

**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 "Round Brook Route," 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.  
For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.30 p. m.  
For Reading, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 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, 5.30 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 8.20, 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 "Round Brook Route."

**SUNDAYS:**

For New York, at 5.20 a. m.  
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, 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m.  
Leave New York via "Round Brook Route," 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.30 p. m., 12.35 midnight.  
Leave Lancaster, 8.05 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, 6.00, 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 Schuylkill via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Auburn via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 11.50 a. m.  
Leave Allentown, at 5.55, 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 7.45 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.  
O. 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. It

**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, \$2 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 of battle. "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 unobstructed 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; asserts 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 Republican principle leads.

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 FAMILY 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 "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 Canvasers. Specimen copies sent free on application.

Parties sending \$1.25 will be entitled to receive the paper from date till January 1, 1881.

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ONE YEAR (including prepaid postage) \$8.75  
SIX MONTHS " " " 4.40  
THREE MONTHS " " " 2.20  
ONE MONTH " " " .75

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**THE PRESS COMPANY**  
(LIMITED),  
S. W. Seventh and Chestnut Sts.,  
PHILADELPHIA.

**SAM. ODUM'S SCARE.**

SAM ODUM was the Father of all the tailors in Pinesville; or in other words, he was the fust man that ever set up in the tailoring business in our town. He was a monstrous good workman, and used to give his customers fits, whenever he made anything for 'em. He was a very industrious man, and one of the cleverest fellows that ever lived. Everybody liked him fust rate, and even after Mr. Shears, the "fashionable tailor from New York," set up his "Emporium" on the opposite side of the street, Sam got as much as he could attend to. But Sam Odum did have one fault—he had fits himself, sometimes—drunken fits—when he wasn't fit for anything for folks together. He didn't have no wife and used to keep a sort of bachelor's hall, as he called it, in the back room of his shop, where he always had a bottle of good liker and half a dozen split-bottomed chairs for the accommodation of his friends, and a soft floor for them to sleep on if they happened to be overcome by his hospitality.

Sam wasn't drunk all the time. He used to touch his bottle lightly as a general thing; but every now and then he used to have a reglar blow-out, as he called it, when he wouldn't do nothing else but drink for hull weeks together. On such occasions he was very good natur'd and quiet and never disturbed nobody, but sumtimes he used to keep it up so long and drink so much liker, that his hed-works used to git out of order, and then he used to have the devilish notions that ever entered the brain of any white man. Sumtimes he would git so bad off that he would have to have the doctor with him for several days, and when he would git over his crazy spell, it would be a week before he could do any thing, and before he could look natural out of his eyes. After drinking to a certain notch he seemed to have a idee that the devil was gwine to carry him off, and sumtimes it tuck three or four of his friends to hold him in his bed, and all they could do they could 'nt persuade him out of the notion that the old gentleman with the horns and cow's foot was after him with a three-pronged pitch fork.

One time, jest after the October elections, when Sam's candydade for Governor had been beat—(he was a great politician, and used to bet strong sumtimes)—he tuck one of his reglar blow-outs. He had been full as a tick for more'n a week, and had got to that pnt when it was necessary to taper off. That was always a difficult business with Sam, and had to be managed with a great deal of judgment. His friends had been setting up with him for several nights, and he was jest beginning to cum to his senses a little, when a circumstance happened that like to been the end of him.

It was about daylight on a cool frosty mornin, and Sam was lyin on his bed tryin to collect his senses, which had been wanderin all over creation for several days, while his friends that was watchin him was dozin in the corner. He had seed "the man with the poker," as he called him, and had managed to give him the dodge, and was wonderin whether the old feller had gin up the chase. Bimeby he heard a noise out of doors like like the trampin of feet. Springin up on his elbow, he listened for a minit. The noise growed louder, and a voice said, "we must have him along this time,"—and the next minit he heard a blast of about five hundred horns, and more'n a thousand dogs set up a yell all around him.

The thought flashed on his mind in an instant that the devil was after him agin with his hounds. Like a steel trap he sprung from his bed, with eyes startlin from their sockets and every hair on end; he rushed to the door, and away he went. His friends, aroused by the noise, waked up just in time to see him clear the garden fence.

"Odum! stop, Odum!" shouted one.  
"Ketch him!" hollered the other, both of 'em givin chase with all their might.

The street and yard was full of men and horses and dogs, and in a minit all hands was in chase of the flyin Odum, who, with his shirt streamin in the wind, was makin for the woods, over fences and ditches, brush and briars, with the speed of a race horse.

The horses couldn't foller, and the men couldn't keep up, and the dogs wasn't lowed to give chase. Sich another confusion was never before seen or heard in Pineville. Men and horses went tearing about in every direction.

The horsemen tuck the road to the woods to try to hed him, and them on foot was climbin the fences and racin over the cornfields, and through the brush and briars, all hollerin to Sam to stop. But it was all no use. Away he went, never stopping for any thing till he got to the woods, into which he soon disappeared, screamin and hollerin like a maniac all the time.

After runnin about half a mile in the woods he tuck a sweet-gum, and climbin

into the very top limbs, sot thar, when his pursuers cum up, tremblin and shakin like he had the ager, with his shirt all tore to ribbons, and his legs and feet bleedin where they was cut and scratched all to pieces with the brush and briars.

His friends tried to coax him down from the tree, but all they could do they couldn't get him to move a peg.

"Cum down, Samy!" ses Billy Wilder "What upon yearth is got into you to cut sich a antiak this mornin?"  
Sam never sed a word, but jest kept on a groain and screamin, and holdin tight to the tree.

"Come down, Samy—we's your friends—nobody shan't hurt you," ses one.

"Oh, don't take me this time, Mr. Devil!" ses Sam, lookin down as wild as a loon.

"Nonsense!" ses Bob Moreland. "Thar ain't no devil here. Don't you know us, Sam? Cum down and less go before you ketch yer deth!"

"Ow!—Ow!—oo-oo-oo!" ses Sam.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" ses John Hendricks, who was one of his watchers—  
"Cum down out of that. Nobody sint gwine to hurt you!"

But all the coaxin in creation couldn't move him a peg. He know'd the Old Boy was after him, and he was determined not to give himself up as long as he could keep out of his reach.

Findin they couldn't do nothing by reasonin with him, they all agreed to go away and hide themselves, and see if he wouldn't come down by himself. But thar he sot for more'n a ower, makin the ugliest noise through his rattlin teeth that ever mortal heard, lookin about all the time as wild as a buck rabbit but without movin to cum down.

"I'll bring him," ses John Hendricks and with that he sent a nigger to town to bring him a bottle of liker. As soon as the liker cum, he tuck it and went to the tree and ax'd Sam if he wouldn't take sumthin to drink.

"Ow! ow!—oo-oo-oo!" was all that Sam could say. After tryin in vain to convince him that he wasn't no devil, John sot the bottle on a stump, a little ways off from the tree, and then went and hid himself agin to watch.

By this time the sun was up several owers, and the frost was off the ground. Sam begun to git monstrous dry, and after looking all round, and being sure the devils was all gone, down he cum, and gwine to the bottle, tuck a good swig. That brung him too a little, and after waitin a few minits, to see how it operated, his friends surrounded him and carried him to his room, whar every thing was soon explained to his satisfaction.

The whole circumstance growd out of a fox hunt what the boys was gwine to have that mornin. They had cum after Bob Moreland, what lived next door to Odum, and blowed their horns to wake him up, which sot the hounds to yellin so.

The doctor was sent for, and poor Odum was put to bed agin. He was hurt considerable in his airin, and wasn't able to be about agin for sum time. The dreadful cold he got liked to kill him, and scared him so bad that he swore off drinking any more as long as he lived, an jined the temperance society the fust thing when he got well.

He has never had anythin more to do with "the man with the poker," and is now one of the greatest total abstinence men in Georgy. He has had his shirt what he wore that mornin made into a banner, and whenever his society has a procession, he carries it, as he ses, for a warnin to all drunkards. He don't work any harder now than he used to, but he's gittin along right smart, and I wouldn't be surprisid to see him a rich man yet before he dies.

**An Essay on Man.**

MAN was made in dry weather.  
He was made of dust.

Quite a number have never recovered from their creation—they are still dry. It's man's nature to be discontented.

Adam had a monopoly, but he couldn't be happy without some one to crow over.

For a while he knocked around over the garden of Eden, and then went to the house; but he had to cook his own supper, there was no stove-wood chopped, and things were in a bad state generally.

The next morning it was the same way. He had to make his own bed and sweep out. His socks were dirty, and his arm would run through a hole in his sleeve. So he was dissatisfied.

The next night when he went to sleep, the Creator punished him by making one of his ribs into a woman—a great misfortune to the race.

It has been six thousand years since that rib was lost, and yet man continues feeling for it.

This is a very feeling subject. Pursuit in this case is said to be sweeter than possession.

After Eve got acquainted with her

mate she vowed that all the men in the world were not worth Adam.

Gollah was a man.  
He was a "bigger man than old Grant," but he couldn't stand as many slings.

A fop is a male who is ashamed of his sex, and attempts to conceal the fact that he is a man.

Concealment in such cases is attended with but little trouble. It is only necessary to part his hair in the middle.

The family man resemble an oyster on the half shell.

The shell is known at home—the soft side abroad.

Some men carry the resemblance in their faces.

Job is said to have been a very patient man.

He had boils all over him.

Many a man now boils over himself when the preacher reaches "thirteenthly" on a hot summer day, and never thinks of the grandeur of Job's example.

It is natural for a man to disregard good example.

**An Ingenious Scamp.**

THE following details of a piece of roguery lately practiced, surpasses in ingenuity and wit, anything recorded in the annals of the living:

An individual, well dressed, presented himself at the shop of a female who sold ready-made linen in one of the retired parts of New York City and observed to her, that she appeared to keep a large assortment of gentlemen's shirts.

"O, yes, she had them of all descriptions, and very cheap."

"Pray, madame," said he, "have you any garments of a similar description and superior quality, for ladies; I am about to be married! and wish to make my intended wife a present of three dozen."

"Certainly, certainly, sir, I have some which I am sure will suit you," and forthwith three parcels, each containing a dozen, were exhibited on the counter.—One was opened and the stranger examined it with much attention; at last he said I am afraid these are too short; then seemed lost for a moment in thought, at the difficulty which presented itself to his mind of ascertaining the precise size wanted—an idea seemed to strike him.—"Madam," he said, "you are about the height and size of the lady I shall shortly marry, would it be asking too much of you to ask you to draw one of these over your dress?"

"Not at all, I'll do it with a great deal of pleasure."

In a minute the good woman appeared in the body of the shop completely enveloped in one. The stranger looked at her, walked round her, and stooped, apparently to draw down the garment behind her to full length, in doing which he very adroitly fastened her clothes to it with a large pin. She, supposing his examination finished, attempted to take it off again, when, to her astonishment, she found her clothes rose up with it.—At this moment, the fellow grasped the parcels and made off with them. The poor woman hesitated to follow—made another attempt to divest herself of the superfluous covering, but failing to do so, ran after him. So much time, however, was lost, and so many boys collecting about her, at the novel appearance she presented, that she was soon compelled to return to her shop, and put up with the loss.

**Three Good Lessons.**

WHEN I was a boy eleven years old (said Mr. S. an eminent American merchant), my grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. My grand never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"Never mind, Jonathan, my boy, if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have sheep." My desires were moderate. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but he had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep.

After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many thing." I began to see through it. "Never mind who neglects his duty, be you faithful and you will have your reward."

I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Mr. R. A merchant from Ohio, who

knew me, came to buy goods, and said: "Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you." I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather. Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. R. offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. G. the old tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and he said: "You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful whom you walk the streets with." That was lesson number three.

And what valuable lessons they are! Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employees; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

**A Lost Fee.**

There was a family of burglars in New York who were always getting into trouble, and always got Recorder — to help them out. The Recorder who is an able lawyer, must have made thousands of dollars out of them, for he always charged very able fees. But he hasn't defended any of that family for some years, and very few people know the reason; but I'll tell you why. The family were getting pretty short of funds, and one of the brothers was caught in a burglary. They went to the Recorder to get him out, but he said he would not touch the case for less than \$2,000, to be paid when the brother was out. They tried to beat down the price, but the Recorder was immovable.

"Then we'll pay him the money," said one of the other brothers, "and much good may it do him." The Recorder argued the case, got the prisoner off scot free, and was paid the \$2,000 in United States bonds, which he put in a little satchel, and started for home in the cars, for the case was tried in a little town not far from New York. One of the other brothers followed him into the cars, and took the bonds out of the satchel very neatly, and before dark they were back in the hands of their old owners. The Recorder hasn't done anything for this family since. He and the burglars are out.

**A Really Honest Man.**

A farmer called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood where his lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. The damage was estimated by the farmer at £50, which the Earl immediately paid. As the harvest approached, however, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were the most trampled the wheat showed strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to the Earl and said:

"I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land the crop is the best, and therefore I have brought the £50 back again."

"Ah," exclaimed the Earl, "this is as it should be between man and man."—He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him several questions about his family, how many children he had and what was the age of each.—He then wrote out and gave the farmer a check for £1,000, saying:

"Take care of this, and when your eldest son becomes of age present it to him and tell him the occasion which produced it."

**Didn't Pull Back.**

While riding in Union county, Oregon, recently, E. A. McAllister, a herdsman, came upon a wildcat. Unslung his lasso he slung the same and caught the beast fairly around the neck. Instead of pulling back, however, the wildcat made for horse and rider with powerful leaps. McAllister fled for his life, with the end of the rope tied to the pommel of his saddle. He ran at break neck speed for a mile, and then, looking back, saw that the animal was dragging dead behind.

**Profitable Patients.**

The most wonderful and marvelous success, in cases where persons are sick or wasting away from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them,—profitable patients for doctors—is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose, and keep it up until perfect health and strength are restored. Whoever is afflicted in this way need not suffer, when they can get Hop Bitters. See other column. 49 2.

A stout backbone is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back and disorders of the liver and kidneys, the tonic and moderate dietetic action of the Bitters is the one thing needful. Remember that the stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and that by invigorating the digestion by this preparation, the spinal column and all its dependencies are strengthened.

For Hostetter's Almanac for 1880 apply to Druggists and Dealers generally. 49 4.