THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., NOVEMBER 1, 1881.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

June 27th, 1881.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows :

For New York via Allentown, at 4.55 L45 and 4.00 p. m. For New York via Philadelphis and "Bound Brook Route," 6.30 S.co a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 6.30, 8.05, 8.05 a. m., 1.45

d 4.00 p. m. or Reading, at 6.20, 6.30, 8.05, 0.50 a. m., 1.45, 0, and 8.00 b. m. For Pottsville, at 8.20, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 m., and via Behuyikill and Susquehahna anch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 8.10 a. m. or Alientown, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 0 b. m.

theo 5,05 a. m. and 1,45 p. m. trains have Theo 5,05 a. m. ww York, via Allentown.

SUNDAYS :

For Allentown and Way Stations, at 5.20 a.m. For Reading, Phildelaphia, and Way stations, at 1.45 m. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows : Leave NewYork via Allentown, 5.40 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. 1.20, 4.00, and 5.30 p. m. arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20, 0.20 p. m., and 12,35 a. m.

12,35 a.m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9,45 a.m., 4,00, 7,50 and 7,45 p. 10. Leave Foursville, 6,00, 9,10 a.m. and 4,40 p. m. Leave freading, at 4,50, 7,30, 11,50 a.m., 1,30, 6,15,

Leave Pottsville vin Schuylkill and Susquehanna

Branch, 5.15 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 39 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 9.06 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 9.35 a. m, and 2.00 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5.35 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 9.30 p. m.

Reinrhing, 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.

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The Singer Manufacturing Co.,

Which Was the Fool?

BLUSTERING, uncomfortable day A in early November, with a blenk promise of snow in the air, and a sky that was clouding over. The bare branches of the trees swayed and writhed savagely; occasionally little showers of dry, dead leaves, that were not yet sodfor her, too." den and decayed, flurried up and down ; and the roar of the fire in the chimney

completed the outside picture of a dull autumn afternoon. In Miss Miner's sitting-room, however, everthing was as cozy and delightful

as could be desired, with the warm crimson lambrequins, with their heavy cords and tassals, and the carpet to match in tints, and the furniture of light gray damask, puffed with crimson, and the gray and gold wall paper, and the pretty knick-knacks here and there that furnished the room in such admirable taste. And Hettie Miner, sitting before the open grate-stove fire, her black silk skirt turned carefully back over her lap, and her substancially-made pebble-goat boots resting comfortably on the fender.

An elderly woman-40 odd-with a sharp, shrewd face and bright little eyes, and a resolute look around her mouth. A homely, outspoken woman, who was proud to say she had never been in love, who lived in luxury, although on a small scale, and who had \$75,000 in Government bonds to leave her relations when she died; and in all the world she had but two relatives, Mrs. Carisford Carl, her married sister, and Mr. Parker Dollingby, her half-brother, who, besides being inordinately jealous that old Simon Carmen had left Hetty his fortune, just because she had happened to befriend him in his poor, ante-mining days, were very much given to toadying her and writing affectionate letters to her, and loading her with presents, and forcing invitations on her ; all of which Miss Miner accepted in a matter-of-fact way, and in return did exactly as she pleased.

This especial afternoon, as she sat meditatively before the fire, she suddenly broke the stillness, with an energy of speech that made the young girl reading in the bay-window, nearly concealed by the curtains, look startedly up from her book :

"Ellice, you're a fool !"

Evidently, Ellice Dunning had not lived five years as companion and personal attendant to Miss Miner in vain, for she manifested no surprise at the rough speech, beyond the brief little startled look in her soft winey-brown eyes.

She closed her book and came out into the room, a little flush on her face.

"Do you think so, Miss Miner ?" "Most certainly I think so, or I should not have said so. You are a fool, Ellice Dunning, and I hate to see you throw yourself away so foolishly. Do show your common sense, if you've got any, and let that young jackanapes of a doctor go. You are better off without him. I'll give you a new sealskin sacque this winter if you'll give him up."

"I couldn't give him up, Miss Miner ; I love him too well."

I'll go to Mrs. Carisford Carl," Miss Miner decided, as she sat in the citybound express, in the early dusk of the November evening. "Camella thinks all the world of me. Her daughter would not act. The idea !- of preferring -actually preferring-a penniless young doctor, with a mustache-a nasty black mustache-to me. After all 1've done

And then Miss Miner leaned back very contentedly in her seat, satisfied that she had done her whole duty by herself, and Ellice Dunning, too.

It was just 8:80 o'clock when the hired hack deposited her at the door of Mrs. Carisford Carl's red-brick house-a comfortable, cozy place, with name on the door in full.

A servant showed her in, and asked her name; Miss Miner wanted to surprise her sister, and sent word that a friend wished to see her, while she seated herself in the parlor, where a little girl sat curled up in a cushioned chair, reading.

"You want to see my mamma, I suppose !"

"Yes," said Miss Miner, with an affable smile. "You are Hetty, I suppose ?" The child gave a heavy sigh,

"Yes, I'm Hetty. Oh, don't I hate that name ?"

"Why, I think it's a first-rate name. You are a namesake of somebody, I guess ?"

"Yes, I am. Old Hetty Miner, my aunt, who lives out in the country. I never have seen her and I don't want to either, 'cause mamma says she's the meanest old thing in all creation-a regular old Miss Nancy, papa says."

Miss Miner smiled-a little queerly. "Oh! that's what they say, is it? Well, Hetty, I am your Aunt Miner." The child opened her eyes wider.

"Are you? Then, won't mamma be mad ! We expect company after awhile, and mamma won't want you at all. We'd be dreadfully ashamed of you before the Algerdons. You're going to leave us your money, ain't you? Papa and mamma said they were most tird of waiting-you had as many lives as a cat. We are going to Europe when you die !" "Are you ?" said Miss Miner, with

an insane desire to shake the pert, selfpossessed, venomous youngster. "Well, I wouldn't depend upon it if I were you ?"

And before Mrs. Carl came downstrirs, Miss Miner was out on the street, on her way to her half-brother's house.

"A pretty nest of vipers those Carls are. Thank heaven, I've found them out in time? Going to Europe on my money ! Why, ungrateful as that spunky little Ellice is she isn't half as treacherous as my own flesh and blood. Humph !"

And her complacency was not yet restored when she left the street-car on the nearest corner to Mr. Parker Dollingby's bachelor quarter's that were alight in a perfect blaze of bright cheer.

"It looks like a party," she thought. But all the same she did not hesitate to go up the imposing stone steps and ring the bell, to which no response coming, she tried the door knob, and admitted herself into a large, brilliantly lighted hall, at the end of which was a room, from which came the sounds of revelry and jollification that had prevented her ring being heard.

she said, in a wonderfully soft tone of voice. "I've changed my mind. I'm the fool, not you. Here's your beau; you can have him and welcome. And when you're married, I'm going to settle my fortune on you and let you live here, if you'll give me a room somewhere. I've changed my mind, I tell you, Ellice Dunning. Take off your things and go get a cup of coffee for us." And that was the way little browneyed Ellice came into her double inher-

THE DUTCH CAPTAIN'S DEVICE.

"CALL on the starboard bow !"

itance of love and fortune.

O "What is she ?" asked Captain Martin Pleterszoon, looking anxiously in that direction; for in the Eastern seas, two hundred years ago, every strange sail was a terror to the captain of a well-laden Dutch merchantman. "Can't quite make her out yet," answered the lookout at the masthead. "Looks like a brigantine-very rakish cut, altogether." The captain's face darkened and his lips tightened. They tightened still more a few minutes later. when the lookout hailed again, "She's an armed brigantine, bearing right down upon us."

Every face among the crew seemed to harden suddenly, but no one spoke. Indeed, what need was there of words ? All on board understood in a moment what was before them. They were about to be attacked by pirates : and there was not a single cannon, not even an old musket, aboard the vessel.

It was a terrible moment for them all, more terrible for the poor captain. For years he had been tolling and saving, bearing every kind of hardship and facing every kind of danger until he had made money enough to become part owner of the ship that he commanded. He had made three successful trips in a snug little house on the great canal at Amsterdam, with rosy-cheeked Gredel Voort, his old neighbor's only daughter, for his wife. And now, all in a moment he found himself face to face with hideous peril, which threatened him the loss of all he had in the world, and his life to boot.

The crew stood looking moodily at the approaching vessel, which came sweeping over the bright blue sea, with its huge sails outspread like the wings of a swan, a perfect picture of beauty, though it brought death along with it. Some of the bolder spirits were beginning to mutter to each other that it would be better to set fire to their own ship and die like men then to be flung into the sea like dogs, when the captain's gloomy face suddenly lighted up as nobody had ever seen it light up yet, and he burst into such a loud, hearty laugh that the doomed men stood amazed to hear him -"Cheer up, lads," he cried, still laughing. "All's not over with us yet. Come knock the bead out of that cask of butter, and smear the deck with it. Sharp now 1"

The men only stared blankly at him. thinking he had gone man; and even the stolid mate opened his mouth in amazement. "Do you hear ?" shouled the captain. "Look sharp, will you? There is no time to lose. Grease the whole deck, fore and aft, and the rigging, too, as high as you can reach. We'll give the rascals a slippery job of it, anyhow. Then the sailors began to understand ; and the shout of laughter that broke forth would have mightily astonished the pirates, had they been within hearing. In a twinkling, the deck was greased until it fairly shone, bulwarks and all. "Now, boys," cried the captain, "on with your sea boots, and put sand on the soles to keep you from slipping, and then each of you take a handspike and be ready. The pirate was now so near that they could see plainly the rabble of gaunt, sinewy Malays, woolly-headed negroes, and sallow, black-haired Portuguese that crowded her decks. A few minutes more, and she ran alongside ; and almost before the two vessels had touched, three wild figures leaped from the pirate's rigging upon the merchantman's deck. But it was a very unlucky jump for all three. The first man spun across the slippery deck as if it had been a skatingrink, and went right out on the other side. The second tumbled head foremost down the hatchway into the cook's galley, where the black cook considerately piled a heap of iron pans on him to keep him quiet. "Aha, Massa Pirate," said he, grinning, "dis ship no de 'Flying Dutchman,' him de Sliding Dutchman!" The third pirate had leaped on board as fiercely as if he meant to kill the whole crew at one blow; but the only man he hurt was himself, for he hit his head such a whack against the mast that he almost knocked his brains out, and fell down roaring with pain. All this so frightened the other pirates that they thought the ship must be bewitched, and rushing back to their vessel with a howl of dismay, made off as fast as possible. For many years after, one of the familiar sights of Amsterdam was a

portly old gentleman with a jolly red face, at sight of which the boys used to begin singing,

'Captalu Martin Piete z won. Made his ship a buttered bun,

And his wife was never tired of showing. the huge silver butter dish presented to him in honor of his repulse of the piratewith a cask of butter.

THE ORIGIN OF LONDON.

PPARENTLY, the very first Lon-A don was a Welsh village-an anclent British village, the history books would say-which crowned the top of Ludgate Hill, near where St. Paul's now stands. The old Welsh, who owned Britain before the English took it, were a race half hunters, half cultivators, as Cresar tells us. In his time, the Britons of the southeastern country, which consists of open cultivated plains, were tillers of the soil ; while those of the hilly northwest were still nomads, or savage hunters, dwelling in movable villages, and having mere empty forts on the hill-tops, to which the whole population retreated with their cattle in case of evasion. These duns, or hill-forts, still exist in numbers over all England, and are generally known as "British Camps." Such as Sinodon, Brendon, and Wimbledon still preserve their memory; while we are familiar with the Latinized from in Camalodunum, and Branodunum, Dunedin, Dunbar, Dundee, and Dunkeld, give us Scotch forms of like implication. Down and Dun survive as modified modern words from the same root. As a rule, the syllables dun and don in placenames are sure indications of an old hillfort. The "castles" or rude earthworks which crown almost every height among the South Downs and the western hills are the last remains of these old Welsh strongholds. Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, and the earthworks at Cissbury, Silchester, and Ogbury, are familiar instances. Even before the Romans came, however, the river-valleys of the southeast of Briton were inhabited by agriculture tribes, with fixed habitations and considerable towns. There are two great basins in Englaud which have always possessed the highest agriculture importance; the one is that of the Thames, the other that of the Yorkshire Ouse .--So long as England remained mainly an agriculture country, the two greatest cities of the land were the respective centres of the basins, London and York. And there has been more than one moment in our history when it might have seemed doubtful which was to becomeultimately the capital of the whole kingdom. Now, what made London the centre of the Thames valley? for that of course was the first step towards making it the metropolis of the British Empire. Well, the Welsh tribe which inhabited the lower part of the valley must have originally needed a dun like all their neighbors. But there are not so many conspicious hills in the flat basin of the Thames between Richmond and. the sea ; and Ludgate Hill was perhapsthe best that the Trinobantes of Middlesex could get. To be sure, it could not compare with the dun at Edinburgh, at Dunbarton or at Stirling; but it was high enough to make a natural fort, and it stood just above the point where the tide is distinctly felt. Thus, as the old Welsh became more and more civilized, a regular town grew up around the low dun, and bore from the very first its modern name of London, for no name in England has altered so little with the wear and tear of centuries. It was not without natural advantages of situation; for a belt of marshes girt it around on every side, from the estuary of the Lea and the Finsbury flats to the Fleet river and London Fen, where the Strand now stretches. In the interval between Casius Ciesar's abortive attempt upon Britain and the reduction of the southcoast under Claudius, we know that a considerable trading town developed around the cld village.

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Miss Miner looked sarcastically at Ellice's sweet flushed face, and gave a sniff of contempt.

"What nonsense! You love him too well. Love indeed ! It's all adsurdity. I never was in love in all my life."

Ellice dropped her head in a pretty, little confused way.

"I-can't help that, Miss Miner. I love Frank, and he loves me. We'd be perfectly miserable if we were parted .--Please don't tell me I must give him up. Indeed, it is impossible. We are engaged to be married just as soon as he comes "back from his visit home,"

Miss Miner dropped her feet from the polished silver bar to the tiled hearth with a resonant bang as she jumped up, indignantly,

"Engaged to be married to Dr. Olevin ! Did I ever! Well, Ellice Dunning-very well. You may pack my hand-valise at once. I am going to New York on a visit by the 6:10 train, and I'll be home on Thursday. When I come back, don't let me find you here, you ungrateful little wretch-you."

Ellice's lips quivered, and her eyes filled with diamond-bright tears.

"Miss Miner. You don't mean-toturn me away."

"That is just what I mean. I have told you time and again, I didn't approve of men-beaux and love-making, and I won't have it where I am. You can take your choice-me or Dr. Olevin. I'll give you just five minutes."

"I don't want five minutes for a choice Miss Miner," she said proudly. "You have been very good to me, and I cannot forget your kindness; and I think I have done my duty to you. But nothing-no one-could come between me and Dr. Olevin."

"All right, then. Don't let me see you here when I come back-that's all."

And then Ellice went up to Miss Miner's room and packed the red Russia satchel, dropping a few tears as she folded the garments Miss Miner would require.

Miss Miner went into the first door that stood sjar, and through another partly-closed door she saw the gay bachelor party-some ten or fifteen-merry over their wine.

"So that's the way Parker Dollingby does, is it ?" she asked herself grimly, just as, the same instant, that gentleman rose high, and for a second silenced all others.

"Here's to the health of my most respected ancient marineress-a veritable old maid, all forlorn, whose legacy is a long time coming, but sure to get here some time. A cool \$50,000 or so, boys; and imagine the swell we'll cut when the venerable Mehitable kicks the bucket. Drink to her, fellows !"

Somehow Miss Miner took herself silently out of the place. She was silent all the way to the hotel; and then, once in the room, locked the door, and sat down and-actually cried, and then went to bed, wondering if it was ever granted to mortals to come nearer to being made a fool of than she had been ; and at two o'clock in the morning to awaken with a strange, sick feeling that was awful to endure in that big, lonely hotel, where she didn't know a living soul.

But she rang for assistance, and the servant brought her a physician, who happened to be staying over night, and Miss Miner's life was saved from the terrible attack of gastralgia by Dr. Frank Olevin.

"I'll pay you when I get home," she said, tersely. "You can go with me, if you don't mind my green vail and bag." And so, after reaching home, where Ellice Dunning in readiness to leave by a train an hour later, opened the door in answer to an imperious summons, Miss Miner stalked in followed by Dr. Olevin, "You needn't be frightened, Ellice,"

tor Like flakes of snow, that fall un perceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another, as the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of of truth and virtue.

Big Results From Little Causes.

"Do you know?" remarked a man to his friend on Chestnut Street, a day or two since, "I believe both Conklin and Platt had a bad case of skin disease when they resigned!" "What makes you think so?" inquired the listener in aston-ishment. "Well, you see they acted in such an *eruptive* manner—so rosh—ly as it were. Bave? Oh! yes, I save," re-plied the other, "they were boll—ing over and merely resigned to humor them-selves, I suppose." If such be the case, the National difficulty might have been averted by applying Swayne's Ointment for skin diseases. 42-45 "Do you know?" remarked a man to