"Father Abraham"

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1872.

CURIOUS SONG OF A LOVER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Your face,	your tongue	your wit,
So fair,	so sweet,	so sharp,
First bent,	then dew,	then hit,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart,
To talk,	to learn,	to love,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
Doth lead,	doth teach,	doth move.
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
With beams,	with sound,	with art,
Doth blind,	doth charm,	doth rule,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart,
With life,	with hope,	with skill,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
Doth feed,	doth feast,	doth fill.
O face!	O tongue!	O wit!
With frown,	with check,	with smart,
Wrong not,	vex not,	wound not,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
This eye,	this ear,	this heart,
Shall joy,	shall bend,	shall swear,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
To serve,	to trust,	to fear.

These lines may be read either from left to right, or from above downward. They may also be read in various directions.

PAULINE LUCCA.

The royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, closed on Saturday, the 20th inst., with Meyerbeer's masterpiece, "L'Etoile du Nord." Talking with a friend about the principal features of the season, I had, naturally, much to say about Madame Pauline Lucca. After a time our conversation turned upon her high qualities in private life; her kind-heartedness, affection, generosity and courage. For cool resolution, the following incident, related to me by my friend, cannot well be surpassed. Pauline Lucca usually resides in Victoria Strasse, Berlin.

Last spring, however, she occupied, temporarily, at some distance outside the city, a gartenhaus, or country house, consisting of only a spacious, rambling basement story, surrounded by a veranda. One night, about ten o'clock, she was sitting there in her bedroom. Her chair was placed before her toilet table, which was lighted by a wax taper on each side of the glass. The two tapers were not sufficient to illuminate the room very brilliantly, and the further end lay buried in a sort of semi-obscurity. Madame Lucca was busy reading some letters concerning engagements, when suddenly she imagined she heard a noise. She looked round, but, seeing nothing, concluded she had made a mistake, and resumed the perusal of the letters. She had forgotten all about it when she heard it again.

This time, instead of looking round, she happened, without moving her head, merely to raise her eyes to the glass. She beheld reflected in it the face of a man peering cautiously from out a cupboard behind her. At first she fancied she was dreaming. She quietly looked again. No; it was no dream. There was the man, whom she now recognized as having been formerly in her service, whence he had been discharged for general bad behavior. She had also suspected him of purloining several objects which she had missed from time to time, but not being certain on this point, she had kept her suspicions to herself. Yes, there he was; there could be no mistake about the matter. Madame Lucca's first impulse was to start up and give the alarm. But there was not another habitation within a mile or two, and she recollected that the only person beside herself in the house was her maid, who, though a good girl, and extremely attached to her mistress, was by no means celebrated for her nerve.

The other servants, including the gardener and coachman, had been granted permission to attend the wedding of a friend, some miles off, and were not to return till the next day. It flashed across her mind that the man, who, as she knew, had been loitering about the neighborhood for two or three days, had learned that she would be alone and meant to rob the house, or perhaps murder her, if his project of robbery could not be executed without the perpetration of the greater crime. What was to be done? Again she glanced toward the mirror. The eyes were still there, glaring on her through the gloom. All at once she remembered that a revolver belonging to her husband, the Baron von Rhaden, ought to be lying on a shelf in the dining-room; but she was not quite sure. "If it is there, and I could only get it," she thought, "I should not mind!" While she was reflecting a knock was heard at the door of the room. She saw the man instantly draw back into to cupboard and close the door after him. She felt relieved that those two horrible eyes were taken from her; they seemed to pierce her like daggers.

"Come in," she said, and her maid entered.

"I thought you had gone to bed, my good girl," observed Madame Lucca, in a tone of unconcern.

"I was going, please your ladyship—but—I—I—thought you might want something," replied the maid.

"I told you I would be my own *femme de chambre* to-night. No; the only thing I want is to stretch my limbs a little, for they are cramped from long sitting."

Speaking thus, Madame Lucca arose with an air of admirably acted indifference, and took a turn or two across the room, passing close to the cupboard as she did so. She afterward declared she thought she could hear the man breathe in his hiding place. He, on his part, might have heard her heart beat, she said, when looking at the key-hole, she found the key had been removed. She was foiled in her plan, which had been to lock him up. Still her presence of mind did not desert her.

"Ah! dear me!" she said, "I feel so sleepy."

"Sleepy, your ladyship! I wish I did," replied the maid. "I don't feel sleepy. I am too frightened."

"Frightened! What are you frightened about, you foolish goose? Nonsense!" replied Madame Lucca.

"Oh, begging your ladyship's pardon, it is not nonsense, and that's just it! How can *you* be sure that some *boserteht* (villain), some *taugenichts* (good-for-nothing fellow), hearing you and I are alone in the house, may not murder us in our beds? But he shan't murder me in mine; for with your ladyship's permission, I will sit up all night in your ladyship's easy chair."

Madame Pauline Lucca glanced at the cupboard. Her blood ran cold; she thought she saw the handle turn. What course was she to adopt? She dared not give her maid the slightest hint of the state of matters; she felt the girl would go into a fit, then and there, and thus bring on a crisis. Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Madame Lucca replied at random:

"Murder us! What for?"

"What for, your ladyship? Why for your money, for your jewels, to be sure: everybody knows you have plenty of them!"

The girl might have been unconsciously sharpening, so to speak, the knife by which she and her mistress were doomed to perish.

"What absurdity!" said Madame Lucca, with a forced laugh. As she spoke, her eye wandered from the key-hole of the dreaded cupboard to that of an adjoining room. In the latter there was a key. Her face flushed, and a smile, as it were, of proud inspiration lighted it up, though only for a second.

"Jewels," she replied. "Why, every one with a grain of sense must know that I would not bring them about with me as a rule. They, of course, are generally safe under lock and key at Berlin. It is a strange thing, though, Editha, that to-day is an exception. I expected the Countess von Wartenstein to call, and I brought down all the jewels presented to me at my last visit to St. Petersburg, to show her."

"Your ladyship did? Oh, but supposing a thief——"

"Well, if a thief did know it he might easily make his fortune!" she observed, hastily interrupting her companion.

"By murdering us and running off with the jewels!"

Madame Lucca glanced at the cupboard, then, raising her voice, she continued:

"Oh, there would be no necessity for murder. The door which leads from that room to the garden is unlocked; I forgot to lock it. A thief would merely have to walk in from the garden and take my jewel case from the table near the window. He might make his escape richer by sixty or seventy thousand thalers, and never be detected. That's better than murdering people, is it not?"

"Oh, yes, your ladyship. And he might get over to England or America."

"Nothing easier," replied Madame Lucca. "However, that reminds me, I may as well lock the door leading into the garden. Run into the dining-room. You'll find the key on the table. Do not be long."

"No, your ladyship, I will not; trust me for that," said the girl.

"Editha! Editha!" cried Madame Lucca, an instant afterward. "I have made a mistake. The key is in the baron's study. Pshaw! she does not hear me," she continued, speaking aloud, "I must go and fetch it myself."

With these words she left the room. No sooner had she done so, than the door of the cupboard cautiously opened. A man put his head out and glanced around. Perceiving no one he darted into the adjoining chamber. The next instant the door was shut and locked behind him. But not by him! By Madame Lucca! When she left the room she did not proceed two paces; she stood outside listening. As she was in the darkness she could, without being visible herself, see all that was passing in her bedchamber. She beheld the stranger leave his hiding place and dart into the adjoining room. She glided after him with the stealthiness of an Indian and the courage of a lioness. The reader knows what followed.

Although [illegible] she [illegible] rushing across the room with the key in her hand.

"I can't find any——" began Editha, entering the bed chamber. But Madame Lucca, pushing her aside, disappeared. Editha looked after her in mute astonishment, and remained as though rooted to the spot, till her mistress re-entered with a revolver in her hand.

"Oh! your ladyship! wha at's that?" inquired the maid, with a strong presentiment that all was not right.

"The baron's revolver, thank goodness," replied Madame Lucca.

"Why 'thank goodness,' your ladyship," inquired the maid.

Madame Lucca pointed to the door.

Some one on the other side was turning the handle. Editha turned deathly pale and dropped the lamp she was carrying. Presently there was a knocking, and a voice exclaimed:

"Open this door directly, or——"

The rest was inaudible. Editha's screams drowned aught else. Madame Lucca waited until the girl's first stock of breath was exhausted and her second not yet arrived; then she said, with comic severity:

"Editha, if you are not quiet, I will begin by shooting *you!*"

Editha thought, apparently, that her mistress was in earnest, for the poor girl immediately rammed a large portion of the nearest towel into her mouth, and restricted herself to swaying to and fro and sobbing violently, but the door was massive oak and immovable.

"My friend," cried Madame Lucca, in a loud voice, "you are caged. The garden door is as tightly fastened as is this one, and the window is secured. Do not attempt to open the latter, for I am going into the garden, and the instant I see you try to escape you are a *dead man.*"

Flinging open the door which led to the verandah she went out, followed by Editha, who, in her despair, had succeeded in pushing more of the towel in her mouth. The noise of a bolt being drawn was heard.

"Stand aside, my friend," said Madame Lucca, "or you are a dead man!"

A sharp report followed, accompanied by the sound of crashing wood and splintered glass.

"There! that is one barrel out of the six. That was merely to show you that I am armed. You had better remain quiet."

The visitor also was seemingly of the same opinion, for he did not renew the attempt. When the servants returned next morning, they found Madame Lucca quietly reading under the verandah before the window. They were rather surprised, however, at perceiving a six-barreled revolver in her hand, and Editha with what appeared to be the end of a towel sticking out of her mouth. A few words explained the whole affair, and in about an hour after the would-be thief, who, as it was afterward proved, would have been ready to turn assassin as well, was safely at the nearest *Polizei-bureau.*

"Talk of generalship," said my friend, as he concluded his story, "was not the strategem of the jewels by which Madame Lucca lured the thief into the room destined to be his dungeon, a magnificent idea? Moltke himself never did anything to beat it!"

Big boy comes up and holds out his hand, sullen and savage. Noble little boy comes manfully forward and says: "I'm the boy that whistled, sir," at the same time holding out his hand. Teacher simmers down and lets both of them off. *Mem.*—Noble boy thought teacher wouldn't thrash him if he told the truth, but he knew big boy would if he didn't.

CHIP-BASKT.

Why is dancing like new milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

The man who wrote "I'm saddest when I sing," was a fool to sing much.

Two undertakers meeting the other day, one of them remarked on the vast increase of mortality. "Well," replied the other, "you're luckier than I, for I have not buried a living soul these three weeks."

At a certain church fair, a set of Cooper's works was promised to the individual who should answer a certain set of conundrums. A dashing young fellow was pronounced the winner, and received a set of wooden pails.

"Do you think Jonah cried when he was in the fish's belly?" was the question put to an oily seaman by a sleek querist. "Don't know," replied Jack, "but should think not, as there was plenty of blubber without his'n."

"What is that, children," asked a young pastor, exhibiting to his Sunday-school a magic-lantern picture of a poor sinner clinging to the cross towering out of the stormy waves in mid-ocean. "Robinson Crusoe," was the instant reply.

A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew very weary of his conversation, and at last whispered in an audible key, "didn't he bring his amen with him, mamma?"

Massachusetts has a sensational case of two young men who carelessly spit tobacco juice out of a window on a lawyer's tall hat, and were fined each twenty dollars and one-half the costs, with the alternative of sixty days in jail. They have appealed.

A local, in describing an accident, says that the ball entered a certain part of the body, "and passed thence into the *lumber region.*" The precise locality of this region is not stated.—Ex.

We infer that the "victim's" head was alluded to.

A poor fellow was brought before one of the police justices recently charged with being intoxicated. "Well, why did you get drunk?" "See here," was the reply," uttered in a hiccough and the accents of a drunken man, "what did you give license for?"

A few months ago a famous Prussian general was inspecting some military stables. "What do I see there?" he he said in tones of thunder, to a sergeant, "cobwebs?" Yes sir," was the respectful reply; "we keep them there to catch the flies and prevent their teasing the horses.

A blacksmith brought up a son, to whom he was very severe, in his trade. One day the old man was trying to harden a cold chisel, which he had made of foreign steel, but he could not succeed. "Horsewhip it, father," exclaimed the boy; *If that won't harden it I don't know what will.*"

A gentleman seated in the stalls of a theatre who was afflicted with remarkably long ears, overheard the jocular remarks of a neighboring young man to another, which were by far too loudly expressed. The proprietor of the ears turned round thereat sharply and said, "It is true my ears are very large indeed for a man, but yours are very small indeed for an ass."

At a funeral, lately, there stood in the house an old-fashioned clock, which, when it finished the announcement of the meridian hour, was made to play a tune. The officiating minister was in the midst of his sermon when, noon having arrived, the clock commenced striking twelve. In a very solemn tone he impressed on his hearers the inevitable flight of time; but the exhortation was evidently ineffective, as the clock instantly followed with the cheery old notes of "Take your time, Miss Lucy."

They tell about a man in Doylestown, Pa., who heard that well water could be purified with lime, so he emptied a bushel and a half into his well and felt blissful and happy. It turned out that, because of the dryness of the season, there was only three feet of water in the well, and ever since his experiment he has been selling a good article of whitewash to his neighbors at two buckets for a cent, and walked a mile and a half to the creek for drinking-water for his family. He has his doubts now about lime being a good purifier.

A wholesale liquor firm in Paterson, N. J., were surprised the other morning at the absence of a revenue stamp just affixed to a barrel of whisky by the Assistant Assessor, and as they could not sell the liquor without the stamp, and the stamp could not be duplicated they were in an awkward fix. Suddenly they remembered that a Dutchman had been sitting on the barrel immediately after the stamp was pasted on, and on finding that gentleman and looking under the tail of his coat, the mystery was solved. After some trouble the stamp was transferred from the innocent German to the barrel, and the excitement subsided.

And here's another outrageous proposition comes in a circular: It is from a "clairvoyant" in new York, who vouches for her ability to "tell our future and unfold the record of our fate" if we will send our "hair and eyes in a sealed envelope." Alas! we cannot. We are exceedingly anxious to have our future told, we want to have the record of our fate unfolded, but we have no hair to spare—and we cannot spare our eyes—we dare not entrust them to a sealed envelope. Some arrangements might be made, perhaps, if the seer would send on a reliable man to take those eyes out West with him in a carpet-bag; but how to do about the hair we cannot tell. It is very sad that a man's infirmities can thus bar his way to bliss; but it is so, and we must submit.

NASBY'S EXPERIMENT.—My wife was a woman, and I noticed that she nourished all the folly of the sex. She was as extravagant in dress as any of her friends, and I took her to task for it. I showered over her much wisdom. She was an obedient wife, and bowing her head submissively retired to her room, from which she emerged in a few minutes. She had carried out my wishes to the letter. Her dress hung limp about her person. Her chignon, which was her crowning glory, was gone, and her natural hair was twisted into a small and insignificant knot at the back of her head. She had no collar, no cuffs, no rings, no pins; in short she was divested of all those helps to figure and form which the sex know so well how to employ.

Ordinarily she was counted a handsome woman; as she stood before me in that shape, I confess I was astounded at her superlative ugliness.

"Come," said she, meekly, "it is time we were on our way to the concert."

I did not go to the concert with my wife in that guise. On the contrary, with much hemming and hawing—for no man likes to go back on himself—I meekly asked her to resume her natural garb.

My experiment at reform with the female part of my household had the appearance of a failure.

Medical.

STEINHEISER'S NERVINE.

This celebrated **Nervine** is an infallible remedy for all the ordinary derangements of the

NERVOUS SYSTEM,

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The **Nervine** is not, like too many of the preparations purporting to cure Nervous disorders, a compound of narcotics, stupefying the Nerves to give temporary relief, succeeded by a reaction which leaves the sufferer the worse for his so-called remedy. On the contrary, this preparation, compounded from the extracts of herbs indigenous to our own soil, operates beneficially as a

NERVE TONIC,

And is designed to CURE, and not merely to give temporary relief. That it will do this, the proprietor is able to affirm with confidence, knowing that he will be fully justified in the future, as heretofore, by the unvarying success of this most valuable remedy.

The **Nervine** does not belong to the class of "cure all" preparations, whose very pretensions prove them to be worthless. It has a specific value in strengthening and toning up the Nervous System, and all that is asked for it is a trial, when it will speak for itself.

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OPIUM EATING,

Are entirely overcome, and a healthy condition of the system restored. The same is true of the appetite for intoxicating liquors, which can be entirely eradicated by the use of the **Nervine**. All these abnormal appetites are the surface indications of derangements of the Nervous System, which yield to this great Remedy.

With all these curative properties, the **Nervine** contains no ingredient that can injure any patient, if used according to the directions which appear upon each bottle.

The **Nervine** is prepared and compounded under the personal supervision of the Proprietor himself.

The price of the **Nervine** is only

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE

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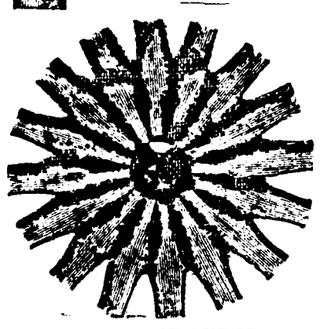

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Call and be Convinced.

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.

Trains leave the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, Lancaster, as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE WESTWARD.

Through Passenger	1:25 a m
Pacific Express	2:30 a m
Niagara Express	9:25 a m
Mail via Mt. Joy	11:20 a m
Mail via Columbia	11:20 a m
Fast Line	3:19 p m
Columbia Accommodation	3:35 p m
Harrisburg Accommodation	5:54 p m
Lancaster Train	7:34 p m
Cincinnati Express	9:02 p m

TRAINS LEAVE EASTWARD.

Philadelphia Express	4:10 a m
Fast Line	4:40 a m
Lancaster Train	9:20 a m
Elmira Express	3:14 p m
Harrisburg Accommodation	5:54 p m
Mail Train	9:40 p m
Cincinnati Express	11:43 p m

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, MAY 6TH, 1872,

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL RUN ON THIS ROAD AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Lancaster	8 20 a m	Reading	10 30 a m
"	3 25 p m	"	5 35 p m
Columbia	8 15 a m	"	10 30 a m
"	3 15 p m	"	5 [illegible] p m

RETURNING:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Reading	7 20 a m	Lancaster	9 27 a m
"	6 15 p m	"	8 17 p m
"	7 20 a m	Columbia	9 [illegible] a m
"	6 15 p m	"	8 30 p m

Trains leaving Lancaster and Columbia as above, make close connection at Reading with Trains North and South on Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and West on Lebanon Valley Road. Trains leaving Lancaster at 8 20 a m and Columbia at 8 15 a m, connect closely at Reading with Trains for New York.

Tickets can be obtained at the offices of the New Jersey Central Railroad, foot of Liberty street, New York; and Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, 13th and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia.

Through tickets to New York and Philadelphia sold at all the *Principal Stations, and Baggage Checked Through.*

☞ Mileage Ticket Books for 500 or 1000 miles, Season and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

Trains are run by Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Time, which is 10 minutes faster than Pennsylvania Railroad Time.

nov25-tf] GEO. F. GAGE, Supt

READING RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1872.

Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Lititz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 5.00, 8.10 a. m., and 2.00 p. m. connecting with trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 12.10 a. m., 3.50, and 9.40 p. m., respectively.

Returning leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.05 and 6.00 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia at 7.30 a. m., 10.30 a. m., and 3.30 p. m.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Northumberland and Sunbury at 8.30 a. m., stopping at intermediate way stations; the 1.05 p. m. train connecting for Philadelphia, Pottsville, and Columbia; for Pottsville and intermediate stations at Reading; for Hazleton and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Lehigh Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3.10 p. m.

Eastward leave Reading for Philadelphia at 7.00 a. m., 12.10 a. m., and 4.05 p. m., connecting leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.05 and 6.00 p. m., and Harrisburg at 7.25 a. m., 12.25, 2.15, 4.35 and 12.15 p. m.

Westward leave Philadelphia at 7.30 a. m., connecting with Express Train leaving Reading, returning from Reading at 2.20 p. m., stopping at all stations.

Leave Pottsville at 9.00 a. m. and 2.20 p. m., Herndon at 10.00 a. m., Strong at 5.40 and 11.15 a. m.; Ashland at 7.05 a. m., and 12.35 p. m.; Mahanoy City at 7.51 a. m., 1.20 p. m., Girardville at 8.35 a. m. and 2.10 p. m. for Ashland, Shamokin, New Boston, Mt. Carmel, Harrisburg, &c.

Leave Pottsville at 7.00 a. m. and 1.00 p. m. for Tamaqua, Lebanon and Philadelphia, and 11.45 a. m., for Tamaqua and Reading.

Pottsville Accommodation train leaves Pottsville at 7.00 a. m., Reading at 10.30 a. m., returning leave Philadelphia at 3.30 p. m., Reading at 6.20 p. m., arriving at Pottsville at 9.20 p. m.

Pottstown Accommodation train leaves Pottstown at 6.45 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia, Ninth and Green at 4.30 p. m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7.20 a. m. and 6.15 p. m. for Lancaster, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., returning leave Lancaster at 8.20 a. m. and 3.25 p. m., and Columbia at 8.15 a. m. and 3.15 p. m.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 7.35, 8.55 a. m., 2.05 and 5.40 p. m.; returning leave Green Lane at 6.15, a. m., 12.25 and 4.20 p. m. connecting with trains on Reading Railroad.

Pickering Valley Railroad trains leave Phoenixville at 9.30 a. m., 3.10 and 5.50 p. m.; returning, leave Byers at 6.35 a. m., 12.45 and 4.20 p. m. connecting with trains on Reading Railroad.

Colebrookdale Railroad trains leave Pottstown at 9.40 a. m. and 1.20, 6.25 and 7.15 p. m. returning leave Mt. Pleasant at 6.00, 8.00 and 11.25 a. m. and 3.25 p. m. connecting with trains on Reading Railroad.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Bridgeport at 8.30 a. m. 2.40 and 5.23 p. m. returning, leave Downingtown at 6.50 a. m. 12.30 and 5.10 p. m. connecting with trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 6.00 p. m. Philadelphia at 8.00 a. m. and 3.15 p. m. (the 8.00 a. m. train running only to Reading.) leave Pottsville 8.00 a. m.; leave Harrisburg 5.00 a. m., and 2.00 p. m; leave Allentown at 4.35 and 9.35 p. m.; leave Reading at 7.15 a. m. and 10.55 p. m. for Harrisburg, at 7.00 a. m. for New York, at 7.20 a. m. for Allentown, and at 9.40 a. m. and 4.15 p. m. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

Baggage checked through. 100 pounds allowed each Passenger.

J. E. WOOTTEN, *Asst. Supt. & Eng. Mach'ry*

READING, PA. August 1st, 1872. [13-tf

PHILADELPHIA & READING R. R.

READING, AUGUST 21, 1872.

On and after September 2d, this Company will take charge of the EXPRESS BUSINESS, in all its details, on its road and branches, and will be fully prepared to accommodate the public in the rapid transmission of *money* and *freight* entrusted to its care.

Direct connections will also be made with the "DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA & WESTERN EXPRESS" for New York City and State, the Eastern States and Canadas, and all points on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Lackawanna & Bloomsburg and Morris & Essex Railroads, and at reduced rates.

Particular attention will be given to the Collection of Checks, Drafts, Notes, Bills, &c., and prompt returns made.

Orders for articles to be returned by express will be carried free of charge, and delivered at once upon arrival of trains, and goods called for and returned by next train, if ready for shipment.

Telegrams ordering shipments of packages by express will be forwarded over the lines of the PHILADELPHIA, READING & POTTSTOWN TELEGRAPH COMPANY at half rates.

For further information, apply to EDWARD E. PARK, Superintendent of "Philadelphia & Reading R. R. Express Department," General Office, No. 624 Chestnut Street; Branch Office, N. E. corner Broad and Callowhill Streets. J. E. WOOTTEN,

47-8t *Assistant Superintendent.*

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JOHN WOODRUFF'S SONS,

Philadelphia, Penna.

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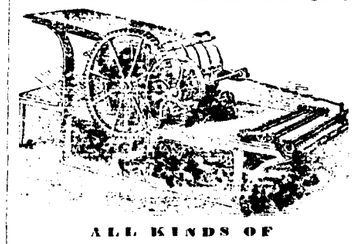

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