#### RAILNOADS.

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. 1.43 and 4.00 p. m.
For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," 6.39 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 6.21, 8.05, 9.56 a. m., 1.45 and 1.00 p. m.
For Meading, at 6.20, 6.30, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 9.09 p. m.
For Pottsville at 6.20, 2.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 9.09 p. m.
For Pottsville at 6.20, 2.05, 9.50 a. m. and 1.00

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 Schuylkili and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.10 a. m.

For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 1.00 p. m.

The 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through ears 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., 1.00 and 5.20 p. m.
Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.20, 4.00, and 5.30 p. m. arriving at Harrisourg, 1.50, 8.20, 9.20 p. m., and 12,55 a. m., 1.60 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 5.50 and 1.45 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9,10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
Leave deading, at 4.50, 7.30,11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, 7.50 and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuytkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.15 a. m., and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Aliencown, at 8.00, 0.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, 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, 640, 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. in.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9,60 p. m.

U. 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.

FA careful hostler always in attendance.

April'9, 1878. tf

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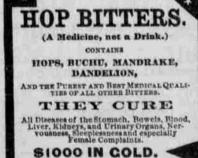
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### Dissolution of Partnership.

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 fee. 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 herebygiven 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 hemouly authenticated for set tlement to

DAVID T. STEEL.

DAVID T. STEEL. May 21,1881.\*

MOMIE Cloths and other Dress Goods in va-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 Ladles Necktles, Corects, Germantown Yarn, Zephyrs, Shoes for Ladles and Children, and thousands of other articles.
F. MORTIMER,
New Bloomfield, Pa.

#### AN HOUR IN THE AIR.

THE outlook was magnificent. At a height of over two thousand feet our balloon, the "Carrier Pigeon," hung buoyant as a feather in the still August air.

Beneath us the earth, like a map, lay bathed in the warm yellow sunshine .paradise itself could hardly show a scene more pleasant, more rich in color, or more pastoral or homelike in aspect.

Leaning out of the basket, I sent my last handful of circulars fluttering down into the glowing depths, then for some moments, sat gazing on the beautiful panorama below.

"Lovely, isn't ht?" said my campan non au voyage, who was looking out on the other side. "Yet I confess I wish we were safe down,,' he added.

"Why," I exclaimed, "it's a beautiful, quiet day as ever was !"

"Too quiet," remarked my friend .-"Unnaturally still. But just look to the northwest, over the mountains there. See that white, pillar-formed cloud, like a torn bale of cotton? There will be a thunder squall here in less than an hour; and these thunder gusts are not pleasant to meet in the air. If only that crowd of people would stop gazing at us, or if an air current would carry us off a dozen or fiften miles, I for one, should be most happy to take to the ground again."

This was my second ascent with Prof. Lamoille, as he was then known to the public; and though not a professional eronaut, it was my business-I was then on the staff of a New York journal -to especially report this balloon ascent.

To me, however, the professor was simply Ned Brown. Young Brown was, however, an enthusiast, in the business; and he always gave the publie its money's worth.

We had ascended from Rockwood that day on the occasion of a grand political rally and mass meeting. The balloon ascent, as will be guessed, was a feature devised to draw people out. Ned had in his pocket a check for two hundred dollars from a prominent politician.

For nearly an hour there seemed not a breath of air. There we hung as if asleep in mid-heavens. Yet still in the northwest the white thunder-caps pushed their snowy heads higher and high-

Still soared those great fleecy masses of vapor in the distance; and soon underneath them dark, watery-looking volumes began to heave up. Anon, there was a low, far-off growl. A vast, black shadow, miles away, was stealing along the sunlit earth, steadily nearing us. It seemed to devour the golden landscape.

"It's coming rapidly," said I putting up my notes.

"Oh yes, it's coming," said my friend cooly. "Can't we rise above it?" I asked.

"Yes-if you will kindly jump out and lighten us, otherwise not. You see I cannot spare the little ballast 1 have left."

"Thank you," said I, "I prefer to stay with you. But why not descend ?" " And catch a ducking, and get my balloon bursted-if nothing worse. No! I have calculated the chances. We will run before the storm."

"But this doesn't look much like running," I said. "We are not moving a hair's breadth."

"Wait a bit. There will be wind enough, I promise you, within five minutes," observed my companion. "You see," he continued, "every shower has its own wind, and it always leads the thunder clouds a distance of three or four-miles ahead. When that catches us, we shall scud in advance of the rain, I think."

Just then the gigantic shadow swept across the sun; and almost the same moment a great cold wave seemed to break against us. The balloon rocked like a boat at sea.

One after another the vast serial billows struck us. We bobbed up and down on them like a cork. A moment or two later, the fresh damp current caught us on its mighty wing. The "Carrier Pigeon" ducked her lofty head to the leeward, then slowly gathering headway, sailed majestically off before the shower."

"See that!" exclaimed Ned. "My theory holds."

At length the shower spent itself .-The flashes and the loud, rattling peals ceased after a time; and the black wall of clouds broke, up in mist. It was getting toward sunset.

"It will soon be roosting time," Ned remarked. "Now hunt for a soft spot," and untying the valve-line, he gave a a steady pull at it. Instantly, the whistle of the escaping gas sounded the first warning notes of that most trying and perilous ordeal of an meronaut's life-a descent. For the first time that afternoon, a look of gravity overspread Ned's

"It's easy going up, and sailing after you are up," he used to say. . "It's this getting down again that tells the story." It is a curious sensation, this going

down; you feel yourself too light-sinking-sinking-as if a floor beneath was failing. Still borne on by the air current, the ballon sagged slowly towards the earth, as if strung an a long, descending guy; or rather I should say, the earth, with all its array of orchards, farms and fields, rose steadily to meet us.

We are now not more than eight or ten hundred feet from the ground, tending slowly downward, when suddenly we seemed to strike into a fresh, quick wind which whisked us along with it. So sharply did it strike us, that the basket lurched and swung.

"The ground current!" muttered Ned. "I was afraid of it. Generally after a shower there's a fresh, breeze along the

We instantly let go the valve-line, to close the throtle, and threw out the little ballast we had left; but it was too late. We had let out too much gas to rise but a brief distance. The great silken globe above us, wrinkling with a deafening noise, like the rattling of sheet-iron, swayed and shook, and then tended still lower.

"A bard lighting this time, old fellow!" exclaimed Ned. "Is your neck insured ?"

"Four thousand dollars on it, my boy!" said I. " Policy runs to my dear old mother."

"All right, then. Hang hard! I'm going to throw out the grapple,"and my comrade tossed out the first of the two anchors. Two hundred feet of line went whizzing off the reel. Still, the anchor did not touch the earth, but swung clear, and went dangling over roofs and tree tops, as we flew along with the speed of a railway train.

Our grapple-hook rattled on several roofs; then dangling for some distance above the main street, caught the suspended rope of a large campaign flag, which we hauled after us for a mile or two. A tremendous hoorah! rose in the rear. 'Twasa Hayes and Wheeler flag. We carried it far enough for me to read the names.

A moment after it tore one of the top rails from a fence and caught in a pile of apple-tree brush, a snarl of which we dragged after us across several fields and pastures till we struck a road which chanced to run in our course.

Just then, I saw on the road ahead a load of wheat piled on a rack cart, drawn by a yoke of oxen.

"Turn out! Turn out!" we both yelled down at it.

"Gee, Buck !" shouted the man driving. But before he could turn half round we were overhead. A young fellow on the load gave a yell and a leap off at the same moment-none too soon, either, for we took the rail off the rack on the high side, and left the apple-brush on the logd!

"By Jing!" I heard the fellow sing out. "Ole Splithuf hisself's ou a fishin, to-night! D'ye see his big hook?"

But "dad" was screaming, "Whoahish! Whoa-hish!" trying to stop the oxen. The cattle, frightened half to death, were trying to run away, despite the whacks the old man dealt them with the pitchfork. We could look back, as we flew on, to see the result of the mischief we had unavoidably caused.

A minute after, our basket almost grazed a ledge of rocks on the crest of a hill, and lo, right down in front of us lay a great pond. In the dim light it looked like a sea. A fog hung over it.

"That's fatal for us, I'm afraid!" cried Ned. " We shall be down into it. I can't even see the other side!"

We were not half a mile off from it. Black and cheerless enough the water looked.

Ned gave one glance and decided what to do.

"Good by, Frank!" he exclaimed. "Stick to the basket. I'll drop off and take my chance. Then the balloon will rise, and you will cross the pond." Before I could even speak, he swung out of the car, and went down the anchor line, hand over hand. The rapid motion whirled him round and round. The grapple itself was trailing and bouncing along the ground. We were close to the water before Ned was half way down the long line.

"Drop!" I screamed "or you'll be drowned !"

He looked downward, but even then was too late. The line switched him violently through some willow tops, and the balloon sailed out over the water.

A man of less nerve would assuredly have lost his presence of mind and fallen into the lake. For, of course, no one could hold on to a small line like that for many minutes-switched and jerked about as he was.

For my own part, a shudder of horror went through me. I began to haul him up with might and main as rapidly as I could. To my surprise, Ned called out to me to "hold on !" -to " stop !"

Glancing down, I saw that he was still cautiously descending, hand over hand. There was less wind, and the balloon was running slower.

"Ned! Ned!" I shouted. "Are you crazy? Are you going to drown your-

self? You never can swim ashore with your clothes and boots on !"

But already his feet were spattering in the water; a moment more he was walst deep-borne along like a huge bob. For some distance he was carried on thusand then I began to divine his motive.

The pond was not so wide as we fear. ed. Immediately I saw that we were close in to a wooded shore.

The wind had died away, almost, and so well checked was the balloon's speed that, directly Ned's feet touched the shore, with a dexterous turn of the line around a stump, he brought it to a standstill. I had then only to let out the of the gas; and thus our voyage

#### An Irishman's Strange Fight.

T WAS in the Island of Borneo. A queer place it is, I-tell you, and the queerest lot of people I ever saw in

But, at the same time, if a man gets used to their ways, an old sallor might have a happy time living among the Dyacks.

I landed from my ship one day, and with Ned McKitrick, a boy from the green isle, I started for a cruise on the

guns, though we didn't know what kind of game we were likely to scare And, if I must tell the truth, we

We reckoned on a hunt, and brought

didn't neither of us know much about "Seth, acushla," said Ned, "phat

kind av a counthry is this at all-at all? Look at the threes. By the great gun of Athlone but did ye iver see sech big wans in all yer loife?" Where we landed there was a little

river making its way down to the sea, and while we were walking up to the woods, a big water snake, as thick as my arm, went buzzing up the stream.

Ned gave a war-whoop and jumped four feet from the ground; for if there is anything on the face of the earth that an Irishman bates it is a snake. "Look at that fellow," he cried .-

"Shoot him, Seth. Kill him. Whoop! I niver saw sech a baste in all my loife." I got him quiet after a while, and went on into the woods.

Ned was wild at the fruits and flowers he saw, and if I had let him, he'd have poisoned himself a dozen times before we got a mile on the road.

We kept the river for a guide, because neither of us knew the country, and if we once got lost in the trackless woods, there was little chance of our ever getting out alive. Many a queer sight and sound disturb-

ed us, and at last we sat down under a tree and took our lunch.

I had just mixed a little stiff horn of grog, when Ned started up.

"Look yer here, Seth," he said. "See the hairy man. Get out av that, ye black thafe av the world."

Not far away, standing in a stooping posture, with his long arms swinging by his side, was a huge orang-outang, looking at us in the queer, inquisitive way which seems so natural to monkeys and those of her tribe.

He was a big fellow, nearly as tall as a man; and no wonder Ned, who had never seen anything like it, thought it was a man.

I didn't say anything, and Ned stood looking at the orang in the ugly way peculiar to an Irishman who thinks himself imposed upon.

"Look here, ye rascal," he said, angrily, "d'ye want anything out av me?" The orang did not move or make any sound, and Ned began to get mad.

He shook his head and walked toward the orang in a fighting posture, and I followed, because I didn't know what he was going to do.

"Now, look," said Ned, extending his hand. "I've got five fingers-or four fingers and a thumb, which manes the same thing-as well as you, an' be the powers, av ye don't spake till me. I'll show ye how they do the trick in ould Ireland."

"I wouldn't stand this nonsense, if was you, Ned," I said, setting him on. He didn't need any backing, and went

"Now, smell av that fist," he said, "an' mark me while I spake. Av ye don't beg me pardon for not answering a civil question, may I niver see ould Ireland again av I dent knock ye into smithereens."

The orang uttered a harsh, grating cackle, which Ned took for a laugh, and he at once slapped the orang across the jaws and danced around him with an Irish yell, his hands up in true fighting

No one but an Irishman would have ever thought of such a thing, and I was bursting with laughter.
"Step up, ye villain," roared Ned .-

" How d'ye lolke that, now ?"

The orang gave a yell like a panther and sprang at Ned's throat, his claws going like a windmill.

In less time than it takes to tell it,

Ned was the worst-looking Irishman in or about the Island of Borneo.

I don't know what would have happened to him if I hadn't got out a knife and gave the orang a dig, for I didn't dare to fire at him while he was hanging

on to Ned and clawing into him. The minute the orang felt the knife he lit out, leaving Ned mad with rage, dancing wildly about, and blood runnig down his face from a dozen scratch-

"D'ye call that fair fighting, ye black thafe?" he roared, "Howld on; I'll come till ye."

To my surprise he set out on a run after the orang-outang, which was running away among the trees, looking over his shoulder with an angry snarl, and licking the blood which flowed from his wounded arm.

Ned wouldn't stop, and the only thing I could do was to run after him, for I didn't know what kind of trouble he'd get into if I wasn't by to help him.

I didn't fully realize myself how dangerous it was to chase a wounded orang, but I couldn't have left Ned anyway.

He was a good runner, and was overhauling the man-monkey hand-over-fist, when four or five more dropped from the trees and joined their companion. "Hold hard there, Ned," I yelled .-

"Ion't you see he's got help?"

"Sorra a bit I care!" roared Ned. " I can whip the party, av they'll only fight fair." The orangs set up a chattering and yelling such as you never heard in your life, three of them, the one I had hurt among the rest, began to come toward

us with such mischief in their eyes that I knew were in for a fight. "Look out, Ned," I cried. "Fire at

them or you are gone." I pulled on the big fellow I had hurt, and he keeled over beautiful.

Ned, who began to have a faint idea of the truth, had the good luck to break the leg of another.

The pitiful yell he uttered brought the others at us, and I drew my knife, a regular old bowie, and waited.

Ned clubbed his rifle and dashed in. But the ourang at which he struck leaped back to avoid the blow and stood chat-My antagonist made a jump at me,

and I felt the sharp claws in my throat, and struck out wildly and at random, and heard a half-human groan, and my enemy lay dead at my feet. . As I jumped to help Ned, I saw him

astride of the ourang which had pitched into him, pummeling him to his heart's content. "Ah, wud ye, then?" he yelled. "Taste that, an' that, an' that, How d'ye loike that ?"

"Come away, Ned," I said. "You'll have a whole colony of the hairy things on your back if you don't look out." "Whoop! I'll tache thim to pitch in-

til a thrue hearted Irish bye that niver harmed thim in his loife. Taste ay that, me jewel." I dragged him off and got him away. I didn't tell him that they weren't

men we were fighting with until we got to the ship, and he was bragging how many Dyacks he'd licked. Then I told the story, and

man you never saw in your life. Of course it came to a fight, and I had to win.

## An Old Maid's Opinion.

She had been called an old maid, and rather resented it. Said she, "I am past forty. I have a good home. I think you know I have had abundant opportunities to marry. I have been bridesmaid a score of times. I ask myself with which one of the beautiful girls that I have seen take the marriage vow would I exchange to-day? Not one! Some are living apart from their husbands; some are divorced; some are wives of drunken men; some are hanging on the ragged edge of society, endeavoring to keep up appearances; some are tolling to support and educate their children, and these are the least miserable; some tread the narrow line beyond the boundary of which lies the mysterious land, and some have gone out in the darkness and unknown horrors, and some are dead. A few there are who are loved and honored wives, mothers with happy homes; but, alas, only a few."

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 8, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co., last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM. T. McClure. six years.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the communi-ty. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures. 41-42 W. H. Bishop & Co.

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