

## 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 "Round Brook Route," at 8.30 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.  
 For Philadelphia, at 6.35, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.  
 For Reading, at 6.20, 6.30, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00 and 5.00 p. m.  
 For Pottsville, at 6.20, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m.  
 For Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 8.10 a. m. For Allentown, at 6.20, 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 "Round 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 12.35 a. m.  
 Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 7.50 and 7.45 p. m.  
 Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.  
 Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.30, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, 7.50 and 10.30 p. m.  
 Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.15 a. m., and 4.40 p. m.  
 Leave Allentown, at 6.00, 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 Allentown, at 9.05 p. m.

## BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave Harrisburg for Paxton, Lochleil 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, 7.00, 10.00 a. m., and 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.20, 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

## FREE TO EVERYBODY!

## A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

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

## GENIUS REWARDED,

—OR THEN—

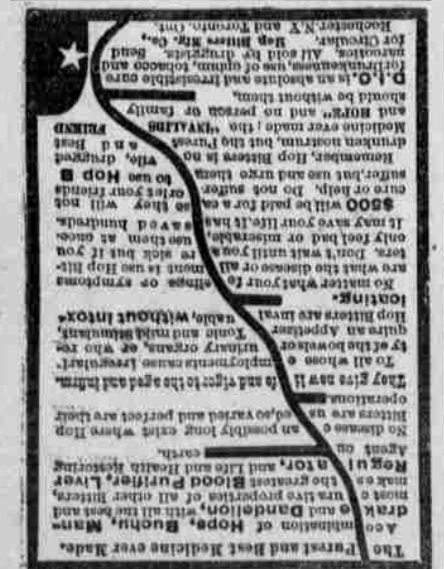
## Story of the Sewing Machine.

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving of the Singer Sewing Machine, also, 25 pages of elegant 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 by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

## The Singer Manufacturing Co.,

Principal Office, 34 Union Square,

38 1/2 New York City, N. Y.



## 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 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.

June 7, 1881. GEO. J. DELANCEY.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Susanus 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 21, 1881.  
 MORMIE Cloths and other Dress Goods in various styles. F. MORTIMER

FANCY Goods and Notions. Some new arrivals. F. MORTIMER.

OL. CLOTHS for Floors, Carriages and Tables. Prices low. F. MORTIMER.

## The Governor gets a Lesson.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper tells the following story:

"It's fine weather at the bay and everybody who can afford it takes a spin occasionally out of the dust and heat. Last Saturday Stanford and Gage were walking along Kearney Street, and when they got to the corner of Bush the Governor took off his hat, wiped his brow, and remarked:

"Steve, it's too hot for anything. What do you say to a breath of fresh air?"

"Have we time?" inquired Mr. Gage, pulling out his watch. So did the Governor, who replied:

"There isn't anything very pressing for a couple of hours, I guess, and we may as well take a spin out to the park. It isn't worth while to have out my horses. Let's take a hack, and then we can enjoy a walk when we get there. It'll be better than riding around the drives."

So they got into a coupe and were driven out to Golden Gate Park. At the entrance the Governor and Gage alighted.

"What's the fare?" asked the Governor.

"Only \$15, Gov'nur."

"What!" yelled Stanford and Gage in the same breath.

"Fifteen dollars," repeated cabby, unbuttoning his coat and spitting on his hands.

"But my good man," protested the Governor, "such a charge is exorbitant. The law confines you to a reasonable price for your services, and you can be arrested and punished for such a violation of the ordinance."

"Hang the law!" growled cabby. "My money bought and paid for this hack an' hosses, an' as Gov'nor Stanford said in his letter to the New York Chamber of Commerce, 'the essence of ownership is control.'"

"Hem!" coughed the Governor, looking slyly at Steve, who began to grin. "That's all well enough when applied to my railroads, but—but—er, now if you charge us fifteen dollars to bring us to the park, what on earth would you charge us to take us to the Cliff House?"

"Five dollars."

"From here?"

"No; from the city."

"But it's twice the distance!"

"Yes, but it's a competitive point. Fifteen to the park, five to the Cliff. No hoggin' about it. Through rates to the Cliff, local rates back to the park added—just as you fellows do when you charge \$300 for drawing a carload of stuff from New York to 'Frisko, and make it \$800 if you drop the car at Elko, about 500 miles nearer New York."

It was Steve's turn to cough and the Governor's to grin. "Well," said the Governor with a sigh, "take us to the Cliff."

At the Cliff House the Governor and Stephen drank their beer and smoked a cigar, and listened to the barking of the seals, and filled their lungs with the sea-breeze. Suddenly Steve clapped himself on the leg and cried out:

"By Jove, Governor! I forgot that lot of coal of Smith's that the sheriff is to sell at three o'clock. It's two now. If we miss that a chance to save at least a thousand dollars will be gone."

"Good heavens!" cried the Governor, snatching out his watch, "let's hurry back at once. Driver! Oh, driver!"

"Here, sir," answered cabby, who had been leaning over the balcony parapet within ear-shot, "here, sir."

"We want to return to town immediately," cried Mr. Gage.

"Ya'as, I s'pose so," said cabby, slowly chewing a straw, "but I'll take my pay in advance, if it's all the same to you, gents."

The Governor growled somewhat between his teeth and tendered him \$5.

"Taint enough," said cabby, contemptuously.

"In heaven's name, how far will your extortion go?" snorted the Governor. "How much more do you want?"

"Five hundred more," calmly replied the hackman.

"Hey?" shrieked Steve and the Governor.

"Five hundred, an' not a cent less," replied cabby.

"How sir—er—damme, sir! how do you dare ask such a price for driving two gentlemen four or five miles?" snorted the Governor.

"I based my charge on what the traffic will bear, some as the railroads does," replied the hackman, with a grin. "If taters is sellin' in Los Angeles for fifty cents a bushel and at \$3 a bushel at Tucson, you fellows charge the poor devil of a rancher \$2.50 a bushel to haul his taters to Tucson and gobble all the profit. Now, I ain't as hoggish as that. I heard Mr. Gage say if he could get into town by three o'clock he could make a thousand dollars. As there ain't no other hack here, I'm as good a 'monopoly for this wunst as any blasted railroad on earth; but ain't so greedy. I don't want

all you can make by usin' my hack."

"I'm willin' to get along with half."

With a dismal groan the Governor and Steve emptied their pockets and counted out the money.

"Now, see here," said cabby, as he closed the door of the hack on his victims. "I've done for wunst what you roosters do day in an' day out have been doin' for years, an' made your millions by it. I happen to be able to give you a small dose of yer own medicine for wunst, an' I don't want you to do no kickin'. I know you kin send me to jail for runnin' my business on your principles, but if you jails me I'll have to have yer blood when I get out, an' don't yer forget it."

Hereupon the hackman clapped the door to with a bang, and climbing to his seat drove at a rattling pace to the place where the sheriff was about to sell out poor Smith. Smith was a coal dealer who didn't have special rates.

When the nihilist had finished this absurd, and libelous tale he took his foot off the editorial desk, laughed hoarsely, and departed for the nearest saloon.

## Getting a Straight Answer.

"DID you ever observe," said Col. Gilhooly to Major Spilkins, as they meandered down Galveston avenue, "did you ever observe, Major, how difficult it is to get a straightforward answer—a plain yes or no, from people generally."

"I don't think I ever did."

"Well, sir," continued Gilhooly, "I'll bet two schooners of beer that we can go into a dozen of stores and ask if they have got certain things, and if they have not got them, the storekeeper will not say so, plain out, in one single instance."

Spilkins investigated his clothing, and finding two car tickets, said it was a bet.

Then they strayed into a French or Italian fruit store; and Gilhooly asked: "Have you a green watermelon for sale?"

"Watermelon!" exclaimed the astounded foreigner, "zis is ze wintairs season."

"I didn't ask you for any meteorological intelligence. Anybody who pays ten dollars a cord for wood is apt to suspect that summer is fading away; besides, I've got an almanac at home. Have you got a green watermelon?"

"Here is ze orange, ze banana, ze apple."

"Don't want any lessons in botany. Have you got a green watermelon?"

"Ze green watermelon is not ripe."

"I don't ask whether it is ripe or not; I merely asked you if you had one; but come, Spilkins, let's go. He will give us a history of the French revolution before he answers the question. Let's meander."

The next place was a millinery establishment.

"Madame," said Gilhooly, "have you a fried mule for sale?"

The lady got as red as a turkey gobbler and craning her neck out said:

"Sah?"

"Have you a fried mule in your elegant establishment?"

"I've got a husband, and brothers, sir, who protect me from insult."

"I don't ask for your pedigree, ma'am. I've got one of my own. There is no insult intended. I merely asked you a civil question."

"I've got a husband. John! Oh John!"

"No need of calling him, ma'am. If you will say that he is a mule, you needn't produce him. We will take your word for it."

"John! Oh, John! come quick here are two galoots insulting me."

"Let's go," said Spilkins. "I'll pass an appropriation to pay for the beer."

"You might as well," responded Gilhooly, "for you won't get an answer straight out. If you go into a drug store and ask for a cranberry pie, or some baled hay, or a copy of Pope's Essay on Man, or an accordion, they will spring some new liver encourager on you or a box of bunion eradicator."

And they went and got the beer.

## Ordering John Adams Below.

ONE of the most successful of the commanders of the American navy during the Revolution was Commander Samuel Tucker of Marblehead. His biographer, with pardonable pride in his hero, claims that he "took more prizes, fought more sea-fights and gained more victories than, with a few exceptions, any naval hero of the age."

The simple manners that then prevailed in Marblehead are illustrated by an anecdote of the way Mr. Tucker's commission as captain was presented to him. He was chopping wood one day in his yard, with his sleeves rolled up and a tarpaulin hat slouching over his face. Suddenly an officer rode up to the gate and halted, looking as if he had made a mistake.

"I say, fellow," he shouted, somewhat roughly, to the wood-chopper, "I

wish you would tell me if the Honorable Samuel Tucker lives about here."

"Honorable? Honorable?" answered Tucker. "There is not a man of that name in Marblehead. He must be one of the family of Tuckers in Salem. I am the only Samuel Tucker there is here."

Something about the young man suggested to the officer that the commission which he had borne, appointing Samuel Tucker to Captain in the American Navy, belonged to the wood-chopper. He handed it to him and returned to Cambridge.

Captain Tucker always obeyed to the letter. He was ordered to the Boston, which ship was assigned to carry John Adams as an envoy to France. One day the Boston, falling in with an armed merchantman, engaged her. Mr. Adams, seizing a musket, took his place among the marines, and when Captain Tucker ordered him below continued at his post.

"Mr. Adams," said the resolute captain, laying hold of the Minister and forcing him away, "I am commanded by Continental Congress to deliver you safe in France, and you must go down below, sir!" Mr. Adams obeyed and left the deck.

## A Question of Time.

"DID it ever occur to you, my dear, that a person going overland would have to mail two letters a day from the train in order to have one letter a day return to San Francisco?" asked Major Max the other evening after the cloth was removed from the table and his wife was pouring his glass of two-thirds benedictine and one-third curacao, which his wife contended was the only civilized drink with which to prepare for the after-dinner cigar.

Mrs. Max passed the Major his cordial and waited a moment before replying: "Why, no; it seems to me that if a person traveling east mailed a letter each day by a westward-bound train a letter would arrive here each day."

Mrs. Max answered cautiously, for while she knew that the Major pretended to deplore the fact that she was illogical, he really derived much comfort from his superior comprehension, and was somewhat addicted to studying out intricate propositions with which to puzzle the lady.

"You think so, do you?" queried the Major, as though about to be convinced by her, while in truth he only wanted her to commit herself more decidedly that his victory would be the more signal.

"Why, yes," Mrs. Max continued, somewhat assured, "if you mailed a letter on the first day out, it would get here the next day; if you mailed one the day following it would arrive here a day after the first, and the letters being mailed twenty-four hours apart would, of course continue to arrive here a day apart. They couldn't grow farther apart on the road, could they, Major?"

Mrs. Max wound up this sequence of feminine logic with a triumphant accent and felt sure that she had posed the Major, for he did not reply until after lighting a cigar. Then he said slowly: "You post a letter the first day out?"

"Yes."

"That letter arrives here the day after you leave?"

"Certainly. One day gone, one letter received."

"Exactly. Well the next day—a little curacao, straight, please—the next day you post another letter from the train, and—"

"And that arrives here the day after the first, of course, making two days out and two letters received, and so on to New York. Eh, Major?"

If Mrs. Max had not been examining a new pattern of lace she had in her sleeves she might have noticed the satisfied smile the Major had as he leaned back in his chair and said:

"The second day out, you would be at Ogden?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't it take as long for a letter to return to San Francisco as it had taken you to go to Ogden?"

"I suppose so."

"Then the second letter would arrive here two days after you arrived at Ogden and four days after you had left here?"

Mrs. Max looked up and said hesitatingly:

"Well, I don't see how you make that out."

"I did not make it out, Mrs. Max, I only asked if I was right."

"No, you are not; if you post a letter on a returning train each day I say that a letter must arrive here each day, and I don't care."

"Mrs. Max, how long does it take to go to New York?"

"Seven days I suppose."

"Then a letter a day would be seven letters. You would post your sixth letter on your sixth day out, and it would take it six days more to return, being twelve days after you left here. Now,

## A Chinese Funeral.

The New York Tribune says: Preparations for a Chinese funeral which were observed on Tuesday afternoon attracted much attention in the neighborhood of the Grand-street Ferry to Brooklyn. The deceased man was named Con Suito, and he was a laundryman. Unable to send his body back to China, the friends of Con Suito were forced to content themselves with burying their departed one in the unhallowed soil of the Cemetery of the Evergreens. Thirty-five carriages followed the hearse. The pallbearers and mourners were clad in white. The bearers were followed by a coach containing a basket of wax candles and joss-sticks for use at the burial. Next came a band of musicians, who made all the noise they could with gongs, cymbals and horns. Only one woman was noticed in the procession; she was white, with regular Caucasian features. The master of ceremonies rode on the hearse, and continually scattered to the wind small bits of rice paper. When the grave was reached, the musicians made day hideous while the coffin was lowered by the eight white-robed bearers. When the earth had been leveled, a banner was planted at each end of the mound. The joss-sticks were also lighted upon the grave, burning with a pleasant odor. At the same time a little fire was kindled at the side and paper money was burned there. The remainder of the rice paper was pinned to the grave. Then the friends of the dead man passed in turn around the grave and made a low bow to it with clasped hand uplifted. Already there are a number of Chinese graves in the Cemetery of the Evergreens, the only cemetery hereabouts which is patronized by them. The graves are grouped together.

## A Mystery Explained.

The Scranton Republican says: Engineers and trainmen running between Green Ridge and Mill Creek, on the D. and H. road, have been considerably mystified of late at the appearance some two or three times a week of an old gentleman about eighty years old and as deaf as an adder, dragging himself along the double track between Yatesville and Mill Creek. Several times have trains been stopped and the old gentleman carried off the track by the obliging trainmen, who could learn nothing from him more than that he was "doing errands for some one." A few days ago, however, the true inwardness of the thing was ventilated, and it was discovered that his name was Hale, and he was sent down the railroad track ostensibly to do errands by some rascals who have a ten thousand dollar policy on the old man's life. The mystery is now explained, and the aged gentleman's pleasure trips on the railroad will probably be discontinued.

## Got His Deserts.

Antonio, Colorado, has been for several months, infested by a gang of robbers, who have plundered all strangers arriving in the town. George C. O'Connor, a saloon keeper and justice of the peace, in his capacity as justice, shielded the ruffians, and "had citizens arrested and fined without provocation." He was, in fact, regarded as the principal of the gang. On Thursday evening, while O'Connor was going from Alamosa to Antonio, he fell asleep in the railroad car, and had a brakeman arrested for waking him up. He then went to a hotel and abused the landlord, covering him with two revolvers. On Friday O'Connor rode through town on horseback a Winchester rifle and two revolvers, "threatening everybody." A little later, a vigilance committee caught him in a saloon, and taking him to an old slaughter-house, hanged him there.

## Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months use of the Bitters my wife was cured and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T., St. Paul.—Pioneer Press.