

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

NOVEMBER 10th, 1879.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: For New York via Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 5.20, (Fast Exp.) 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45, 4.00 and 5.30 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.05 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 3.30 a. m. For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. The 5.15, 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 5.20 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 Harrisburg as Follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, 5.45 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 5.40 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 3.20 p. m. Leave Columbia, 7.55 a. m. and 3.40 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 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, 8.25 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. WOOLLEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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Why He Didn't Propose.

"KATE, if you think I am going to admire your rueful face in silence any longer, you are mistaken!"

The speaker was Miss Flora Hastings by name, and the person she addressed was her most intimate friend, Miss Kate Elliot. Our heroine, Kate, is of medium height, with a perfect figure, tiny hands and feet, and free, graceful movements. She had large hazel eyes, a brilliantly fair complexion, with a rich color in her cheeks, dark, chestnut hair, falling in large, thick curls upon her neck, and most beautiful features.

"Well, Flora," she said, with a deep sigh, "Walter Elliot is coming to-morrow."

"Well?"

"Father has gone to New York for a fortnight, and my cousin Walter is coming to propose to me—"

"Well?"

"Well, well! It ain't well, it's very ill. I don't want to marry him!"

"Then refuse him!"

"I can't!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I thought you knew all about it. Walter Elliot is my father's brother's son; my father and uncle had one sister, an old maid, very wealthy. About three years ago she died, and left her money to Walter and myself. If we married each other, Father is rich; so is uncle George, but whoever of us refuses the other, loses aunt Lizzie's money. Last week Walter became of age, and, as I am seventeen, our respective papas have concluded that we are old enough to settle this matter, so Walter comes to-morrow. Father, who was obliged to leave home this morning, charged me not to refuse my cousin, and if he should take a fancy to me, Harry says—"

"I thought Harry was at the bottom of it; but talk of angels—here he comes."

The new-comer, a tall, handsome young man, Harry Grahame, and Kate's husband elect, in case the formidable cousin did not propose, sprang up the steps of the balcony, and seated himself between the two young ladies.

"What's the matter? Kate darling; you look lugubrious!" was his first question.

Kate told her troubles, concluding with "Oh, Harry, tell me how to make him hate me!"

"Can't think of any way, upon my honor; if a description of the young gentleman, you say you have not seen for six years, will help you any, here it is; Walter Elliot is very good looking, excessively refined, and very dandified; thinks ladies should be the pink of neatness, sweetness, quiet obedience and submission; by the way, Kate, if you marry him you must calculate to give up shooting and riding."

While Harry had been speaking, Kate's face had brightened up wonderfully; as he finished, she sprang up, clapping her hands together and cried, "I've hit it!"

"Hope you didn't hurt it much," said Flora.

"But," said Harry, "I thought this matter was all arranged. I promised to call him out and shoot him."

"Nonsense, Harry! but set your mind at rest; I've hit upon a tip-top scheme. Here Adam! Adam!" she cried, waving her hand to a man who was weeding in the garden below them, "harness up Billy in the carry-all. Harry, you shall drive me into town. I want a whole lot of things. Let me see; I want a black wig, some walnut dye, a more jockey-looking cap, a pair of green spectacles for Flora, a larger riding-whip—"

"Kate Elliot," said Flora, seizing her by the shoulders, and looking straight into her face, "have you taken leave of your senses?"

"No, I'm only considering how to take leave of my lover; but come, we must dress for a drive, and as we go to town, I will tell you both my plan."

The next day, in the afternoon, Walter Elliot arrived at his uncle's house. Flora met him at the door, and introduced herself as Miss Straightlace, Miss Elliot's companion. She was dressed in a high-necked dark dress, with a plain linen collar, wore a white muslin cap, and a pair of green spectacles. When they entered the parlor, they found Harry extended on the sofa, and he also was completely metamorphosed. A jockey's dress, red wig, highly rouged cheeks, and a large patch over one eye, altered him beyond recognition.

"Mr. Elliot," said Flora, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Patrick O'Bryan, Miss Kate's instructor in riding and shooting."

"The top of the day to ye," said Pat, lazily rising, and shaking Walter's hand vigorously.

"I do not see my fair cousin here," said the discomfited dandy.

"Oh, Kate!" said the pretended Irishman; "she's about somewhere."

At that instant the report of a pistol

was heard. Walter's hat turned round on his head and then fell to the floor.

"Hit it, by Jove!" cried Kate's voice, and then a figure sprang in through the window, and the same voice said, "Why, man, have you no more manners than to keep your hat on before Straightly?"

I said Kate's voice; for the figure was very little like Kate. Her own brown curls were concealed under a black wig, which was arranged in a very blowzy, unpicturesque manner; her little jockey cap was placed jauntily on one side of her head; her dark, green riding-habit, although it fitted admirably, was torn in several places, and revealed a pair of garters, two or three sizes too large for the pretty feet they covered; and her own complexion was dyed to the hue of an Indian.

"How d'ye do, coz?" said Kate, carelessly, as she threw her gauntlets upon the table. "Oh!" she cried, pointing to a curl upon the top of her cousin's head, and at the same time drawing another pistol from her belt, "what a splendid shot. What will you bet now, coz, that I can't slinge that curl, and not touch your face!" and she pointed the pistol full at the dandy's head.

"Cousin, for Heaven's sake don't shoot!" cried the horrified Walter.

"Not shoot! Why not? Nonsense, I will shoot, but make your bet first."

"Excuse me, I decline being made a target of, at the risk of having my brains blown out."

"What risk? I'm sure to hit. Pat, you put something on your head, and let Walter see what a shot I am; name a bet first."

"Well," said Harry, "if you hit, I kiss you; if you miss, you kiss me."

"Kiss that fellow!" groaned Walter.

"Call me a fellow again, and I'll pitch you out of the window!" shouted Harry.

"Come, come gentlemen, don't quarrel," said Kate, "Pat, I agree to your bet. Here, put this apple on your head, and kneel down before the east window."

A close observer could have seen a hole in the apple piercing it from side to side. Harry took it, put it on his head, and knelt down before the east window. Walter looked another way; the pistol which had no ball was fired; and then Kate caught up the apple and triumphantly exhibited the hole in it. The next moment "that fellow" was taking his bet.

"Could you aim a pistol at my head?" he whispered.

"No," was the reply; "cousin Walter really believed the little stone you fired at his hat was my ball. Now, you get out of the way with Floy as soon as you can."

"If you please, Miss Kate," said a little stable-boy, putting his head in at the door, "the chestnut filly has got the staggers!"

"What! cried Kate, seizing the boy by the collar, and dragging him into the room. "What!" she cried again, with a scream of passion. "How dare you come here croaking?" and she plied the riding-whip about his shoulders, till the poor fellow thought his promised dollar was hard earned.

"If you please," sobbed the unfortunate victim, "the groom sent me, and he says, what shall he do? Oh, dear Miss Kate! please! how that whip stings! Oh, ow! oh—" and a long drawn howl completed the sentence.

"Pat, dear," said Kate, "will you go see about the filly; and you stupid," she added, speaking to the boy, "see if you can take my gloves and whip into my room. Gracious! how my hair is blowed by riding!" she said, as soon as she was alone with her cousin. "Oh! Walter," and she popped down beside him, "I want to tell you all about my ride this morning. You see, there was a party went to see Mr. Peters and I run a race. I bet my diamond pin against a gold chain on a steeple-chase. Well, we started! First there was a run on level ground, then a ditch to leap, then a fence and ditch, then a hedge and fence, and then all three at once. Off we went; Selim pulled to take the lead, but I held him in, until we came to the fence; over we went, in fine style; but my habit caught on a nail, and tore this great piece out, and it is hanging there now for aught I know. I vow! See the chain, is it not a beauty? When we are married I must have plenty of riding! I adore riding and shooting. There! I forgot that curl, do stand up now, that's a good fellow; you know what a shot I am. When we are married—"

"Zounds, cousin, we never will be married."

A flash of triumph shot over Kate's face.

"Nonsense, man; don't get into a passion. You know we must get married. Why pa won't let me flirt a bit, because I'm engaged to you; and so I can only coquette with Mr. Peters and Pat, and Joe Sanders, and—and—oh, cousin, do smooth down that curl, it really is too tantalizing. I will play for you," and catching up a French horn that was on the piano, she blew such a

blast that Walter clapped both hands over his ears.

"Oh, cousin," cried the hoyden, throwing down the horn, and dragging him to the window, "see, there is my groom with the chestnut filly, as well ever he was. Won't I give it to that little liar for scaring me so? Only let me catch him, and I'll cure him of lying for one while. Ain't he a beauty, cousin? When we are married, you must give him the very best place in your stable; and oh! cousin, I want a sulky like James Brown's when we are married; pa won't let me have one now; but I mean to do just as I please when we are married."

"We will never be married," screamed the unfortunate dandy. "I'd as lieve marry the Witch of Endor."

"Yes; but, cousin, we must be married; we are engaged."

"I will write to your father, declining the alliance."

"Don't, cousin; he would scold so. But if you insist, there are pen, ink and paper; but don't, please, be too hard on me."

"There, Kate, there is the note, and now I have the honor of wishing you a very good day."

"Nay, nay, cousin, you must not go. You came to stay some weeks, and you shall not go to-night. I expect Mr. Graham and Miss Hastings to spend the evening with me, and I will be as quiet a girl as I can if you will only stay. Here come my friends."

Harry and Flora passed through a second introduction in propria persona without exciting the least suspicion, and Kate left them to entertain her cousin while she went to change her dress.

When she returned, she wore a white dress with short sleeves and low neck, and her clean face and hands looked whiter than ever from the contrast they afforded to their late dyed state. The ugly black wig was gone, and her own brown curls fell in rich profusion over her snowy shoulders; a tiny pair of exquisitely fitting slippers completed her fascinations.

Walter rose in perfect astonishment.

"Oh! cousin," said Kate, holding out both hands, "I am delighted to find you still here. What!" she exclaimed, as he imprinted a kiss upon her lips, "you are willing to give me some cousinly regard then?"

The evening passed pleasantly with music and conversation, and Walter stayed three weeks with his charming cousin. All that time he did not know whether to be furiously jealous of Harry, or to congratulate himself upon an escape from a wife who could shoot and ride like his cousin Kate. Flora, who admired his face, figure and manners, had a share in making him finally adopt the latter course of thinking, and about the time that Kate became Mrs. Graham, Walter carried the lovely Flora to share his city home.

Learn the Value of Money.

A silver dollar represents a day's work of a laborer. It is given to a boy. He has no idea of what it has cost, or what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime for a top or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn the dimes and dollars by the sweat of his face, he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of values that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars represents a hundred weary days labor, and it seems a great sum of money; a thousand dollars is a fortune, and ten thousand dollars is almost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expects to possess. When he has earned a dollar, he thinks twice before he spends it. He wants to invest it so as to get the full value of a day's work in it. It is a great wrong to society and to a boy to bring him up to man's estate without this knowledge. A fortune at twenty-one without it is almost inevitably thrown away. With it and a little capital to start on, he will make his own fortune better than any one can make it for him.

Do you feel that any of your organs—your stomach, liver, bowels, or nervous system, falters in its work? If so, repair the damage with the most powerful, yet harmless, of invigorants. Remember that debility is the "Beginning of the End"—that the climax of all weakness is a universal paralysis of the system, and that such paralysis is the immediate precursor of Death.

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SUNDAY READING.

Writers of The Bible.

Moses wrote Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy.

Joshua, Phineas or Eleazer wrote the Book of Joshua, but it is not certain which of them.

Samuel is the penman of the Books of Judges and Ruth. He also wrote the first acts of David, and probably Nathan and Gad wrote the last acts, and the whole was formed into two books, which were named after Samuel, as the most eminent person, called the First and Second Books of Samuel.

Jeremiah most probably compiled the two Books of the Kings.

Ezra compiled the two Books of the Chronicles. He is also author of the Book bearing his name.

Nehemiah wrote Nehemiah.

The author of the Book of Esther is unknown. This Book does not contain the name of God.

Elihu was most probably the penman of the Book of Job. Moses may have written the first two chapters and the last.—Some think Job wrote it himself.

David wrote most of the Book of Psalms. Asaph penned a few of them.

Solomon wrote Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the songs of Solomon.

Isaiah is the author of the prophecy of Isaiah.

Jeremiah wrote the Book bearing his name and the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, probably Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zachariah wrote the Books of prophecies bearing their respective names.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the gospels named after them.

Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles.

Paul is the author of the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Philemon and Hebrews.

James the son of Alphaeus, who was cousin german to Christ, and one of the Apostles, wrote the Epistle of James.

Peter wrote the Epistle bearing his name.

The Apostle John wrote the three Epistles of John.

St. John, the Divine, wrote Revelation.

Jude, the Apostle, the brother of James called Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddeus, a near relative to our Lord, wrote the Epistle of Jude.

Spreading Themselves.

The more a man sees of the world, and the more he mingles with others, the smaller space is he inclined to claim for himself among his fellows. He sees that in the pushing struggle of life, other people's rights must be considered; and he must not take more ground than just enough to stand on. This is very marked in all crowds, and in all public places and conveyances. The man or woman who is best versed in society makes smallest demands, and occupies least space. The persons who take more room than belongs to them are those who have been least in company, least accustomed to adapt themselves to the needs of those about them. If you want to be thought well-bred, traveled, cosmopolitan, keep your elbows in a crowd, and sit close in a street car. If you want to be thought boorish and uncultivated, and to be recognized as one who was never much in good company, push both sides of you, as well as in front and rear, in a crowd, and spread yourself out in a car, or in a public hall. It is by such indications as these that we see that the demands of Christian regard for the rights and feelings of others secure the best results of good-breeding. To be a well-grounded Christian man or woman includes the highest graces of true gentility.

Pitying the People.

The temptation to lazy men to appropriate the thoughts of others is sometimes very great, and it is the greater when their laziness has led to putting off preparations until a late hour. One of these procrastinators, a neighbor of mine, was at my house on Saturday night. When it came 10 o'clock, he rose to leave. I said,

"Don't be in haste."

"I must go," he replied; "I have half a sermon to write this evening; don't you feel sorry for me?"

"Not a bit," I said; "I pity the people."

Having Both.

Samuel Johnson says that "interest is the mother of attention;" but attention is the mother of memory. To secure memory, therefore, secure its mother and grandmother. It is a very common and fatal error to neglect this grandparent. When one is absorbingly interested in a theme the mind becomes strangely perceptive, and draws to itself, as a magnet gathers up iron filings, all information within its reach as to the topic in hand.