

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 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 8.50, 9.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 8.20, 8.30, 8.05, 8.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 8.20, 8.05, 8.50 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 8.30, 8.05, 9.30 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 8.20 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 4.00 p. m. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, and 8.30 p. m. arriving at Harrisburg, 1.00, 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, 4.10, 7.50 and 10.05 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 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 2.09 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5.55 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 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.

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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 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 by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

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HOP BITTERS. (A Medicine, not a Drink.) CONTAINS HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION, AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS. THEY CURE All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints. \$1.00 IN GOLD. Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other. D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. All agents sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

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 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.

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.

MOMIE Cloths and other Dress Goods in various styles. F. MORTIMER

REMNANTS OF PRINTS—of these we have a large quantity in good styles. In addition to the above goods we have a nice assortment of Ladies Neckties, Corsets, German-town Yarn, Zephyrs, Shoes for Ladies and Children, and thousands of other articles. F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield, Pa.

Backwoods Criticism.

TWO Grangers from Green county, who were in Milwaukee with some hoga, and who were stopping at the Stock Yard hotel, went to see "Hamlet" at the Opera House. They set on a front seat, and the audience noticed all through the play that they were not pleased, and when they got into a horse car after the performance, those in the car got a pretty good idea of what the trouble was.

"Well, Lige, how did it strike you?" said the sandy-whiskered one, as he bit off a piece of navy plug and handed the plug back to his friend.

"Oh, it didn't strike. All I want is to live to get back to the tavern and find that red-headed hotel keeper that told me "Hamlet" was a burlesque opera with can-can girls. Call that a place of amusement? I suppose a place of amusement is where a man goes to laugh. I don't want nobody to charge me a dollar to see a funeral procession and listen to a fellow dig a grave and sing obscene songs. I tell you, Ezra, it looks wrong to see skulls thrown around on the stage. And as for diggin' graves, there is a man in Monroe that can dig two graves to that fellow's one. I tell you it just made me sick to see that poor crazy girl, Ofeely, taking on about her father Gimlet killed with a scythe, and when them boys up in the loft begun to cheer her I felt like going and kicking them all down stairs, and then saying my prayers. Any man that will make fun of a crazy girl ain't fit to live. I tell you I felt so bad for that girl I was cussed glad when the hired girl come in and said she was drowned."

"Hamlet was bully, I thought," said Ezra. "He could talk 'em all blind, and knew more than the whole lot. Lige, do you think he was crazy?"

"Crazy, no. He was a blasted fool. Say, Ezra, have a little sense now. Suppose your father was dead and your mother married that fellow that looked like a saloon-keeper and some ghost should come howling around you, with pants made of tin foil, a mosquito bar blanket, on, and a tin wash-basin on his head, and point at you with a tin dinner-horn, and tell you that the saloon-keeper caught your father asleep out in the sugar bush and poured peppercorns in his ear and killed him, and told you to go around gnashing your teeth for revenge, and snatching your mother bald-headed, wouldn't you think it was a put up job, and they playing you for a sardine? Of course you would, and you would belt him one in the jaw, and tell the ghost to go and soak his head.—Now wouldn't you?"

"Well, may be, Lige; but Hamlet played his part well, didn't he?"

"Certainly. The young man did splendidly, considering the play he had, but I know school teachers in Green county that can write a better play than that during recess. Hamlet was no gentleman to treat that girl the way he did. He loved her, and she loved him, and then he went back on her, and jabbed her father, and set her crazy, and when he happened to stumble into her funeral in the grave yard he wanted to get up a crying match with the girl's brother, and jumped into the grave on the coffin, and act up and put on stifle, and break up the funeral. Oh, get out. I don't like that way of doing business. A man that bain't got more sand than that couldn't get a job driving hogs for me. What he ought to have done was to marry the girl, and any court in Wisconsin would have made him marry her or pay a fine. For funeral obsequies, "Hamlet" is good, but give me Buffalo Bill. We get off here, Ez. Watch me kill that landlord when we get to the house. Egad, I can't help thinking how confounded mean that Hamlet treated his mother. Why, she had a right to get married again."

Fashion's Curious Freaks.

PROBABLY no human being has ever existed who at some time of his life has not felt some anxiety to heighten his beauty or hide his defects by his attire. Beauty may not need "the foreign aid of ornament," but from the poor savage with tattooed face and small necklace, to the noble dame whose charms are enhanced by the flash of her diamonds and soft laces, the poet's advice has been practically scorned and disregarded. Every subject has its humorous side; and we select a few amusing instances of the ingenuity of both sexes in efforts to make themselves more lovely in each other's eyes.

The adoption of the fashionable ecrú color in linen and laces has a parallel in the Twelfth century. Isabella, daughter of Philip II., made a vow not to change her linen till Ostend was taken. Unfortunately, the siege lasted three years, a prolongation of time which did not possibly enter into the lady's head when her vow was made; yet her character for veracity was so high that it was believed she kept her vow; hence the ladies adopted as the fashionable col-

or a yellowish dingy shade which they christened l'isabeau.

The ladies of Greenland paint their faces green and yellow. It is not many years since that at the French court no lady was considered in full dress whose color was not heightened by rouge. In ancient Persia, aquiline noses were much admired; and when there were rivals to the throne, other claims being equal, he who possessed the handsomest nose was proclaimed King. Consequently, noses were as much as possible moulded by art. If the Peruvian ladies wore rings in their noses, ours do in their ears, which, according to the dictates of fashion, either sweep the shoulder, or diminish to tiny pearls screwed against the ear. The tremendously piled-up coiffures of the reign of Queen Anne, or, indeed, of five years ago, are an imitation, certainly a cleaner one, of the headdress of the inhabitants of Natal. They, we are told, wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, of the stiff fat of oxen. They annoint the head with a purer grease, which, mixed with the hair, serves to cement on the headgear which lasts for life.

A good excuse for wearing beards and mustaches is given by an author in 1740. He thinks they tend to make men valorous, he says: "I have a favorable opinion of that young gentleman who is curious in fine mustaches. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing and curling them is not lost time; for the more he contemplates them, the more his mind will cherish and be animated by masculine and courageous notions."

An old clergyman of the time of Elizabeth gives us a droll view of the noblesse oblige principle, when he says, in excuse for being proud of the longest and largest beard in the country round, that he lives "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance."

The wig that used to be combed out with such grace by the young gallants of the last century, whether in a lady's drawing room, at court, or in church, were most expensive adornments.—Steele laments that even in his day they cost forty guineas. Mr. Thomas, the clever friend of Pope, mentions that her grandfather "was very nice in the mode of that age, his valet being employed some hours every morning in starching his beard and curling his whiskers." It is recorded that in the reign of Elizabeth—who seems equally to have patronized the folly of fashion and the wisdom of great men—two lovers sitting side by side could not take each other by the hand. The gentlemen then wore enormously stuffed-out doublets, and the ladies immense farthingales.

When the French nation reached its height of folly and wickedness just before the Revolution broke out and flooded the land with misery and bloodshed, all who desired to be considered connected with the aristocracy carried about with them at least one pantin. These were small wooden dolls which by pulling a string suddenly jerked out arms and legs; exactly like those which may be seen adorning the hats of "swells" on Derby day. The rage for them was immense. Nobles, gentlemen, and even grave ecclesiastics were to be seen carrying them about and playing with them. A somewhat similar rage for comfits existed in the reign of Henry III. of France. When the body of the Duc de Guise was found after the battle of Bois, he had his comfit-box in his hand.

In 1588 the ladies carried hand-mirrors attached to their chatelains, and, like Narcissus, were perpetually admiring their own charms. This excited the deepest indignation of Jean des Caures, a stern old moralist of the time, and he emphatically menaced them with the extreme penalties of the other world. Who would have believed that so late as 1751 the dress of a dandy should have consisted of a black velvet coat, a green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches and blue stockings!

A Happy Home.

A PRETTY story about a German family discloses the secret of a happy home, wherein joy abounds, though there are many to feed and clothe:

A teacher once lived in Strasburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to feed them all.

His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk, had he not trusted in his heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, shoes, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantity of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very close quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made.

But father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the

house. As they sat at dinner the stranger, looking at the hungry children around the table, said compassionately: "Poor man, what a cross you have to bear!"

"I? A cross to bear?" asked the father, wonderingly; "what do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that!" replied the stranger, adding bitterly: "I have two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher, with decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?" The two little girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted: "Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest and said: "Sir, if Death were to come in at that door, waiting to take one of my children, I would say"—and here he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door—"Rascal, who cheated you into thinking that I had one too many?"

The father sighed; he saw that it was only disobedient children that make a father unhappy.

One of the nine children of the poor schoolmaster afterward became widely known; he was the saintly pastor Oberlin.

The Sewing Machine.

THE LITERATURE of the sewing machine is admirably treated by Colonel E. H. Ropes in an attractive little book entitled "Genius Rewarded; or, the Story of the Sewing Machine." It is written in a happy, fluent, vigorous style, and furnishes some very interesting reading. Colonel Ropes was formerly a journalist of New York, and is still a member of the New York Press Club.

The author introduces his subject by a graphic account of two poor, friendless, desperate men, who sat upon a pile of boards one sultry August midnight in a back street of Boston over thirty years ago, gloomily discussing the sad fate of an attempt to produce a sewing machine. The inventor had borrowed \$40 to carry on the work, and after days and nights of hard labor the task was abandoned as hopeless. Quoting from the book:

"The companion of the inventor mentioned that the loose loops of thread were all upon the upper side of the cloth. Instantly it flashed upon the inventor what the trouble was, and back through the night the men trudged, relighted the lamp, tightened the tension screw, and in a few minutes Isaac Merritt Singer had produced the first sewing machine that ever was practically successful."

Tracing the growth of the idea the author holds that it "had been cherished a hundred years before the first successful machine was built," the first machine "of which any authentic account exists being patented in England as early as July 24, 1775, by Charles F. Wensenthal."

He goes on to enumerate all the machines invented since that time, and says: "Many other machines of more or less merit, were constructed before Mr. Singer made his machine, but all fell short of being practical and useful. The nearest approach to success prior to 1850 was made by Walter Hunt, of New York City, in the years 1832-34."

Its introduction was unpopular, and no patent was obtained.

In the year 1846, or over twelve years after Walter Hunt's machine was built, Elias Howe, Jr., having probably ascertained that Hunt had never patented his machine built a sewing machine upon the Hunt plan, adding two puerile devices (both of which were subsequently abandoned as useless,) and procured a patent thereon in his own name.

Howe's machine was not even in 1851 of practical utility. From 1846 to 1851 he had the field to himself, but the invention lay dormant in his hands. He held control of the cardinal principles upon which the coming machine must needs be built, and planted himself squarely on the path of improvement—an obstructionist, not an inventor—and when, in 1851, Isaac M. Singer perfected the improvements necessary to make Hunt's principles of real utility, Howe, after long and expensive litigation, laid Singer and all subsequent improvers under heavy contribution for using the principles of Hunt, patented by himself.

Persistent efforts have been made by interested parties to create an impression upon the public mind that it was Mr. Howe who first evolved order out of the chaotic essentials of the sewing machine and brought it into practical use. Thirty years of actual service have swept away every vestige of Howe's original machine except the eye-pointed needle, invented twelve years before by Walter Hunt, and used by both Singer and

Howe. Meanwhile every feature of Singer's original machine has been adopted by every successful machine builder of the class to which these machines belonged, with the single and unimportant exception of the adjustable arm; and in nearly every case when a device of Howe's has been found worthless, and been abandoned, it was Singer's device which was substituted.

The patent of 1846 had made Howe complete master of the situation, and enabled him to dictate the formation of a combination laying manufacturers under a heavy royalty. From this royalty Howe received the monstrous stipend of over \$2,000,000, not because he had invented anything useful in the world, but simply because he had obtained a patent upon the inventions of another man.

From the outset Singer & Co. resented, at great expense, the demands and pretensions of Howe, fighting single-handed the battle of the inventors and the great world which was waiting for cheap machines. Howe was endeavoring to establish a monopoly, strong and compact, which meant dear machines to the weary fingered women who were still singing the dreary "Song of the Shirt;" Singer & Co. were struggling to throw the business open to fair and honest competition at moderate prices. For three years the unequal contest was continued against the monopoly. All the other manufacturers had succumbed to Howe at the first, and Singer & Co. were the last to yield, and then only when driven into it for self-preservation, after a long and exhaustive drain upon their means. In settlement of this suit Howe received \$15,000 royalty, and the total sum paid to Howe by Mr. Singer and his associates, up to 1877, was over a quarter of a million dollars.

The mechanical execution of the book is excellent. It is printed on heavy cream-laid paper, and makes a very handsome appearance.

That Fly.

HESAT down upon a recent Sunday morning for a quiet hour with his newspaper. Presently a fly, socially inclined, began to forage upon his bald spot. He put up his hand; the fly described a graceful curve in the air, and came down upon his ear. He cuffed his ear, and the fly darted around and perched upon his nose. He then put his hand to his nose six times in succession, and the fly shot into the air each time, and returned at exactly the same angle. Wild with vexation, he waved his paper in the air and muttered:

"If I were in the habit of swearing, I should say, cuss these little pests!"

Then an inspiration seized him; he yanked off his slipper, and said to his seven-year-old son:

"Here, boy, take this and go for these flies, and make mummy-meat of every one of them?"

"Shall I hit 'em on the wall?"

"Yes hit 'em on the wall."

"Shall I hit 'em on the table?"

"Yes hit 'em on the wall, hit 'em on the table, hit 'em on the china teacup, hit 'em anywhere; only be sure that you smash 'em!"

The lad was a dead shot, and entered upon the work with a relish. Nearly every stroke marked the demise of one of the hated pests. But after little there was silence for a space, and then suddenly a resounding whack.

The outraged parent clapped his hand to his head, leaped to his feet, and shouted in high G, as he drew the slimy remains of a mangled fly from his glossy pate.

"Hi, there! you little heathen, what do you mean by hitting me on the head in that shape?"

"O, pap!" cried the boy, with enthusiasm, "it was a whopping great blue-bottle!"

"Blue-bottle—well, I'll blue-bottle you, if you hit me on the head again—you hear me!"

And with clouded brow he resumed his reading, while he gently stroked the swelling bump of self-esteem.

Skill in the Workshop.

To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters.—His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight becomes clear, and his whole constitution be built up to a better working condition.

Pointed Prayers.

The Deacons of a certain church were too pious to quarrel or in the slightest degree bandy hard words. But they were sorry for the sins of each other, and when Deacon Gocart got up and fervently prayed that the manifold sins and wickedness of Deacon Pump might be overlooked and forgiven, Deacon Pump got up and earnestly prayed that the Lord would pardon Deacon Gocart for all the malice, falsehood and divility of which he was guilty. And they both felt that if it wasn't for the wickedness of the thing they'd clinch.