

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, 8.00 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For New York via "Bound Brook Route," 5.20, 8.25 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 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, 5.30, 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 3.30, 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.

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 5.20 a. m. Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows: Leave New York via Allentown, 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 3.30 p. m. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., 12.35 midnight. Leave Lancaster, 8.05 a. m. and 2.50 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, 8.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.45, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch 5.2 a. m. Leave Auburn via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 11.30 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 8.00 p. m.

THE MANSION HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor. HAVING leased this property and furnished it in a comfortable manner, I take 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 & FOND, 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 parts of the city and suburbs. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 419

'The World' for 1880. Democrats everywhere should inform themselves carefully of the action of the party in the country and of the movements of their Republican opponents. A failure to do this in 1876 contributed greatly to the loss by the Democracy of the fruits of the victory fairly won at the polls. The year 1880 promises to be one of the most interesting and important years of this crowded and eventful century. It will witness a Presidential election which may result in establishing the government of this country on the principles of its constitutional founders, or in permanently changing the relations of the States to the Federal power. No intelligent man can regard such an election with indifference. THE WORLD, as the only daily English newspaper published in the city of New York which upholds the doctrine of constitutional Democracy, will steadily represent the Democratic party in this great campaign. It will do this in no spirit of servile partisanship, but temperately and firmly. As a newspaper, THE WORLD, being the organ of no man, no clique and no interest, will present the fullest and the fairest picture it can make of each day's passing history in the city, the State, the country and the world. It will aim hereafter, as heretofore, at accuracy of all things in all that it publishes. No man, however humble, shall ever be permitted to complain that he has been unjustly dealt with in the columns of THE WORLD. No interest, however powerful shall be permitted to boast that it can silence the fair criticism of THE WORLD. During the past year THE WORLD has seen its daily circulation trebled and its weekly circulation raised far beyond that of any other weekly newspaper in the country. This great increase has been won, as THE WORLD believes, by truthfulness, enterprise, ceaseless activity in collecting news and interesting topics, to its readers in dealing with the questions of the day. It is our hope and it will be our endeavor that THE WORLD'S record for '80 may be written in the approbation and the support of many thousands more of new readers in all parts of the Indivisible Union of Industrious States. Our rates of subscription remain unchanged, and are as follows: Daily and Sundays, one year, \$10; six months, \$5.50; three months, \$3.25. Daily, without Sundays, one year, \$8; six months, \$4.50; three months, \$2.75; less than three months, \$1 a month. Sunday World, one year, \$4. Monday World, containing the Book Reviews and "College Chronicle," one year, \$1.50. Semi-Weekly World (Tuesdays and Fridays)—\$2 a year. To Club Agents an extra copy for each of ten; the Daily for club of twenty-five. Weekly World (Wednesdays)—\$1 a year. To Club Agents an extra copy for each of ten; the Weekly for club of twenty, the Daily for club of fifty. Non-commission number sent free on application. Terms—Cash, invariably in advance. Send post-office money order, bank draft or registered letter. Bills at risk of the sender.

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Judge Manotte's Soap Woman.

IT IS doubtful if the Judge would have felt as much surprise to hear his wife say she was going to make a voyage to Europe, as to hear her say she was going to make soap! They had not been long married then, and the Judge was not yet conversant with the full catalogue of that thoroughly home-made woman's accomplishments. She had been one of the five daughters of a widow, left while her children were wee bit girls, in very straightened circumstances. The way the mother reared them up to true and useful womanhood was a marvel of perseverance, industry and economy. She managed to have them all married into the best circles, and all occupying positions of respectability and influence. Judge Manotte's wife was the youngest of the widow's daughters, and it was thought that she had made the best match of the five. The Judge's home was one of the pleasantest in the thrifty village, which has since assumed the more ambitious name of city. He had been gently born and raised, went early to college, and from thence to his profession as a lawyer. Manual toil was a stranger to him, yet he was a man of industry in no sense given to profuseness of expenditure. He approved and admired his wife's general prudence in housekeeping, and spoke with pride to his guests of the excellent food with which his board was spread, as the work of her own hands. Mrs. Manotte might have kept servants. I think the Judge would have been better satisfied if she would have had a girl—all the ladies of her position had one or more—but she declared with decision, pretty early in their wedded life, that she would not be bothered with servants as long as she had health to do her own work. The exercise was no more than she needed for her own benefit.

Mrs. Manotte had a will and a way of her own, as the little tale will bear abundant evidence. The Judge made this discovery pretty early. He could doubtless make a moving plea in a court room, but he was aware he could make no plea to move his wife when she was bent on a certain course. But yet when Mrs. Manotte, over the breakfast table of a fair April morning, announced her intention of making a barrel of soft soap, the Judge looked as if stricken with a sudden palsy. I doubt if he would have worn a more rueful face had his best lawsuit gone against him.

"And I hope you will help me all you can," added the earnest woman, on thoughts of economy, ashes and grease intent.

"Indeed, I can render you no assistance, whatever!" returned the Judge, in sharper tones than his wife had ever heard him speak before. Her calm blue eyes surveyed him with unflinching composure, but there was not in look or bearing one symptom of wavering from her purpose.

"Then I must go about the job alone," she said quietly. "I beg you will do nothing of the kind," continued the Judge, something very like a frown contracting his brow; "I am perfectly willing to buy all the soap we need, and what use should we have for a vile, sloppy stuff the rough-scutt use?"

"Soft soap was good enough for my mother, and it is good enough for her daughter," returned Mrs. Manotte, with a dignity approaching sternness. "I shall make no vile, sloppy stuff, but an article far more efficacious for cleansing clothes, and for various household purposes than anything to be bought at stores. Are you aware how much money we paid out for soap, last year, Mr. Manotte?"

"No," said the Judge, "and it doesn't matter."

"Indeed, I think it does matter," said the wife. "However much money people may have, they are never justified in wasting it. So I hope you will call at the grocer's, as you go down this morning, and see if you can procure three molasses hogsheds."

"Three molasses hogsheds!" exclaimed the Judge in a tone of mingled terror and dismay, "do you then propose to manufacture the article by the wholesale? I shall next be invited to peddle soft soap by the gallon from door to door."

The wife laughed gleefully at her husband's rueful apprehensions, and asked: "Don't you know that I must set up a leach?"

"A leach, in old parlance, means an understrapper of a doctor," said the Judge, moodily. "Well, I mean a wash-tub," returned Mrs. Manotte. "Perhaps two hogsheds will answer, one for the ashes, the other to hold the soap."

The Judge went out without further words; his wife did not know whether he would heed her request or not, but rather thought he would. She was right in this supposition. Within an

hour a dray dumped two hogsheds and a tight barrel in the back yard. Mrs. Manotte at once attired herself in a short, stout dress, a long, black poke bonnet, shut up the front of the house and retired to the scene of her proposed labors. She drew a pair of her husband's leather gloves on to her hands, adjusted some blocks of wood, and trundled a hoghead into position. Then she arranged some bricks in the bottom of it, and covered it with straw, that the lye from the leached ashes might be clear as it trickled through. She recollected when a little girl her mother putting her into an old family mash tub, which served for a score of years, and telling her how to adjust the bricks and straw in proper fashion.

Next she got a great hod and commenced to fill the hoghead with ashes. She worked with such vigor that a tremendous dust was raised in the back yard. People going past in the street outside sneezed and coughed, and wondered what was going on at Judge Manotte's place.

But Mrs. M. was absorbed in the work of the hour to the utter obliviousness of the fact that from the second story of the mansion just "across the area from her own, curious and puzzled eyes were fastened on her and her movements. In her wash-room two kettles set in arches were heating the water to drench the dry ashes. She had to climb on a chair to pour each pailful on to the leach. Certainly to unfamiliar eyes, her work might seem strange and mysterious.

The Sequin girls, at the chamber windows opposite, with tatting and crochet, could at length contain their surprise and wonder no longer.

"Do let us call mother," one of them exclaimed, "and see if she can unriddle the mystery, and tell us the meaning of the operations over in Judge Manotte's back yard."

"I think the Judge has got a paddy woman to make some sort of compost for his pear trees," said the other.

While the two girls gazed, a stiff pole was plunged into the fuming hoghead, and the mass vigorously punched and shaken by the stout worker.

"She is a Hercules," they said. "What muscle those Irish women have. Mrs. Manotte is a worker herself, and she wouldn't hire a woman to sit still."

But now the woman disappeared for a while, and when she next came in view she had under her arm an auger and axe, in one hand a smooth billet of wood, and in the other a red hot poker. The two girls gave a little scream at this sight, but the worker heard it not, her head enveloped in the black poke bonnet. She proceeded to bore through the billet of wood by means of the flaming poker, while the smoke as it burned its way, made a dubious blue cloud about her head.

"I declare, things are getting desperate down there," cried the younger girl. "I believe some infernal witch-work is going on; I will have mother called."

Mrs. Sequin was summoned. She was a city-bred woman, first and last, and the proceedings in Judge Manotte's back yard were as mysterious to her as to her young daughters.

"What the woman is doing I don't know," she said, "but she works with a will. I should like to get her to do our spring cleaning."

"It is very likely you can, mother," said the eldest daughter. "We will get father to inquire of Judge Manotte about the woman—if, indeed she is canny."

Next there was a hole made by means of the auger in the lower part of the hoghead and the bored billet of wood driven soundly in by aid of the axe, vigorously welded by the woman's lusty arm, and a whittled plug placed in the wooden spigot.

"What a great, stout creature," exclaimed Mrs. Sequin. "She handles tools like a man!"

Then more boiling water was dashed into the ash-filled hoghead till it stood seething and full to the brim. And now all was silent and deserted in Judge Manotte's back yard. In the afternoon, Mrs. Manotte, richly dressed, was seen holding up her skirts, tip-toeing round the great hoghead, as if inspecting the work to see if it had been properly, and thoroughly done.

At a very early hour the next morning the Sequin girls heard a noise in the back yard and sprung from bed to see if the witch was at her work again. Sure enough she was; they beheld a huge kettle swung on a stout pole between crotched stakes driven into the earth, and a pile of blazing fagots beneath it.

"There is her cauldron; I told you so," said the younger girl. "And look at the pails of black liquid she is pouring into it, and the foul lumps of bones she is pouring from that greasy cask. An infernal broth that must be she is concocting."

"And there is another barrel with the

dark liquor dripping through the spigot," said the older one.

"So there is," exclaimed the younger: "when did she fix that? What a vigorous creature! She would clean our whole house in twenty-four hours. Let us call father. He knows most everything. I'll bet he can tell us what all this means."

So Mr. Sequin was brought to look down on the spectacle in Judge Manotte's back yard.

"It beats the witches in Hecate all hollow," said the two girls in chorus, as the paternal parent entered the room. After quietly surveying the operations below a moment, he burst out laughing.

"Why the woman is making soft soap," he said; "that is all; I have seen my old mother do it fifty times when I was a boy on the home farm; and that woman understands her business, too. I declare I'll get her to make up our ashes. Soft soap is better for a hundred purposes in a family than all your patent cleaners found at stores."

"I wish you would, father," said the younger daughter; "for it is first-rate fun to see her work; but what is she throwing old bones into the kettle for?"

"That is the grease; the lye will eat them all up. She has got a keg full of scraps. The result will be a barrel of good strong soft soap. Mrs. Manotte is a prudent woman. She was country raised; her mother taught her to save meat scraps for soap grease, no doubt. This is the way all farmers do, and make their own soap."

"But Mrs. Manotte need not have done this, as she is rich," said Mrs. Sequin.

"Yes, and always means to be," said Mr. Sequin. "You know she does her housework when she might have a dozen waiters if she wanted them. Now she has found a hand to work up her ashes into soap."

"Mrs. Manotte is rather an odd woman," remarked Mrs. Sequin. "I don't think the Judge is right pleased with some of her ways."

Three days after Mrs. Manotte announced her intention of making soap, she called her husband to see the result, which was a hoghead of rich brown liquid, smooth and thick, exhaling a clean, alkaline odor, as it stood in a sunny nook of the back yard. The Judge gazed at it rather solemnly as his wife extolled its virtues and spoke exultingly of the "good luck" which had attended her efforts.

"As we burn the best of wood the ashes were strong enough without potash, which makes soap biting and harsh. I added a strong solution of borax, which will render it softer for the hands, and also increase its cleansing properties."

"How much do you call it worth?" asked the Judge.

"I do not propose to sell it," said the wife, "so you will not have the pleasure of peddling it out, but it will last two years, and save \$40 or \$50."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the Judge, with a humorous twinkle in the corner of his eye. "I am lost in admiration and amazement at this achievement. Could I ever have imagined I should have a soap-maker for a wife!"

Mrs. Manotte laughed; she knew the Judge was rather pleased after all. Though his wife dismayed and almost shocked his propriety sometimes, he had a certain quiet pride in her prowess. He never knew her to make an essay which ended in defeat; nothing she attempted "fell through." If she could plan, she could also execute. A few days later, as the Judge was walking home to dinner, he was accosted by Mr. Sequin.

"Judge Manotte, will you have the kindness to give me the name of your soft-soap woman? Our folks saw her accidentally at work in your back yard, and we want to employ her to make up our ashes. She is a splendid worker—such activity and strength you don't find many such in these days!"

The Judge was aghast at first, but he soon rallied, and said: "I will send her to you to-morrow morning, if you like," and Mr. Sequin went home to tell his wife, "Judge Manotte's soap woman will be on hand with the morrow."

The Judge merely remarked to his wife at the supper table that Mrs. Sequin wished her to call at her house next morning, and Mrs. Manotte thought nothing strange of this. The ladies were acquainted, and attended the same church—Episcopal. Accordingly Mrs. Manotte made ready at the time specified. The Judge's wife was a handsome, stylish woman when dressed. As she approached the door of her neighbor, she noticed the front part of the house had a decidedly shut-up appearance, and she had to ring once and again for admittance. Within, the two girls were "peeping," and beheld Mrs. Manotte "dressed so grand" on the front step.

"How strange she should call at such

an unreasonable hour," they said. "I never knew her to do this before, and when we are all in our worst clothes, with the parlors shut up, expecting the soap woman. It is too bad; how can we let her in!"

But the bell rang again rather perceptibly, Mrs. Manotte saying to herself, "as they sent for me, and I have been at some trouble to call at this hour, why do they keep me waiting in this unseemly style?"

"I must let her in," said Mrs. Sequin, "or she may take offense, and Mrs. Manotte is too good a friend to lose, though it is strange she should call at such an unseemly hour. Something particular may bring her."

So a blind was hastily opened in the parlor and Mrs. Manotte admitted, while Mrs. Sequin excused delay by saying they had some unusual work claiming their attention that morning, and told the girl aside if the soap woman came, to show her the ashes and scraps in the area, and set her to work at once. Then she returned to the parlor with Mrs. Manotte, who was unaccountably silent and rather stiff at length.

"Was there anything particular you wished, Mrs. Sequin?" and that lady answered, "Oh, no, Mrs. Manotte," as she bowed her visitor out.

Mrs. M. walked home feeling rather vexed.

"I thought you said Mrs. Sequin wished to see me," she remarked to the Judge in the evening.

"So Mr. Sequin informed me," was the response, "then she did not see fit to employ you?"

"Employ me?" echoed Mrs. Manotte, but the Judge was inscrutable.

The very next day Mr. Sequin sought out the Judge and said: "Your soap-woman did not come yesterday; just tell me her whereabouts if you please, that I may seek her out."

"The soap-woman has informed me that she went to your house yesterday morning, but your wife did not say anything about wishing her services; I believe virtually declined them."

"It is not so," said Mr. Sequin. "I fear the woman is not to be relied on."

"I never knew her to break her word; she is rather a wilful woman, but by no means an untruthful one," the Judge said, with that sly twinkle in his eye which his neighbor had learned carried a meaning of its own.

Mr. Sequin went home and asked his wife if she had any callers yesterday.

"Only Mrs. Manotte," was the answer, "and she came before nine o'clock in the morning; I never knew her to call at so unreasonable an hour before. I thought something special had brought her, but she did no errand."

Mr. Sequin roared. "Why she was the soap-woman, wife," he said.

Then he related what Judge Manotte had just been saying to him, and it seemed plain. The Judge had been playing a practical joke on his wife, he was fond of such, but they were never instigated by a malicious or vindictive spirit. She proved herself a match for him in this instance. One day at an hour when the streets were fullest of people, she asked her husband if he would "take something to Mrs. Sequin for her?" and he signified his readiness to do so.

"What is it?" he asked.

"You will find it on the area steps," she answered quickly.

It was two buckets of soap! His word was given, and he kept it, as a man of honor and a "Judge" should do. So he came within one of being a soft soap-peddler.

A man had seven sons, and a property of \$49,000. Now the younger sons were jealous because their father spent more for the elder brother than he did for them, and they entreated him to make his will in their favor. To satisfy their demands he made his will, and the younger sons were contented. This is the will: The oldest son to have \$1000 and an eighth of what remained; the second son to have \$2000 and an eighth of what remained; the third \$3000 and an eighth of what remained; the fourth, \$4000 and an eighth of what remained; the fifth, \$5000 and an eighth of what remained; the sixth, \$6000 and an eighth of what remained; the seventh and youngest to have all that remained when the sixth had taken his share.

What share of the \$49,000 did each receive?

General Schenck once told the wife of an English Cabinet officer, who asserted that "England made America all that she is," that she reminded him of an Ohio lad who, attending Sunday school for the first time, was asked, "Who made you?" "Why, God made me about so long (holding his hands about ten inches apart,) but I grew the rest."

Habit is almost as strong as principle, and sometimes, when we are beset by a multiplicity of cares, may act in its stead. Be careful, then, that your habits are of the very best.