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THE OINTMENT

On account of its being the only one that cures the itching, swelling, and smarting of the skin, it is known by every body as the GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES, DR. SWAIN'S OINTMENT, PHILA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

September 20, 1881-1y

MY MULE RIDE.

DID you ever ride a mule? I don't mean a civilized creature accustomed to good society, but a wild steed of the plains brought up on the grass and rattlesnakes, and accustomed to cavort regardless of the constitution as amended, or the rights of man. Mules are pretty much alike the world over, only the Texas mule is a little more so.

I rode one the other day, and I'm going to try to tell you about it. It won't be very well written, because my right arm has been in a sling, and I have more bruises than bones. You see I fell in love with a girl—deep as a forty-foot well—I mean my love, not the girl—she isn't deep a bit—and as my luck would have it, another fellow fell about the same distance about the same time.

He's not a bad looking chap, and wears store clothes on week days. He parts his hair in the middle, and oils it up with bergamot and cinnamon. He has his name printed on pieces of paste-board and drops them around promiscuously for fear people might forget that A. Brown was about. I had to acknowledge the fact that between this fellow and myself, in the affections of the divine Araminta, it was nip and tuck, with the dog a little ahead.

I put on my best clothes one day and walked over to the gal's house, intending to move on her works, and have the little thing settled without further debate. My rival was there, and seemed to have on his best clothes. That didn't amount to much, for I knew that at ten o'clock, six hours after my arrival, he'd have to wend his winding way home, for the old lady he boarded with didn't allow irregular hours.

If he got to his frugal couch, or rather the house containing it, he might skin his knuckles and kick his boots off, but he wouldn't get in after that hour, and the haymow is not a very pleasant bedroom in flea time. But I was soon relieved of all anxiety. We had a diversion that broke up the sitting.

Araminta is possessed of a little brother—I hate girl's brothers! If they are little they play tricks on you, and if they are big they borrow your money, get drunk, and insult you with impunity, knowing that you are in love with the sister and won't resent an insult.

While we were talking in a small way, and looking volumes of love at the girl and wrath at each other, we heard a fearful yell in the garden patch, and running out, found little brother on the ground in active convulsions. He had been trying to eat his way through the melon patch. It was a disgusting failure, for he could not have burst open and gone into the contents of more than ten or twelve.

As it was, it looked as if there was going to be a death in the family, and Araminta screamed a scream and yelled at us to run for a doctor.

We both took in the situation at a glance—the man that got the doctor first would get Araminta for life. My rival went out over the fence like a deer, and seized the only horse in the stable. He bridled and saddled the animal in double-quick time, while I found nothing left me but a mule. I seized a blind bridle, and rushing at the animal, felt something whizz over my head that I am sure was a pair of heels. They narrowly escaped my skull but carried off my hat.

Nothing daunted, I seized the creature by the ear, put on the bridle, unfastened the chain by which he was haltered and led him from the stable. He went out willingly, so much so, indeed that I had some difficulty in keeping up, and had not the creature stopped outside to give vent in a prolonged bray, I could not have mounted. As it was, before he got through with his musical entertainment I was on his back.

The beast seemed somewhat astonished at this performance, and stood turning it over in his mind for a minute, while I dug my heels vigorously into his sides. He seemed suddenly to come to the conclusion that a change of administration would be an excellent thing, and to this end began going up and down like a saw gate. I really thought I'd be split in two, and would probably have been pitched over but that, in the midst of this pleasing exercise Muley caught sound of the horse disappearing at a hard gallop in the distance. He seemed animated by the laudable ambition of overtaking the horse, and started so suddenly that he came very near leaving me behind. I worked my way forward until I could get hold of the halter chain, and pulling this rigging tight, got a pretty secure hold.

How that beast did run! He not only gained on the horse to such an extent that Araminta might have offered two to one and no takers, but exhibited his superabundance of bottom by throwing in, at intervals, the liveliest kicks that ever emanated from a mule.

About a mile out we closed in on the cob, and as we passed Muley favored him with a salute that was most diabolically foul; for planting his two heels upon the quarter of the honest Bucepha-

lus, I heard a yell, and glancing around, saw my rival and horse go down in a most promiscuous manner. My steed of the desert kept straight on. We had a ride of eight miles before us; and I felt satisfied that in that distance at the rate we were traveling, Muley would have a good deal of demon taken out of him. I became aware of another fact, and that was that my best pants were giving way.

About five miles out we struck a water-melon patch and went straight through. I could hear the melons bursting under me like bombs, and when we emerged from the farther side specimens of this fruit was strung on the mule's leg like beads.

A mile beyond this I saw our excellent minister of the gospel wending his solemn way across the prairies with a wagon full of infant Jacobs, and I saw that unless he whipped his horse into a most extraordinary run, he would be into him almost instant. I pulled hard on the near rein with one hand, while I steadied myself with the chain with the other, but with no more effect than if I had taken a pull on Pike's Peak. We struck the parson's family about amidsthips, and went through. I never saw infant Christianity so scattered as on that occasion.

I left the parson gathering up his family, and continued until I struck the doctor's fence, and went flying into his front door with the bull dog close at my tattered rear. I knocked over the cradle and upset the supper table. The doctor came to my rescue with a kick in the ribs of his dog that sent him with a howl and a mouthful of pantaloons into the yard. I then told the doctor in one breath—all I had left—that Araminta's little devil of a brother was dying of too much watermelon patch, and wanted a doctor with squills.

We returned in about the same style. The doctor having a younger horse than my rival had been favored with, kept the lead, his pill bags flapping in the air, while his coat tails made a straight line behind.

If his horse flagged, the mule started him up again with a vigorous bite on the rump that seemed to infuse new vigor into that medicated animal. We passed my rival sitting on the roadside nursing his off leg as if it hurt him. He never came back, acknowledging his defeat in the most gentlemanly manner.

The doctor soon put Araminta's little brother in a perpendicular position, and that night at the bedside of the little sufferer, keeping well to the front, I proposed, was accepted, and the happy day was fixed. I rode into Araminta's affections on a mule.

PAT'S TERMS.

PAT LYON, the great locksmith of his day, was often sent for by presidents of banks and other great people, and he rather liked the idea of keeping the great people waiting. So one morning Pat said he would come as soon as he had done his breakfast, which happened to be a good deal later this particular morning.

Pretty soon came a second messenger for Pat from the president, and so Pat started off with messenger No. 2. When he reached the bank he found the president and cashier and clerks all in a fret and a fume. They couldn't open the safe to get the money out for the business of the day; something or other was the matter with the lock. They were in a deal of a stew, and hailed Pat on his arrival with delight, for now they could open the lock.

Pat was bald-headed, and had a habit of rubbing his hands on his pate, thus really rubbing the hair away. He wore spectacles as a general thing, but when he was particularly desirous of looking at any thing, or was particularly excited, he took his spectacles off his eyes and fixed them over his forehead.

He now rubbed his hands over his head a minute, put his spectacles over his forehead, looked at the lock a half minute, or two, and the lock was fixed all right and the safe was ready to open.

The president was delighted. So was the cashier. They shook hands with Pat, who received their salutations with a good deal of style.

"And now Mr. Lyon," asked the president, "what is your charge?" Pat put up his spectacles a little higher, just a little, and said: "One hundred dollars."

"What, One hundred dollars for less than three minutes' work, Mr. Lyon? Why this is outrageous," said the president.

"It is extortion," said the cashier.

"All right," said Pat Lyon, rubbing his hand over his head, and then putting his spectacles a little higher over his forehead—just a little. "You won't give me my money—I won't give you my work. And I'll leave things as I found them." Here he took hold of the lock, and circling with it, got it out of gear, as it was at first, and so left the safe in precisely the same unopenable condition as he found it. Then he started to go home.

But the president and cashier, appre-

ciating the situation, seeing what fix they were in, begged Pat to let up on them, and fix the lock so they could open the safe.

Pat complied with their request, but still kept his hand on the safe door. It was all ready to open, but wasn't yet opened.

"Now, be reasonable in your charges; do, Mr. Lyon," said the bank president.

"Two hundred dollars, said Pat rubbing his head and raising his spectacles once more.

"Why, this is downright robbery," cried the president.

"Might as well break into the safe as open it at that rate," remarked the cashier.

"All right," said Pat circling with the lock rapidly, before anybody could prevent him, and then banging the safe door to, leaving it for the third time hermetically sealed.

By this time the president had his mad up. He ordered Pat out of the office, and sent for a rival locksmith. He came quick enough, and worked and fussed long enough and hard enough, but he didn't open the lock and he couldn't open the safe. And it got to be nearly ten o'clock and no money available yet.

In despair a third messenger was dispatched after Pat Lyon, who came back with a lot of extra dignity.

"Open that safe at your own terms, Mr. Patrick Lyon," said the president.

Pat rubbed his head, put his spectacles way up on his forehead, and opened the safe.

"Now your terms," said the president.

"Three hundred dollars," said Pat. The cashier protested, but the president paid the money. "Why, he will ask for \$400 next time," remarked the president to the cashier.

"Excuse me," said Pat, with dignity, "but my terms next time will be five hundred."

"You see," said the president to the cashier, as he gave him the check.

And Pat rubbed his head and took his check without a word. He was master of the situation and he knew it.

TRACKED TO DEATH.

IF A MAN in France be arrested or merely suspected, he must say who he is. Concealment is useless, for the police will not release the man until they have exhausted all means of ascertaining the truth. He may give a false name or say that he is a foreigner, but the authorities of the place where he professes to have been born will be written to, and if the information he has given be found incorrect he will be liable to six months' imprisonment for being a vagabond; nor will his troubles end there, for the police will take it for granted he is only concealing his identity because he has committed some great crime, and he will be placed under police surveillance until his life becomes so burdensome that he will tell the truth to get a little peace. French criminals of the lower classes scarcely ever try to conceal their identity. In the course of fifty years the prefecture have had many cases of Englishmen and Americans who gave false names and whose identity could never be discovered because the English and American police could afford no assistance in the matter, but they can only quote one case of a Frenchman, who obstinately resisted all endeavors to ascertain what his name was. The wretched man had been arrested for a petty thief, and stated that he was an Italian. This proved to be false; at least it was discovered that no person bearing his name had been born in the commune which he described as his birth place. He was kept in prison fifteen months and questioned eighty times by a judge in instruction, but to no purpose, so that he was at last tried for being a thief and vagabond, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. On his release he was treated as a foreigner—that is he was expelled the country by order of the prefect of police, and being conveyed to the frontier between two gendarmes he was given up to the Italian authorities as a suspected criminal. The Italian police system being like the French, the vagabond was taken to jail and asked to give an account of himself. As he persisted in telling palpable untruths about his birth place he was kept for several months in duration then sentenced to six months' for vagabondage, and on the expiration of his term he was sent back to France. This time the French police did not arrest him but they watched him. The unhappy man seeking for work as a stone mason soon found employment; but gave to his master a name different to that under which he had been sentenced. The police were upon him at once. Having ascertained that his new name was not his own they got him sentenced again to a year's imprisonment, "pour usurpation de faux noms," and upon his discharge they told him plainly that he could expect no peace until he made an avowal of his identity. He was consigned to a "Depot de Mendicite" or depot of incorrigible

vagabonds, and there committed suicide. Who he was has never been ascertained, but the relentless pertinacity with which he was hunted to death shows what a grim duel it is which the French police wages against criminals. If this unfortunate man had given himself out as an Englishman and had himself conveyed to Dover, his trouble would have ceased when he touched English soil, for the British police would have had no right to worry him or to ship him back to France.

Robbed at Her Door.

Mrs. Jonathan Jones of 145 Taylor street, Brooklyn, wife of the junior member of the stationery firm of Slote & Jones, 140 Nassau street, New York, returned from shopping in this city at 5 P. M. yesterday. As she stepped into the area to enter her house at the basement door she was seized from behind by two young men, one of whom covered her mouth with his hand and held her, while the other took from her ears a pair of diamond earrings worth \$500. Then both men ran away. Mrs. Jones screamed for help and ran after them.—She chased them nearly two blocks, when they disappeared from her sight. She returned home greatly exhausted.

The only description that she could give of the men was that they were about 19 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, and dressed in dark clothes and Derby hats.

After the case had been reported at Police Headquarters, Mr. Jones called there and requested that nothing should be made public about the alleged robbery for a day or two. He, however, did not give the police reasons they considered sufficient. Police Superintendent Campbell sent to the house later to ask why secrecy was desired, but got no answer.—*New York Sun.*

Curious Remarks on the Bible.

The above is the heading of a very old piece of manuscript recently found in an old book in the possession of Mr. Isaac Hubley, No. 510 Middle street Lancaster. Mr. Hubley has had the book for a number of years, but has no idea by whom the document was written. It is as follows:

"The bible contains 3,566,489 letters; 810,697 words; 31,173 verses; 1,189 chapters; 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,227 times; "Lord," 1,854; "reverend" only once, and that in the 111th Psalm. The 27th verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet. The 19th chapter of the 2nd book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The first man recorded as buried in a coffin was Joseph, 50th chapter of Genesis and 26th verse. Nowhere but in the 1st chapter of Timothy is the word grandmother mentioned. Two particularly fine chapters to read you will find are the 2nd of Joel and the 26th of Acts. There is no name or word of more than six syllables in the Holy Bible.

High Priced Puppies.

Mr. Louis Lorillard, of New York, offers \$500 for the conviction of the person who stole his black French poodle Flora, and he says: "What is more, I will expend \$10,000 to send the thief to prison. I am determined to put a stop to this sort of thing. This is the second dog that has been stolen from the stable in a month, and a great many other dogs in the private stables in this part of the city have been taken. The practice is nothing short of an outrage, and it is quite evident that the only thing that will stop it is to send one of the thieves to prison. A dog, like a horse, is hard to set a price upon. No matter how valuable it may be to you, others may not think it worth as much. But in this instance I shall have no difficulty in proving a State prison offense. It will be more than petit larceny, because my coachman has sold more than \$1,000 worth of her puppies."

A Thoughtful Man.

A man in Kentucky, all alive and well, recently saw a statement of his own death in a newspaper. He did not so much resent the general statement as the inaccuracy of the details; so he wrote to the editor: "Sir, I notice a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeared in your paper on Wednesday last. I was born in Greenup county, not Caldwell, and my retirement from business in 1860 was not owing to ill-health, but to a little trouble I had in connection with a horse. The cause of my death was not small-pox. Please make corrections for which I enclose fifty cents." Thus showing he was a thoughtful man.

"A very fast horse; 'Do you have any fast horses in Germany?' asked Gus De Smith of an old Austin German, who is known as "Truthful Fritz," on account of his sincerity and hatred of everything sensational. "Does he have fast horses in Shermany?" he replied. "I should schost schmile. Von day Baron von Kubsawappel, a good friend by me, dakes me out mit his horse and puggy. After we rides about an hour, I says: 'What for you drive so much mit dis cemetery?' He says: 'Dem was mile stones; but ve goes so fast de mile stones make it look shoot like ve was in one big grave-yard.' And now you wants to know if ve have fast horses in Shermany."

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

November 6th, 1881.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:

For New York via Allentown, at 8.05 a. m., and 1.45 p. m.
For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," 6.30 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 6.30, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.30, 6.30, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.09 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.50 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 5.30, 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 "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, and 8.30 p. m. arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 5.20, 9.20 p. m., and 12.35 a. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 6.50 and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, 5.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.30, 11.50 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 6.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.15, 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 Paxton, Lochisland 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 5.30 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 9.30 p. m.

Returning, leave STELTON daily, except Sunday, at 8.10, 7.00, 10.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 5.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

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

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