

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS
November 6th, 1881.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:
For New York via Allentown, at 5.05 a. m., and 1.45 p. m.
For New York via Philadelphia and "Round Brook Route," at 8.05 a. m., and 1.45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 6.35, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.20, 6.30, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 5.20, 6.30, 8.05 a. m., 1.45 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 5.20, 8.05, 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 5.20 a. m., and 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m.
Leave New York via "Round 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, 5.50 and 7.40 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m., and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.30, 11.00 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, 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 6.00, 9.00 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 7.30 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Allentown, at 9.05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paston, Lochland and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.45, 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 STELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.00, 8.00 a. m., 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 6.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

J. E. WOOTEN, 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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Story of the Sewing Machine.

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A GOOD FARM situated in Saville township, one and a half miles south of Ickesburg, this county, containing

About 60 Acres,

Having thereon erected a

Frame House, Bank Barn,

CARPENTERSHOP, AND OTHER OUTBUILDINGS. A good portion of the tract is excellent bottom land and is under good cultivation. This property is pleasantly located in a good neighborhood, convenient to churches, stores and schools.

The above property will be sold at a reasonable price and on easy terms. For further particulars call at this office.

AUCTIONEERS.

JAMES CLEELAND

Auctioneer,

Offers his services to the citizens of Perry and Cumberland counties. Post office address, Shermansdale, Perry co., Pa.

HENRY KELL,

AUCTIONEER.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Perry County that he will cry sales at short notice, and at reasonable rates. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Address HENRY KELL, Ickesburg, Pa.

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AUCTIONEER,

Delville, Perry Co., Pa. Charges moderate, and satisfaction guaranteed. 51f

DAVID M'COY,

AUCTIONEER,

ICKESBURG, PERRY COUNTY, PA.
Charges moderate. Prompt attention paid to all calls.

JAS. P. LATCHFORD,

AUCTIONEER,

Would respectfully inform the public that he will cry sales at reasonable prices. All orders will receive prompt attention.
DONNALLY'S MILLS, PERRY CO., PA.

Auctioneer.—The undersigned given notice that he will cry sales at any point in Perry or Dauphin counties. Orders are solicited and prompt attention will be given.

E. D. WELLS,
New Buffalo
Perry co., Pa

A STRANGE TALE.

A REMARKABLE story of attempted swindling, involving a cold-blooded murder, is narrated by the *World* recently:

In December, 1878, John W. Hillman made applications for insurance on his life at Lawrence, Kan., in the offices of the Mutual, the New York and the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance companies. The applications were forwarded to the home offices and in the same month he was insured for \$25,000—\$10,000 in each of the New York companies and \$5,000 in the Connecticut Mutual. He paid the first quarterly premium to the three companies and then started for the far West, ostensibly for the purpose of establishing a cattle ranch. A companion started with him named John H. Brown.

While crossing the prairies they met a young man named Frederick A. Walters, whom Hillman hired to accompany them and tend the cattle on the ranch. On the evening of March 16, 1880, the party camped a few miles outside of Medicine Lodge, Barbour county, Kan. The following morning Brown came into the village and announced that his friend Hillman had been accidentally shot while removing some goods from their wagon. A coroner's jury was impaneled and went out to the camping ground, where Brown narrated the story of the shooting. He said that Hillman and himself had been traveling together, without any companion, in search of a cattle ranch. A verdict of accidental death was rendered and the body was buried in the cemetery of Medicine Lodge. Walters had disappeared and nothing was heard of him.

When the news of Hillman's death was brought to his friends in Lawrence, they refused to believe the story of accidental shooting, and had the body exhumed and brought home. Another inquest was held, and an examination of the body revealed the fact that it was not that of Hillman. The insurance companies agreed to act together and sift the matter to the bottom. They believed that Hillman was still alive, and that he and Brown had procured a corpse for the purpose of securing the insurance. The dead man was not like Hillman; his hair was curly and came down around his face, while Hillman's was quite straight and brushed back from his forehead. The dead man had the usual number of teeth, while Hillman was known to have one missing. The dead man had recently been vaccinated, and the scar on his arm was quite fresh and sore. Hillman had also been vaccinated just before starting on his trip, but the doctors certified that the scar on Hillman's body must have become cicatrized by that time. The dead body was taller than Hillman's, and it was remembered that Hillman had tried to get his height falsified while undergoing the medical examination in the insurance companies' offices. The fatal wound also was one which could hardly have been inflicted in the manner described by Brown, and the latter had become very much confused at the inquest in narrating the details of the occurrence. Altogether it was evident that the dead man was not Hillman, but who he was remained a mystery.

A photograph of the corpse was taken and sent to various places. It was first recognized at Fort Madison, Ia., as that of Frederick A. Walters, the man who had joined Brown and Hillman on their supposed search for a cattle ranche. When the photograph was shown to Walter's father, he at once recognized the features as those of his son. He took it home with him, and accidentally dropping it from his pocket, it was seen by his wife and daughter, who at once burst into tears. Several letters of Walters were found. One to his sweetheart in Fort Madison, whom he addressed as "Dearest Alvira," stated that he was going West with a man named Hillman, who owned a large cattle ranche, and who had agreed to give him very liberal wages for his services. He told her to remain constant to him, and he would return in a few months with enough money for their marriage. Walters' brother, C. R. Walters, described the body before seeing it, and said that there was a mole about the size of a pea on the left leg. The body fully answered his description, even to the small mole. This left no doubt that the body was that of Walters, and that he had been killed by Hillman and Brown as a substitute for the former's body in order to secure the insurance money.

Brown was arrested and made a full confession in September, 1879, in Platte county, Mo., saying that the proceeding was part of a scheme to defraud the insurance companies. He said that he was acquainted with all the parties to the scheme. They were Hillman, Levi Baldwin, Hillman's father-in-law; Mrs. Baldwin and himself. Baldwin furnished the money for the operations. Hillman was to insure his life for fifteen thousand dollars, and Brown and he

were to find a body to palm off on the insurance companies. It was afterward decided to have Hillman insured for \$25,000. "We had no definite plans for the finding of a body, but supposed we could easily get one. We made a trip in the latter part of December, 1878, from Wichita to the West during a heavy snow-storm, hoping to find some persons frozen to death on the road, but did not succeed. Hillman and I were alone on that trip. On the 5th of March we fell in with Walters, whom Hillman hired to work on a ranch. Hillman said that Walters would make a good body for the insurance companies. I told him the body was not like his, and that it would not do, and I also protested against the taking of Walters' life, as murder was not part of our agreement. Hillman liked the idea, however, and pains were taken that not more than two of us should be seen around the wagon. One of us was always inside. "Hillman had been vaccinated before we left on this trip, and one day he advised Walters to get vaccinated, as there would be danger of small-pox in the region where we were going. Walters consented and Hillman vaccinated him with a pen-knife, taking the matter from his own arm. This was relied upon to help establish the identity of Walters, as Hillman. Hillman also traded off his clothes with Walters. He gave Walters a lot of underclothing and then traded his outside garments. Walters was an easy-going stupid sort of a fellow. He said that his name was Berkeley or Burchell. We always called him Joe. I never made free with him after Hillman had made up his mind to kill him. I did not want to become intimate with him. On the evening we got to camp, on the 16th of March, Joe was sitting by the fire. I was at the wagon, trying to get out some things, when I heard a report and saw the man was shot. Hillman dragged the body to one side and put one of his own books in the dead man's pocket. He then took Joe's valise and then he went off. He was about to tell me where he was going, but I told him I did not want to know, as I could find out soon enough. I have never heard of him since."

Subsequently Brown escaped and retracted this confession, saying that he had been induced to make it by the lawyers for the insurance companies, who, he said, had told him that if he would make it and if Mrs. Hillman would deliver the policies to the companies, he would be permitted to go free. Mrs. Hillman did surrender the policies and confessed that she knew her husband was alive. The Baldwins, Mrs. Hillman and the Browns have since disappeared, and no trace of them has been found. Hillman himself has been frequently seen since then, and he is known to be in some of the mining camps around Leadville. The companies have detectives on his track.

A Pretty Rough Joke.

LAST week Mr. Eppenetus Hoyt, of Fon du Lac, went to Chicago on a visit. He is a pious gentleman, whose candor would carry conviction to the mind of the seeker after righteousness, and his presence in the prayer meeting, and the sociable, or the horse race is an evidence that everything will be conducted on the square. Mr. Hoyt knew a young man named Johnnie Darling, who was attending Rush Medical College, and through him was permitted to visit the dissecting room, and gaze upon the missionary work being done there. Mr. Hoyt was introduced to a number of the wicked young men who were carving the late lamented, and after he got accustomed to the climate he rather enjoyed the performance. Whether young Mr. Darling told the boys that Mr. Hoyt was "fresh" or not will perhaps never be known, but, as Mr. Hoyt passed around among the slabs where they were at work, each made a contribution from the corpse he was at work on to Mr. Hoyt's coat pocket, unbeknown to him. While one was calling his attention to a limb he was dissecting, another would cut off an ear, or a finger, or a toe, or a nose, or dig out an eye, and drop the same into the pocket of Mr. Hoyt's overcoat. Finally he bid the boys good by, thanked them for their courtesies in showing around, told them if they ever came to Fon du Lac his pew in church was at their disposal, and he skipped for the train and got on board. The seats were all occupied, and a middle-aged lady, with a thin face and spectacles, and evidently an old maid, allowed him to sit beside her. The car was warm, and it was not long before the "remains" began to be heard from. He was talking to the lady about the sweet by and by, and the hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave, and of the inducements held out by the good book to those who try to lead a different life here on earth, when he smelled something. The lady had been smelling it for some miles back, and she had got her eyes on Mr. Hoyt and put her handkerchief to her nose. He took a long breath and said to the lady:

"The air seems sort of fixed here in the car, does it not?" and he looked up at the transom.

"Yes," said the lady, as she turned pale, and asked him to let her out of the seat, "It is very much fixed, and I believe you are the man that fixed it!" and she took her satchel and went to the rear of the car, where she glared at him as though he was a fat-rendering establishment. Mr. Hoyt devoted a few moments to silent prayer, and then his attention was called to a new married couple in the seat in front of him. They had been having their heads close together, when suddenly the bride said: "Henry, have you been drinking?" He vowed by all that was great and glorious that he had not, when she told him that there was something about his breath that reminded her of strong drink, or a packing house. He allowed that it was not him, but admitted that he had noticed that there was something wrong, though he didn't know but it was some of her teeth that needed filling. They were both mad at the insinuation of the other, and the bride leaned on the window and cried, while the groom looked the other way, and acted cross. Mr. Hoyt was very much annoyed at the smell, and made up his mind it was his duty to speak to the groom about it. So he introduced himself and told the groom he ought to do something to cure those feet of his. The groom looked at him indignantly, but Mr. Hoyt continued: "You may think it will wear off, but it won't. I knew a man in Fon du Lac whose feet perspired as bad as yours, and it was almost impossible to stay in a room with him. He had to sleep with his feet out the window, and the neighbors complained to the health officers. One day he—"

At this point the bridegroom called his wife, and they indignantly left the car. Mr. Hoyt was annoyed. The smell remained, and people all around him got up and went to the forward end of the car, or to the rear, and there were a dozen empty seats when the conductor came in, and lots of people standing up. The conductor got one sniff and said:

"Whoever has got that piece of Limberger cheese in his pocket will have to go in the emigrant car." They all looked at Hoyt, and the conductor went up to him and asked him if he didn't know any better than to be carrying around such cheese as that. Hoyt said he hadn't got no cheese. The conductor insisted that he had, and told him to turn his pockets wrong side out. Hoyt jabbed his hands into his pockets and felt something cold and clammy. He drew his hands out empty, turned pale, and said he didn't have any cheese. The conductor insisted on his feeling again, and he brought to the surface a couple of human ears, a finger and a thumb.

"What in the name of the apostles have you got there?" says the conductor. "Do you belong to any establishment that sends canned missionary to the heathen cannibals?" Hoyt told the conductor to come in the baggage car and he would explain all, and as he passed by the passengers, with both hands full of the remains, they were ready to lynch him. He told the conductor where he had been, and the boys had played it on him, and the fingers and things were thrown beside the track where some one will find them and think a murder has been committed. Afterwards Hoyt went in the car and tried to apologize to the old maid, but she said if he didn't go away she would scream. Hoyt would always rather go away than have a woman scream. He is trying to think of some way to get even with the boys at Rush Medical College.

The Italian Bandit.

ADVICES from Palermo state that when the Italian arrested in New Orleans and afterwards extradited from New York as Exposito, the bandit, was brought face to face with his accusers in his own county seeing that any further attempt to deny his identity would be futile, he boldly threw off the mask and boldly proclaimed that he was the brigand. Exposito formerly belonged to a noted band under the leadership of "Leone," who terrorized the inhabitants of Sicily. After many engagements with the government troops, Leone was finally surrounded and killed, with most of his men. Exposito escaped death and surrendered, but on the day fixed for his trial, leaped from the van on which he was being carried to court, and aided by his friends, fled to the mountains. There he gathered the remnants of the band, and inaugurated a carnival blood. Nearly fifty murderers are ascribed to this band, some of their victims being prominent officials of the province. As long as the culprits contented themselves with kidnapping and mutilating Italians, the government proved rather lukewarm in its dealings with these men, but when the Rev. John Forrester Rose, an English minister of the Gospel was mutilated, having his ears cut off because the \$2,500 which they demanded as a ransom was not promptly paid then the English

government interfered and demanded the annihilation of this band. On hearing this Exposito Randazzo, with the aid of friends, managed to reach the sea and embarking for the United States, arrived in New Orleans in 1880. When he was extradited, a loud outcry was made both in New York and New Orleans, by the lawyers who had defended him, alleging that the wrong man had been torn from his home, his family and friends, and taken to a foreign land to suffer for the crimes of another. The question was brought up in the Senate, and an investigation was demanded. It was claimed that he came to New Orleans a poor man and by attention to business and frugality had saved a competence. Recent developments show that he was a rich man when he reached this country. His wealth was undoubtedly derived from the plunder of the unhappy travelers murdered by his band or held captives till their lives were ransomed by their friends.

An interesting sequel to this case is a suit brought in New Orleans by the lawyers of Exposito against Angelo Cusimano, of that city, to recover \$10,000 entrusted to him for the benefit of Serafina Gla Merducca-Miceli, the mother of Exposito's child. Another suit is to recover possession of a lugger purchased by Exposito for use as a fruit trader, which the captain, a man named Giuseppe Grande, has converted to his own use. Both the defendants are charged with profiting by the misfortune of Exposito, and retaining possession of both money and vessel.

A Practical Chap.

A Somerville young lady who was the recipient of attentions from two young men equally eligible, in point of good looks, social position, and financial solidity and entertaining similar feelings of friendship for both, was in a quandary as to which one to choose should they propose. A friend to whom she confided her difficulty suggested that she put both to some test to prove the strength of their affection. She took the advice, and to the first who avowed his affection said:

"You tell me that you love me. How do I know that you are sincere? What would you do to show your love?"

"Anything," replied the ardent lover, who had a spice of romance in his disposition, "anything. I go to the world's end for you; I would die for you if necessary." Such ardent protestations brought the blushes to her cheeks and a thrill of happiness to her heart, and she thought that no one could love her more fondly than he did. She asked, however for a little delay before giving him an answer to his suit.

Meanwhile the other proposed and she questioned him in a like manner.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I would do to show my love for you: If you marry me you shall have good clothes to wear. I will see that you are always the owner of a handsome sealskin saccue, and that your hats or bonnets are always in fashion and I will be a faithful husband to you."

"But wouldn't you go to the word's end for me or die for me, any of that sort of thing, you know?" she asked, as she toyed with his coat buttons.

"I don't want to go to the world's end," he replied; "I've got a nice, good paying business here in Boston; and as for dying for you, I'd rather live with you."

"Well," said she, as visions of the seal skin saccue, fashionable bonnets, etc., flashed before her mind, "I guess you can speak to pa."

The practical wooer is the man for the times.

Christianity's Trait.

Humbleness is peculiar to Christianity. Goodness is admired and taught in all religions. But to be good, and feel that your good is nothing; to advance and become more conscious of pollution; to ripen all excellence, and like corn to bend the head when full of ripe and bursting grain—that is Christianity.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 4, 2, 9, 10, 3, and 12, is a river in England.
My 11, 3, 15 and 14 is a kingdom in South America.
My 13, 3, 15, 8, 17 and 7 is a city in Europe.
My 5, 18, 1, 9, 13, 17 and 5 is a lake in North America.
My 6, 17, 16, 17, 11, 3 and 19 is a lake in British America.
My whole is what the people of Bloomfield would like to see.

The place of great safety is the place where duty calls you.

Man's Ingratitude.

This is an ungrateful world to say the least. A man will act like a lunatic when he has the Itching Piles, and declare that he knows he can't live another day, yet he applies Swayne's Ointment, the intense itching is allayed at once, he gets cured, and goes down to the lodge without one whit of gratitude. When asked why he looks so cheerful, he dodges the question by an indifferent answer. Its just like a man though, isn't it?
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