

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. 1.41 and 4.05 p. m.
 For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," 6.30, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
 For Philadelphia, at 6.33, 8.05, 9.56 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
 For Reading, at 6.20, 8.35, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 6.09 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 4.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 8.10 a. m. For Allentown, at 8.20, 8.35, 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 6.30 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, 1.50, 8.20, 9.20 p. m., and 12.35 a. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 5.20 and 7.45 p. m.
 Leave Pottsville, at 6.01, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.30, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 3.15, 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 8.05, 9.50 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 7.30 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown at 9.05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Leebell 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 5.25 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 9.20 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. WOOLLEN, 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. tf

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THEY CURE
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Di: solution 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 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 the duly authenticated settlement to
 DAVID T. STEEL, Administrator.
 May 21, 1881.

MOMIE Cloths and other Dress Goods in various styles.
 P. 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, Germantown Yarn, Zephyrs, Shoes for Ladies and Children, and thousands of other articles.
 P. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield, Pa.

A Carolina Romance.

A FEW months ago the following statement appeared in the Asheville Citizen, written by the editor, Mr. Robert M. Furman: We have just returned from our annual visit to Miss Mary Burt, the hermitess of the mountains, and as few persons ever saw or even heard of this strange woman, a short sketch, embodying all that is known of her, may not be uninteresting to our readers. About fifty years ago a prepossessing young woman appeared suddenly in a small mountain village, as if she had dropped from the sky; who she was or whence she came, no one knew.

To all questions she replied simply: "My name is Mary Burt, I am a lady, and have come here because it pleased me to do so; other than this concerns no one but myself."

She had no baggage beyond a few clothes tied up in a handkerchief, but was so lady-like in her appearance and deportment that when she applied for work at the house of a well-to-do farmer, she was gladly received and treated in all respects as an equal.

She assisted the farmer's wife and daughters in the duties of the family.—Ten or fifteen years passed and the mystery of her appearance was gradually forgotten and she seemed to have been one of the family. About this time she was, after much persuasion, induced to take charge of a country school near by, and having declined one good offer of marriage, was looked upon as a permanent institution.

Suddenly, however, her whole character seemed to change and she became moody, melancholy and fond of solitude, and after a few years' teaching, gave up the school, purchased a section of wild land and had a rude log hut erected in one of the loveliest spots in the mountains, but so far off from all habitations that, particularly in winter, she often passed weeks without intercourse with any human being.

A dog, a cat, a few chickens and a cow, whose milk supplies the place of tea and coffee, are the only living things with whom she at such times has any intercourse.

And now comes the solution of the mystery, brought about by this very sketch in the Asheville Citizen, which, being copied into a Vermont paper, fell into the hands of a wealthy gentleman of that State, who immediately went to Asheville, sought out the editor of the Citizen, when the two in company proceeded to the mountain home of Miss Burt. Entering her house, where she was, as usual, alone, the stranger said:

"Mary, do you not know me?"
 "I cannot say that I do," she replied.

"Seizing her by both hands he exclaimed:
 "Mary Burt Howe, have you forgotten Robert Fletcher?"

"I have not not," she replied, "but I supposed you were either married or dead."

Then the whole story was told to the editor of the Citizen: Fifty years ago Mary Burt Howe was engaged to be married to Robert Fletcher, but becoming jealous of his fancied attachment to another girl suddenly left her home in Maine and went to Boston, determined to make her own living away from all who knew her. She got a place as a stewardess on board a sailing vessel, bound for Liverpool, but a terrific storm drove the ship out of her course and wrecked her on the coast of North Carolina. Mary was the only woman saved and after many hardships landed from a small boat on Shepherd's Point, a tongue of land running out into Beaufort harbor, to which the crew were guided by a fire burning brightly. Here they found a party of trading Indians encamped, who treated them with the utmost kindness. The men of the party remained but a few days, shipping as sailors in a trading vessel bound to the West Indies. They would have taken Mary on board, but she had such a horror of the sea that nothing could induce her to trust herself again to its waves, and she remained with the Indians, who soon broke up their camp and started for their mountain home, taking her along with them. Gradually her mind recovered from the shock of the shipwreck and she determined to get back to civilization, but not to return destitute to her home, so, taking the few clothes she had managed to save, she one night left the Indian camp and the next day found herself at the little mountain village where she had dwelt so long. Having traced her to the vessel on which she embarked and heard that it had been wrecked on the coast of North Carolina Mr. Fletcher mourned her as dead, until he read the account, taken from the Citizen, of Mary Burt living alone in the mountains of that State. Being a rich man he immediately started for Asheville, found Mr. Furman and, as related, his first love. It did not take long to induce Miss Burt, or rather Howe, to return with him to Vermont

as his wife, but before marrying she, at Mr. Fletcher's earnest request, executed a deed of gift, by which she transferred her beautiful mountain glen to the editor of the Asheville Citizen, stipulating that he should take care of her faithful dog and cat as long as they lived and go every summer to fish and hunt in the wilds where she had so long resided alone.—Asheville, North Carolina, Citizen.

The Disgusted Miner.

AN UNUSUAL number of customers thronged the waiting room at the Main Hold boarding house the other day and the crowd that besieged the door was more than twice its usual size, and when the bell rang and the portals were thrown open and the mass of humanity sought the tables the racket was completely deafening and one or two smaller and more insignificant individuals were almost crushed to death in the remorseless competition for the best places. The table was full in less time than the reader ordinarily occupies in unfolding and spreading out his napkin and business commenced. Side by side sat two modest types of American civilization. One was a middle-aged man of medium height, a florid complexion, shaggy beard, unkempt hair, untidy clothing and disgusting linen, with the odors and rustic manners of the rural districts clinging to him, like last year's hair to a coat. At his left sat a tall, youngish-looking man, encased in a blue flannel shirt with rolling collar, white corduroy trousers; a leathern belt around his waist, a slender, wildly beautiful black moustache and raven locks that curled down his manly neck and strayed about his expansive shoulders with all the native grace and freedom of the mines of some Western El dorado. This farmer turned up his plate and with his fork made a wild plunge toward a plate of roast beef directly across the miner's layout. That individual turned his head as if in surprise, and regarded the man who had disturbed his equality as if he were a specimen of some hitherto unknown mountain cat. The granger was not in the least nonplussed, but continued to reach right and left, interspersing his frantic dashes with spasmodic attempts at getting something into his mouth. The miner silently sat and looked at him, until having piled his plate full, the relentless forager settled down to solid work with his knife and fork. Encouraged by the unwonted calm the miner began to provide for his own wants, and in the quietest manner possible had secured a cup of coffee, a bit of meat and a few trifling accessories, when the hungry man beside him broke loose again. He made a wild break for the mustard, and knocked the stopper of the vinegar cruet into the hash as he did so, then shoveled out a conglomerate from that dish, in the midst whereof was the stopper. The miner stopped and looked again, then resumed his eating silently as before.

"Pass the butter?" interrogated the rustic, nudging the silent man in the elbow and causing him to spill half a cup of coffee into his potato. The miner did as requested, and then dropped his knife and fork to set the dish back. The farmer did not know or notice the look of unutterable questioning in the eyes of his servitor, and without losing a revolution stabbed a twelve ounce sweet potato half way down the table and reached across the miner's pie with the other arm toward a plate of bread. The pie was quietly withdrawn and placed on the other side of the owner's plate and another attempt to snatch a bite was made, but before it could succeed the devourer had laid himself down along the table and extended his left arm about eighteen inches beyond its natural length towards a dish of sliced potatoes. This shot was successful, but the martyr's coffee inundated the table and deluged it's owner's boots with the salty vinegar dripped from seven slices of tomato across his plate. The miner rose half way, then sobbed his napkin in the mass and tried to wipe off his breeches, while the waiter walked away with his plate and the agriculturist ate steadily on. The miner looked the picture of despair and pushed his chair back from the table in discouragement too utterly utter, and gazed in speechless sadness upon the scene of desolation before him.

The farmer leaned over once more, and jamming his elbow into the victim's ribs, ejaculated the motions of his grinders, "Pass those molasses." The miner sprang to his feet, grabbed the molasses cup in one hand and the thickly blooming locks of the tormentor in the other, and danced around like a mad man, while the other boarders who had been awaiting the outbreak huddled in a panic-stricken group at the other end of the room.

"Yes, I'll pass you those molasses," yelled the infuriated miner, dragging the exemplification of capacity before

him to the floor, and kicking all the chairs within range out of the window.
 "You infernal be blowed everlastin' eater, I'll pass you somethin' that ain't half so sweet," and he passed him a left hander in the cheek and kicked his ribs till they rang like ham.
 "Anythin' else your all-devourin' lordship 'll have" and the miner hauled the lordship aforesaid around the room by the hair.

"Won't you get up and eat somethin' with me?" and the muscular miner riz his customer up by the ears and slapped a spoonful of hot beans into his face.

"Or sit down and try somethin' more satisfyin' for a change," and he jammed a potato as big as a ten cent melon into the granger's jib and emptied a pint of coffee over his head. "Want those molasses, do you?" and the avenger dumped his subject upon the flat of his back and knelt upon his prostrate form.

"You ought'er have 'em. I'm willin' to forgive a man for keepin' me passin' grub to him clare through a meal, and I'm glad to be of any service to him I can in this way, an' I don't care a red cent for anybody that's a gentleman layin' down across my plate an' reachin' for somethin' over in the next county; nuther do I greatly take offence at any Christian for accidentally upsettin' my drink, nor steppin' on my toes, but by the gods, livin' or dead, when a man locates a grub stake claim right square on top o' me, an' then uses such language toward me as 'those molasses,' he's goin' to meet his fate now you bet."

The miner then turned around and seized the molasses jug, and holding it over the face of the sacrifice, poured its contents down and into his mouth and ears and eyes, and then saturated his coat and filled his collar. Then rising, he yanked the besmeared to a sitting posture, smashed the pitcher into a hundred pieces over his head, and snatched up his broad slouched hat and fled to the hills. The man he mounted don't seem to have any appetite any more, and since the tragedy he hasn't been seen outside his house, and the miner never returned.

A PAINTER'S GRATITUDE.

MIERIS and Steen were the closest friends. It has been asserted that Mieris often would touch up a picture for Steen, and together with Lievens and Aug. de Vos, they often passed the night in drinking at Steen's tavern; and when the host's ruin came, the friends transferred their meetings and conviviality to the nearest beer house.

One of these midnight revels nearly cost Mieris his life, for separating very late, and a good deal under the influence of the liquor they had drunk, the friends started on their different ways.

Mieris, passing over one of the bridges, fell into the open sewer, and being too much intoxicated to help himself intelligently, being able to do nothing but call for aid, came very near suffocating.

It so happened that in the immediate neighborhood there lived a cobbler, who was even at that late hour working, and his wife was dutifully keeping watch with him. She thought she heard cries of distress, and bade her husband stop his hammering and singing, that they might listen, when the sounds becoming more distinct, the good couple took their lamp and went into the street to see who wanted aid. When they discovered Mieris in his perilous position, they speedily rescued him; and though wondering that a man so finely dressed, with silver buttons on his coat, should be choking in the mud, they asked no questions, but carried him to their home, and when they had revived him, started him on his homeward way.

Mieris, when he realized what his danger had been, was ashamed both of his adventure and the cause that led to it, and forbore to tell his preservers his name. He, however, wished to show them some proof of his gratitude for their timely aid, and began to paint for them a picture; but as the time he could give to the work was only his absolutely unoccupied hours, his progress was slow, and it was full two years before his labor was finished. Taking the picture, carefully concealed under his cloak, he sought the cobbler's house, where he found only the wife at home, who evidently did not recognize her visitor.

By dint of skillful questions he discovered that though remembering the circumstances of his accident, the worthy couple had no idea of whom they had been the rescuers. Placing the picture on the table, he said in his gracious manner: "Here, madam, accept this as a small token of my gratitude from the the unknown you so kindly assisted. If you would rather, at any time, turn the picture into money, you have only to take it to Mr. Praat's," and giving the direction, he vanished, without having told his name. The cobbler and his wife showed the picture to several of their neighbors, and even they, unlearned in art, declared it must be worth a good sum. The woman's curiosity was excited, and she carried

the picture to the burgomaster, Jacob Vandermaas, in whose family she had previously lived. He instantly recognized Mieris' hand; and wondering at finding such a gem in the possession of his old servant, questioned her as to how she had obtained it, and heard her singular story. He said he himself would give a hundred ducatoons for the picture, but added, generously, "Perhaps you had better take it to"—naming a well-known amateur—"and ask him eight hundred florins for the picture; he will give them." The cobbler's wife found this valuation was the correct one. Tradition does not tell us what the picture was which owed its existence to the unlucky consequences of a midnight revel.

WOMEN IN PANTS.

THERE is a class of women who barely escaped being men. Masculinity is apparent in cranial structure, face, form, voice and manners.—Aspiring to the rights of men, these feminine iconoclasts of all things wish to wear the pantaloons and all the distinguishable articles of man's apparel.—The perfidiousness of this unnatural idea belongs to Germany.

In Berlin, lately, a lot of fraus got together and organized themselves into a meeting. A chairwoman was elected and a violent war upon the petticoat immediately commenced. A few maidens were induced to join the strong-minded matrons and add their soprano voices to the tenor howls of their elders. The petticoat was denounced as typical of the tyranny of man, a proposition rather out of place, seeing that woman invented the garment herself. Its inconveniences and its sanitary disadvantages were especially dwelt upon by the speakers. A real womanly woman, Frau Peters protested against the substitution of breeches for petticoats. She regarded the abused petticoat and outward, round, full garment as best adapted to the female form, and in every way becomingly graceful. But Frau Peters was indignantly voted down and silenced.

The chairwoman was the preading genius of the revolt, and at her suggestion the association was dubbed the "Clothing League for the Abolition of Petticoats."

Members pledged themselves to immediately discard the raiment and substitute "a dualistic form of covering for the legs as well as for the arms."

That means pants and coats, or jackets resembling the latter. Berlin will be amazed at the sight of a number of human ducks waddling along Unter den Linten, for waddle, women must, who undertake to wear the straight-line garments of men instead of the curve-line garments of women.

The adoption of male costume will, of course, necessitate the cutting of the hair, unless the women adopt the pig-tail fashion of the wash-tub Chinese.

But when young women adopt the apparel of men there will be an end to romance and marriage. The flowing drapery that conceals and reveals, and its graceful undulations and circular sweep which make beauty more beautiful, charm and solicit the homage of men for the wearer. But pants! What man could fall in love with a woman in pants and what husband would like to see his own hanging on one chair, and those of his spouse on another? Fancy a sweet-faced girl mending the seat of her pantaloons!

Oh! gentle spirit of romance! But there is another trouble which the courageous, strong-minded have not envisaged. Women sit on the heels of their off and put on their stockings. The reason of such a nightly and morning proceeding is its anatomical convenience. A man, built on the straight line, can throw his foot easily over the knee to pull off or put on socks; a woman, built on the curved line, which necessitates fuller, rounder limbs, cannot follow man in his pedal gymnastics. Therefore, the adoption of pants by women would make a spectacle every night and morning which would move Phideas to tears and Venus to indignation.

Picture it, think of it: women sitting on floors when "stars are in the quiet skies," pulling off their pants, and in the same sitting posture pulling on their pants and buttoning their suspenders when "jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

"The Domestic Tyrant."

"The average man" quoth Mrs. Partington "is a weak and irritable domestic tyrant," and Mrs. P. is correct. Tyrannical to a fault the average man will enter the blissful Paradise of a happy home, scratch himself in fiendish glee, and send the baby into convulsions, and for what? Why, because he has the Itching Piles, and is too mean to buy Swayne's Ointment, which is an infallible cure for the worst cases of that annoying complaint.

Women that have been tormented for years have been entirely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. for pamphlets.