

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 Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp.) 8.55, 9.55 a. m., and 1.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS : For New York, at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown and Way stations, at 6.20 a. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows : Leave New York via Allentown, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS : Leave New York, at 5.30 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 4.00 p. m.

J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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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.

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THE undersigned having opened a WHEELWRIGHT SHOP,

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are now prepared to do any kind of work in their line, in any style, at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

STOFFER & CRIST. New Bloomfield, April 23, 1879.

\$1000 REWARD For any case of Bleeding, Pains, or Disorders of the Female Sex, or any other case of the Female Sex, or any other case of the Female Sex.

MRS. SMITH'S PEDDLER'S TRAP.

CHRISTMAS was a day of rejoicing in the Smith family. The good lady of the house had just succeeded in perfecting an invention which is ultimately destined to revolutionize the great branches of industry known by the term "Itinerant."

The dome 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.

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.

The neighbors thought that an unfortunate aeronaut had been pitched from a balloon, and flocked to the spot in scores.

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.

sidewalk and a walk back to the door.— This little incident removed the objections which Mr. Smith had formerly to the canvas, and yesterday he watched fifty or sixty peddlers and canvassers practice muscular contortion during their flights from the step to the canvas.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SECRET.

THE first day of the New Year, and 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."

Little Mabel sat with her slate on her knee, looking thoughtful. She wrote and erased, and wrote again with much pains-taking labor.

"You won't tell anybody, will you?" entreated Little Mabel.

"No, no, certainly not! It shall be a little secret between you and me."

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 ironing into the different boxes, and as Mabel's was empty, she saw the writing. It was so short that she took it in a glance:

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

It made a difference that was easy to see, when two of the children began to quarrel. "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.

"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.

"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 handkerchief-boxes, each labelled.

"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.

Workmen.

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.

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 brederen and sisters, dar is one ting I'm bound to say to you befo' I closes de exercises dis nite, and dat is don't you take no stock in dis ere walkin' business. 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 yoursefs by tryin' to do likewise."

"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.

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."

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.

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.

The Errors of History.

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-rover, and that he was actually convicted of murder at the Old Bailey in London and hung in chains, it is now alleged by a gentleman who has carefully examined the whole matter, that Kidd, so far from being himself a pirate, was a brave and loyal seaman, 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.

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 trifling, irritably refused the money.

The next day an old employer sent to offer 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.

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.