

Serravallo's Tonic

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SUCH AS TETTER, BLITCHES, RINGWORM, ERYSIPELAS, BARBERS' ITCH, SORES, ULCERS, &c.

On account of its being the only one which restores the system to its normal condition, it is known as **THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILLS.**

DR. SWAYNE & SON, PHILA.

September 20, 1881—ly

RAILROADS.

Philadelphia and Reading Railroad.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

DECEMBER 19TH, 1881.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as follows:

For New York, via Allentown, 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, 6.30, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

For Reading, 5.20, 6.30, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 p. m.

For Pottsville, 5.20, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill & Susquehanna Branch at 2.45 p. m. For Allentown, 5.10 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, 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, 5.20 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

Trains for Harrisburg leave as follows:

Leave New York, via Allentown, 8.45 a. m. and 6.30 p. m.

Leave New York, via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, and 5.30 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg 1.50, 8.20, 9.20 p. m., and 12.55 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m.

Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m., and 4.40 p. m.

Leave Reading, 4.50, 7.30, 11.00 a. m., 1.25, 6.15, 7.50 and 10.35 p. m.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill & Susquehanna Branch, 5.15 a. m., and 4.40 p. m.

Leave Allentown, 6.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave New York, via Allentown, 5.30 p. m. Philadelphia 7.45 p. m.

Leave Reading 7.30 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, 6.25, 6.40, 8.35 a. m., 1.35 and 9.40 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 5.35 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, and 6.10 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, 6.45, 7.05, 10.05 a. m., 2.10, and 10.10 p. m.; daily except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only, 5.10, and 6.30, p. m.

J. E. WOOTEN, C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Pass'r & Ticket Ag't.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

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A careful hostler always in attendance.

April 9, 1878. tf

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An Exciting Adventure.

IT WAS during the Mexican war, when I was a sub in a cavalry regiment, that I found myself on duty at Vera Cruz. Tempted by the high mountains in the vicinity, the beautiful scenery and above all the superb hunting, I sallied forth early one morning accompanied by no one save my Newfoundland dog. I was an ardent sportsman, my double-barreled gun worked to a charm, and not until the deepening shades of evening, accompanied by an unmistakable growl of thunder, did I give a thought to the flight of time or the importance of retracing my steps to the city. I had not anticipated danger from the enemy unless it might be in the shape of a small band of guerrillas lurking amid the mountain gorges, actuated more by the hopes of plunder than by patriotic motives. There is little twilight, you know, in the tropics. The sun had disappeared in the folds of an immense cloud which was rapidly spreading itself over the entire heavens, while from its sable depths darted lurid sheets of lightning, followed by the increasing roar of thunder which had already found an echo through the valleys and gorges of the mountain. I did not fancy a wet jacket and, whistling for my dog, I was on the point of retracing my steps down the rough mountain road when the jingling of spurs and accoutrements, the tramping of horses and the hoarse word of command was sufficient for me to draw back into a tall tuft of grass growing behind me. A number of Mexican lancers were before me preparing to bivouac for the night, and my retreat down the road was out of the question. High, precipitous rocks hemmed me in on three sides, through which the road I had traveled had been originally cut. The outlet was now in the possession of the lancers, while in front of me the steep side of the mountain, verging almost to a precipice, sloped towards the city.—To remain where I was would be only to court death, a nameless fate, an unknown grave, for discovery was certain to follow when the sentinels should be posted.

Cautiously I examined the smooth sides of the precipice, covered here and there by a network of vines clinging to the crevices and rifts in the rock for its uncertain life. Farther on I beheld a dark, irregular line disappearing in the murky depths below, which proved to be a deep, dry gully, the channel of some mountain stream long since dried up. Dropping my fowling-piece and bidding my noble dog to shift for himself, I swung myself over the precipice, clinging to the network of vines which shook and complained beneath my weight.

The darkness had increased with astonishing rapidity, and as I swung over that rayless void I found it impossible to pierce the gloom. I heard the short, sharp howl of my dog as he started off in search of me; then, amid the rush of the squall, came the confused shouts of men, a straggling shot or two mingled with the crash of the heavy artillery rolling in the vast expanse above me.—Depending principally upon the strength of my arms, I carefully and cautiously felt my way along the verge of the precipice, working in the direction of the gully, which, once gained, promised to afford me the means of escape from the dangers which encompassed me. Broad sheets of lightning lit up with dazzling distinctness the fearful scene, bringing out every undulation of the rocks, every crevice and blade of grass, once when I found a slight support for my feet, and was giving my aching arms a rest, I glanced above amid the yellow glare of the lightning and beheld the fierce dark-whiskered face of a Mexican, peering over the brink, his eyes apparently fastened upon me as I hung suspended and flattened against the cliff but a few feet below him, while the electricity twisted and writhed like tongues of infernal serpents around the muzzle of his carbine. It was a trying moment, a situation well calculated to inspire a feeling of terror in the heart of the boldest.—But whether it was the rain which was falling in torrents and driving furiously before the gale or the glare of the lightning which prevented the lancer from discovering me I am unable to say. At all events I escaped his notice, the shot did not come, and watching my chance in the lulls of the tempest, I continued my perilous course.

I had but little strength to spare when at last found myself crouching on the muddy bottom of the old mountain gorge.

Nerved on by the strength of despair, I rushed down the steep declivity, reckless as to where my feet might wander. Completely blinded between the mingled glare of the lightning and the intense darkness that followed each flash I stumbled on, feeling that every moment my steps were becoming unsteadier.

The water was already up to my knees and rushing by with a force that made me grip desperately to whatever projection I could find along the ravine. The

inexplorable waters rose yet and the danger of the tempest grew wilder still. My strength, and even faculties were falling fast, my feet were lifted from beneath me, and quicker than thought I was rushing helplessly along, enveloped amid the spray and foam of the maddening whirl. I think I must have lost myself for a moment, but awaked amid the darkness and roaring waters, nearly strangled to death. Another instant and I was whirled heavily against some yielding object. I rallied my strength for a final effort. The next flash revealed the wreck of a tree, with the roots still clinging tenaciously to the side of the bank.

I drew myself out of the rush of the current and crawled to a firm foothold on the shelving bank of the torrent.—The cool rain revived me. I stumbled forward, feeling my way amid debris of fallen trees, pit-holes and large rocks, all scattered promiscuously about on the steep side of the mountain, until a faint glimmer of light streamed tremulously across my path. It was a welcome light, and, prisoner or no prisoner, I made up my mind to risk life and liberty and demand shelter from the terrible storm that still raged, but gave signs of abating.

I was unarmed; the only weapon I had sallied forth with had been abandoned on the edge of the precipice previous to my attempting the perilous passage. I felt my heart beat faster as I neared the door of that tumbled down ranch which loomed up, a huge, shapeless mass, amid the gloom and solitude of that wild spot. A moment's hesitation and I knocked resolutely at the door.

"Quiere vive?" (who come there?) and I heard the click of a weapon.

"I am an American," I replied, bitterly, in English. "A United States officer, who has lost his way on the side of this cursed mountain."

With a jerk the door was thrown back on its rusty hinges, revealing the figure of a man of brawny proportions, armed to the teeth, and of most villainous aspect. He held a flaring torch on high, the uncertain light of which fell across his scarred and scowling visage. Keenly and deliberately he scanned the torn and tattered remains of my uniform then in a voice harsh and growling he demanded.

"What do you want here, and how many of you are there?"

I replied in the best Spanish that I could master that I was alone, and repeated my doleful story of being lost in the storm.

At that moment, to my surprise and astonishment, the faithful Newfoundland, who, by some keen instinct of his nature, had succeeded in scenting me burst from the surrounding obscurity, testifying his joy by leaping upon me and baying in his deep powerful tones.

"The man's appearance was indicative of a mixture of ferocity and cunning, while his eye, wild and unsettled, lit up with an expression I could not fathom, as he bade me enter.

Strange forebodings filled my heart as I gazed about the recess of the hovel.—It was almost bare of furniture, save a table and two broken chairs. A fire blazed cheerily in the fire-place, before which were stretched three dark forms wrapped in tattered and greasy blankets. The gleam of firearms, as they lay piled in a corner, did not escape my attention, and you may be sure I did not feel the easiest in my mind as I drew up before the fire with my dog coiled up at my feet.

In my exhausted state, despite the danger I felt was lurking around me, I must have dropped off to sleep, my head finding a support against a projection of the chimney.

The low monotonous hum of voices fell upon my ear, and cautiously reconnoitering from beneath the visor of my cap I found that the three sleepers had aroused themselves and were in deep earnest consultation with the gentleman whom I had first accosted.

Straining my ears to the utmost I could manage to catch occasional fragments of sentences as they dropped from the lips of the four comrades, who were as promising candidates for the gallows as ever I care to meet again under like circumstances.

The howl and rush of the gale had ceased, but the occasional pattering of rain-drops falling from the leaves and the roof of the ranch proved that the storm had but recently passed away.

"Do you notice the glitter of those buttons?" remarked one of the four.

"Curse the buttons!" broke in another fiercely, "of what value are they? It's the glitter of gold I like to see—and we have already wasted too much valuable time. I for one say kill him. If the Yankee dog had a dozen lives they should all be forfeited. He has come here unasked; he shall not depart so easily."

"Hush, Juan; you are too hasty.—The question is, will it pay better to dispose of him ourselves and share the plunder or take him to Canales? He might come down handsome. Suppose

the fellow should prove an officer of importance?"

"Bah! You talk like a fool. Do you not see he is too young to have gained any importance. As for Canales, Carrajo! You will get nothing for pains from him."

All this I heard distinctly and much which is unnecessary to repeat. That my life was doomed was beyond all doubt; but I was not disposed to make a vacancy in the corps without a struggle, and especially after undergoing what I had in escaping from the lancers.

I felt the blood coursing through my veins with renewed vigor as I looked the situation square in the face. My brain grew clearer as the imminence of the peril I was in grew more apparent.

The dying embers of the fire emitted fitful gleams which fell across the polished arms of the scoundrels, piled promiscuously together in the corner of the ranch.

At that moment, and as I was casting wistful glances at a carbine, the beetle-browed rascal who had lighted me into the den glided across the floor, slipping a stout bar across the door.

"Now, boys, finish the job, and then share alike," were the words I heard.

Every nerve in my body jarred, the blood rushed back to my heart as the decisive moment arrived. Up to that time I had not stirred or changed my position, leading the scoundrels to count upon an easy victory, no doubt. The odds were fearfully against me, and, as the four turned their wolfish eyes in my direction, the clear ringing notes of a bugle came rising and falling, filled the air with its melody. A wild cry of joy burst involuntarily from my lips, a thrill of hope pervaded my whole being as I listened. It came from my own gallant lads—a detachment sent out in all probability in search of their missing officer. My four friends here paused, uncertain and undecided how to act.—They turned for an instant toward the door, leaving me to take advantage of their stupidity.

When they again confronted me I was in possession of the coveted corner, with a rifle to my shoulder, looking them grimly in the face, while my dog, his hair bristling with rage, stood bravely beside me, displaying his white fangs to the enraged gaze of the greasy four.

"Knife him, lads before they are atop of us. Put him out of sight, or we'll all swing," but not one of them stirred.

That dark death-dealing rifle barrel had a wonderfully tranquilizing effect.

"Curses on ye," shouted the leader, foaming with rage, as he dashed forward knife in hand. "Are you all afraid of the Yankee? I let him in here and this knife shall give him permission to leave."

Perhaps the villain expected to shake my nerves and cause me to throw away my shot, but I never felt firmer, more determined, in my life. I covered his left breast with the sight of the weapon, and with the report the scoundrel fell headlong to the floor. Charging through the smoke the remaining three rushed upon me, but were met by the dog, who buried his teeth in the flesh of one of them. I remember of striking out with my clubbed rifle, of parrying rapid thrusts and cheering on the dog, when by some means in the melee a horn or canister of powder must have fallen amid the hot embers of the fire. It exploded with tremendous violence, blowing off the roof of the house, rending the walls assunder and hurling me to one side half suffocated and nearly insensible. When I fully realized what was passing about me, my own troops were removing the debris of the ranch from my limbs, and the Newfoundland was licking my face. It was, as I supposed, a party sent out in search of my unfortunate self, and they were returning from a bootless search when the report of a rifle, followed by an explosion and the glare of flames, attracted their attention.

Of course we made short work of the three miscreants, who were dragged forth from the burning wreck. They howled vigorously for mercy, but that was not thought of in their case. A swing from the nearest bough terminated their career, and I rode back to Vera Cruz with my mind firmly made up that during the remainder of the campaign nothing should ever tempt me to wander alone among the hills of Mexico in quest of game.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

It is a matter of journalistic record, that some years since, a schooner set sail from Baltimore, having on board a crew of thirteen men. By a most singular freak of nature, the entire force was attacked by a skin disease, which manifested itself in large ulcerated sores on the arms and hands, wholly incapacitating the men from duty. The result was that the vessel was towed back to the city where the men were placed in the hospital. Moral! Had Swayne's Ointment for skin diseases been used in the first place, the crew would have recovered in from 12 to 48 hours.

Spoopendyke's Baby.

"WHAT'S the matter with the baby?" growled Snoopendyke, as he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. "Can't you stop this fuss?"

"Hush—h—h!" cooed Mrs. Snoopendyke, dandling the infant. "Don't e ky, Dada 'ants to s'leep. Baby's all be dood."

Mr. Snoopendyke eyed the proceeding cynically for a moment and then the baby burst out again.

"Dry up!" shouted Mr. Snoopendyke. "There's nothing the matter with you. Why don't you go to sleep like a Christian?"

"There, there, there!" cooed Mrs. Snoopendyke. "She's dass too tweek for anysing. Poor 'little dirl! Now, go to seep 'ike a 'ittle dear!"

Whereat the baby howled more dismally.

"Can't you give her something?" demanded Mr. Snoopendyke. "Can't you dose her. S'pose I'm going to lay awake all night for the fun of appreciating that I'm the head of the family? Here, let me take her, I'll fix her," and Mr. Snoopendyke grabbed his offspring and began to pace the floor with her.

"Be careful of her, and I'll heat some water, and try a little peppermint and sugar," said Mrs. Snoopendyke, as she promptly raked out a battered tin cup, well blacked around the bottom and sides which she promptly converted into a boiler.

"A baby never cries unless there's a pin sticking in her," argued Mr. Snoopendyke as he held the infant across his arm and began to undo her night dress. "What's this thing you've got wrapped around her?"

"That's her 'belly band,' don't touch it," squeaked Mrs. Snoopendyke, waving the cup a foot from the gas jet in her trepidation.

"Oh! I see," retorted Mr. Snoopendyke fishing out the pins. "What's that other thing here, the 'bitching?' Hold on, Cleopatra!" he continued as the bawling young one made a spring, "don't make the mistake of trying to fool with Snoopendyke," and the fond father groped around for the cause of the disturbance.

"Since you've got the rest of the harness on, p'raps you'd better drive this baby with martingales. And I'll tell you one thing, Mrs. Snoopendyke, this baby's clothes ain't more'n half aired. No wonder she howls. Cutchee, cutchee, cutchee; dod gast the thing! Say, what do you call this rifle barrel business? What's this breastpin doing here under her chest?"

"Good gracious, that's a safety pin!"

"Let it alone!" said Mrs. Snoopendyke.

"What's the combination of this racket anyhow?" demanded Mr. Snoopendyke, tugging at the pin. "Who soldered this thing on? What's it for? Give me the combination!" and he jerked it loose with results he had scarcely contemplated, for it left the baby stitchless. The startled young one shivered and was quiet for a moment. "Told you so," said Mr. Snoopendyke, with an air of triumph. "It only needs a little common sense to take care of a baby."

But at that instant the infant tuned up again with redoubled vigor.

"Let me take her," pleaded Mrs. Snoopendyke. "she'll freeze to death!"

"Let her freeze!" roared Mr. Snoopendyke. "If this meanley baby is going to have her own way about howling, she's going to have it about freezing. Cutchee cutchee, cutchee! Dry up, will you?" and Mr. Snoopendyke set his teeth and pranced around, all of which extracted the most frightful row from his infant.

"She wants medicine, and I've got it ready for her," said Mrs. Snoopendyke, "come to mamma, now, what a little dear! Come to mamma and be comforted," and as she took the child the cries died away into sobs and were buried in sniffs.

"I knew I could quiet her," said Mr. Snoopendyke, as he watched the baby.

"You don't know anything about children, or you never would have put that tin anchor in her clothes. That was what ailed her."

"It wasn't either," snapped Mrs. Snoopendyke. "She's got the colic, little dear! and you almost killed her."

"Anyway, she stopped her howling," retorted Mr. Snoopendyke, "and she howled because you wanted her to stand in the shafts all night. Another time you'll know enough to unhitch the young one before you put her in the stall." Mrs. Snoopendyke made no response, but ladled in peppermint qualified with a little warm water and sugar. Then she carefully dressed the baby and turned in.

"Going to put out the gas?" demanded Mr. Snoopendyke from under the clothes which he had pulled up to his eyebrows.

"No," replied Mrs. Snoopendyke shortly.

"Then it can burn!" howled the husband. "If you thing I'm going to roost out you're mistaken."

But ten minutes later he thought of the bill, and thinking his wife fast asleep he got up and gave the screw a vindictive wrench and tumbled back to bed, unconscious of the hysterical giggle that followed his last exploit.