THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., SEPTEMBER 13, 1881.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

June 27th, 1881.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows :

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Fellows:
For New York via Allentown, at 8.05 a. m.
L45 and 4.00 p. m.
For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," 5.37 8,55 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 0.31, 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 8.09 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 8.20, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.10 p. m., and via Schuyklill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.
For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

1.00 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, Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows :

Leave NewYork via Allentown, 5.10 and 9.00 a. m. 1.09 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, 8.29, 9.20 p. m., and 12,35 a. m.

12.35 a.m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a.m., 4.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p.m. Leave Fottsville, 5.00, 9,10 a.m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Fottsville, 5.00, 7.30, 11.50 a.m., 1.50, 6.15, 7.50 and 10,35 p.m. Leave Pottsville via Schnytkill and Susquehanna Beanch 5.15 a.m. and 1.40 p.m.

Branch, 5.15 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Allenbown, at 6.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, via Allentown at 5.30 p. m. Leave Poiladelphia, 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, Lochici 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.

Returbing, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.00, 10.60 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 to 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. Sor A careful hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878. tf



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.

containing a handsome and costly steel engrav ing frontspice; also, 25 fuely 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 by application at the branch and subordi-nate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

The Singer Manufacturing Co.,

A Comical Wedding.

from the woods, the fellow and his girl

both riding on a load of hoop-poles or tan

bark, and sometimes holding themselves

on to a three-foot log that a yoke of oxen

was snaking in from a bark peeling.

One Fourth of July I took for wedding

fees a coonskin, two railroad ties, a pint

of applejack, three dozen hoop-poles,

twenty-five cents in pennics, two quarts

of low-bush huckleberries, and a promise

to vote for me when I was a candidate.

But that was an unusually good Fourth

for fees. The couples that I'd hitch,

taking the average run of 'em, would

"Well, now, 'squire, we'em much

obleged. When you come 'long our way,

'squire, drop in an we'll flop an extry

" But I never hankered after slapjacks

" One day I was sitting in my office in

Mose's bar-room thinking what I'd best

do for a funny pain I had in my stom-

ach, when in walked a big, strapping

hoop-pole cutter and bark forager from

'way back 'o the Knob. He had his

daughter with him. The girl's name

was Mag. Mag was about 19, but, stars

alive | she was blame near six feet blgb,

and I'll bet she could lift a barrel of

whiskey over a seven-rail fence. She

Busy, 'squire ?'' asked the old man.

"" Wall, 'squire, I s'pose you know

that Jerry Elwine's got the best groun'-

hog dog there is in the hull Knob ken-

"" I never heard of Jerry Elwine or his

ground-hog dog," said I, partly on ac-

count of the pain in my stomach and a

plagued sight madder because Mag had

sot down on a straw hat of mine that I

""What! never heered o' that dog,

'squire ?" said Mag. " Never heered o'

ole Tobe ? W.a.a.l, ef that don't take the

""Wall' anyhow, whether ye over heerd of him or not," the old man put

in, "he's back o' the Knob, an' Jerry

owns him. An' the trouble is 'squire,

Jerry's so cussed 'feered of his dog that

he won't let any one hunt groun' hogs

with him but hisself an' he's talkin' o'

" If Jerry Elwain sells that air dog,

said Mag, "I'll rattle the teeth out'n

him; I don't care ef we agoin to get

"I began to think that the old man

and his girl had come to get an order of

court on Jerry Elwine to appear and

show cause why he shouldn't let Tobe

hunt with any person who wanted him,

and why a perpetual injunction

shouldn't be issued forbidding him to

". The fact o' the matter is, 'squire,"

continued the father, "that dog's too

sell the dog over in Monroe county.

sellin' him over in M'roe county.

grease off'n my griddle !"

spliced !"

wouldn't have taken a dollar note for.

was pretty good looking for all that.

"Not particular," I said.

try, don't you ?"

with salt pork gravy and molasses, so

those fees are coming in yet.

most likely say :

slapjack."

'em I,d be out in the course of two or " T USED to marry a good many folks three days. In the latter part of the week I took the buck.board and drove when I was justice of the peace in out. It was fifteen miles, over the cuss-Blooming Grove," said Uncle Ira Chrissedest road you ever saw. I was over six man, the other day, "They generally hours on the way. I found the house. wanted to get spliced on the Fourth of It was a clearing of about three acres, July or Christmas. They'd come in

divided up into a furnip patch, a cabbage patch and a patch of potatoes. A man was milking a cow in the barnyard. On a board by the front door lay the ugliest-looking yaller dog I ever saw. "That's Tobe, I s'pose," I said to myself. When I stopped my horse the dog got up. I tied the horse to the fence and walked toward the house. Tobe walked toward me. He had only one eye. He showed his teeth and growled. I snapped my fingers and said : "Come here; that's a nice feller." He gave one spring, and had me by the pants in less than no time. I yelled. The door opened and Mag come out.

"Oh, it's you, is it, 'squire? Git out Tobe! He's only playin' 'squire. Ain't he the boss? You orto to see him shake a groun'-hog. Come in 'squire, come in. He ketched one to-day, and, by darn ! we'll git the thing right over, like pullin' a tooth. Git out, Tobe, you ornary cuss !"

" Tobe left and I went in. I had a notion to put a ball in the dog first though. Mag's mother was peeling 'taters in a tin basin. Mag had been washing, and her blue hickory dress was as wet as a dish rag. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders, and her hair was sticking over her head in all directions.

" Mam," she said, 'h'yer's the 'squire. I'll call John out'n the barn-yard, an' we'll fix Tobe in his 'tater patch as solid as a pine knot, in less'n two minits; Dad ain't here, but odd's the difference."

"" Hold on a jiffy," said the woman. "I wanter settle suthin, fast. Ye know, 'squire, Jerry's got consider'ble property."

"" Has he ?" said I. " I didn,t know It."

"' La, bless you ! yes, hoop pole up 'long the creek, an' half a cord o' bark in the woods. Then he's got two bushels o' turnips comin' from old Grindy, an' a share in that coon him an' anoth er feller ketched last Sunday. Besides, he's got a new pair o' 14 shillin' cowskin boots, and a pair o' patent Kentucky jean overhauls. Ye see, 'squire, Jerry's well fixed, an, what I want to know is this : Jerry ain't very wholesome. I think he's got indigestion of the lungs. Anyway, in case he should drop off suddint without a will, I want to know kin his durned ornary brother Lije claim them boots an'soverhauls, or will they go with the rest 'o the things to his sorrowin' widder ?"

"I set the old lady's fears at rest. The widow would fall heir to the poots and overalls, I said. ""Then call in Jerry," she said, " and we'll hustle this thing through with bells on."

"" Mag went to 'the door.

"Jere-r-e-e! You Jerry !" she called at the top of the voice.

"'What-a yer want?" came back from the barnyard. "Yer allus a yellin' arter something."

"The 'squire's come, you big lummix.

Bourbon inside of themselves, I told to be worth more'n the extra sixpence, 'squire.''

"I was so mad that I could have crammed my hat down the old man's throat. But I said I'd take the threeand six.

" Wall, 'squire," said the bark.peeler, "I ain't sold no hoop-poles yit this season but I'll be down 'lection day or Thanksgiven' an' band you them figgers. Or say, 'squire, if you kin use some groun'-hog-"

"That was about all I cared to hear just then. I rattled my buck-board away from there as fast as I could. I met Tobe about half a mile down this road, slouching along the edge of the woods. I heard afterward that they never saw him again, and that Mag charged Jerry with selling him on the sly, and went to Milford to see if that wasn't ground for a divorce. But they never charged me with shooting the dog and throwing it into the woods, as some folks have said they did."

Industrial Secrets.

CENTURY ago what a man discov-A ered in the arts he concealed. Workmenwere put upon an oath never to reveal the process used by their emplyers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by thick-set fences of empirical pretensions and judicial affirmation. The royal manufactories of porcelain, for example, were carried on in Europe with a spirit of jealous exclusiveness. His majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with the oath of secrecy imposed upon his workpeople, he would not abate his kingly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither king nor king's delegate might enter the tabooed walls of Meissen. What is erroneously called the Dresden porcelain-that exquisite pottery of which the world has never seen its like-was produced for two hundred years by a process so secret that neither the bribery of princes nor the garrulity of the operatives revealed it. Other discoveries has been less successfully guarded, fortunately for the world. The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need be informed that tinware is simply thin iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron, dip it into a bath of boiling tin, remove it enveloped with a silvery metal to a place of cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult in the arts. It was discovered in Holland, and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for more than half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, insinuated himself master of the secret, and brought it home. The secret of manufacturing cast steel was also stealthily obtained, and is now within

A Sea Monster.

sence of mind that was extraordinary. raised his body until it reached the belt which turned the flange, and by sheer strength of muscle held the machinery still, thus putting his strength against the strength of a twenty-horse power engine. In this condition, with his crushed and mangled limb still in the machine, he held out against the engine until he was rescued by other workmen. who had come to see what was the matter with the machinery. Truesdale, who will recover, is about six feet high. and weighs 170 pounds. He is a glant In strength.-Kansas City Times.

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A California Barbecue.

The first preparation for the barbecue was the slaughter of a dozen sheep, a dozen porkers and half a score of beeves-fatted, all of them, for the occasion-the selected of countless flocks, droves and herds, choice, fat and young. Next the trench was dug ; 115 feet long ; 4 feet deep and 4 feet broad. From that moment all the operations were conducted under the immediate management of the chief of the barbecue and his assistants. At midnight on Saturday a fire was lighted the entire length of the treuch, and carefully fed until 6 o'clock the next morning. Scientifically fed was the fire, for the seven cords of wood must leave no charred or smoky embers; nothing but glowing coals, frosted with clean white burnt ashes. The sides and bottom of the trench were heated almost to a red heat. Then the quartered beef and the whole sheep and pigs were placed on to cook. Each plece-there were seven carcases of beef, ten of sheep, and ten of pork placed on at once-was spitted with rods of iron, the ends of which rested on either bank of the trench. Each piece, too, was seasoned with a coating of salt and pepper, and basted at each turning. The "basting" was contained in a kettle over an adjoining fire, and consisted of melted butter, seasoned with care by the chief. The chief with a small mop and can of basting, moved from spit to spit, and with the confidence of long experience moistened the rich smelling sides of the browning carcasses with the care that an artist applies the finishing touches to his exhibition picture. His assistants turned the spits or with a small broom sprinkled water on the coals beneath the pieces which were browning too fast. This process continued from 60'clock in the morning until noon, when the chief turned over his charge to the carvers. They demonstrated the result to be perfectly cooked meats, not a drop of whose juices had escaped; tender, rich-flavored, unsurpassable.—San Francisco Chron.

A Spider Bite Postpones a Wedding.

The Bristol, Conn., Press says : Joseph Hommel, a German baker in the employ of Mr. Strunz, was bitten on the cheek last Saturday morning about 3 o'clock, while at work in the bakery, as is supposed by a black spider. In about a half hour the cheek began to swell, and in a few hours was puffed out like a glass-blower's. He went to a drug store where some ammonia was applied, but this seemed to increase the pain, instead of dimishing it. He then went physician, but no remedy seemed immediately effective, and he was confined to his bed two or three days. The swelling extended all over the side of the face, over upper lip and chin, and across the throat so that he could breathe only with difficulty. The remedies finally gained the mastery, and on Tuesday he resumed work. He was to have been married Saturday, but the ceremony was postponed till yesterday.

Principal Office, 34 Union 13 S ly New York City, N.Y.



Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is bereby given that the partnership of the existing between Geo. A. Liggett and G.J. Delancy. of Perry county, Pa. under the particle of the present of the partnership are to be presented to him for payment, until be of the of due. 1881, and after that day the geometric of the time with be placed to the land the another to collection. BED. J. DELANCEY. June 7, 1881.

June 7, 1881.

ESTATE NOTICE.-Notice is herebygiven that letters of administration on the estate of Susanna Steel, late of New Bufalo borongh, Perry county, Fa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, redding in same place. All persons indebied to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having naimstorresent them duly authenticated for set tlement to DAVID T STEPL DAVID P OTPOT

May 21,1881.*	Administrator.	
MOMTE Cloths and rious styles.	other Dress	Goods in va-
AT.A. FIGHD Styles,	F. MORTIMER	

REMNANTS of PEINTS-of these we have a large quantity in good styles. In addition to the above goods we have a nice assortment of Ladies Necktles, Corsets, German-town Yarn, Zepbyrs, Shoes for Ladles and Chi-dren, and thousands of other articles. F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield, Fa.

goldarned vallvable to be wasted. He kin keep any family that ain't a passel o' gluttons in goun'-hogs from September to the time they hole up. Some folks think groun'-hogs is too rank to set well, and I heered Joe Atkinson say once that he'd as leaf eat a taller dip as the best part of a groun'-hog. But they ain't nothin' that goes to the spot with our family as a hunk o' that varmint. Is they Mag ?"

"' Dad, yer shoutin' !" replied Mag.

"' Wall, as I was sayin', 'squire, that dog is too vallyable to be in the onsartin sittywation he is now. That dog is got to be converted with our fam'ly, an' we've jest come in to see when you kin come out our way, 'squire an' make the connection."

"'You're going to buy the dog, eh? and want me to draw up the deed ?" I asked, madder than a hornet at all the palaver about dogs and groundhogs.

"'N-a-a-a-w! said Mag, laughing about like a horse might. "Yer way off, 'squire. Yer see, Jerry's been a workin' for us for a good while, an' been a tryin' to shine 'round me for more'n six months, but he sin't much of a fighter, an' he ain't much of a shooter, though he ain't no slouch at rippin' the bark off'n a hemlock, and mowin' hoop-poles. But when I heard he was goin' to sell Tobe I weakened. That dog fastens unto too many groun'hogs to live away from our plantations, I says. So Jerry an' me took to sittin, up night; an' the consekense is that Jerry an' me is goin' to jine an' the dog stays in the family, what we want o' you is, 'squire, to come out and give us the hitch the first day you kin, an' the sooner the better, for they's a feller from Ponco a offerin' for Tobe most enough to buy a farm, an' Jerry may take it in his ornary head to sell them. Come any day, 'squire. We'm all ready.

"That's about the heft of it, 'squire," said Mag's father. "Couldn't ye stand a little Burbin on it ?"

Come in an' git hitched !"

"Jerry came into the house grumbling, and as cross as a bear.

""Might let a feller git his barn cleaned out first," he grunted.

"He had on a hickory shirt, and a pair of overalls. The latter were rolled up nearly to his knees, and feet were bare.

"" Wall, I guess yer barn'd keep till this h'yer's over," said the woman.

"The couple stood up and took hold of hands. I was just about to begin the ceremony, when the old woman threw both hands over her head and yelled :

"' Dod rat yer ugly picter, Jerry Elwine! Ef you ain't gone and left the bars to that turnip patch down, and there's that pesky yearlin' helfer a chawin' up half the winter's bilin'l Git out there and turn her out, or I'll h'ist ye higher'n Gilroy's kite!"

"Jerry dropped Mag's hand and ran out to attend to the helfer in the turnip patch. He come back puffing like a porpoise, and the ceremony was resumed and got through without further interruption.

"'You sell Tobe, now," said Mag. "You dare to think o' sellin' Tobe now, Jerry, an' I'll make it warm around this plantation."

Jerry went out to the barn. Mag went back to her washing. I had no more business there, but I thought I'd hang around for my fee, which I imagined would be a tolerably good one. By and by the old man came home from the woods.

"Well, dad," said Mag, the jig is up, and Tobe is one of the family, sartin.32

"The old man called me out into the road."

"'I understand," he said, "that yer 'lowed four shillin' by law for splicin people. Now, 'squire, that hits me as being a l-e-e-tle steep. Ye know I voted fur you more'en oncet, an' I think you orter call this job three-an'-six. The "They both put a man's drink of recreation o' gittin' here and back orter

the reach of all artisans.

Two well-known Fulton Market employes Captain Jack Sullivan and Andrew Flynn, captured a strange monster of the deep yesterday afternoon, which the cognicenti of the market pronounced to be a sunfish. The men at about two o'clock saw what they took to be a shark disporting himself in front of Martin's stores, Brooklyn. They got a boat, and, baiting a stout steel hook, pursued the supposed man-eater. They soon got a bite, but when after a terrific struggle they managed to land their prize, they found to their utter astonishment that it was not a shark at all, but a sea monster such as their eyes had never before gazed upon. As a reporter saw the uncanny thing last evening, it seemed not unlike an enormous sheepshead. It is oval in outline, weighs, it is said, about eight hundred pounds, and has a head bearing a strong resemblance to that of an elephant, save that the trunk is absent and the eyes are large and full It has only two fins, one on the back and one on the belly, long flapping attachments and the tail is unlike that of any other fish, being thick at the end and apparently designed either for steering or as an aid to locomotion. Later in the day the same men captured a female shark, about six feet in length, at about the same spot .- New York Herald.

A Man holds back Twenty-Horse Power.

Truesdale was detailed to shovel grain from one of the bins to the chute. Through this bin ran a perpendicular flange screw elevator, which, being attached to the shaft by a belt, was kept constantly in motion. By some accident the unfortunate man slipped while near it, and his foot being caught in the rotating flange, was drawn down the shaft in which it works until the knee joint was level with the floor. Knowing that unless something was speedily done his whole body would be ground to pieces in this machine, he, with a pre-

Another Little Romance.

An Ohio man got a divorce and subsequently married a widow with one child. After living with her some time, some remarks which he made about his youthful adventures led to the discovery that his new wife was a young lady to whomhe was once engaged in Maryland and was on the eve of marrying, when he became engaged, instead, in a fight with one of her admirers. He threw his antagonist to the ground, and, as he supposed killed him ; so he fled to the West. The other fellow survived, however, married the girl, died and left her a widow with one child.

Everyone has noticed the letters-"T. D." on the front part of the bowl of a clay pipe, and some Dryasdust has made the discovery that they stand for Timothy Dexter, an eccentric Newburyport man who endowed a clay pipe factory, wrote a book with a few pages of punctuation marks in the back, and insisted on viewing a mock burial of himself, at which he thrashed his wife because she did not weep enough.

When we fight more against ourselves and less against God, we shall cease fighting against one another.

Thousands of ladies to-day cherish grateful remembrances of the help de-rived from the use of Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound. It posl-tively cures all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 253 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamplets. 37