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READING RAILROAD - Winter Arrangement, Monday Nov. 21 1870.

Great Trunk Line from the North and South west for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, etc.

East Pennsylvania Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 5:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4:15 p. m., 8:30 p. m.

Way passenger train leaves Philadelphia at 7:30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad.

Reading Accommodation Train leaves Reading for Pottsville at 5:45 a. m., 12:15 p. m., 6:45 p. m., 10:15 p. m.

Reading Accommodation Train leaves Pottsville at 7:00 a. m., 12:15 p. m., 6:45 p. m., 10:15 p. m.

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SELECT POETRY. ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND. BY CLYDE STANLEY.

Our worlds begin in Paradise, And 'tis a bright world still, When we have left our early days, To climb some happy hill.

Our worlds begin in Paradise, We toil and toil for nothing; We cannot grieve for their poor dust, At rest in holy ground.

Our worlds begin in Paradise, The end of all is not more bright, When daylight fades away; When earth slips from our languid hold,

Our worlds begin in Paradise, Their tears fall down on lowly graves, Their voices, sad and low, Make music out of loving thoughts,

Our worlds begin in Paradise, What a relief it was to poor hunted little Elfrida when Miss Major Parker came in,

Our worlds begin in Paradise, "I don't care whether the twelve tribes of Israel were there, it makes it none the less improper for you,"

Our worlds begin in Paradise, "I don't care whether the twelve tribes of Israel were there, it makes it none the less improper for you,"

Our worlds begin in Paradise, "I don't care whether the twelve tribes of Israel were there, it makes it none the less improper for you,"

What I want you to understand is this: that this love-making business has got to stop. I won't tolerate Thomas Castlewynne's presumptuous attentions.

"Very well, then, I'll trouble you to head as well. Perhaps you think I didn't see you lingering on the very threshold of their door this morning,

"But Aunt Betsy, the door was wide open, and Mrs. Glen was in the hall, and Isabella Raymond, and Major Parker's daughter."

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had calculated on, and with a blind impulse of concealment she darted into the closet and shut herself in among dressing-gowns, shooting coats and old-fashioned bifurcated garments that filled her spinster's room with horror.

"They'll go out again pretty soon," thought Miss Betsy, panting, as she held on desperately to the inner handle of the door, "and then I can just slip into my own room."

"But no such denouement appeared at hand. Mr. Castlewynne and his friend sat themselves down and deliberately lighted their cigars; the blue vapor stole slyly and pungent through the key-hole.

"I shall choke," thought Miss Betsy. "Now look here, Tom," said Mr. Ermine, apparently resuming the conversation which had been temporarily interrupted.

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how, never stopping till she was safe in her room. "Aunt Betsy," exclaimed the astonished Elfrida, where on earth have you been? But that was just what 'Auntie' never would tell her.

"Elfrida," said Miss Betsy, when she had calmed her agitated nerves by green tea and a nap, "I've changed my mind about young Castlewynne. If you and he are really bent on making a match of it—here Aunt Betsy grimaced, as if she were taking medicine—

"Why you must have your own way, I suppose." Elfrida's face grew radiant. "Dear Aunt Betsy," she cried with a shy blush upon the parchment forehead of the old lady, "I am so glad."

"There, there go along," said Miss Whistleton, ungraciously. "I want to nip up my caps for the wash, and I can't be bothered with kissing."

"I do hope," she added mentally, as Elfrida tripped away, "he won't tell that child the whole story."

But there was a mischievous sparkle in Elfrida's eye when she came up that night, which filled Aunt Betsy's soul with dread, and convinced her that Castlewynne had betrayed the secret of her siege and surrender.

And thus, Aunt Betsy, unwillingly and will, was forced to help Captain's bark float down the stream of True Love. Alas! poor Aunt Betsy.

An Indian Village. "One can have no appreciative idea of an Indian village, unless he has been permitted to come across the prairie through a hot summer's sun, and suddenly discovers one nestled under the broad shady trees, beside a clear running stream, in a green valley.

One column one year \$50.00. One-half column, one year, \$25.00. One-fourth column, one year, \$15.00. One square (10 lines) one insertion 75. Every additional insertion 50. Professional and business cards of not more than five lines, per year, 5.00. Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices 2.00. Editorial notices per line 15. All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

ten pins; some boys were shooting at a mark with arrows, and up the stream several youth were returning home with rod and line, and fine strings of speckled trout.

Scores of men and women were swimming about in the river, now diving, and then dousing each other, amid screams of laughter from the bystanders on the shore. Here and there a young girl darted about like a fish, her black hair streaming behind her in the water.

While we looked, the little children suddenly crossed from play and ran into the lodges; mounted men surrounded the herd, and the swimmers and promenaders hastened toward the village. We had been perceived by the villagers, and the unexpected arrival of strange horsemen at an Indian encampment always creates great excitement. They may be friends, but they are more often enemies, so the villagers are always ready for a surprise.

Some men were seen running to an fire with guns and bows, and in a few minutes, some mounted warriors left the encampment and rode toward us, going first to the top of the highest mound to see if they could discover other horsemen in the rear, or to the right or left of us.

No sooner did they ascertain there were but three in the party, than they rode boldly up and asked us our business. I told them who we were, and where we were from, upon which they cordially invited us to the village.

As we approached, men, women and children poured out of the encampment to look at the strangers, and having satisfied their curiosity, the sports and amusements of the evening were renewed.

I asked permission to camp of no one, for I needed none, as this was their land, and I was not without my own provisions. So I pitched right down to the centre of the village, and finding a vacant space pitched my lodge. It was unnecessary to purchase a town-lot here, for no one, save him who owns all, held real estate.

A few Sioux women gathered about my squaw and chatted with them, anxious to learn the news from down the river. Seeing that they were interested with the unpacking of the ponies and the cracking of the lodge, I unceremoniously ordered them to go, and they went quietly away. The lodge was soon up; the ponies unpacked and put out to graze. Having seen things put in order for the night, I sauntered out through the village to learn the news.

I was agreeably surprised, when I learned there was a white man in the village, who had been sent out to the Indians as a missionary. All the savages spoke of him as a kindhearted good man, who was a great friend of the Great Spirit and of the Big Father at Washington.