

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

June 27th, 1881.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:

For New York via Allentown, at 8.05 a. m. 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and "Round Brook Route," 6.30, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 9.31, 8.05, 9.00 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 6.20, 6.30, 8.05, 9.00 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 9.00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 6.20, 8.05, 9.00 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 4.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 8.10 a. m. For Allentown, at 6.20, 8.05, 9.00 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 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, 8.10 and 9.00 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, 4.30, and 9.30 p. m. arriving at Harrisburg, 1.30, 8.20, 9.20 p. m., and 12.35 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 8.50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.30, 7.30, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, 7.50 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, at 12.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 8.10 a. 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 p. 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 5.20, 6.40, 9.35 a. m., and 1.00 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 6.30 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 9.30 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.00, 10.00 a. m., 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.30 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 hostess always in attendance. April 9, 1878. tf

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO., (or by postal card if at a distance) any adult person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED,

—OR THE—

Story of the Sewing Machine.

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographic cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

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Advertisement for 'The Parent and Best Medicine ever Made' (Hop Bitters). Text describes its benefits for various ailments like indigestion, liver issues, and general weakness. Includes a small illustration of a bottle.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

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,

CARPENTER SHOP, 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.

MOMIE Cloths and other Dress Goods in various styles. F. MORTIMER

REMNANTS of PRINTS—of these we have a large quantity in good styles. In addition to the above goods we have a nice assortment of Ladies Neckties, Corsets, German-town Yarn, Zephyrs, Shoes for Ladies and Children, and thousands of other articles. F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield, Pa.

SAL'S MISTAKE.

I HAD hoped to pass the night with my old friend, Tom Yokel, whom I had not seen since the day he and his young wife went out in that wild Western country. But owing partly to the obscurity of the roads, and partly to the want of clearness in the direction received at my last stopping place, I had missed the way; and lost so much time in regaining it, and my horse was so jaded, and it was getting so near night-fall, that it was clear I must seek shelter at the first habitation, and defer the pleasure of meeting Tom till next day.

I was beginning to feel a little nervous, for the forest shadows were deepening so fast that there was danger of again losing the way—in which event the prospect of passing a shelterless and supperless night in the woods was far more imminent than pleasing.

I patted Juba's neck encouragingly. He answered in a good idiomatic Houyhnhnm:

"Aye, aye, sir!" and fell into a brisker trot.

Soon we emerged into the light of a clearing, further brightened by the gleam of a cheerful fire, visible through the open door of a settler's cabin.

A loud hello brought out the proprietor. To my request of food and shelter he yielded a ready assent; whereupon, dismounting and removing my saddle bags, in which I had a sum in gold larger than I cared to have a stranger know, I handed over Juba to our host's hospitality, and, on the latter's invitation, found my way into the house, whose mistress, busied in the preparation of the evening meal, bade me take a chair, hardly glancing up from a venison steak she was broiling on the coals, of which the savory odor made full amends for the curtness of my welcome.

The master of the cabin reappeared presently, and in return for the intelligence that his name was Tofts, received information that mine was Touchwood.

"Supper is ready," Mrs. Tofts announced.

"Set up, stranger," added Mr. Tofts. "Take trimmin's in yourn?" the former asked, poisoning a spoon filled with maple sugar over a cup of rye coffee, and giving me an interrogative glance.

I took the "trimmin's;" and after an invitation to help myself, with which I complied without ceremony, the meal, to which, on my part, that best of sauces, Hunger, lent a piquant relish, was proceeded with in silence.

Looking up from time to time, I encountered more than one sharp glance from Mrs. Tofts' keen gray eyes. She seemed studying my face intently, and with a peculiar interest that puzzled me. Supper over, Mr. Tofts and I drew our chairs before the fire, and the cross-examination which any backwoods host would deem it a breach of hospitality to omit, was entered on in due form. To the questions touching "whar I hailed from" and "whar I mought be goin' to," I answered unreservedly; but when it came to inquiring into the objects of my journey and other private matters, I was less communicative—not caring to let it out that I was traveling on an errand which necessitated the carrying of a considerable sum of money.

Mrs. Tofts, while clearing off the table, I could not help observing, kept me under a fire of sidewise glances, at the same time listening closely to my answers.

When the dishes had been cleaned and put away, by a signal which it was evidently meant I should not see, she summoned her husband to an adjoining room and closed the door. There was a lengthened whispered conference, after which the pair returned and took seats before the fire.

It was Mr. Tofts turn now to scrutinize my features, which he did with a broad stare of his round, watery eyes, into which there had come a look as nearly penetrating as they were capable of assuming. He had completely lost his volubility, however—leaving it to his better half to do the talking; and much the better half she was, too, in the art of putting questions. There was a directness in her queries which baffled evasion by any means short of downright rudeness; and before I was aware I was depleted of a fund of knowledge of my personal affairs which it chagrined me afterwards to think of.

I pleaded weariness at last, and asked to be shown to bed.

Mrs. Tofts trimmed and lit a tin lamp which she handed to her husband, who stooped to pick up my saddle bags.

"I'll take them, if you please," I interposed, not caring that he should surmise the contents by the weight.

A meaning look was exchanged between the husband and the wife—very meaning on her part.

Mr. Tofts led the way up a ladder to the loft, in which I found a comfortable looking bed, and then withdrew without stopping to say good night.

My feelings, on the whole, were far from easy. Rumors were afloat about travelers murdered for their money in

these wild, out-of-the-way regions; and the conduct of my host and hostess had not been such as to inspire the fullest confidence.

True, if it came to an encounter, they were but two to one, and one of the two was a woman; but the male Tofts was a big, burly fellow, and his wife belonged to that sinewy, wiry type of her sex whose strength is not inferior to that of the average of men. I had a pistol, but an injury to the lock a few days before had rendered it useless. So I was unarmed and at the mercy of people whose actions had aroused my serious suspicions.

Partially undressing and setting the lamp on a chair, I threw myself on the bed. My fears, for a time, kept me awake; but fatigue brought drowsiness, and at last sleep. I know not how long it had continued before a creaking of the ladder awoke me. The lamp was just giving its last flicker, and by it I saw a pair of gleaming eyes peer over the edge of the hatchway. The next instant I was in total darkness.

Starting up, I turned my ear and listened. I heard steps softly descending the ladder, and then there was perfect stillness. I rose and crept to the hatchway, but without venturing to lean over, for there was still a dim light in the room below. But my hearing was on the alert to catch the faintest sound.

"Hadn't we better get help?" whispered a voice which I knew to be the man's.

"No," returned the woman; "we can manage him ourselves."

"But be you sartin thar's no mistake."

"Sartin!—why, he's got the money in them very saddle bags; that's the reason he was afeared to let you heft them."

"Well, I am a leetle jubbious."

"You allus wuz a undecided creeter, Bob! Now you jest take your rifle, and I'll take this yer butcher-knife. Sech a chance to make a fortune won't come again soon."

There was something ludicrous, at which I could scarce repress a smile, even in my then extremity, in this backwoods travesty of Lady Macbeth hen-pecking her husband into murder.

There was a window in the gable. I might open it and escape by a leap to the ground. It was my only chance, and I resolved to take it.

Cautiously groping my way, and moving as lightly as a cat, I reached the window. I tried to open it, but sash would move neither up nor down. I attempted to draw it inward. It gave away suddenly, and fell to the floor with a loud crash! I had no time to spring out before a bright light shone through the apartment, and quick steps approached from behind.

"Stop! or I'll drill you through!" roared a rough voice.

"Stop! or I'll slit yer wizen!" chimed in another.

I turned to find myself confronted by Tofts presenting a rifle at my head, and his amiable spouse holding a lamp in one hand, a gleaming knife in the other! "Now, jest you s'render at discretion!" bellowed Tofts, keeping his gun leveled, and let Sal tie yer up tight, or you are a dead man! Go ahead, Sal!"

Mrs. Tofts set down her lamp, and produced a piece of strong rope.

"Retch out yer paws," she said, in her decisive manner.

"Yes, shove 'em out," growled Tofts, "afore I count three, or by the great Geeminy, I will shoot!—one—two—"

I extended my hands quickly. Mrs. Tofts clapped her knife between her teeth, and with surprising dispatch and skill, bound my wrists in a way I should like to see tried on some of these spiritualistic jugglers who pretend to preternatural gifts in the matter of untying knots.

When my feet had been carried and laid upon the bed.

"Now Sal," said Tofts, "you jest take this rifle and sit yer and watch till I get back; and if this here galoot budges, jest gin 'im a blizzard through the skull cap; and mind yer, keep an eye enter the saddle bags."

Sal took a commanding position and sat at ease, rifle in hand, while Mr. Tofts climbed down the ladder.

I appealed to the woman to know for what fate I was reserved. I had no doubt my murder was resolved on; but why was it delayed, and why had the male assassin gone away, and what was his errand?

None of my questions had received an answer. The woman had become a sphinx.

I seemed to have passed through an age of torturing suspense, when the sound of steps on the floor below, and then ascending the ladder broke the stillness.

"Here's the villain!" exclaimed Tofts, with a look back over his shoulder. "Sal's got 'm ouder gyard."

The person addressed advanced, stopped short, and burst into a loud laugh.

"Hello! Touchwood!" he cried as soon as he could speak—"here's a go!" My heart gave a leap of joy. It was Tom Yokel's voice!

"For God's sake, clear up this mystery!" I appealed.

"It's quite simple," Tom answered. "You see there's been a big reward offered for a noted bank robber thought to be prowling round in these parts with his plunder. Well, meaning no disrespect, you fill his advertised description to a dot; and our worthy friends, convinced you were the very man, took you into custody, and then notified me, who have the honor of being justice of the peace. But wait till I cut you loose."

"Then it aren't him after all," grumbled Tofts.

"And we won't git the reward!" sighed Sal.

"You allus wuz a little too dod blamed smart!" was her husband's closing comment.

SOME CURIOUS BIBLES.

DO you think it right, Aunt Rhoda, to have a new version of the Bible?" asked Andrew Clement.

"Certainly it is. The work is being done by some of the best scholars of the nineteenth century. The oldest and best manuscripts are before them. With the care and labor expended the new version must be more correct, although not perfect. Now you have spoken of it, Andrew, let us talk about Bibles. I will tell you of some curious ones I have seen," said Aunt Rhoda.

"Why, isn't the reading of Bibles all the same?" questioned Susy.

"No there are more than 5,000 New Testaments."

"Five thousand!" exclaimed Harry. "How can you remember about so many?"

"I do not know the difference of all, many differing in typographical errors, alone. It is of these I will tell you."

"Perhaps the finest, at least one of the finest collections of Bibles in the world is in the Lenox Library, New York. There are some of the earliest manuscript copies, long before type was used, and samples of nearly all the printed Bibles since 1450, which was the first with movable types, down to the present time. In 1542 the 'Dutch Bible' was printed, famous as being the cause of the printer being beheaded."

"Just think of that," said Harry; "cutting a man's head off for publishing a Bible!"

"Yes, but worse and more cruel things have been done to persons keeping a Bible in the house. They have been tortured in every manner; laid on the rack, and burned with hot pinchers for reading the Bible," said Aunt Rhoda.

"I'm glad I didn't live then," said Susy.

"In 1551," continued Aunt Rhoda, "the 'Bug Bible' was published, so called from the rendering of Psalm cxi. 5: 'Thou shalt not be afraid (for the terror) of bugs by night.'"

The children laughed, and Susy said: "I guess Miss Grace Ward, in India, would be glad if it said so now, such awful creatures creep into the beds there." "The next special error was in 1562, which gave the name of the 'Placemakers Bible,' from Matthew v. 9 reading, "Blessed are the placemakers (peacemakers)."

"Now that text would suit me exactly, for mother says I never have a place for anything. I told her this morning I was all the time making places," said Harry.

"I've heard you quote that text when you break things, too," said Andrew, giving Harry a punch. "That is hardly what the Bible teaches."

Harry hung his head. He had a good memory, and did often quote scripture, on unsuitable occasions. That morning Aunt Rhoda had reproved him for saying, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Harry was pointing to his boot, a portion of the sole being nearly off.

"In 1568," continued Aunt Rhoda, "was printed the 'Treacle Bible,' from Jeremiah viii. 22, reading, 'Is there no treacle (balm) in Gilead?'"

"The translator was fond of molasses, I should think, and wanted to fix the Bible to suit himself," remarked Susy.

"What next, aunty?" Andrew held his pencil over a small note book, a wise habit he had of aiding memory.

"Then came the 'Breeches Bible,' from Genesis iii. 7: 'And they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves breeches' (aprons.)"

"How could they make such mistakes?" asked Harry.

"You must remember that the manuscripts used were in Latin and Greek, and the translator used the word that seemed best."

"There are many editions besides these we have spoken of. In 1611 King James' version was printed, the one we use. But to return to the curious ones. In 1670 'The Thumb Bible' was published at Aberdeen, only one inch square and half an inch thick."

"One of the most remarkable was the 'Printers' Bible,' in 1702, where King David exclaimed in Psalm cxix. 161,

"Printers (princes) have persecuted me without cause."

"I should think you would feel the force of that text in its error, aunty," laughed Andrew.

"Yes, indeed! One writer calls these typographical blunders—"flea bites." That is a mild term when one takes especial pains with a sentence. It is a 'bitter pill' to find the sense entirely changed into type. Still we must have sympathy with the printer. He is often persecuted with illegible writing. It is not strange they carelessly supply words sometimes."

"The next, in 1717, is the 'Vinegar Bible,' so named from the headline of the 30th chapter of Luke, which reads, 'The Parable of the Vinegar' (vineyard)."

"That would do," said Lucy. "Vinegar is made from a vineyard."

"Lastly, in 1801, came 'The Murderers' Bible.' The 16th verse of the Epistle to Jude read, 'These are murderers' (murderers). Many of the Bibles in the Lenox Library have very strange illustrations, as you may suppose. One represents Adam asleep under a tree and Eve slipping out of his side. You know the Bible tells us that God took one of Adam's ribs and made a woman. Another, said to be a likeness of Satan, represents him with horns and hoofs, which is, of course, imaginary. Pictures are invaluable in teaching, but they should be correct."

"I see now the value of the new translation, aunty, and I thank you very much for this talk. I have learned much that I shall not forget," said Andrew.

How The "New Revision" is Received in Some Quarters.

"Say, boss," inquired an ancient African, with a white-wash pole in his hand, "am I true dat dey have dun gone an' changed the ole Bible?"

"Yes, somewhat."

"Well, dat's what Uncle Jed Smith cum ober to tell melas' night, but I didn't quite trus' him. De ole man said it wasn't a sin any mo' to run away wid anoder man's wife."

"Oh, yes it is. He is mistaken there."

"An' he said dat it had been proved out dat Cain nebbber killed Able nohow, but dat Able got hold of some pizen-roots."

"That's another mistake."

"Wall, I thought so. An' he said dat all well pussons war commanded to place ment an' bread an' good tea befo' all de halt an' de lame who called at de doah. Am dat so?"

"I guess not."

"Wall, I thought so all de time.—Seemed like a trick on his part to beat me out of a meal, an' I didn't sot out de fodder. Does dis new Bible raise wages any?"

"No."

"Does it put down house rent?"

"No."

"Ain't it goin' to chepen de price of clothes an' bates?"

"No."

"Won't it help poor folks any?"

"I don't see how."

"Wall, den, whar's de use? I see got one of de ole kind, an' I guess I'll stick to it. Seems like a shame dat de rich am not commanded to come down on house rent, an' gin us poor folks an' 'scursion on de ribber in de summer, an' I reckon I won't trade off de ole book."

Don't Use Big Words.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observation, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomeration of flutulent garrulity, jejune babblement and assinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittacous vacuity, ventiloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double ententes, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "Slang;" don't put on any airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words. You see by the above how easy it is to write or speak, with only short words.

How Long Would it Take to Count Two Millions?

Over two million volumes of the revised edition of the New Testament, were sold on the first day of its issue. These figures can only be equaled by the enormous sale of Swayne's Ointment for Itching Piles, which is universally used as a standard remedy for stopping the itching at night, when one thinks that pin worms are crawling about the rectum. To calculate the extent of its sale in actual figures, would involve the labor of a life-time. Will you be pestered longer from the aggravating Piles 742-45.