

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS
MAY 10th, 1880.

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 5.40, (Fast Exp.) 8.35 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
Through car arrives in New York at 13 noon.
For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 6.15, 8.45 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 p. m.
For Pooleville, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 4.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 6.15, 8.05, 9.50 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 via Allentown.

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 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 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 9.00 p. m.
Through car, New York to Harrisburg.
Leave Harrisburg, at 1.45 a. m., 4.05, and 5.50 (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., 1.8, 6.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m.
Leave Allentown, at 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.50, and 8.05 p. m.
SUNDAYS:
Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 7.25 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Allentown, at 9.05 p. m.
BALDWIN BRANCH.
Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lechliel and Rieton daily, except Sunday, at 6.40, 9.30 a. m., and 2 p. m. daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, at 4.45, 6.10 and 8.30 p. m.
Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 7.00, 10.00 a. m., and 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.
J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.
C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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April 9, 1878.

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A FULL ASSORTMENT OF HARDWARE, IRON & STEEL WILL BE FOUND AT OUR NEW STORE-ROOM. F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield.

THE MAJOR'S CIGAR.

"HOW are you, Quartermaster?"
"Well, Major is that you? How are you?"
We met at a rail way junction, and, if he had not spoken first, I should not have recognized my Virginia comrade of '64. It was not merely the disguise of a silk hat and shaven cheeks, but—as I told him, after we had chatted a little about each other's ups and downs since the war—I was sure this was the first time I ever saw him away from the table without a cigar in his mouth.
"Haven't smoked for five years," was his reply. "I'm 'down' on tobacco as thoroughly as you ever were."
"Good! Tell me all about it."
We looked arms and sauntered up and down the platform. Dropping the dialogue, this was the substance of his story:
"It was a sudden conversion. I never was quite so easy in mind over the habit—when you used to banter me about it—as I pretended to be. I intended, all the time, to taper off when I got home from the army, and not smoke so much. But one summer I went off on some business for our company, which kept me up in the mountains, among the charcoal burners, three days longer than I expected. I got out of cigars, and couldn't get any, for love or money. In forty-eight hours I was more uncomfortable and unstrung than I ever was before in all my life. I actually borrowed an old Irishman's filthy clay pipe and tried to smoke it. I thought of that miserable summer we spent crawling about the trenches in Virginia, and I wished I was there again with a cigar in my mouth! Then I began to realize what a shameful bondage I was in to a mere self-indulgence. I—a fellow who secretly prided himself on his self-control and nerve and manliness; who never flinched at hard fare or rough weather—a downright slave to a bad habit, unnerved and actually unfit for business for lack of a cigar. It made me mad at myself. I despised myself for my pusillanimity.
Going into the matter a little further, I found that the money I had spent for cigars in a dozen years would have paid for my house and furnished it; would have met all the bills for my wife's little summer trip to Europe with me, which has been her one air castle so long. I saw that I had actually smoked away more money that I had laid out for our library, or periodicals, and our intellectual culture generally. Cigars had cost me nearly twice as much as I had given to church work, missions and charity. My conscience rose up at the record. I knew I could not prove any equivalent for the outlay. It had not fed me, it had not strengthened me; it had simply drugged me. Every cigar had made the next cigar a little more necessary for comfort. To use a mild word it had been a useless expenditure.
My detention up there in the mountains was calculated to open my eyes to my domestic shortcomings, and I saw, as I never had before, how selfish, unsocial, tobacco had made me at home. I smoked before I was married and my wife never entered any protest against my cigars afterward. But our first baby was a nervous thing, and the doctor told me it would not do for it to breathe tobacco smoke. So I got in the way of shutting myself up in the library, evenings, and after every meal, to enjoy my cigar. As I look at it now, nothing is more absurd than to call it a social habit. It's a poor pretense of sociability where a man is simply intent on his own enjoyment. My wife owns up now that my tobacco tainted breath and tobacco saturated clothing were always more or less of a trial to her. The satisfaction it has given her to be rid of a tobacco atmosphere, and the thought of my contemptible, selfish indifference to her comfort all those years, have humbled me, I tell you. And I wouldn't exchange my own daily satisfaction now—a-days in being a cleaner man—inside and outside—for the delight that anybody gets of his cigars.
I didn't need to go out of my own doors to find reasons enough for giving up the habit, but I think I found still stronger ones, after all, when I went away from home. The more I thought about the harm tobacco does in the community at large, the more sure I felt that it was time for me to stop giving it the moral support of my example. I don't take as much stock as some folks do in tobacco stories. It depends a good deal on what sort of grandfathers a man had—whether they bequeathed him to the temperament of an ox or a race-horse, the constitution of a bull dog or a little tan terrier. The doctors differ on this matter, and the evidence is strong enough to convict on the other counts of the indictment anyhow. I know I smoked too much, and that my nervous system is the worse for it. And I think the people who are likely to be hurt most by it are just the ones who are most likely to smoke excessively. And then I've noticed that the medical men who stand up for tobacco are always

men who use it, and are liable to the suspicion of straining a point in justification of their own self-indulgence.
On one point, though, I believe the authorities agree. No one denies that it is a damaging indulgence for boys. It means a good deal when smoking is forbidden to the pupils in the polytechnic schools in Paris and the military schools in Germany, purely for hygienic reasons. The governments of these smoking nations are not likely to be national on that matter. But the use of tobacco by our American boys and young men is excessive and alarming. We ought to save our rising generation for better work than they can do if tobacco saps the strength of their years, and makes the descent easier, as, no doubt, it often does, to worse vices. I don't know how to forgive myself for the temptation I set before my Sunday School class of bright boys, year after year by my smoking habits. I always hoped that they didn't know that I smoked, but of course they did. It isn't in the family either that the selfishness of habits is most apparent. I don't believe, other things being equal, there is any other class of men who show such a disregard in public for other people's comfort as tobacco users do. I don't mean the chewers who spit in country churches and leave their filthy puddles on ear floors.—They're hogs. A man would be considered a rowdy or a boor who should willfully spatter mud on the clothing of a lady as she passed him on the sidewalk. But a lady to whom tobacco fumes are more offensive than mud, can hardly walk the streets these days but that men who call themselves gentlemen—and who are gentlemen in most other respects—blow their cigar smoke into her face at almost every step. Smokers drive non-smokers out of the gentlemen's cabins on the ferry boats, and the gentlemen's waiting rooms in railway stations, monopolizing these public rooms as coolly as if they only had any right in them. I can't explain such phenomena except on the theory that tobacco begets the moral sense and makes them specially selfish. Take the people of Germany, for instance. No other western people are such smokers, and no others are so boorish in their behavior—especially towards women. I don't insist that one fact explains the other, but I have my suspicions."
The Major's train pulled in just then, and as he took my hand to say good-bye its smoking car drew his parting shot: "See here. Did you ever reflect how the tobacco habit levies its taxes on everybody? The railway company furnishes an extra seat to every smoker, which in the nature of the case, must be paid for by an extra charge on all the tickets of the passengers. What a rumpus it would raise if the Legislature should attempt to furnish luxuries to any special class at the public cost in this way. How we'd vote 'em down! I vote against this thing by throwing away my cigar!"

Tricks of Shop Lifters.
A NEW YORK merchant speaking of shop lifters says: When the article stolen is a trifle, we watch the woman so as to remember her face, but usually do nothing more. Not frequently we see thefts committed by women that we believe are not habitually trespassers, but were urged on by strong temptation and poverty. Such women we take to a private room. We tell them our suspicion. If they confess and give us what prove to be their right names and addresses we let them go.—But all this is very delicate matter, and to make a mistake is very dangerous.—You must know that shoplifters are generally among the best dressed and most respectable looking women that come in our store. I stood at the second story skylight one day looking aimlessly down on the first floor. I saw two elegantly dressed women putting away rolls of silk ribbon. I watched them, and there wasn't any doubt about it. I hastened down and told the floor walker. He was astounded. I persisted and he spoke to the woman. They were violently indignant. As they walked towards the door we saw them throw the rolls of ribbon among some boxes between two counters. We had them followed. They lived in an elegant brownstone house in Forty-eighth St.
"Professional shoplifters," continued the speaker, "very often wear great cloaks. They can put away a good deal under them. By raising their folded arms under their cloaks they conceal the added size the stolen articles give them. They have a pocket made in the front of their dresses big enough to hold a number of large packages. Why, when we unloaded a woman here one day, we took out of that pocket all that a good-sized boy could carry on his outstretched arm. I remember how indignant that woman was when accused.
"I was walking through the store one day when a clerk told me that he thought a woman he was serving, had stolen some Leghorn hats. I walked up to her and raised her arms suddenly. Twenty-two hats fell to the floor. You

know what Leghorn hats are. They are made of a kind of grass and fold close together. She had concealed \$37 worth. She said that she had picked them up on the floor and was going to put them where the rest of the hats were kept. We arrested her.
"The hands of an experienced shop-lifter work faster than the eyes of an observer. A Central Office detective standing in the store one day saw a woman putting away silk handkerchiefs.—She'd hold one up as if to examine it and then she'd suddenly pass it into her other hand and then into a big front pocket with such lightning like rapidity that the detective couldn't tell what she was doing but he thought she was putting them back on the counter. He made a study of the subject and caught her.
Shoplifters often steal our valises and baskets, and then go around the store filling them up. We know a good many of the profession. We sent a man to the trial of Mr. and Mrs. Volkener, who were accused lately of an attempt to poison Mr. Blair, of Chatham, N. Y. You remember it was said that Mrs. Volkener and Mrs. Connolly, who lived with her, were shoplifters. He came back and said the face of the big woman (Mrs. Connolly) was a familiar one in our store.
"The worst things shoplifters do," he said in conclusion, "is to steal from our customers. They are very fond of taking pocket books and valises. We would a great deal rather they would steal from us, for the victims are sure to give the store where they are robbed a bad reputation. Not long ago a lady who had \$128 in silver in a valise rested it on the counter a moment and it disappeared. She found an old one in its place. We believe that the thieves who stole it knew that she had the money, and followed her for a long distance."

The Coldest Town on the Globe.
Those who are dissatisfied with the mild winter we have had can go to Yakootsk, the commercial emporium of all East Siberia—a town which Humboldt and other travelers have pronounced the coldest on the globe. This town, Jakatsk or Yakootsk, is on the left bank of the river Lena, 62° N latitude 119° 44' east, and distant from St. Petersburg 5,921 miles. The ground remains continually frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. During ten days in August the thermometer marks 85°; but from November to February it ranges from 42° to 69° below zero, and the river is solid ice for nine months out of twelve.
The entire industry of the place—population about 7000—is comprised in candle works, and yet it is the principal market of Eastern Siberia for traffic with the hunting tribes and the Burials. The former, mostly nomadic, having large herds of horses and cattle, bring to market butter, which is sent on horseback to the port of Okhotsk. The Burials, also nomadic, bring quantities of skins of saables, foxes, martins, hares, squirrels and the like, and many of them are sold at the great fair in June, which with May, is the active period of the year. In May the collected goods are conveyed to the seaports, whence they are sent in every direction. The merchandise, chiefly furs and mammoth tusks, sold at the fair amount in value to 400,000 roubles, (\$300,000.)
The town stands on a plain surrounded by lofty and dreary mountains. The streets present a strange aspect, being composed of houses of European structure, standing apart, while the intervening spaces are occupied by the winter "yoorts" or huts, of the northern nomad tribes. These huts have earthen roofs, doors covered with hairy hides and windows of ice. There is a large stone cathedral, another church, a great stone market-place and a wooden fort with four half-sunken towers.
Its large trade gives this strange town some importance—it being the emporium for, among other things, the trade in the ivory from the fossil elephants, which have been for untold ages frozen into the "thick-ribbed ice" on the shores of the Arctic Sea, and in other places in Siberia. These antediluvian mammoths lived when Siberia was a "mild-mannered" country as to climate and before the great and mysterious cataclysm happened that tilted the earth over upon a different inclination to its orbit.

Feminine Freaks.
A young girl arrived in London from Scotland. She was about seventeen, and was, she said, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. She had come to marry a Zulu, and, accompanied by one of the oldest and most ill-favored of these dusky savages, she presented herself to the manager of the Aquarium and made known her wish. In vain he remonstrated with her on her folly. She replied that her heart was given. He suggested that she would only be one of many wives when her contemplated

husband returned to Zululand, but she persisted. Finding that it was useless to reason with her, she was told she could not marry without the consent of her parents, and was sent back to Scotland to obtain it.
The young ladies of the Maryland State Normal School are reported to have made a decidedly new departure in the matter of personal appearance, and now appear without the frizzes and bangs or peccadilly fringe so commonly and in many cases so unbecomingly worn by girls of the period. The metamorphosis is said to have come about by the principal, Professor M. A. Newell, who, having had his salary cut down by the Legislature, was probably of the opinion that there were some other things which could also be curtailed in the school, and particularly the time spent in curling and crimping, which should and could be more profitably employed. It appears that the young ladies took the Professor at his word, and now appear in all the glory of beauty unadorned by puffs, frizzes or bangs, and in ye primitive style of ye maiden of Puritanic age. Even more than this, it is said on good authority that the change effected does not unfavorably disturb the *tout ensemble* of the school, but rather adds to the general attractiveness.
Another girl had a pretty diploma tied with pink ribbon, from one of our best young ladies' colleges. In conversation with a daring and courageous young man, after he had detailed the dangers and delights of riding on a locomotive, she completely upset his opinion of independent education of the sexes by inquiring, "How do they steer locomotives, anyhow?"

SUNDAY READING.
Living is death; dying is life.—We are not what we appear to be. On this side of the grave we are exiles, on that citizens; on this side captives, on that freemen; on this side disguised, unknown, on that disclosed and proclaimed as the sons of God. To us who are christians it is not a solemn but a delightful thought that perhaps nothing but the opaque bodily eye prevents us from beholding the gate which is open just before us, and nothing but the dull ear prevents us from hearing the ringing of those bells of joy which welcome us to the heavenly land?
At a religious meeting in Winsted, Conn., on a recent Sunday, the wife of a well known citizen told how much religion had done for her and how much better she was with it than without it. When she had spoken an other sister got up and expressed a fervent hope that if the religion had done for the preceding speaker all that she had said she would soon become good enough to pay her the fifty cents she owed her. Religion that does not make the professor honest has not taken hold of them at the right end.
It is not the whitewash on the fence that keeps it together, but the rough posts, which no one sees. It is not a man's pretense that gives him his value but the motives which are hidden from view.

Keep Yourself out of Sight.
A gentleman with fishing-tackle and other necessary appliances, went forth to a stream where he toiled all day and caught nothing. Toward afternoon he espied a little ragged urchin with a tackle of the most primitive order taking the fish out of the water with marvelous rapidity. Perfectly amazed, he watched the lad for a while, and then went and asked him if he could explain why he was so successful, in spite of his meagre outfit, while the expensive apparatus could catch nothing. The boy promptly replied, "The fish'll no' catch, sir, as long as ye dinna keep yer-self' oot o' sight."
Here is a suggestive lesson for "fishers of men." They may spend much care on style and rhetorical adornment, in all of which they may attract much attention to themselves, and yet utterly fail to win men to Christ. "Keep yourself out of sight"—the wisest advice that can be given—for only thus can the sinner be brought face to face with the Saviour. "For we preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

Reverence.
A Minnesota correspondent sends this to the Editor's Drawer of "Harper's Magazine for May:
"We have had for many years in this county, as clerk of the District Court, an intelligent and careful German, who, during the sessions of the court is very fastidious about violations of decorum. Recently in an important trial a somewhat 'bumptious' young man from the rural districts was called as a witness, and took his place on the stand without removing his hat. He was then told to hold up his hand, which he did, and the clerk proceeded to administer the customary oath, reading it from the statute. He had read about half way through, when, happening to glance up over his spectacles, he noticed that the witness had not removed his hat. The clerk slowly lowered the book, and gazing intently at the young man, said: "Look here, sir, when you swear before me and Gott, take off your hat, sir!"