

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 8:30 a. m. and 1:45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 6:30, 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 8:00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5:20, 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 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 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, 5:20 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, 1:00, 8:20, 9:20 p. m. and 12:30 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9:45 a. m., 4:00, 7:20 and 8:45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 6:00, 9:30 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4:00, 7:30, 11:50 a. m., 1:30, 6:15, 7:50 and 10:35 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, 4:20, 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 7:30 a. m. and 10:35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 9:05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave Harrisburg for Faxon, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 8:45 a. m., 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., 2:20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6:10 p. m., and on Saturday only, 8:10, 9:30, 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. ENSMINGR, 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

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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

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Advertisement for HOP BITTERS. Includes text: 'If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties...' and an illustration of a bottle of Hop Bitters.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between Geo. A. Liggett and G. J. Delancy, of Perry county, Pa., under the firm name of Liggett & Delancy, 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 officer for collection. GEO. J. DELANCY.

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 17, 1881.

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

An Exciting Elopement.

A gentleman from Allen County, who chanced to be in the city yesterday, tells a story of a romantic runaway match which is now being extensively canvassed in that part of the State.—Scottsville, a pretty village situated in the county mentioned, about fifteen miles from the Tennessee line, is the home of some of the most aristocratic people in Kentucky. It is a place noted for pretty girls and gallant young men, and among all these the sweetest belle was Miss Ollie Brown, and the handsomest beau Mr. Joseph Carpenter. They loved each other unto desperation. Theirs was the sort of love that always leads to marriage, and months ago they determined to link their destinies. In this case as in many others, the only obstacle was parental objection. Miss Brown's mother positively declared that she was not old enough to get married, being only fourteen, and her sweetheart's entreaties were in vain. The young people made one or two ineffectual attempts at elopement, but they were never once balked in their determination to carry out the scheme in the sweet by and by. On last Thursday young Mr. Carpenter drove in a buggy to the residence of his sweetheart, and once more besought her mother to consent to an early wedding. Mrs. Brown was inexorable, Miss Brown was tearful, and Mr. Carpenter excited. At last, when every prayer had been denied, the young man boldly put the question to his sweetheart: "Will you go with me, or mind your mother and remain at home?" The girl looked up through her tears, first at her mother and then at her lover. "I'll go with you," she said at length. "Then come," and with these words young Carpenter caught his lady love in his arms, and hurrying out of the house, leaped into the buggy that was standing in front of the door. The horse received a smart blow with the whip and jumped away on a dead run. As soon as Mrs. Brown realized the situation she screamed for assistance at the top of her voice. In a few moments the little town was wild with excitement, but the volume of sympathy seemed to be with the young people, who had just whirled through the streets at a terrific rate of speed, taking the road that led to Gallatin, Tenn. The mother whose daughter had been stolen, wildly besought somebody to go in pursuit of the fugitives, and if possible, stop the wedding. At length Mr. Manion, a young lawyer, and the Judge of the Police Court, consented. In a few moments he was mounted upon a horse of speed and bottom, rattling out of the town in the direction taken by the buggy at a pace that would have captured the "gentleman's cup" at any fair in the State. From the very start it was a race of whip and spur. The fugitives were evidently making for 'Squire Fike's office, which is just across the Tennessee line, and Judge Manion was hot on their trail. It was a chase long to be remembered by the people who witnessed it. In front a horse flecked with foam, going at top speed, and drawing a light buggy, in which a youth sat, with resolution upon his face, and a beautiful girl nestled trustingly by his side. Perhaps a mile in the rear a solitary horseman, applying whip and spur, thundered along over the level turnpike. The buggy had the best of the race, and pulled up in front of 'Squire Fike's office fifteen minutes in the lead of the man on horseback. The clever 'Squire promptly adjusted his spectacles and read the marriage license. It was all right, and the ceremony would be performed, so the 'Squire said, and he was on the point of pronouncing the words so feverishly awaited by the young people, when Judge Manion, riding like a professional jockey, bore down upon the party and signalled the officer of the law to stop. "I object to this wedding," he said, flinging himself off his panting horse. "Upon what grounds?" asked the 'Squire. "It is the wish of the lady's mother that she shall not marry. I have come at her bidding." "You'll have to show something in writing," said the 'Squire bluntly. Judge Manion promptly took his seat at a table and dashed off an affidavit reciting the facts. 'Squire Fike read it, and, much to the discomfort of the runaways refused to proceed with the ceremony. The young people pleaded, but all to no purpose. At length Mr. Carpenter said in very simple language: "We will go further. Get in the buggy, my dear. Judge Manion you may prepare for another race. We are off for Gallatin."

The young man meant exactly what he said, and in a few minutes the race was renewed. The distance to Gallatin was eighteen miles, but the buggy horse was staunch and true as the love of the young couple he was drawing. He leaped nimbly away from the string, and once more got the best of the start.—Judge Manion, nothing daunted, again took the saddle and put spurs to his faithful courser. For four miles the

race was neck and neck, neither entry for the grand prize flagging; but at the finish of that distance the horse under saddle cast a shoe and stumbled to the ground completely exhausted. The buggy glided unaccompanied to Gallatin.—Judge Manion picked himself up, determined to carry out his mission, and walked along the road for three miles, when he procured another horse, this time a sorry plug, and started once more on a run. In the meantime, however, our young people had arrived at Gallatin.—A preacher was secured and the wedding was performed at the principal hotel in the presence of a dozen specially invited guests. Judge Manion galloped into town on his worn-out hack just in time to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, which he did with the best grace possible. It will be interesting to the readers of the Courier-Journal in Louisville to know that the bride is the daughter of Mr. Robert L. Brown, formerly a well-known merchant of this city. She is also a cousin by marriage of Gen. Eli H. Murray. She is but 14 years of age.—Courier-Journal.

Curious Eye Sight. ONE day last winter a gentleman living near Litchfield Mich., took with him to a sleigh ride his daughter, who is just past sixteen years of age. It was a very bright sunny day, but cold. The glistening snow which had fallen the night before was bright and almost dazzling. The man to protect his eyes, wore a pair of glasses shaded blue, but the young girl had nothing to protect her eyes from the intense glare. Nothing was thought of it at the time, but upon arriving home the girl complained of her eyes paining her. Her mother bathed them with cream, thinking that in the morning they would be all right, but when morning came they were much worse, and continuing to grow still more so they called in a physician, but all to no purpose, as he could do nothing to relieve the pain which her eyes gave her. To make the story short the girl was obliged to be kept in a dark room where no ray of light could enter for six long weary months. From time to time other physicians were employed, but none could give her relief. They finally came to the conclusion that she would eventually become blind. In this way she remained a close prisoner in this room, as a single ray of light, either from the sun or from a lamp, pained her eyes, which were relieved when the room was darkened.

One day last week, while she was sitting there all alone, she felt a new sensation about her eyes which she had not experienced before—as she described it: "It seemed as if my eyes were running out, or part of them. Putting my hand up to my eyes I could feel something coming out over my lower eyelids, which I took hold of and pulled out. It gave me some pain to do so, but almost immediately my eyes felt better—instead of a smarting sensation when I winked they felt cool and natural and it was a pleasure to wink them. Then came the thought, Why, my eyes are better, and I believed I could bear the light, which thought so impressed upon my mind that I was determined to try. Hesitatingly I opened the door, when to my great joy I found I was able to bear the light as well as I ever could. The feeling that came over me at the moment that I found that I could once more see the glorious sunlight again was so overpowering that I gave one scream of joy and then fainted away."

Now comes the strangest part of the story. Her eyes, which six months ago were straight and natural, are now what we call cross-eyed, but the girl pays no attention to that. She sees things just the same as she always did, but let her close her right eye and look out of only her left eye and she can see a distance of eight or ten miles and distinguish things as well as an ordinary person can only sixty rods away. She is able to look clear to the lake, a distance of three and a half miles, and identify any one, describing their dress, even seeing a fishpole in their hands, and can tell when they catch a fish. The distant hills are brought close to her and she can see the farmers getting in their hay, even counting the number of heaps, which in an air line are seven miles from her. To test her we procured the largest field glass we could get and her sight would far out-reach any object we could see. If she closes her left eye and looks out of the right, then she cannot see anything except close to her, but that eye is a perfect microscope. She is able to distinguish things that the natural eye cannot see. The point of a needle looks as blunt as a crowbar, and it is wonderful to hear her describe the beautiful colors of flies and other insects. To her the hairs on your head look as large as darning needles and in the finest piece of linen she can count the threads as easily as any one can count bean poles. The moment she opens both eyes they assume the cross-eyed expression or shape, and then she sees again as any other person. It is the intention of her father to take

her to New York at no distant day to let some of the celebrated physicians there see this wonderful phenomenon.

A Woman in a bad Fix.

The Cleveland Leader says: Last evening the particulars were learned of a distressing occurrence at Euclid. There lives within the limits of the town named a middle-aged farmer named Henry Goodplover, who, although honest, is not addicted to the careful observation of the Biblical injunction to keep holy the Sabbath, which is indicative of a pious man. On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Goodplover attended the circus and the lady remarked with feelings of admiration and astonishment the contortions of the India rubber man who placed his feet on the back of his own neck with manifest ease and grace. The circus ended, and the Euclid delegation returned home Mrs. G. deeply thoughtful. Yesterday the farmer, who, as stated above, is not a member of any religious denomination, accompanied by his hired men, betook himself to the oats field to make up for lost time. After the man had departed, Mrs. Goodplover sat down on the floor to carry out a plan which she had been turning over in her mind. She is of a very emulative nature, and the more she thought of the India rubber man the more she became fixed in the belief that she could discount some of his efforts. The first feat attempted was putting her feet back of her neck. The right foot was adjusted with circumstantial ease. All attempts to get the other one up failed utterly and dimly. Finally, concluding that the day was not a good one for playing circus, Mrs. G. tried to get her right foot down, but was unable to do so. Finally, realizing her desperate condition, Mrs. Goodplover's efforts were little less than superhuman, but they were no good; the foot would not come down, and at length the unfortunate woman gave over her fruitless exertions. In the meantime the cheerful husband and hired man were breaking the Sabbath and making the oat field look sick. All the morning they toiled, and as noon came on they looked anxiously and expectantly toward the house, but no signs that dinner was ready were received. At last the shadows and yearning stomachs convinced the reapers that dinner time was long past. The farmer led the way to the house, and on entering the door his startled gaze fell on the form of the wife of his bosom coiled up on the floor like a section of hose, the fire out and the dishes unwashed. The horrified man thought it was an attack of green cucumbers, but on attempting to raise his help-meet discovered the trouble and proceeded to straighten the woman out. No more circus for her.

Lucifers by The Million.

Edward Prince, splint manufacturer of Horseshoe Bay Buckingham township, is authority for the statement that there are in the United States and Canada, about twenty-two match factories, and that the daily production—and consequently daily consumption—is about 25,000 gross per day. It may seem a queer statement to make that 100,000 hours of each successive day are spent by the people of the two countries in striking a light, but such is undoubtedly the case. In each gross of matches manufactured there are 144 boxes, so that 25,000 gross produces 3,600,000 boxes. Each box, at least those made in the States, where a duty of a cent on every box is levied—contains 100 matches, so that the number of matches produced and used daily amounts to 360,000,000.—Counting that it takes a second to light each match—and it is questionable whether it can be done in less time than that, while some men occupy several minutes sometimes in trying to strike a light, particularly when boozy—to light the 360,000,000 would take just that number of seconds. This gives 6,000,000 minutes, or 100,000 hours. In days of twenty-four hours each it figures up to 4,166 2/3, and gives eleven years and five months, with a couple of days extra, as the time occupied during every twenty-four hours by the people of North America—not figuring on the Mexicans—in striking matches. Figuring a little further, it gives 4,159 years' time in each year. The fact may seem amazing but is undoubtedly correct.

A Sharp Dog Trap.

The Lynchburg Virginian describes an ingenious trap devised by a Virginia farmer to capture sheep killing dogs.—Having suffered severely from the depredations of dogs upon his sheep fold, he built around a number of sheep that dogs had killed an inclosure of rails twelve feet high and about ten feet square at the ground, the sides of the trap sloping inward until an opening was made about five feet square. Any dog could easily climb such a sloping fence and enter the pen, but not even a greyhound could jump out of it. In three nights the farmer captured

forty six dogs, including fifteen or twenty he had never seen before in that neighborhood. This, after there had been a public slaughter of all the dogs suspected of sheep killing, save one, whose master could not be convinced of his guilt. The trap was built for his especial benefit, and it caught him the first night.

Shoeling Maud S.

Ordinarily the shoeling of a horse is not an attractive spectacle. But when it is announced that a famous trotter like Maud S. is to have new shoes, the mere mention of the fact is sufficient to draw a crowd of spectators. Such an announcement, says the Hartford Times, was made yesterday, and Prof. Hule, the well-known shoer of this city, was selected for the job. The mare was driven to the blacksmith shop of Hule & Dart, in an open buggy by Mr. Bair, her trainer, accompanied by C. Stone.—At the blacksmith shop there was such a crowd gathered that it required the united efforts of two policemen to keep the room clear during the operation of shoeling. There were a great many of these people who wanted a shoe, but they were disappointed, for every shoe, every nail, and also hair from the tail and mane of the famous mare are saved to be given away as souvenirs to the friends of the owner. Professor Hule performed the job in his accustomed style, for he is noted among horsemen for the excellence of his work, and has shod more of the famous race horses in the country than any other man. Mr. Bair watched every nail driven. The new shoes put on are of the finest steel and of the best finish. The forward ones are plain concave, and weighed 16 1/2 ounces. The hind shoes are convex and weigh 8 ounces.

A Cat Story.

In the year 1783 a merchant who resided at Messina, in Sicily, had, it is said, two favorite cats, and their manners one day alarmed him. The two animals were anxiously endeavoring to work their way through the door; their master, observing their fruitless labors, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they found closed, they repeated their efforts; and on being set completely at liberty, they immediately ran straight through the street and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct, followed the animals out of the town into the fields, where he saw them again scratching and burrowing into the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses, in the city fell down, of which the merchant's was one, so he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of these domestic animals.

A Stubborn Deacon.

A story is told of a self-willed deacon, who was always on the wrong side, and ludicrously stubborn. When the temperance reform was in full feather, and the question was discussed in the church, of which he was an officer, as a matter of course he opposed it. He would not consent to its presentation in the Sunday school; he also objected vehemently to the distribution of tracts. One day, in the presence of a full house, one of the members of the church made the case of the deacon a subject of prayer. He said: "O, Lord! if thy servant, our brother, continues his opposition to us, wilt thou, in thy tender mercies, remove him from the church militant below to the church triumphant above?" "I won't go!" thundered the indignant and obstinate deacon.

Saved his Money.

Mr. William Hughes, of Fayette county, stopped a few nights ago with a relative named Shadrick, in Allegheny township, Somerset county, and during the night had a somewhat exciting adventure. He had \$800 with him and did a little indiscreet blowing about it. Some time in the night a burglar entered his room, which was on the first floor of the house, and a desperate combat ensued, ending in a victory for Mr. Hughes, who escaped with his life and his money. He received several ugly wounds, however.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did for me as you observe." Read of it.—Cairo Bulletin, 36

If you win by cunning you also lose by it—lose that which is of more value than any object gained by it—character.

Thousands of ladies to-day cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It positively cures all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets. 37