

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

November 6th, 1881.
Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:
For New York via Allentown, at 8:00 a. m., and 1:45 p. m.

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 "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia, at 7:45 a. m., 1:30, 4:30, and 8:30 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, via Allentown at 5:30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7:45 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, 6:45, 9:35 a. m., and 2:00 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5:50 p. m., and on Saturday only 4:45, 6:10, 9:30 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6:10, 7:50, 10:00 a. m., 2:20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6:10 p. m., and on Saturday only 6:35, 6:50, 9:30 p. m.

J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.
C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

A Strange Marriage.

"STRANGE! what can this mean?
Is this a stupendous fraud, a trick, or what?" And Dr. Pomeroy stared most vacantly at the closely-written sheet he held in his hand. He read:

"Dr. Pomeroy, I will not apologize for the unparalleled service I am about to ask of you; suffice it to say I have heard your history, heard of your struggles, and realize how hard a task it is for one so young in the profession and without friends in the great wilderness of houses called a city. Also, permit me to add, I have been informed of the cruel blow you received from the hand of one you loved, who was unworthy of you, and yet I am not acquainted with you, nor you with me. Indeed, we have never looked upon one another's face. Nevertheless, I am about to request you do me a great favor. Will you come to South Street Church to-morrow at eight o'clock? Come privately, unattended, and never repeat what takes place there. Will you give me, a stranger, a lawful claim to your name, and yet do not seek to know whom you marry? If you will do so, I will make over to you fifty thousand dollars, payable to your order at the city bank, as soon as the ceremony is over. Trusting that the money will be a temptation to you, I shall anxiously await you at the appointed time."

That was all. There was no signature—nothing to give any clue to the writer's address or abode. Indeed, it was so terse and unfeminine in its details that he was tempted to believe some of his male friends were playing a joke on him. "I will not go—I will not be fooled!" he said to himself.

He flung the missive down, and then he picked it up, folded it carefully, and thrust it into his pockets.

He remembered that he had a patient to visit, and went out; but everywhere the contents of that strange letter was ringing in his ears. He then went to see his mother. She was suffering even more than usual, and a number of dunning bills had been left for his consideration—bills which he had not the most remote idea how he was to meet. He thrust them downward and buried his face in his hands.

"Poverty is a curse, mother," he moaned. "I do not know which way to turn."
She tried to cheer him, but in vain. Everywhere he turned, hopeless chaos seemed to envelope him. "Ah, if that letter was only real," he thought. "Fifty thousand dollars would make me rich."
And so he fretted and worried until the appointed hour came—one moment vowing he would not go near the place, the next tempted to see the "farce" out.

Eight o'clock found him stealing in. He saw two ladies closely veiled, and a gentleman standing in the upper part of the building, while the minister sat in a chair. There was but one gas jet lighted, and he could just distinguish the forms. As soon as he entered, the gentleman spoke to one of the ladies, and she advanced to meet him.

"Are you Dr. Pomeroy?" she asked, in a low tone.
"I am."

She led him to where the gentleman stood, and he extended his hand.

"How do you do, Pomeroy?" and Pomeroy recognized in him the President of the city bank. "I am here by the request of this young lady," pointing to the one who had not moved or spoken, "to inform you that if you agree to her proposition, I am authorized to pay to your order the sum of fifty thousand dollars."

Pomeroy tried to speak, but his voice was choked. It was no fraud; it was a reality. He stood motionless for a moment; then advanced and offered his arm to the silent lady. She took it without a quiver, and went with him to where the minister awaited them. The ceremony was quietly performed.

Dr. Pomeroy registered his name and then looked with considerable curiosity at the bold, plain signature, "Ellen Latour," which his bride wrote down. The minister hastily filled out a certificate, which he had brought with him by request, and which the maid and the banker signed as witnesses. The bride took it, kissed it, and thrust it into her bosom. One moment more and the two glided swiftly away from sight.

Dr. Pomeroy wiped the perspiration from his brow, and then asked: "Who was she?"

"I do not know," said the minister. "I was requested by letter, and paid to perform the ceremony and keep it a secret. It is perfectly lawful."

"And I," said the banker, "did not see the lady's face. She deposited the money with me, and requested my attendance here to assure you that her promise should be faithfully fulfilled."

The three men separated; the gas was turned out; the entire curtain fell on the first act.

The next day Pomeroy tried to realize what he had done. He had sold his

name to the unknown woman, but he thought that could not injure him.

She must have been in deadly peril, to pay such an exorbitant price for a simple name.

He took an office further up town, and moved his mother to a nicer home. Patients came pouring in; a different class employed the rich Dr. Pomeroy than those who had employed the poor one.

Five years had passed away, and he had gained a reputation and added considerable to his bank account. He had been an indefatigable worker, and now he felt that he needed rest for a while.

"We will take a trip to Europe, mother," he said. "It will do you more good than you can imagine."

A great many gentle hearts felt a pang to see the "good doctor" leave, although their endeavors to catch him had been in vain. He felt no preference for the opposite sex. He had recovered from his disappointment, and he ceased to remember that he was a married man, or to think kindly of the unknown woman who had so radically changed his life.

They traveled leisurely through the tour they had marked out before they started, and one night found them in a French village. About the middle of the night, the doctor was awakened by some one tapping at his door and calling for him to come out.

He did so. He found the landlord, who told him, in broken English, that one of his countrymen had just fallen down stairs in a fit, and seeing his name registered M. D., they called him up.

He went into an elegantly-furnished room, where a man, some fifty years of age, was lying in a dying condition. A young lady sat by the bed fanning him. The doctor hastily examined the patient, and found it was impossible for him to live; but the day passed, and still another, before he drew his last breath. He never recovered his consciousness.

The lady told Dr. Pomeroy that he was her father. His name was Eugene Snyderham, a native of England, and she would like to have him buried where he died. They were traveling for the benefit of her health, she went on to explain, and he was a widower. Her only remaining relative was a young sister, who had been educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Paris.

After Mr. Snyderham was buried, Miss Snyderham went under the care of the doctor and his mother, to Paris. She insisted on their taking up their abode where she had apartments, and not a day passed but she was with Mrs. Pomeroy. The old lady got warmly attached, and talked dolefully to her son about the time when they should have to be separated.

She told them confidentially not to wonder that she did not mourn for her father, for he had endeavored to wrong her so deeply that it was not love that held her to his side; and in all her life she had never been so happy as now that she was free.

Dr. Pomeroy watched her. At first he was very gallant, but at last he began to be reserved and cold. A feeling he dared not cherish was growing in his heart, and it alarmed him greatly.

"I dare not love her," he muttered to himself. "I am bound."

Then, for the first time, he felt how heavy were the fetters he had forged for himself. She noticed the change. She tried to beguile him to forget the grief that was evidently wearing on him; and at last, in a fit of desperation, he told her all.

"I am a married man!" he said, impetuously. "I love you, and yet I am not free to love."

She recoiled, but she bade him tell her all.

"It was cruel, unkind of her to bind you so," she said.

"No, no!" he ejaculated. "She saved me—she blessed me—and I shall always respect her, but never did my bonds hurt me until I met you. Now I shall be miserable forever."

"You may meet her."

"Impossible."

"But possible," she said, with a sorrowful look. "I know your Ellen Latour. She lives, and I must give you up."

"You know her?"

"Yes; to-morrow I will introduce you to her. She is anxious to see you; she knows you are here, and she believed you loved me, and wondered if you were as upright as she had always thought you to be."

He bowed his face in his hands, and Miss Snyderham left him. The hour had come which he had hoped for in bygone days—he was to learn whom he had wedded; but it gave him no pleasure now.

At an early hour the servant told him that Miss Latour awaited him in her private parlor, and he was ushered into a strange room. He scarcely lifted his eyes as he entered, but when he did, they fell upon Miss Snyderham.

"I am Ellen Latour," she said, simply.

"That is my real name, though I never anticipated revealing the truth to you. Listen to my story before you blame me," she said.

"The man whom you saw die was my stepfather. He married my mother when I was but five years old, and sister Ada a baby. My mother was weakly, and she died a few years later, leaving all our property in that man's hands. He was our sole guardian, to hold all our property under his control, until we were married or became of age. He placed me in the Sacred Heart, and kept me there until I was sixteen, and then he took me out, and proposed to marry me to a friend of his. I rebelled. One night I heard a conversation between them, and found that he was selling me for twenty thousand dollars, that was to be paid down to him out of my property the moment Turner became my husband. I was shocked. I had no friends to go to, and was totally at a loss what to do. He did not allow me to go into society; I made no acquaintances, and instead of allowing me to stay in my mother's house, he kept me traveling about the country.

"At last I proposed to compromise. I told my step-father to take me to America, and when I returned I would marry his friend. He complied, and I got my maid to gossip with one of the servants in the hotel, and by chance she told her your history, as her sister worked for your mother. Just before I started from England an uncle of my mother's left me fifty thousand dollars in my own right, which my step-father could not touch. I had it transferred to New York, and determined to save myself with it. Hearing of you, I adopted the plan of getting you to marry me. When we returned to England, and my step-father commanded me to fulfill my promise, I showed him my marriage certificate. He swore, but he saw his case was lost; I had outwitted him. I did not leave him, but remained to protect my sister Ada from a similar fate. I never expected to meet you. I intended to have you sue for a divorce as soon as he should die, and it would not endanger my safety."

"But this intention will never be carried into effect," Dr. Pomeroy exclaimed. "You will be mine forever, Ellen!"

"Yours forever!" she answered.

And when they went to see his mother, there were no three happier people to be found in the whole world.

Years have passed since then, and Ada finds a home with her sister who never repents that she was saved from a fate worse than death by the strange marriage.

Why His Salary Was Raised.

THERE is a very amusing story told of a bank president who used to have his clerks watched by a detective after office hours, so that he could keep himself properly posted as to any fact which might render any one of them liable to appropriate funds belonging to the bank. He had hauled up several of the clerks about their improper and extravagant expenditures, and was, as the story goes, sitting in his private office waiting the appearance of the new assistant receiving teller, Ferdinand Algernon Vere de Vere, who had been duly shadowed and reported on by operative P. Q., of Judas & Gehazi's secret service. The clerk having entered the president's office, was accosted with:

"Young man, what is your salary?"

"Nine hundred, sir, and I can scarcely live on that."

"No. I should guess not. I suppose you know I am a cautious man, and now I will say that from inquiries made touching your habits, I have been led to form the opinion that you are spending money altogether too fast for the trusted employe of a wealthy bank. Now, do not defend yourself. Let me tell you where you went last evening.—You left this office at four p. m., and with the messenger walked into the 'Pearl' and drank brandy smash. You played billiards from thirty-seven minutes past four to forty-two minutes past six p. m., and dined on Blue Points and prairie chickens and Imperial. You went to see Almee in opera bouffe, went out several times between the acts, and before the piece was through you walked down and lost \$5.25 at keno. You said keno was a foolish game and you could not see any fun in it, after which you drowned your sorrow in several juleps, and took the thirty minutes past one o'clock for your room on North Eleventh street. Now, I want to know if you think that proper conduct for the servant of a bank like this?"

Now, the other clerks, on arriving at this point, had one and all admitted the truth of the operative's report, and, after begging forgiveness, had promised immediate and substantial reform. But this clerk was made of different stuff; and said:

"I don't think anything at all about it.—That report is a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, and as I happen

to know was made by Jim Muggins, an ex-convict and a son of a thief.

"If you want to know how I spend my evenings I shall be pleased to inform you, sir, at any and all times, but now this matter of fidelity to the corporation has come up, let me read to you, sir, my special agent's report of how you spent yesterday afternoon. At two o'clock you met the notary of the bank and told him to send around the rebate on his commission for the year, and he met you at the Jim Crow saloon a little later and gave you \$396.16, for which you thanked him, and told him the directors would not change their notary for the present. Then on leaving the bank you met Bertram, the contractor for the stone and work of the new bank building, and he handed you a parcel and said 'here's your whack of the divvy,' at which you smiled and invited him to drink. He declined. At seven p. m. you told your wife that there was a meeting of bank presidents at the Lindell that night, and you wouldn't be home till late. But instead of going to the hotel, you went to a house on Walnut street, near Twenty-second, where you passed the evening with the pretty widow you call 'Lena,' first giving her a watch and chain, with the observation that you had promised your wife a watch long ago, and hadn't given it to her yet. You reached home about half past twelve a. m., and had to ring the bell because you had dropped your latch key on Lena's carpet.—You were surprised during the night by burglars, to whom Lena had given the key to your house, and while they took nothing of value because your dog scared them off, you were so angry that you complained to the Chief of Police that the policeman on your beat was of no account, whereas you were yourself to blame. And then—"

"That will do," said the president. "I see you are a smart young man. It is not necessary to discuss these trivial matters.—By the way, what did you say your salary was?"

"Nine hundred, sir."

"Well, it will be \$1,500 after this, and I'll make you cashier as soon as old Kretzler goes on his next drunk."

"Thank you, sir."

"Oh, that's nothing to be thankful for.—Just go along and attend to your work, and I'll take care of you. And by the by, you needn't say anything to the other clerks about my foolishness with that widow."

And the clerk walked out.

Larceny of an Entire Dwelling.

The Omaha Bee says: A warrant was issued on Saturday evening for a man named James Baker, who was employed as engineer at the planing-mill of Rosenberry Brothers, on Marcy street.

The charge against Baker is a pretty heavy one, being a system of thefts from the mill-yards and elsewhere, covering a period of several months at least, and from which enough material was obtained to erect for himself a dwelling house out on Hickory street. The manoeuvring required to do this, to say nothing of the actual work, would in itself be no small job, but it is claimed, that everything, from lumber, doors, sash and window frames, to the tar-paper used on the roof was obtained in the same way, and even the tools used in the construction of the house were carried off from a man working the Union Pacific shops.

Wasn't I There, Too.

In the times when the political warfare between Whigs and Democrats waxed hot and relentless, there was a town out West in which the two parties were so equal in numbers that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a matter of most serious consequence. Of course, on both sides sharp eyes were open and watchful. A young man came up to the polling place on election day and offered his vote. It was his first appearance in the character of an elector, and he had the independence, or audacity, to differ politically with his father. His father challenged his vote.

"On what grounds?" demanded the presiding officer.

"He ain't twenty-one."

"I am twenty-one," asserted the youth.

"No you ain't," persisted the father, "you will not be twenty-one till to-morrow."

"I say I will!" cried the youth; "I was born on the 12th of November. It is down so in the old Bible."

"Then it's a dod-rotten mistake," said the old man. "You weren't born till the mornin' of the 13th of November, I can swear."

"How can you swear?"

"How?" repeated the father, indignantly.—"Goodness gracious! wasn't I there?"

"Well," replied the son, with proud defiance, "wasn't I there, too?"

The young man voted.

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