

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. OCTOBER 6th, 1879.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: For New York via Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For New York via "Bound Brook Route," 6.20, 8.55 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 5.05 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 7.20 a. m. For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. The 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York. The 5.20 train has through cars for Philadelphia. The 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. make close connection at Reading with Main Line trains having through cars for New York, via "Bound Brook Route."

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m. Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: Leave New York via Allentown, 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 4.15 p. m. Arriving at Harrisburg, 1.30, 8.30 p. m., 12.25 midnight. Leave Lancaster, 8.55 a. m. and 3.50 p. m. Leave Columbia, 7.55 a. m. and 3.40 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 6.05, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.35, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Auburn via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 11.00 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.35, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 9.05 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 hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878.

NATIONAL HOTEL. CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway,) NEW YORK. HOCHKISS & POND, Proprietors. ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents per day, \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

THE WEEKLY PRESS FOR 1880. NEW ATTRACTIONS. A PENNSYLVANIA SERIAL STORY. PRICE REDUCED TO \$1.25 For Single Copy. Or \$1 in Clubs of Ten or More. (Including Prepaid Postage.)

In order to place THE WEEKLY PRESS within the reach of the Republican voters of the State the price has been reduced to One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents for the year, by the single copy, or to One Dollar for the year, by clubs. The Press is thoroughly devoted to the principles of the Republican Party, and maintains the Republican organization because it believes that the prosperity and progress of the people cannot be safely entrusted to any other existing political organization. During the year 1880, the most stupendous political conflict of this epoch will take place. Upon its issue will depend the political destiny of the country for many years. The Press steadily resists the aims of the "Solid South," which is now organized to capture the Executive, to retain Congress, to remodel and control the Supreme Court, and to subordinate every public interest to the overmastering purpose of controlling the policy of the Nation and thereby gaining by legislation and peaceful means what it lost on the field. The Press enforces the duty of enforcing in full force the Constitutional Amendments made to secure the fruits of the war; upholds the right of every lawful voter to a free and unobscured exercise of his right; inflexibly insists upon an honest return of the votes cast; justifies the use of all necessary means to prevent fraudulent voting and fraudulent returning of votes; accepts as fundamental the equal right of every citizen to the adequate protection by the law of his political as well as his civil rights; maintains as wise the Republican policy of Resumption and honest financial legislation; defends as sound the Protection to American Industry; and, in general, follows whithersoever the Republic's people lead. Special measures have been adopted to strengthen the Paper in all its departments. THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT will be in the hands of able and experienced writers, and the range of subjects discussed will be as wide as in any other first-class newspaper in the Union. THE LITERARY, THE AGRICULTURAL, THE FARMY AND THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENTS will remain in charge of experienced and capable editors; and the Market Reports will be full and accurate. CLOSE ATTENTION will be given to the State News of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE will include letters from Europe and all portions of the World. A SPECIAL FEATURE of 'The Weekly Press' will be a Serial Story in illustration of Frontier Life in Central Pennsylvania, prior to, and during the Revolutionary War, in which John Brady and his sons John and Samuel, and other Border celebrities will be prominently introduced. This story will be written by Mr. Charles McKnight, author of 'Our Western Border,' 'Old Fort Duquesne,' and 'Simon Girty,' and will be begun about the middle of November. Special terms will be made with canvassers. Specimens copies sent free on application. Parties sending \$1.25 will be entitled to receive the paper from date till January 1, 1881. TERMS FOR THE DAILY PRESS. ONE YEAR (including prepaid postage) \$8 75 SIX MONTHS " " " 5 00 THREE MONTHS " " " 3 25 ONE MONTH " " " 75 'The Weekly Press' published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Mailed to subscribers (including prepaid postage) \$1.50 per annum; \$2.25 for six months, and \$1.00 for three months. Address THE PRESS COMPANY (LIMITED), S. W. Seventh and Chestnut Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

JONATHAN'S STRATAGEM.

"THAT critter loves me! I know she loves me!" said Jonathan Dobkins, as he sat on the cornfield fence, meditating the course of true love, that was running—as Mr. Shakspear said it did—rather roughly. "If Suke Peabody has taken a shine to that gawky, long-shanked, stammerin', shy critter, Gussett, just because he's a city feller, she ain't the gal I took her for, that's sartin. No, it's the old folks, darn their ugly picturs. Old Mrs. Peabody was allers a dreadful hifalutin' critter, full of stuck up notions; and the old man's a regular softhead, driven by his wife. But if I don't spile his fun, my name ain't Jonathan. I'm going to the city by railroad next week, and when I come back, I'll wake snakes—that's all."

The above soliloquy may serve to give the reader some idea of the lay of the land in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resided. Mr. Jonathan Dobkins was a young farmer well-to-do in the world, and had been looking out for a wife, and had been paying his addresses to Miss Susan Peabody. One Mr. Cornelius Gussett, who kept a dry goods shop in Hanover street Boston, suddenly made his appearance in the field and began the cutting out game.

Dazzled with the prospect of becoming a gentleman's wife, and pestered with the impertinence of her aspiring mamma, the village beauty began to waver, when her old lover determined on a last and bold stroke to foil his rival. He went to the city and returned; of his business he said nothing—not even to a pumping old maiden aunt, who kept house for him. He went not near the Peabodys, but labored in his cornfield, awaiting the result of his machinations.

The next day, Mr. Gussett was seated with the old folks and their daughter, in the best room of Peabody's mansion, chatting as pleasantly as possible, when the door opened, and in rushed a dirty Irish woman.

"Is it there ye sit, Mr. Cornelius Gussett? Come out of that before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! Is that what ye promised me before the praist, ye hathen, ye nager? Running away from me and the childer—forsakin' yer lawful wedded wife, and runnin' after the Yankee gals, ye infidel!"

"Woman, there must be some mistake here," stammered Gussett, taken all aback by this charge.

"Divil a bit of a mistake, ye sarprint! Oh, wirra, wirra, was it for the likes of ye I sacked little Dennis McCarty, who loved the very ground I trod on, and all because ye promised to make a lady of me, ye black, dirty thafe o' the world! Will ye come on the railroad station, where I left little Patrick, because he was too sick with the small-pox to come any farther, or will ye wait till I drag ye!"

"Go—go along; go, and I'll follow you," gasped Gussett. He thought it best to temporise.

"I'll give you ten minutes," said the virago; "if ye ain't there, it's me cousin, Thaddy Magrundy, will be after ye, ye thafe!"

And away went the unbidden guest. Mr. Gussett was then engaged in stammering out a denial of all knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door again opened, and a little, black-eyed, hatchet-faced woman, in a flashy silk gown, and a cap of many ribbons perched upon the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

"Is he here?" she cried in a very decided French accent. Then she added with a scream; "Ah! mon Dieu! zare he is! Traitor, monster! Vat for you runs away from me? Dis two, three years I neva'ir see you neva'ir, and my heart broke very bad enty're."

the contrary!" said the deacon. "Neow you git out of my house; go away to the station and clear out to Boston, I want nothing more to do with you."

"But, deacon, hear me." "I don't want to hear you, sarprint," cried the deacon, stopping his ears with his hands; "you marryin' two wives, and comin' a courtin' a third! Go 'long; clear out!"

Even Mrs. Peabody, who was inclined to put in a word for the culprit, was silenced. Susan turned from him in despair; he fled to the railroad depot hotly pursued by the clamorous French woman.

The afternoon, as Miss Susan Peabody was walking towards the village, she was overtaken by Mr. Jonathan Dobkins, dressed in his best, and driving a fast going horse before his Sunday-go-to-meeting gig. He reined up and thus accosted her:

"Hello, Suke; get in and take a little ride." "Don't keer if I do, Jonathan," replied the young lady, accepting the proffered seat.

"I say, you," said Jonathan, grinning, "that ere city feller's turned out poorly, ain't he?" "It's dreadful, if it's true," replied Susan.

"You had a narrow escape, didn't ye?" pursued her old lover. "But he warn't any account, no how. What do the old folks think of it?"

"They hain't said a word since he cleared out."

"Forgot the night I carried you home from singing-school?" asked Jonathan, suddenly branching off.

"No, I hain't," replied the lady blushing and smiling at the same time.

"Remember them apples I gin ye?" "Oh, yes."

"Well, they was good, wasn't they?" "Fustrate, Jonathan."

"Got a hull orchard full of such kind of fruit," said Jonathan suggestively. Susan was silent.

"G'lang!" exclaimed Jonathan, putting the braid to his black horse.

"Have yon any idea where we're going to, Suke?"

"I'm going to the village."

"No you ain't; you are going along with me."

"Where to?"

"Providence; and you don't come back till you're Mrs. Dobkins, no how you can fix it."

"How you talk, Jonathan."

"It's a fact."

"But then, the old folks—" commented Susan.

"The old folks," said Jonathan, putting on the string again; "ef I was to leave you with them much longer, they would be a tradin' you off to some city feller who has half a dozen wives already."

The next day as Mr. and Mrs. Dobkins were returning home, said Jonathan confidentially:

"May as well tell you, Suke—for I hav'n't any secrets from you neow—that Gusset never saw them women afore they stepped into your house and blowed him up, as I had thought. Cost me the dollars—I told them what to say, and I expect they done it well. Gussett may be a shop-keeper, but if he expects to get ahead of Jonathan Dobkins he must get up a plaguy sight earlier in the morning."

The Drummer's Dance. THE Little Rock Gazette says: Geo. Ninaman, a St. Louis drummer who arrived in Little Rock recently, stopped some time ago at a small cross-road hotel in Grant County, Southern Arkansas. The house contained four rooms and a kitchen. After supper Ninaman was told he must spend part of the night alone, as the family would attend a protracted meeting in the neighborhood. The host, with his wife and daughter, left the house and Ninaman sat in one of the rooms alone. His loneliness was added to by an owl in the yard which hooted dismally and an old red clock on a shelf which ticked solemnly. The drummer, not having been assigned to a room, could not go to bed, and he tried to keep awake by reading the "Life of St. Paul," the only book he could find. The hog-grease lamp was sputtering in unison with the ticking of the clock, when the door of an inner room opened and a tall, wall-eyed, bushy-haired man entered. Without speaking he seated himself and stared at Ninaman, who naturally showed surprise. Presently a conversation was begun, and the man exhibited such intelligence that Ninaman's fears were allayed, especially as the man claimed to be the landlord's brother. The conversation turned on literary subjects, the man remarked:

the tree of Hamlet's nature. Would you like to hear it recited properly?" "Yes."

"You shall hear it. I hope nothing tragic will occur, but, by Moses, you shall have it."

Arising, the wild-eyed man darted into an adjoining room and returned with a navy pistol. Placing the pistol on a table he began to recite in a voice so deep and with an air so wild that Ninaman was startled. When he came to "take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing, end them," he seized the pistol, cocked it and placed the muzzle against his head. "Shall I end them with you?"

Ninaman suggested that his troubles were not greater than he could bear, and asked the man to lay aside his pistol.

"Ah, I see you do not like tragedy. You no doubt like comedy. Pull off your coat and dance or I'll end your life."

The pistol was leveled and Ninaman pulled off his coat and began to dance.

"Whoop it up," yelled the man, "or I'll end them. Pull off your trousers."

The trouser came off and the dancing continued.

"Pull off your drawers."

The drawers dropped to the ground. "Off with your shirt."

The shirt flew into the air. A noise was heard outside and the landlord, his wife and daughter were on the porch.

"Let me go, for God's sake," pleaded Ninaman.

"No, sir. I'll kill you if you attempt to leave. You are a comedian."

The door-knob turned. Ninaman sprang towards a door and rushed up stairs as the pistol snapped.

In a few minutes the landlord came up and handed Ninaman his clothes. "I forgot to tell you," he said, "that my brother is deranged. He has an old pistol, but you couldn't hurt anything with it. He is harmless, but likes his little joke."

The next morning the wild man was in such a good humor that he offered to beat Ninaman throwing rocks at an oyster can.

What the Old Man Feared. AN old codger, in his latter life, had become much infatuated with natural history, and as he had ample means wherewith to procure specimens, his dwelling became, in time, a perfect museum, and a very interesting one at that. He had taken to himself a second wife—a pretty woman—whose chief recommendation to his favor had been that she was a dear lover of art, and also versed in the preparation and mounting of specimens her father having been a professor in a large and well-appointed college. If you would ask how the old man regarded his specimens, we can best answer by telling this story:

He had been married four or five years to his fair young wife and she had never given him any cause of complaint. If she was, upon occasion, rather more free and sociable with certain gentlemen who frequently called to examine and admire her husband's wonderful specimens, he did not notice, so no harm was done.

At length, on a bright summer's morning, as our scientist came in from a bivouac in the woods, where he had been watching for a parent owl, he was met by a servant, wild-eyed and frightened, who tried to tell him something that seemed to stick in his throat.

"Open your mouth, you rascal!" cried the master, seizing him by the arm, and shaking him. "What has happened?"

"O, master! A man came to your house last night, and got into the chamber window by a ladder, and carried off—"

"Speak! Speak!" yelled the old man, shaking his servant furiously, while his own face was the very picture of mortal terror.

"What—what—did he carry away?"

"O! he—he—carried away your wife, sir!"

The old scientist let go his servant's arm, and drew a long, deep, reviving breath.

"Was—was—that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"You rascal! You came near frightening me out of my senses. I feared the villain had been robbing me of my specimens!"

He had violated the law, and must pay the penalty. Some time thereafter it happened that the supervisor, having been out to a public dinner, and drank more than was good for him, on his way home thought to cross the tanner's yard, and thus make a short cut. He had gained the center of the yard, or thereabouts, when he staggered wide of his path, and tumbled into a vat of the strongest liquid! His yells and cries soon brought half a dozen men of the establishment to the scene, and they were on the point of pulling the luckless wight out, when the master arrived.

"No! no!" the latter cried. "Let him be! I'll never draw another hide without giving legal notice! I'll not be fined again, if I can help it! But Johnny McDavitt, you may run and tell the excisemen that the supervisor is in my vat, hide and all!"

The unfortunate man howled, and begged, and entreated, and stormed and threatened—but all to no purpose. He remained there, the sides of the vat being so smooth and slippery that he could not gain a hold for climbing, until the proper officer came, and gave the tanner permission to draw the supervisor's hide from his liquor pit!

A Darkey Wants a P. O. Box. HE wasn't a member of the Lime Kiln Club, but he had a whole wheelbarrow full of philosophy and logic under his ancient-looking plug hat as he entered the postoffice and said he would like to rent a box. The chief clerk was ready to accommodate him, when the applicant said:

"De terms am cash, I 'spose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is dar any trust?"

"No, sir; you must pay quarterly in advance."

"Jes so, sah. Make out a deed of dis yere box an' your quarter am ready."

"The price is twenty shillings per quarter of three months," explained the clerk.

The colored gentleman fell back at the rate of a mile a minute, but slowly advanced after recovering from his shock of surprise and repeated:

"Twenty shillings ebery free months, an' no trust?"

"The same."

The man took from his coat tail pocket a broken two-foot rule and measured the dimensions of the box. Then shutting up the rule he swelled out and exclaimed:

"Does dis pos' offus take me fur a fool, sah? Does dis ignoble gov'ment imagine dat I've gone crazy, sah?"

"I guess not."

"Den why, sah, does dis ignoble gov'ment try to rob me, sah? Look at de idea! I kin rent a hull hoss-barn on Indiana street for \$2 a month, sah, an' yit dis ignoble gov'ment axes me to pay twenty shillings a quarter fur a pos' offus box not half as big as one end of a manger! I wasn't bo'n in de woods, sah—no, sah—an' you can keep dat box, sah, and dis ignoble gov'ment kin pass my letters frew de winder, sah!"

From a Lover to a Step-Father. A strange and terrible revenge was recently taken by a discarded lover in Indiana. He was about thirty years of age, and had been industriously courting a girl of sixteen, but when he came to pop the question he was contemptuously rejected, the girl saying that he was old enough to be her father. Upon that hint he acted, for the girl's mother was a buxom widow of only thirty-five, and he speedily transferred his court to her. Their marriage soon followed, and now the younger lady finds that her ex-lover is her step-father. She thought it was funny until the couple returned from their wedding tour, and then the newly made step-father said to her: "My daughter you are too fond of beaux. Nice young men, ice cream and buggy rides are not proper luxuries for a little girl like you. I am old enough to be your father, and what's more, I am. Go up stairs, take of that silk dress, get ready for school, and don't let me hear beaux or buggy, ice cream or nice young men from you aguin for at least three years." And now that young lady is attired in calico and study, vainly repenting her rashness, and finding out by dire experience that a lover scorned can be one's worst enemy, especially when he becomes a step-father.

A Lady's Wish. "Oh, how I wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend.

"You can easily make it so," answered the friend.

"How?" inquired the first lady.

"By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe." Read of it. 48 2t.

An' I pray dat de Lord take me, till I tried 'Sellers' Cough Syrup,' an' I's neber coughed since. How's dat for high, boss?