration," named, one after another, a dozen living royal personages, all of whom the clergyman was led to admit, had been put out of the way. Finishing his catechism, the madman turned on the clergyman and said, fiercely:

"Your dress shows you to be a minister, but you are the worst liar I ever met in my life!"

The meaning of "ss" that occurs in nearly all legal documents and advertising is not generally known. The symbol is derived from the Latin phrase "suo solutus"—i. e., greeting or addressing its own, those within its jurisdiction.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters; You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old fashioned bone set tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bitters.—Nevada News. 3124