THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., NOVEMBER 8, 1881.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

June 27th, 1881.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows :

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: For Now York via Allentown, at st. Ld and 4.00 p.m. For New Yors via Philadeiphia and "Bound Brook Route," 6,30 3.05 a. m. and 1.45 p.m. For Philadeiphia, at 6.30, 8.05, 0.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p.m. For Reading, at 5.20, 6.30, 8.05, 0.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 5.09 p.m. For Pottsvillo, at 5.20, 8.05, 0.50 a. m., and 4.00 p. m., and via Schoyikill and Susquelaana Branch at 2.40 p.m. For Anburg, at 5.10 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 5.05, 0.50 a. m., 1.45 and the schoyikill and Susquelaana Branch at 2.40 p.m. For Anburg, at 5.10 a. 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 Reasing, 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 0.30 p. m. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route." and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 4.90, and 5.30 p. m. arriving at Harrisburg, 1.59, 8.20, 9.20 p. m., and 13.35 a. m.

12.35 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 7.50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottaville, 8.00, 9.16 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave reaching, at 4.00, 7.30, 11.50 a. m., 1.36, 9.15, 5.50 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottaville via Schnytkilland Susgnehanna Branch, 5.16 a. m., and 4.40 p. m. Leave Attentown, at 6.00, 9.02 a. m., 12.10, 4.50, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, via Alientown at 5.30 p.m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p.m. Leave Reading, at 7.35 a.m. and 10.35 p.m. Leave Allentown, at 8.05 p.m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 9.35 a.m., aud 2.00 p.m.; daily, except Saturday and Bunday, at 5.35 p.m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 6.30 p.m.

Beturning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.60, 10.00 a. m., 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Studay, 6.10 p. m.; daily, Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.
G. 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 is a comfortable manner. Lask 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. So a careful hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878. tf

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The Singer Manufacturing Co.,

"WELL, my little man, what's the matter ?" matter ?"

A Pleasant Surprise.

The words were spoken quickly and sharply, but not unkindly, by a little old gentleman, who had run against a thinly elad boy standing shivering in front of a dry goods store just closing for the day.

There was something in the gentle. man's tone that caused the boy to look up wishfully.

"I-I have just been discharged, sir," he answered, struggling with a sob that kept rising in his throat,

"By the people in there?"

"Yes, sir."

"I hope it wasn't for doing anything bad," said the gentleman, with a sharp look into the boy's eyes.

"What an old brute I am to hint at such a thing," he added in a mutter, detecting a hurt look in the truthful, honest eves that met his own.

"They say they don't need me any longer," said the boy, "and that the reason they send me away."

"How much were they giving you ?" "Ten shillings a week, sir." "Humph!"

"It wasn't a great deal, sir," the boy added, "but it helped mother."

"How old are you ?" inquired the gentleman.

"Nearly eight, sir."

"Any father? You've just said you had a mother."

"Father died a year ago, sir, and left me and mother and sissy-sissy's not quite three and of course can't help mother any yet."

"And what does your mother do ?" "She takes in sewing when she can

get it, and the ten shillings I got helped along ; but now-" The little fellow's voice broke down,

and he was turning to go when the old gentleman stopped him.

"Look here," he said abruptly ; "I've a notion of taking a boy myself. How do you think, now, you'd like to go with me?"

"I am willing to do whatever mother says," was the answer.

"Well, let us go and see her." The gentleman's quickness took the boy by surprise; but they were soon on their way toward the latter's house.

"That's my grandpa's house," said the boy, as they passed a stately man-

sion. "And who is your grandpa, pray ?"

"His name is John Warlow." The boy would have been a little startled had he noticed the quick, sharp glance the gentleman turned upon him.

"What's your name ?" the gentleman continued.

"Walter Boyd." "Mr. Warlow's your mother's father, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you ever go to see your grandpa?" The boy was silent and embarrassed for a moment, and then answered : "No, sir."

Then observing that the questioner eyed him curiously, Walter stammered a confused explanation to the effect that he had heard how his grandpa had gotten very angry with his mother for marrying his father because he wasn't rich. and had never seen or spoken to her afterwards.

Mrs. Boyd, with an injunction to put the wonderful knife in Walter's stocking that night, and the wax doll in his sissy's-after which he took a hasty leave.

It was quite dark when he mounted the steps of the stately mansion of Walter's grandpa.

"Tell Mr. Warlow I wish to see him," said the little gentleman to the servant who answered the bell.

"What name shall I say, sir ?"

"I'll announce it myself, sir," was the reply.

After some delay the servant returned and conducted the stranger to Mr. Warlow's sitting room.

"I've just been paying a visit to your daughter and grandchildren," began the little gentleman, without preface.

The announcement was received with anything but a pleased look. But before Mr. Warlow could reply, his visitor resumed :

"You had a half brother Henry once, who, finding you had supplanted him in the affections of the woman he loved, concealed his passion, and abandoned home and country, leaving you to carry off the prize for which he would have sacrificed his life. At length news came of his death in a strange land, and you, who before had been poor, stepped into his fortune, which was ample. Your wife died, leaving you a daughter, her mother's image. It seems that when she grew up and married a man without wealth, as her mother had done, you could not forgive the offence, and have left her children to struggle for bread or starve. Do I speak truly ?"

"The question is rather impertinent, sir. Surely I am master of what is my own."

"Yes; but not of what belongs to an-

other." "Your meaning is obscure," replied the other, hautily.

The explanation is very simple."

"May I trouble you for it?"

"Henry Warlow is not dead!"

"Not dead ? you but trifle, sir."

"Look at me, John !" said the strang-

er earnestly; and as John Warlow closely scanned the other's features, one by one they came back to his memory. and the truth flashed upon him that the true owner of the wealth he had so long esteemed his own, had indeed come back as from the grave.

"Do not tremble and turn pale," Henry Warlow said. "I have been prosperous enough to gain a new fortune sufficient for my needs, and shall leave you undisturbed, but on one condition-that you bring your daughter and her children to your home."

There was a happy Christmas reunion the next day in John Warlow's house. Nor has Uncle Henry forgotten his bargain about Walter, whom he has taken to live with himself.

SPOOPENDYKE'S PICTURE HANGING.

"WELL, my dear," said Mr. Spoop-endyke, with a nail in his endyke, with a nail in his mouth, and balancing himself waveringly on a dining room chair, "all you've

-and at the first trial, too. Maybe it struck something hard in the plaster. Try another place-that's the way I managed that."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Spoopendpke, "that's the way you managed, and you have punched holes enough in here to play cribbage in. Will you gimme auother nail ? Don't you see I've knocked this one flat, and can't pry it up;again?"

"Can't unpry it up again !" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke in a very gentle voice, handing him apother nail. "Can't unpry it up again ! Well, if that ain't grammar !!

"Ob, ain't it ?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a most horrifled smille. "Of course it ain't, you old female seminary with a cracked bell in your cupola ! Am I going to school to you, or am I driving nails yes

"Well, dear," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "you're surely not driving nails." "No, you can just bet I'm not driving

nails, and you can bet I ain't a going to try no more nails, neither. And you can bet," continued Mr. Spoopendyke, with still densifying intensity, and a war-dance flourish as he leaped to the floor, "and you can just bet your high muck-a-muck, if you'll set that measly old chromo of yours on the side table. I'll throw this dod gasted thing so far. through it that it won't get back in a century.

HE GOT IT.

ONE OF the most touching things we have read in a long time is that story of a robber and a poor lone woman in Ohio. The robber came to her house at night and demanded her money or her life. She hadn't much money or life either, but she preferred giving up the former rather than the latter ; so she brought her little store and placed it in his hand. He looked it over carefully, to see that she didn't palm off any 20cent pieces for quarters, and facetiously told her that he could credit her for only 94 cents on the trade dollars, chiding her for taking them at their face value.

"Haven't you anything else of value ?" inquired the bold bad burglar, looking about the scantily furnished apartment; "a child's bracelet, ring, anything will be thankfully received." She had nothing more, she replied, with a sigh.

A thought struck him.

"Your husband was a soldler, was he not ?"

She acknowledged that he was, and killed in the war.

"The he must have had a revolver," he continued, searching her countenance. "Ah, you grow confused ; you stammer; your manner betrays you.-Get that revolver at once and give it to me." In vain the woman implored him to spare that harmless trinket, almost the sole memorial of the husband she had lost. She had pawned many things when in distress, but had always hung on to that. But the robber was unrelenting. Sobbing bitterly, she went to a bureau drawer and removed the precious relic, around which clustered so many tender recollections. "Must you have it?" said she, advancing with and hit one of the snakes with his bare

and apply the breakes, or, if he has not the air brakes, he must then whistle brakes. There is not another man on the train who has more to occupy his attention or has more responsibility than the engineer. There is not another man on the train which is so liable to have blame attached to him from so many different quarters than have just been enumerated. And, besides that, it is a dangerous position. If we find a broken rail the engine is the first to strike it. In a collision the engine is in the thickest of the wreck, or the machinery may break and raise Old Ned. When an engineer gets in trouble make allowance for all these things.

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Not Many Like Her. THE following story, says the Wash-

Ington Capital, is true in every de-

tail: A milliner of respectability mar-

ried a dissipated tailor, who abused,

neglected and abandoned her. Several

years having passed without a clew to-

his whereabouts, her friends advised

divorce and her acceptance of an advan-

tageous offer of marriage. The woman-

persistently declined every offer, and

when she had accumulated a sufficient

sum started off in the direction her hus-

band was supposed to have taken when

he left her. At Hallfax, N. S., she re-

ceived a slight clew, and took the steam-

er to Portland, Me. Thence she followed

his track to New York, where she

ceased for many months to hear from

him. Finally she found that he was

working in Albany, for which place she

immediately started. She was about a

week too late; he had been discharged

for drunkenness. Spending her days at

lucrative work and her evenings at de-

tective service, the unwearying wife at

length discovered that he was employed

by a large firm in Chicago. She wrote

there, and was answered that her hus-

band had gone away, nobody knew

where. Not satisfied with this, she

traveled to that city and ransacked every

concern interested in the tailoring busi-

ness there, until she met a fellow-coun-

tryman who said that her husband,

when last heard from, was in Omaha.

She wrote there, got no answer, but went on. There she heard that he had certainly left for San Francisco, where he had obtained a fine place as cutter in

a large firm. She, of course, went thither, only to be told that her husband

had been several days away from work and was drinking bard. He had not been even at his boarding-houses. This

led her to visit the station house, and in one of them she ascertained that her husband was in jail for ten days. He

was released and prevailed on to return-home after six years' absence. All this occurred eighteen years ago, and to-day the prodigal husband of yore is a strict temperance man, in independent circum-stances, a model husband and father and a respected cilizer.

The Last Snake Story of the Season.

The Waterbury (Conn.) American

says: recently the American published a

remarkable tale of two red adders that.

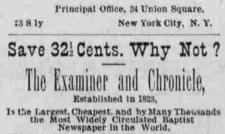
were killed in a Cherry-street dwelling.

A sequel to the story can now be told.

It will be remembered that a gentleman-

arose in the night for a drink of water

a respected citizen.



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Frame House, Bank Barn, CARPENTERSHOP, AND OTHER OUTBUILD-ings. A good portion of the tract is excellent bot-tom hand and is under good cultivation. This property is pleasantly located in a good neigh-borhood, convenient to cliurches, stores and

15. The above property will be sold at a reason-able price and on easy terms. For further par-ticulars call at this office. 26

"Do you know what your grandma's name was before she married your grandpa ?" the gentleman resumed.

"Yes, sir; it was Edith Sanford, I've been told, but she died long ago."

The old gentleman gave another quick look, but again Walter failed to notice it. His eyes, just then, were turned longingly toward a window containing a tempting display of holiday goods, it being Christmas eve.

"Let's go in," said the little old gentleman, and the two entered the shop.

The gentleman picked out a costly pocket knife, with ever so many queer contrivances in it, and a handsome wax doll, which he bought and put in his pocket, and then hurrled away, though the latter would have gladly remained longer to feast his eyes on the brilliant stock of treasures.

At last they reached the ungainly tenement in which · Walter's mother occupied a poorly furnished room up four flights of stairs.

As he looked upon her face the old gentleman seemed strangely moved; and there was a noticeable quiver in his voice as he mentioned to the widow his offer to employ her son, of whose discharge he at the same time apprised her. "But don't be concerned, madam," he hastened to say, noticing her blank look ; "I can offer your boy a much better situation-and here, take this," he hurriedly added, thrusting a bank note into her hand; "it's only to bind the bargain and keep any one from getting ahead of me. Of course, you needn't answer till you've learned more about me.17

Then, while Walter was busy telling sissy of the wonderful things he had seen in the toy shop, the eccentric little gentleman slipped his two purchases to

got to do now is to get your picture ready, and I'll show you how to hang the thing."

"It's awful sweet of you, pet," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, alternately rubbing the frame of a very hectic chromo and sucking the thumb she had been hammering for the last twenty minutes. "It's awful sweet and thoughtful of you, dear, to offer your assistance at such a time, for I do believe I never would have got a nail driven in that stupid wall."

"Of course you wouldn't, my dear," laughed Spoopendyke. "Who ever saw a woman that could drive a nail? You couldn't drive a galvanized carpet tack in a 'leven pound bladder of putty. And speaking of driving nails, I'd like to know if you're ever going to hand up that hammer, or meat pounder, or whatever you've been using. Think I can drive nails with my elbow ?"

"It's the stove handle, love," and Mrs. Spoopendyke meekly handed up a mysterious-looking implement with a wooden handle at one end and the underjaw of a shoemaker's plyers at the other.

"Oh, it's a stove hook, is it ?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, regarding the weapon with a sinister expression. "Now, if you'd handed me up a dog iron, or a pair of steelyards, I'd have been right at home but a stove hook! Really, my dear.I'd rather undertake to drive a nail with a scythe handle."

"But the wall's so soft and lovely, dear, it really drives them beautifullyif they would only stick," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, reassuredly.

"Only stick ?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, contemptuously; "now I'll bet you never wet the muchage on a single nail before you started it. That's why they didn't stick for you-ouch! suffering Moses! Are you going to stand serenely by and see me beat my knuckles into a shapeless pulp with this dod-gasted measly marlin-spike ?"

"Poor dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, consolingly. "You do act so impatient trembling step toward him.

"Yes, I must," said the robber extending his hand.

"Well, then, take it," said she, gently pressing the trigger for the last time .-There was a loud report, and the robber tumbled over dead. The community ought to pension that woman.

Locomotive Engineer's Responsibilities.

COR every accident that happens an engineer is liable to be blamed, whether at fault or not. He holds the most responsible position on the train. The engine in his care is worth from \$8,000 to \$15,000. Look at his duties. He must keep his eye on the track ahead, watching the switch targets by day and lights by night. He must be on the look-out for a danger flag at all times. He must keep informed of how much water there is in the boiler by constantly trying the guage cocks-must neither have too little nor too much. He must watch the time so as not to run ahead of time nor to lose time. He has the throttle and reverse lever to attend to, and must see that the latter is in the notch which will use the least amount of steam-that is, make use of the expansive qualities it possesses. He must be sure that the pump or injector, whichever the engine is equipped with, is working all right and putting the proper amount of water in the boller continually. He must watch the steam gauge and the gauge which indicates the amount of compressed air contained in the reservoirs to be used for applying the brakes. He must watch his air pump and not let it stop, in order to have plenty of, compressed air whenever he has occasion to apply the brakes. The whistle must be blown and the bell rung on approaching stations or obscure crossings. If he is running a freight train he must also use good judgment in keeping out of the way of first-class trains. In all cases of danger ahead he must reverse his engine, sand the rails,

foot, and then reached down in the darkness and felt it with his hand; that he thought it felt " a little queer." and on striking a light found he had been making familiar with a real live adder. The mate to the adder was found in the house mate to the adder was found in the house in the morning and also killed. Two cats had worried and fought the first snake until it had become stupid; other-wise it would undoubtedly have bitten the gentleman who had handled it in the darkness and while wholly ignorant of the peril he was in. It now transpires that the two cats saved the man's life at the cost of their own, for they both died from the effects of the poisonous bites of the adder. Two cats were never more sincerely mourned, and there are certain persons in Cherry Street, it is said, who firmly believe that in the feline heaven beyond the border these two brave mew-ers will have golden mice and rats of pearl every day forevermore.

Rightly Served.

A young named Hardesty, of Ottumwa Iowa, has little sense. He agreed to give his watch and \$40 for \$400 of counterfeit money so well executed that experts could not tell it from the genuine. As per negotiations he went to a barn at 9 o'clock at night, tapped on the siding when a hand from the inside passed him out an envelope at the same time that Hardesty handed in his watch and \$40 of good money. Hardesty rushed off and examined his purchase, and was so mad when he found that the envelope contained nothing but old newspapers cut to bank-bill size, that he went and complained to the police.

Big Results From Little Causes.

"Do you know ?" remarked a man to "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 *cruptive* manner-so rash-ly as it were. Save? Oh! yes, I save," re-plied the other, "they were boil-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 Olintment for skin diseases. 42-44