

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS NOVEMBER 10th, 1879.

Trains leave Harrisburg as follows: For New York via Allentown, at 8.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," 8.20, (Fast Exp.) 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 8.15, 8.30 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 8.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 8.15, 8.30 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 8.55 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 8.15, 8.30 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.30 a. m. For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. For Allentown, at 8.15, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. The 8.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York. The 8.00 train has through cars for Philadelphia. The 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains make close connection at Reading with Main Line trains having through cars for New York, via "Bound Brook Route."

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.30 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 "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 5.10 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 9.20 p. m. Through car, New York to Harrisburg. 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 8.45 a. m., 4.30 and 6.00 (Fast Exp.) and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, 8.00 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.2 a. m. Leave Auburn via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 11.50 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.05, 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. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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SUNDAY READING.

OUR BABY.

When the morning, half in shadow, Ran along the hill and meadow, And with milk-white fingers parted Crimson roses, golden-hearted; Opening over rulus hoary Every purple morning-glory, And out-shaking from the bushes Singing larks and merry thrushes; That's the time our little baby, Strayed from Paradise, it may be, Came with eyes like heaven above her, O, we could not choose but love her!

When the morning, half in shadow, Ran along the hill and meadow, And with milk-white fingers parted Crimson roses golden-hearted; Opening over rulus hoary Every purple morning-glory, And out-shaking from the bushes Singing larks and merry thrushes; That's the time our little baby, Pining here for heaven, it may be, Turning from our bitter weeping, Closed her eyes as when in sleeping, And her white hands on her bosom Folded like a summer blossom.

Now the litter she doth lie on, Strewn with roses, bear to Zion; Go, as past a pleasant meadow, Through the valley of the shadow. Take her softly, holy angels, Past the ranks of God's evangelists, Past the saints and martyrs holy, To the earth-born, meek and lowly, We would have our precious blossom Softly laid in Jesus' bosom.

An infidel passing through the shadows that hang around the close of life, and finding himself adrift in the surges of doubt and uncertainty, with out anchor or harbor in view, was urged by his skeptical friend to hold on. He replied: "I have no objection to holding on, but will you tell me what to hold on by?" Here is a question which men would do well to consider before they reach the closing scene. If they are to hold on, what are they to hold on by? Where is their trust, their confidence? What certainty have they as they go down into the shadows? Surely a man who comes to his dying bed needs something better than infidelity can give him.—He needs the guiding hand of Him who is the resurrection and the life; who has conquered death and triumphed over the dark grave, and who is able to bring us off safely at last. He needs that hope which is "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that which is in the vale."

Deliverances from confirmed drunkenness are exceedingly rare. Temporary reformation too often ends in hopeless sottishness. The power of alcoholic appetite is one of the "powers of darkness." It is like a possession by seven devils. God only can cast them out. The solemn lesson of this fact is that the only safety lies in total abstinence. Wherefore let us exhort the sober; the young and especially the children that the only sure way to avoid the doom of drunkenness is to keep out of the rapids which lead swiftly down to the depths of perdition.

The story is told of a clergyman—that, after preaching an interesting sermon on the "Recognition of friends in heaven," he was accosted by a hearer who said: "I liked that sermon, and I now wish you would preach another on the recognizing of people in this world. I have been attending your church three years, and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time."

The faults, the sins, the imperfections that men see in us, or we feel in ourselves, are in deed our burdens, which we must bear for ourselves, and should bear for each other, humbly, but without discouragement; waiting till the new man be grown up to the fullness of the measure of the stature of Jesus Christ.

Flee in your troubles to Jesus Christ. The experience of upwards of thirty years enables me to say; No man ever had so kind a friend as He, or so good a master. View Him not at a distance, but as a prop, a stay and a comforter, ever at hand, and He will requite your confidence by blessings illimitable.

The pains of a noble soul are like the May-frosts of a life—a spring follows them. The pains of the wicked are the frosts of autumn—they precede the punishments of winter.

An hour should never pass without our looking up to God for forgiveness and peace.

If rich be not joyful in having, too solicitous in keeping, too sorrowful in losing.

Hidden virtue is often despised, inasmuch as nothing extols it in our eyes.

CAGED BY A WOMAN.

WE LIVED on the banks of a river—one of the loveliest streams in Louisiana—a quiet spot some distance from any plantation; but as soon as our marriage took place we young folks were to remove to a neighboring parish, and thither Frank went, shortly before the wedding to prepare our new home.

He left me busy as a bee with the trousseau and arrangements for the affair, which was to be a grand one for the country, as my father was a well-to-do planter, and I the only child.

He had been absent about a fortnight, and I was expecting him back daily, when one day, father came, with a troubled face, into the room where I was sitting, surrounded by lace, and muslin, and dainty necessaries of the toilet, which were just as much the fashion then as they are now, Bessie, popular cant to the contrary, notwithstanding.

"Lettie," said he, hurriedly, "I've got to go over to Squire Bent's to see about some titles. I came near forgetting the appointment, and I'll have to hurry right fast to get there now on time. Can you do without me?"

I laughed and nodded; then suddenly an uneasy feeling took possession of me. I remembered the money—quite a large sum—with which Frank and I were to "begin the world," and which lay securely hidden away in the house, the nest egg of our future fortune.

I knew that I was destined to a lonely night of it, for father could not possibly return within twenty-four hours; the servants had all gone to a "break-down," on a neighboring plantation, except an aged crone, Aunt Dinah by name; my mother was an invalid, weak and nervous; I felt that, alone as I was, the outlook was not very enlivening. Father observed my troubled expression.

"I don't see how I can help it, daughter," he said, gravely. "This is a very important matter, and admits of no delay. It is the fault of my treacherous memory; had I only remembered the engagement with the squire, I would have kept some of the servants at home as protection for you."

But I was no coward, and so I kissed him and laughed away his anxiety, and saw him depart with assumed cheerfulness; but as he rode down the avenue, which led to the outer gates, I saw him turn in the saddle, and gaze after me anxiously once more.

I returned to my household duties, and my pleasant task, amid the billows of lace and muslin, and so, sang and worked the long, bright day away.

It was nearly sunset. I had persuaded mother to lie upon a couch, which I had pushed out upon the vine-covered gallery, and seated myself beside her, I began to read aloud some wild old tale of supernatural horrors, upon which I had stumbled. Before I had half finished, I had worked myself into a state of nervousness, and as I noticed the paling face of my mother, I tossed the book upon the table, with a contemptuous expression, and arose to make her tea.

At that moment the gate latch clicked, and as I turned in its direction, I could not repress a cry of alarm.

My eyes fell upon a strange sight. The figure of a woman—a very dwarf in size and stature—clad in a faded black dress, with a battered bonnet upon her head, and a torn shawl about her tiny, stooping shoulders.

Slowly and hesitatingly the creature moved up the walk, until she reached the gallery.

Here she paused to gaze curiously upon us, with a pair of round, bead-like, black eyes.

Then she spoke, in a voice clear and well-modulated: "I have lost my way, ladies," she said, beseechingly, "may I crave a night's shelter?"

I glanced at my mother. She was pale, and trembled violently.

I had conceived an unaccountable aversion to the small stranger; but who could have the heart to turn a woman away into the pathless forest, with night coming down, dark and threatening, for the sky was overcast, and there were signs of an approaching thunder storm, and the wind moaned drearily in the boughs of the pine trees.

So I told her that she might remain; but I resolved to know no slumber that night, but to watch the long hours through.

My mother must not be alarmed; so sending the stranger to the kitchen with Aunt Dinah, to get some refreshment, I coaxed mother to take her tea, and carried her off to bed, in triumph.

It was ten o'clock before I left her sound asleep, and stole off to the kitchen to take an observation. On the threshold I paused, my heart beat wildly, my brain seemed on fire; I trembled so that I could scarcely stand; I pushed the door ajar, and glanced in. What a

slight met my astonished eyes. The dwarf was standing erect, and young, and lithe; the woman's garments had been discarded, and I saw before me—a man, small, but muscular, and with a diabolical face. He was stooping over the form of Aunt Dinah, in one hand a vial, which he held to her nostrils. I comprehended the situation at a glance. Aunt Dinah was drugged; even the frail protection of her presence was gone, and the next step would be robbery, perhaps murder.

The villain replaced the vial in his pocket, with a grin on his ugly face.

"There!" he ejaculated, "that will work. With the old nigger out of the way, the rest is easy. Lucky that I know where to look for the money; it's in the old woman's room, I saw the gal put it there. Let me see, right hand corner, top drawer in dressing table."

It flashed over me then, my own carelessness, when father had given the pocket-book into my keeping; the open window near us, and some gay words that I had uttered, all came back to me. I was so frightened, it seemed as if I should die. Then calmer thoughts succeeded; and I resolved to fight for that money to the death. Softly I stole away, and re-entered my mother's apartment. Taking the pocket-book from the drawer, I hid it in my bosom; and then, pausing, to assure myself that she still slept, I turned to the hall where our small provision of fire arms was stored. Oh, heavens! They were gone! A low, horrible chuckle fell upon my ears. The robber stood at my side, a look of triumph on his hateful face.

"Well," he sneered, boldly, "where is it?"

"What do you mean?" I gasped. "The money, of course! I've just been to the old woman's room but I find you've been too many for me. Now, girl—" he stepped closer to me, and raised one hand threateningly; his awful eyes glared into mine; his lips, as they opened, resembled those of some huge wild animal. "I know you have the 'rocks,' hand 'em out!"

With a low cry of fear, I turned and fled. Back to the large, old kitchen; my heart surging and beating madly, I flew like the wind. Old Dinah still lay upon the floor, in blest unconsciousness. I shook her, and called aloud, and shrieked for help, but no other sound broke the stillness, save the low, dreadful laugh of the robber, who had followed me.

"Stop that noise!" he growled. "You're wasting breath, you know. The nigger's drugged, and won't wake up till I'm safe out of this. See here, I want that money. Give it to me, and I promise to leave you in peace; refuse, and —"

I thought of Frank, and our future.

"I never will!" I cried, as bravely as I could. Again, that horrible, mocking laugh. He sprang forward, and seized my arm; one hand passed around my waist, and held me tightly; the other, prepared to close about my throat. Just at that moment, my eyes fell upon the huge brick oven; something unknown, in these days, Bessie, an immense structure, occupying one side of the kitchen. I noticed that the wide door had been left open, and a sudden thought—an inspiration—darted into my mind. It was worth risking, at all events.

The villain's hand was pressing closer about my slender throat; I felt a dreadful, choking sensation. I was sure that I should die. Now—or never—I thought. I thrust one hand, quickly, into the bosom of my dress, and snatching the pocket-book therefrom with a quick, sudden movement, I threw it into the oven—away in—I could hear it all upon the bottom with a heavy thud, for most of the money was in gold. With a horrible imprecation, the wretch released his hold, and darting forward, sprang into the oven. I darted towards the huge door. I seized it in both hands; with superhuman efforts, I pushed it shut, and slid the heavy bolt into its place. I was saved! Then I sank upon the floor in blissful insensibility.

I was aroused by the pressure of lips upon my own; and felt my head pillowed in somebody's arms. I opened my eyes. Frank was holding me close to his heart, his face pale and anxious. He had returned unexpectedly; and seeing a light burning in the house—an unusual occurrence at so late an hour, for it was midnight—and fearing that I was ill—he had ventured to stop. I told him the whole story; and, old as I am, I have never forgotten the look on his face as he clasped me to his heart. It did not take long for him to ride to the nearest town, and summon the sheriff with a posse of men. The oven was opened, and the wretch within, insensible and half dead, was dragged forth and away to justice. He was proven to be an old offender, and soon received a long sentence.

I was quite the heroine of the country around, for a long time afterward; but heroes were not in my line, and I never wished for a repetition of that night's experience.

FOR THE TIMES. A Visit to the Moon.

The following was written by a thirteen year old boy at the Loysville Orphans' school, and shows vivid imagination:

A visit to the moon is a very fine visit. If you want to go to the moon, you must go in a balloon. The first time I went, I came first to Claytown. I stopped there to get my supper, and got cross-eyed beans and bread-and-butter. They sent me to bed, and I found I would have to lie on the floor. But a man came up and tied a string around my waist and hung me up against the wall. I tell you I felt good after I got asleep. The next morning after I got up, they gave me a dish-pan to wash myself out of, and a curry-comb and scrub-brush to comb my hair. Then they invited me to breakfast, and I expected to get a good breakfast, but I got bread and molasses, and coffee that had water and flour in it to make it white. After breakfast I started off again and my balloon went very fast, but it did not go fast enough. I threw out a pound of sugar, and it went up. Then night came on again, and I saw a city not far off, but the balloon would not come down. So I broke off a culp of my seat, and threw it down. It hit a man on his bald head. Then he threw up a rope. I got hold and he pulled me down to Oiltown. There I stayed all night. I ate my supper and went to bed. I slept on a bed there, but when I got up in the morning, I had to go to the river to wash myself, and I combed my hair with an oyster shell. Then I went to the hotel and they gave me a piece of bread and raw pumpkin for my breakfast. Then I got another fellow by the name of Clyde Hooper, and we started off again together. The gas soon gave out; but that did not matter, for Hooper gassed so much, that the balloon came near bursting. But still it did not go up as fast as if there had been only one man in it, so I threw Hooper out and he caught on the church steeple at Loysville. Then I went like forty and reached the moon on the 29th of December, about three minutes after six o'clock. Uncle Sam was very glad to see me. I asked him how he got there and he replied that he was picking up brush on Sunday and got put there for punishment. His building was made of green cheese, and was stuck up there with three barrels of sticking plaster; but still it was a very nice place to live in. I went round the farm with him, and he gave me a peach that weighed three pounds. The weather began to get cold, and I got Uncle Sam to make me a sleigh, and I started off. I went so fast that I got home in a pinch of a minute, and stuck in the snow over my head and ears. I could not get out, so I went home and got a pick and dug myself out.

A Soldier's Joke.

LET me give you an anecdote of those presence in a company did more to promote health and happiness than the hospital drugs, its quinine and opium pills. In the old Twelfth Indiana regiment there were four or five of these kind of men, full of life and fun. Here is one of Enoch Taylor's "gauge games," as he called it. If Taylor is living he knows it's true, and I hope he will forgive me for using his name. "While at camp in Darnestown, Md., in 1861, an order was issued for knapsack drill every afternoon. The men were required to pack their clothes, etc., as if going on the march, and drill in that shape for two hours. As the regiment was forming, Colonel W. H. Links, riding down the line, observed a few straws protruding from Taylor's knapsack. The Colonel reined up his horse with, "What have you in your knapsack?" "It's straw," said Taylor. "What have you got it in there for?" "Why, Colonel, it ain't as heavy as clothes." "Go to your quarters, and to-morrow I want you in the ranks with everything you have got. Do you hear?" "All right," says Taylor; "I always obey orders," and he walked to his tent. The next day he appeared in line with a knapsack well stuffed, his overcoat and blankets forming a roll about the size of a ten gallon keg and long enough to extend six inches beyond his shoulders each way, causing him to occupy the space of two men in the ranks. The Colonel rode down the line; Taylor's appearance caught his gaze, and he halted in front of him. "What is thunder in the matter with you?" "Nothing at all, Colonel," says Taylor; "you told me yesterday to bring everything I had, and I've done so." Colonel—I should think you had. Taylor—Jes' so. Colonel—Do them all belong to you? Taylor—Yes; but I forgot my frying pan; it's down to the tent. Colonel—For God's sake go and get it, and when you get it stay with it. Go to your quarters! says Taylor; "I always obey orders." "I'll go and write to my mother while you drill, and I'll tell her all about this, and hereafter I don't aim to be imposed on. I can carry as big a bundle as anybody, and no straw in it."