RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R.R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

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," *8.20, (Fast Exp.) 8.85 a. m. and

For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Rotte," *8,26, (Past Exp.) 8.85 a. m. and 145 p.m. *Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 6.29 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 6.21 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.43, 4.00, and 5.06 p. m. and at 8.00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8,05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 6.30 a. m. For Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 6.30 a. m. For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.15, 8,05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m.

4.00 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 0.55 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 ears for New York, via "Bound Brook Boute."

BUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Alientown and Way Stations, at 5.20 a. m. For Reading. Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, 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 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 *4.00 p. m., arriving at Harvisourg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 9.20 p.m.

*Through car, New York to Harrisburg.

Leave Lancaster, 8.65 a m. and 3.50 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, at 8.45 a. m., 4.00 and 6.60

(Fast Exp) and 7.45 p. m.

Leave Pottaville, 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, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.50, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

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. WOOTTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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STOUFFER & CRIST. New Bloomfield, April 23, 1874.



MRS. SMITH'S PEDDLER'S TRAP.

THRISMAS was a day of rejoleing in the Smith family. The good lady of the house had just succeeded in perfecting an invention which is uitimately destined to revolutionize the great branches of industry known by the term "itinerant," and to deprive hosts of men of a lucrative employment .-The domicile of the Smiths is located on Mission street, just between Woodward's Gardens and the city front. It may be recognized by the front yard and the very peculiar canvas apparatus which is attached to the fence. This piece of canvas stretches from the top of the fence to a pair of poles firmly fastened to the sidewalk below, and forms an inclined plane, reaching nearly to the round, which bears a close resemblance to the netting used, in gymnasiums and circuses as a safe receptacle for falling acrobats. This canvas arrangement is only a portion of the great invention alluded to; the principal part of which is located beneath the doorstep. For several years past Mrs. Smith, in common with her sister housewives throughout the city, has been harassed by the visits of peddlers, sewing-machine agents. medical canvassers, vegetable venders, traveling tin smiths, insurance solicitors and a host of the other gentry who annoy and render miserable the female population of the city. Mrs. Smith, less fortunate than many housewives, is without a servant and has hitherto been compelled to make all the way from 300 to 400 trips a day to the front door. In fact, the bell rang, tinkled, buzzed and rattled almost continually, and so great was the strain upon the tintinnabulating apparatus that a new wire has to be put in two or three times a month, and even the knob wore out quarterly. This state of affairs was not only expensive and troublesome, but it was gradually reducing Mrs. Smith to a skeleton, and she dally waxed weaker and more attenuated. She calculated, and calculated very correctly, that she traveled from six to eight miles a day in her tramps to the front door. At last Mrs. Smith, inspired by desperation, hit upon the plan which has since proved so effective. A skillful machinist was immedistely employed and directed to construct beneath the front doorstep a compact and powerful apparatus connected with a spring on the inside of the threshhold, which, when pressed by the light foot of Mrs. Smith, would suddenly bring into play the great forces of the hidden machinery and press the doorsteps upward with such terrific velocity that its occupant would be hurled into space. The flying peddler was supposed, after being precipitated from the doorstep, to describe a graceful parabola which would have its termination in the depths of the canvas. The receptacle being an inclined plane, was expected to gently drop the involuntary acrobat to the sidewalk below. At last the ingenious apparatus was completed and the mechanic assured the inventress that her idea would make a young peddler shoot, thus unconsciously inverting an old expression. He also expressed his confi dence that the aforesaid canvas would invariably be the place of descent. On the day before Christmas Mrs. Smith placed a chair near the door and serenely awaited the jingle which would indicate the approach of her first victim .-She had not long to wait. Before ten minutes had expired the bell gave a premonitory tinkle. Opening the door Mrs. Smith smiled on the outsider with more complaisance than she had manifested for years before. She did not forget, however, to place her foot in convenient proximity to the little spring be-

fore mentioned. "Madam," ingenuously asked the unconscious intruder, may I sell you a sewing"

He was, however, called away so suddenly that he had no time to complete his question, for Mrs. Smith pressed the spring, the step flashed upward, and lo! the poor sewing machine man disappeared. Alas for human ingenuity, however, he re-appeared at the wrong place, and instead of falling into the canvas so kindly prepared for his convenience, struck against the fence with great violence, just after completing his third somersault.

The neighbors thought that an unfortunate eronaut had been pitched from a balloon, and flocked to the spot in scores. The poor fellow had a leg fractured, and the doctor across the street added another to his list of patients.

The machine was immediately perfected, and by Christmas morning operated with beautiful accuracy. During the morning Mr. Smith advocated the removal of the canvas on the ground that intruders deserved to suffer. In the wee sma ' hours of yesterday morning, however, he reached his house in a condition of semi-inebriety which made his footsteps uncertain, and while entering the door he was incautious enough to place his right foot on the little spring before he removed his left foot from the doorstep. The result was a rapid cerial flight, a fall into the canvas, a slide on the

sidewalk and a walk back to the door .-This little incident removed the objections which Mr. Smith had formerly to the cauvas, and yesterday he watched fifty or sixty pedlers and canvassers practice muscular contortion during their flights from the step to the canvas, without feeling the slightest regret that they were uninjured. It will be proper in conclusion to inform the public that Mrs. Smith has reserved the patent right of her wonderful invention .- San Francisco Chroniele.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SECRET.

THE first day of the New Year, and I the children were quarreling! A

bad beginning! "Alice, and Harriet, take your knittingwork. John and Henry, you may each bring nine armfuls of wood into the wood shed. Mabel you may take your slate and write, and I guess if, they are let alone, the two babies will take care of themselves. Now for half an hour, let us have silence. If any body speaks let it be in a whisper."

So there was silence in the kitchen, except the noise the mother made with her pie-making and the occasional prattle of the two bables. There was generally a good deal of noise at Number Thirteen; and sometimes-pretty often-it wasn't pleasant noise. The children were all young, and all wanted their own way. But they had learned to mind their mother.

Little Mabel sat with her slate on her knee, looking thoughtful. She wrote and erased, and wrote again with much pains-taking labor. At last she seemed satisfied, and going to her mother said, in a whisper:

" May I have a little piece of white paper and pencil ont of your drawer ? I want to copy something."

"What is it? let me see," said her mother.

Mabel hesitated and blushed, but held it up to her, saying, "You wont tell, will you, mother ?"

Her mother read it twice over; tears gathered in her eyes. "You won't tell anybody, will you?

entreated little Mabel. "No, no, certainly not! It shall be

a little secret between you and me." She got a nice piece of paper, and sharpened the pencil anew for the child.

although she was pie-making. Mabel copied it very carefully, and laid it away in the bottom of her handkerchief box, saying :

" I shall see it often there, and nobody goes there but mother and I."

But it happened one day that Harriet was sent to distribute the pile of clean handkerchiefs from the froning into the different boxes, and as Mabels was empty, she saw the writing. It was so short that she took it in at a glance:

Resolved to Alwas spek pleasant when Enybody speks cros. MABEL FORD.

Somehow it fixed itself in Harriet's mind, and that evening she was busy with pen and ink. The result was a writing in Harriet's handkerchief-box, with a resolution written more neatly, but the

Resolved :- that I will try this year to return pleasant words for cross ones.

HARRIET FORD.

It made a difference that was easy to see, when two of the children began to practice this resolution. There was less of quarreling.

"That's mine! You better mind your own business!" said John to Harriet one day, when she took up his top and was putting it in his drawer.

" But, John, mother wants me to clear up the room," said Harriet.

"Well I want the top to stay there!" said John, obstinately.

"Well, perhaps it's no matter. A toy isn't much litter," said Harriet, pleasantly.

John was fully prepared for a contest. I'm afraid he would rather have one. He stared. Then he looked ashamed. Then he spoke.

"What made you say that, Harriet?" Harriet laughed and colored a little. "Tell me! what made you?" John

insisted. "Come here, and I'll show you,"

said she. She took him to the clothes-press, where was a row of pretty handker-

chief-boxes, each labelled. She opened little Mabel's and took out the clean, soft pile of handkerchiefs. "Look there!" said she, John read.

"The good little thing! She never does quarrel, anyhow," said John.

"So I thought I better put one in mine, too," said Harriet, and showed hers- Youth's Companion.

Workingmen. Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Billious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much slokness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don,t wait. See another column.

A Darkey Preacher on Walking.

BROTHER Bell, of the Colored Beth-el Congregation, a few nights since at a prayer meeting, took occasion, in the course of an exhortation, upon the duties of life, to fire a passing shot at the walking mania, now so prevalent, and development some facts, in relation to pedestrian feats that seem hitherto to have escaped notice. He said :

" My beloved bredren and sisters, dar is one ting I'm bound to say to you befo' I closes de exercizes dis nite, and dat is don't you take no stock in dis yere walkin' bisness. Let dem white tramps men and wimmin, alone; don't you spen' your money and your preshus time runnin' round arter them; and for de Lord's sake, and your own, don't you try to make fools ob yourselfs by tryin' to do likewise. You men will find plenty ob excercise in attending to your work, an' you wimmin enuff to do ober your wash tubs an' nussin' your bables, instead ob trampin' roun' and roun' de saw-dust, day on an' day off, Jiss to please a passel ob fools, an' ruin your own helf. Besides, my b'loved frens, all de braggin' dat dey duz 'bout dere 'long walks,' 'long times' an' what dey calls 'fizzikal endoorinse,' ain't wuth shucks, when you comes to compare dem wid one pufformance dat tuk place thousand of years ago, an' de reason dey don't mention it is bekuse none of dese sportin' folks eber read dare Bibles. Well I'll tell you what it wusan' it's de greatest 'sportin' match,' as dey calls it, dat eber came of on de face of dis yearf. None of your 'hippy drum' bisness heah! No, sah! No, sah! Fair heel an' toe walkin'-judges appointed, track measured, time kep' (accordin' to Skripturs), and a record made-yes, an a reckord dat can't be denied, 'cause it is -yes here it is, in dis preshus book! Now Jiss turn ober your Bibles, my frens' an' look at fift chapter ob Genesis, twenty-second vuss, an' what do you fine? Why, you fine dat 'Enoch--walked-(after he begatted Meefoosaly) -three hundred years!' Three hundred years! Dar was a walk for you. Jiss shut yo' eyes and 'fleet on it! Three hundred years!!! Besides, de reckord says dat when de ole man made dat match, and had dat chile (who kep' on livin' until he was nine hundred an' sixty-nine years ole-monsus good stuff in dat family!) - I say when, de man made dat match, an' had dis chile, he was sixtyfive years ob age, and den walked three hundred years! Talk 'bout yo' 'fizzikle endooinse' after dat! Tulk 'bout yo' 'pluck' an' yo' grit' after dat! Why de ole man has done laid out all ob dese now adays blowers at flat as a dead shad! So much for dis 'straordinary pufformance.' But dat ain't all ob it. Dere's mo' yet. If you'll jiss look at de twenty-fourth vuss ob de same chapter, you will fine, my b'loved frens, what a orful warnin' is in dat vuss, to po' foolish creatures who has de conceit to make sich one ekal matches. Did any good come ob de ole man Enoch's walk ?-Did he make anything outen it? No, my bredern and sisters. No! No! He lost by it-he lost eberything by it-neb-

Enoch-walked-wid-God -an'------he-----was-(dat is he warn't nowar,) for God tuck him.' 'God tuck him!' To be shuah, he tuck him! He was bound to be tuck! He helt out for a long time, de ole man did: he was game to de last; he was doing his level best, but 'Oh Marster' was to long in de stride, an' toe sound in de wind for him, an' tuck him on de last run.' Yes my b'loved frens, an' he will take anybody dot tries dat game on him, an' histe him higher'n a kite, jist as he did Ole Boss Enoch. So take warnin' by dis orful lesson; let all dis kind of foolishness alone an' tend to yo' proper callin's, like good Christshuns.— An' now let us pray!" -Jacksonville, (Fla.) "Sun and Press."

er 'peared in de ring again- in fack, he

went up' Jiss read de vuss: 'An'.

What is in a Nickle.

It may not be generally known that we have, in the nickle five cent piece of out coinage, a key to the tables of linear measures and weights. The diameter of this coin is two centimeters and the weight is five grammes. Five of them placed in a row will, of course, give the length of the decimeter, and two of them will, weigh a decagramme. As the kiloiter is a cubic meter, the key to the measure of length is also the key to measures of capacity. Any person, therefore, who is fortunate enough to own a five-cent nickle may carry in his pocket the entire metric system of weights and measures.

The Errors of History.

One by one our illusions vanish. Notwithstanding the fact that Captain Kidd had been held up for nearly two hundred years in songs and ballads as a bloodthirsty sea-robber, and that he was actually convicted of murder at the Old Balley in London and hung in chains, it is now alleged by a gentlemen who has carefully examined the whole matter, that Kidd, so far from being himself a pirate, was a brave and loyal scaman, who faithfully endeavored to suppress freebooters in the East Indies.

SUNDAY READING.

Little Duties.

A letter carrier in one of our large cities, a few months ago, found on reaching the post office, after a long round of delivery, a letter in his bag that he had over looked. It would have taken him half an hour to return and deliver it. He was very tired and hungry. The letter was an ordinary unimportant looking missive. He thrust it into his pocket and delivered it on his first round next day.

What consequences followed? For want of that letter a great firm had falled to meet their engagements, their notes had gone to protest; a mill closed, and hundreds of poor workmen were thrown out of employment.

The letter-carrier himself was discharged for his oversight and neglect. His family suffered during the winter for many of the necessaries of life, but his loss was of small account compared to the enormous amount of misery caused by his single failure in duty.

Another case: a mechanic who had been out of work a long time in New York went last September to collect a small sum due to him. The gentleman who owed it, being annoyed at some trifle, irritably refused the money. The man went to his wretched home, and maddened by the sight of his hungry wife and children, went out to the back yard and hanged himself.

The next day an old employer sent tooffer him a permanent situation. Here was a life lost and a family left paupers because a bill of a dollar or two was not paid at the right time.

The old Spanish proverb says, "There is no such thing as a trifle in the world." When we think how inextricably the lives of all mankind are tangled together, it seems as if every word or action moved a lever which set in motion a gigantic machinery, whose effort is wholly beyond our control.-For this reason if for no other, let us be careful to perform promptly and well the duties of life-even the most trivial .- Youth's Companion.

Not as it Was.

There is a creed abroad that a young man is better alone, free from all incumbrance of wife or children; but in the old times it was not so. Then children were esteemed "a heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord;" now, selfish luxury, worldliness and the love of outward show have brought our young men -ay, and some women too-to such a pass that they feel, nay, openly declare, every child born to them is a new enemy; and marriage, instead of being "honorable" to all, is a folly, a derision, or a dread. ' Why is this?' And is it the men's fault, or the women's? Both, perhaps; yet I think chiefly the women's. Feeble, useless, half-educated; taught to believe that ignorance is amusing and helplessness attractive; no wonder the other sex shrinks from taking upon itself, not a help, but a burden charming enough before marriage-but after? The very man who at first exulted in his beautiful ornamental wife. his sweet, humble Circassian slave, will by-and-by be the first to turn around and scorn her.

Ye Are My Witnesses.

"Ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me," said the Saviour on Mount Olivet in his last utterance before the ascension, "both in Jerusalem, in all Juda, and iu Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." This evidently applies to believers, and through all time and in every part of the earth, "till none shall know him." Now a witness must testify to facts as he knows them-"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The clergy of various denominations in Minneapolis have taken up the movement against extravagance at funerals, of which there have been a few signs recently in various parts of the east. A circular was prepared, sent out and signed, which sets forth that there has often been observed in funerals needless confusion and pain owing to the unwise action of well-meaning friends, and that custom has inclined to make them more and more expensive, until, in some cases, the desire to render loving tribute to the dead or to conform to what is thought to be required, involvesa burdensome out lay. Accordingly, it is recommended, that so far as may be, funerals be from the house and that the services be separated from the interment.

The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose which grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art can not equal. There is nothing on earth which so quick ly transfigures a personality, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a pervading, kindness of the heart.