

RAILROADS.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Nov. 12th, 1871. Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Mail, 6:16 p. m., daily except Sunday...

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Sunday, Nov 12th, 1871, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: WESTWARD. (Circular) Express (Flag) 11:05 p. m., Daily...

Northern Central Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Thorough and Direct Route to and from Washington, Baltimore, Elmira, Erie, Buffalo, Rochester and Niagara Falls.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 12th 1871, the trains on the Northern Central Railway will run as follows:

NORTHWARD. MAIL TRAIN.

Leaves Baltimore, 8:30 a. m. (Harrisburg, 1:45 p. m. Williamsport 7:00 p. m., and arr. at Elmira, 10:45 p. m.)

SOUTHWARD. MAIL TRAIN.

Leaves Elmira 5:40 a. m. (Williamsport 9:15 a. m. Harrisburg 2:10 p. m. Ar. Baltimore at 6:50 p. m.)

READING RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Monday, Nov. 13th, 1871.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tanawana, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.

Trans leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 2:45, 8:10, A. M., and 2:00, P. M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad...

Stage Line Between Newport and New Germantown.

STAGES leave New Germantown daily at four o'clock A. M. New Bloomfield at 9 1/2 A. M. Arriving at Newport to connect with the Accommodation Train East.

J. BAILY, Attorney at Law. Office in the Court House, with J. H. Shuler, Esq. Refers to B. McIntire, Esq. June 7, 1871.

Walter Gordon's Resolution.

STEP by step, Walter Gordon had sunk from a position of respectability to that of a confirmed inebriate. When he first commenced visiting the tavern at which liquor was dealt out, he did so with a feeling of shame...

But as the habit grew upon him, he became more and more reckless of public opinion. Gradually his income from his business—he was a carpenter—diminished; people being afraid to trust him with commissions...

Walter was a married man. At the age of twenty-five he had united himself to an estimable girl, who, though she brought him little in the way of worldly goods, proved an excellent wife.

They had not been married ten years, and had one child, a boy of six, the sole fruit of the union. Charley Gordon was a bright rosy-checked boy, with merry ways that might have gladdened a father's heart.

Of course their worldly circumstances had been sensibly affected by Mr. Gordon's course. Dollar by dollar, the hoard in the savings bank, had dwindled away.

Next commenced the diminution of their domestic comforts. It cost Mrs. Gordon a long fit of weeping, when one day the landlord of the village tavern, a rough man, with neither principle nor refinement, drove up to the door...

"The sofa!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon in amazement. "Certainly! Hasn't your husband told you about it?"

"What should he tell me?" inquired the wife, not suspecting the truth. "He's sold it to me," said the landlord, looking shame-faced...

"And without saying a word to me about it?" "That's his affair, not mine."

"What induced him to sell it? How much do you give him for it?" "He was owing me a debt—a matter of fifteen or twenty dollars," muttered the landlord.

"And this debt is for rum, I suppose?" said Mrs. Gordon, bending her eyes searchingly upon the landlord...

"Well, and suppose it was. I suppose it's a debt for all that." "You can take the sofa," said Mrs. Gordon...

"When I want to hear preaching, I can go to church," muttered the landlord, a little uneasy in his conscience at the words of his victim's wife...

A month afterwards the Gordon's moved from the comfortable house which they had hitherto occupied, to a miserable old building which had not been tenanted for a long time...

Sad days succeeded the removal. First, the physical discomfort of living in such a miserable shell was not small. It afforded scanty protection against the discomfort was increased by the deficiency of suitable furniture...

So they were obliged to live, during the cold season, in one room. —Walter Gordon, however, was seldom at home. It had long since lost all its attractions for him...

One night Walter Gordon had remained in the bar-room longer than usual. He remained until all his companions had slipped off one by one, and he was alone.

"I have no fire elsewhere," said the landlord. You can speak freely here." "But—" expostulated the stranger, pointing over his shoulder at Walter Gordon...

"Oh that will make no difference.—He's a poor drunken fellow, and is far enough over the bay not to comprehend what is going on." "Fudge!" said the other...

"I shan't, much longer," said the landlord, carelessly. "I've most cleaned him out, and then I shall order him off." With this they proceeded to business...

Walter Gordon's Resolution (continued)...

The landlord supposed Walter Gordon was too far gone to hear what he said. Perhaps it would not have troubled him much, if he had known that this was a mistake.

Walter Gordon did hear the last words that were spoken, being, as has been said, only half unconscious. He had still manhood enough to feel them acutely.

"So I'm a poor drunken fellow!" thought he to himself. "That's what the landlord says, and he ought to know, for he made me what I am!"

These thoughts ran through Walter's mind. Meanwhile the conversation went on, and he heard Glover express a determination to have done with him, after he had cleaned him out.

This declaration filled him with secret indignation, and yet it was only what he might have known before. But the landlord's manners had been so smooth and polite, that he never suspected the opinion which he entertained of him.

His first impulse was to leave the room, but something restrained him. Without appearing therefore, to have heard what had been said, he continued to lie quiet for a few moments...

"Yes, it's getting late," said Walters. "You won't take another glass, for a night-cap, you know?" "No, I won't take anything more to-night," and Walter slowly walked out of the room...

He felt instantly, he knew not how, a conviction that God would help him; and in spite of his ragged clothes, his destitute family and miserable prospects, he was cheered by a hope of better things.

The next morning early, Walter Gordon woke, and left the house, for the tavern as his wife supposed. She was mistaken. He bent his steps to the house of Deacon Holmes.

"Deacon Holmes," said Walter Gordon, "I have heard that you are intending to build a barn." "Yes," the deacon replied. "I am thinking of doing so."

"Have you engaged any one to build it?" "No," said the deacon, hesitatingly. He anticipated what was coming next, and it embarrassed him.

"I am in want of work and will do it as cheap as any one." The deacon looked down. He was evidently trying to frame a refusal.

"Yes, I am aware that, you are a good workman; but—" "But my intemperance is an objection, I suppose you would say."

"Frankly, now that you have mentioned it, that is an objection—the only one I have—but as you will admit, a weighty one?" "It is, I freely acknowledge it. But, Deacon Holmes, I made a resolution last night, never to touch intoxicating liquors from henceforth."

"And do you think you shall have strength to abide by that resolution?" said the deacon, eagerly. "Are you willing to sign the temperance pledge?" "I am desirous to do so," said Walter Gordon.

"What may I ask, led you to form this resolution?" "In answer to this question, Walter Gordon detailed to the deacon the particulars with which the reader is already familiar.

"And now, do you think," he said in conclusion, "that you are willing to trust me with this job?" "I will trust you," he said, heartily, extending his hand to Walter Gordon. "God forbid that I should discourage you in your resolution by a refusal. Perhaps, however, it will be better for me to employ you by the day trusting to you to make the job a short one, since you might find it difficult to get trusted for the timber, if you attempt to procure it on your own responsibility."

"Thank you, deacon, for your consideration. I have, I am aware, destroyed my credit. I shall be glad to take it on your own terms. When shall I begin?" "I will order the timber to-day, so that it may be on the ground to-morrow. Meanwhile I have a little job around the house sufficient to occupy you to-day."

That evening Walter Gordon came home at six o'clock, somewhat to his wife's surprise. How much greater was her surprise when he took from his vest pocket a two dollar bill, saying kindly:

"Clara, you must need some money for household expenses." "Oh, Walter," she said, with a tremulous hope at this unwonted action, "can it be that you—"

"That I have reformed? With God's help, I think I have. Clara I shall try to make you a better husband in the future." There was joy in the humble home of Walter Gordon that night—the joy of a wife who had found her husband, and of a man who had found himself.

When John Glover heard of Walter Gordon's reformation, he laughed incredulously, and said: "I shall have him here again before the week is out." He was not mistaken. Walter did call on him before the week was out; but his errand was to say that he was about to vacate his present house and move into a better one, owned by Deacon Holmes.

Three years passed by. At the end of that time Walter Gordon was well, happy and prosperous, while the landlord had himself sunk into the drunkard's grave, which he had prepared for so many others.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Geographical Enigma.

In an composed of 36 letters, the whole being a line from Pope's Moral Essays, and a truth all should remember. My 1, 28, 33, 22, and 15, is a town in Russia. My 4, 12, 26, 10, 23, 32, and 19, is a town in Denmark.

Answer to "Poetical Enigma" in last number. The word "ears."

SUNDAY READING.

Ten Hard Dollars.

THOSE people who are interested in hard money will perhaps be profited by reading the following story from the Christian Weekly, by Dr. Spaulding:

"My father was a poor man. A large and growing family was dependent upon him for its daily bread. Coming home one wintry evening from a week's toil in a neighboring town with ten hard-earned dollars in his pocket, he lost them in a slight snow. Long and fruitless was the search for them. After the snow was gone, again and again was the search renewed, with the same result. The snow fell and melted again for a whole generation, and the story of the lost dollars was still fresh in our family circle; for a silver dollar to a poor man in those days was larger than a full moon.

"About a mile away lived another father of a family in similar circumstances. He, too, knew how much a dollar cost dug out of a rocky farm. At least once or oftener, every week for forty years he had occasion to pass our door, giving and receiving the common neighborly salutations, and every time with a weight increasingly heavy on his conscience. But all such pressure has its limit; and when that is reached the crash is the greater for the severity of the strain. In this instance it was as when an old oak rends its body and breaks its limbs in falling.

"One day, completely broken down, he came to my father in tears, confessing:—'I found your dollars lost in the snow forty years ago. They have been hard dollars to me, and I can carry them no longer. I am come to return them, and ask your forgiveness, and as soon as I can I will pay you the interest.'"

"The scene was like that when Jacob and Esau met over the ford Jabbok. 'He did not live long enough to pay the interest, but quite long enough to furnish a practical comment on the text: 'The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit, who can bear?' Who will say that conscience, though slumbering in this life, will never awake to punish the offender in the life to come?"

"If any man wants hard money, let him get it dishonestly, and he will find it the hardest money that he ever saw—hard to keep, hard to think of, and hard to answer for in the judgment day.

"Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience.

"To fly from peace, which we should earnestly pursue, is to follow discord and our own destruction.

Silence.

How eloquent is silence! Acquiescence, contradiction, difference, disdain, embarrassment, and awe, may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary; to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your lady-love's affections?

The fair one confirms her lover's fondest hopes by a complete and assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion, which you may deem false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by attentive silence.

Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a fop? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Are you in the course of any negotiations about to enter upon a discussion painful to your own feelings, and to those who are concerned in it? The subject is almost invariably prefaced by an awkward silence.

Silence has also its utility and advantages. And first, what an invaluable portion of domestic strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which by mutual aggravation, has, perhaps, terminated in blood-shed, have been checked in its commencement by a judicious silence! Those persons only who have experienced them are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance which, to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall never answer a word.

Secondly, there are not wanting instances where the reputation, fortune, the happiness, may the life of a fellow-creature, might be preserved by a charitable silence.

The Sealed Fountain.

There has been much distress this summer in many places from wells and brooks going dry. People have learned what a thing to be grateful for is even the common blessing of water.

John Foster compares our life to a sealed up reservoir containing a certain amount of water. How much is in it, we have no means of knowing. We must keep constantly using it, and there is no means of replenishing the supply. Every day the amount diminishes, and soon it will be gone.

What a solemn thought it is that every night we are twelve hours nearer eternity than we were in the morning! How can we put off getting ready for it? How can we allow such trifles as occupy us every day to draw our minds off wholly from this great concern? What comfort will it be to us, when the last hour comes, to remember that we were clad in the finest and most fashionable raiment, and that we fared sumptuously every day, or even that we were most diligent and studious in our daily tasks, and took a high standing among our mates, when there lay our Bible all unread, its teaching unregarded?

Remember this sealed reservoir, and how fast you are using up its precious contents. Some of these hold very little more. How will it be with you when you have quaffed the last cup? Will you then be sure of a welcome where the blessed "river of the water of life" is flowing forever?

A Comical Dutchman.

—"Das Onion Hill eoom by dees cars?" inquired a jolly Dutchman on Saturday night, as he staggered into a Union Hill car at Hoboken.

"Yaw, Fritz," answered a fellow-countryman. "Veet cakes all the vile, Yaocop," said Fritz, nearly crushing his friend's toes in his attempts to steady himself.

"Fritz, you be tam heavy to-night." "Yaas, I bees full of hot Dom and Sherrys, Yaocop; I was a fool to try Yankee drinks; Dom and Sherry doo much for Fritz. I must dry up and get some fresh air on the platform, Yaocop."

Fritz succeeded in getting the door open about six inches; a biting wind blew through the aperture, when an indignant passenger sprung to his feet and closed the door with a suddenness that turned Fritz half around.

"Bees dis car on de outside or inside?" inquired Fritz. "You are all right, Fritz; sit down in this corner," said Yaocop.

"Thank you, Yaocop; if I sleeps when mine house comes along, dell me who I am."

"It Isn't Catching."

The following little story, is told at the expense of a young lady school teacher, not a thousand miles from this place, who is very properly anxious in regard to the prevention of small-pox in her school, and therefore strictly enforces the rule that whenever a case of sickness is reported in the family of any one of her pupils, the pupil must bring a certificate from the family physician stating that the disease is not contagious, failing in which the pupil must remain away until all danger is over.

A few days ago she was informed that one of her pupils, a little girl, of Teutonic extraction, had sickness in her family. On being questioned, the little girl admitted "she had sick at her house;" that her mother was sick. She was accordingly sent home. The next day she returned to the school and shyly sliding up to the teacher, with her finger in her mouth and her little bonnet swaying by the strings, she said: "Miss—, we've got a little baby at our house, but mother told me to tell you 'It isn't catching.'"