

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 6.45, (Fast Exp.) 8.35 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS: For New York, at 5.30 p. 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, at 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 4.10 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, at 1.30, 2.20 p. m., and 9.30 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.

BALDWIN BRANCH. Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 6.40, 9.35 a. m., and 2 p. m., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 5.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, at 4.45, 6.10 and 9.30 p. m.

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THE DUTCHMAN'S LAMENT.

Dot voman of mine! dot voman of mine! She bidders mine life out all der dime; She slaps mine hair und pulls mine face, Und knocks my nose all out of place;

Dot voman of mine! dot voman of mine! Mine love for her la most sublime; I would go mit myself through thick and thin, Of I never could see dot voman again;

Dot voman of mine! dot voman of mine! She vokes me up in der midnight time, Und dells me a pain in her stomach she's got, Und wants me to make her a visky hot,

Dot voman of mine! dot voman of mine! Vond I goes to der tavern in der evening dime, I sits me down in my easy chair To shmoke mine pipe and drink mine beer,

Dot voman of mine! dot voman of mine! Venever vill come der happy dime Ven on dis earth her mortal breath Forever shall be shopped mid death—

From dot voman of mine.

A Watchman's Adventure.

MR. DIPPER was one of the most efficient night-watchman we ever knew, for you could no more catch him asleep than you could the proverbial weasel.

The building under his nightly charge was a large silk warehouse on the outskirts of New York, and within a stone's throw of a large field, on which, at the period embraced in my story, a traveling menagerie had pitched its tent.

The night which Martin had such terrible cause to remember was a very gusty one in the latter part of Autumn; and the tree in front of the warehouse was showering down its crimson foliage as if the red snow that is sometimes seen in the Poland regions were falling in huge flakes.

He was a strict teetotaler; and, as every night-watchman requires some stimulant, he was in the habit of taking a pint of coffee with him and warm it up during the night.

Between twelve and one o'clock, he went up stairs for that purpose, as the only fire-place in the building was in a small front room on the second floor.—After splitting up some old boxes, he made a blazing fire on the hearth, which lighted up the little room so resplendently that his lantern became a mere superfluity.

It was his custom to inspect the door and windows on the ground floor of the building at regular intervals; so at two o'clock he went down stairs for that purpose, leaving the dog in a comfortable doze by the fire.

He had completed his round of inspection, and was on his way up stairs again, when he heard a tremendous crash of glass, followed by a howl from the dog, a scuffling sound, and all was still again.

How was that state of things to be accounted for? The dog couldn't have jumped through the window, because the scuffling sound succeeded the crash; and furthermore, all the glass broken from the window was strewn upon the floor of the room, showing conclusively that the window was broken from the outside.

Martin was puzzled for once, and the more he revolved the matter the more it seemed that some supernatural agency had been at work. A glance from the window satisfied him that no human being could reach it except by means of a ladder; for, although the tree we have mentioned stood directed in front of it, the intervening distance was too great

for any one to use the tree as a means of access to the window.

Martin then resolved to examine the ground immediately under the window, for traces left by the feet of a ladder, or by those of robbers. He was aware of the risk attached to such a course, but that could not deter him from seeking a clew to the disappearance of his favorite dog.

At this juncture there was a lull in the gale, which had raved with maniacal fury for several hours, and Martin's acute ear heard an indistinct sound below that was evidently caused by some one creeping on his hands and knees.—Martin had often heard hunters crawling in that manner to surprise their game.

A momentary silence ensued, and then he heard the tree violently agitated as if some giant were ascending it; for there was no wind blowing at the time. A moment afterward, what appeared to be the legs of a burglar was thrust through the window, and he fired one barrel of his revolver at it, but was unable to fire a second, as the exploded percussion cap had got wedged in behind the chamber of the pistol so as to prevent it from revolving.

But Martin meant business; so he threw the revolver at the mysterious object, and then followed it up with a bowie-knife. But it soon dropped from his paralyzed hand, as he was jerked through the window, and found himself in the coils of a boa-constrictor.

The menagerie tent had blown down, the pole of it falling upon the serpent's cage, and so bending the iron rods as to let out its inmate.

Some hours afterward the menagerie men were engaged in repairing damages when they were horrified to see the enormous boa returning to its cage with the insensible night-watchman in its powerful folds.

If Martin had offered the least resistance the boa-constrictor would have crushed every bone in his body; but as he fainted immediately, it supposed he was dead, and was conveying him back to his cage to perform the process of deglutition at its leisure; for it was already surfeited by the dog which it had swallowed. Upon being attacked by the men, the boa at once dropped its prey, and Martin received medical aid as promptly as possible, but remained unconscious for upward of twenty-four hours.

The morning after the memorable night Martin's employer was taking a horseback ride at an early hour when he noticed that the front window of the warehouse had been shattered to atoms; so he thereupon entered the building with his private key, but found no clue to Martin except the revolver, with one barrel discharged, lying on the floor, and the bowie-knife upon the ground outside. He forthwith made inquiries about the neighborhood, and was informed of the occurrence at the menagerie.

"What was the color of the man's hair?" he asked with a view to identifying him.

"White as the driven snow," was the reply.

"Then," said he, "it must have been a different man, for Martin's hair was as black as coal."

"Don't be too sure it isn't the same man," observed a bystander; "for such an adventure is enough to turn any man's hair white in five minutes."

The proprietor of the warehouse evidently thought the suggestion entitled to weight; for he straightway repaired to the bedside of the wretched man, and instantly recognized him as the faithful watchman, in spite of his snow-white hair.

Martin was ultimately restored to health, and strange to say, the order of nature is reversed in this case and as he grows older his hair is gradually recovering its pristine blackness, so that by the time he is three score and ten his locks will be as dark as Cimmerian darkness itself.

Generous and noble emotions, vivid feelings and active exercise in the pursuit of some noble object, rarely fails to give grace to the movements and a rarer charm than beauty itself to the face.

STEALING A DRINK.

"THE way of the transgressor is hard," and "retribution swift," frequently follows on evil deeds. This was never more fully exemplified than a little circumstance that came to our knowledge last evening.

One of our citizens was journeying by railroad toward home from the west.—Having an attack of asthma he had provided himself with a bottle of peepac wine, to the mouth of which he occasionally just touched his tongue. An Irishman, tolerably well dressed, sat just in front of our friend and watched the bottle with a curious eye, taking particular notice of the fact that it was kept in an outside pocket of our friend's overcoat. After a while our friend fell into a kind of a half doze, when he felt a hand in his pocket. Opening his eyes just wide enough to see Paddy stealthily taking the bottle from its place in the overcoat pocket, he kept perfectly quiet and let the "Emerald Islander" work. He took it out—drank a comfortable swig from it, carefully replacing it in the pocket. Our friend by this time was thoroughly awake, and sat up to see the fun which soon commenced.—First the Paddy commenced to spit, then to be very uneasy—failed in an attempt to open the window, and then started for the platform of the car. By this time speedy justice had overtaken him. His face turned ghastly yellow, his eyes started in their sockets, a cold perspiration streamed over his face and the internal earthquake like movement shook his frame.

There was a sudden scattering of passengers from that end of the car, a hasty gathering up of carpet sacks and a precipitate abandonment of comfortable corners, secured at the expense of much manoeuvring at the different stopping places. Meanwhile Pat groaned as if his hour had come, and a dull washing sound like the regular break of waves against the bow of a ship, told that the miserable offender was compelled to "Pour out his inmost Soul!"

in confession of his misdeeds. At last he succeeded in stopping his convulsive movements sufficiently to gasp out— "Howly Moses, misther, what do ye call that stuff in you bottle?"

"Poison!" solemnly responded the traveler. "Three drops of which will kill a giant."

In an instant Paddy was on his back in the midst of the "heave offering" he had just made.

"Call the praist! Call the praist!" he wildly yelled. "It's a did man I am O-o-w murder, murder, howled me down or I'll throw me out of the windy. Murder, MURDER!"

The train stopped at the station to which Pat was destined. Here the conductor tumbled him out and his ultimate fate remains a mystery.

The best of the joke is, that it is true to the very letter.

Skillful Bribery.

A SUBTLE kind of electioneering stratagem was that practiced successfully by Cochrane, the gallant Dundonald, when he first resolved on getting into Parliament. He had come home from one of his cruises with a good deal of prize money. He stood for Honiton, and he announced that he would not bribe. It was almost needless to say that he was not elected. He had, indeed, but few voters. When the contest was over, he sent for the few who voted for him, declared that they must not suffer by their political integrity, and rewarded their virtues by giving them each twice as much as they would have got if they had sold their votes. Not long afterward there was a new vacancy and another election. Cochrane stood again, and announced, as before, that he would not give any bribes. This announcement did not deter even the most venal from rushing to the polls for Cochrane. Of course, when the election was over, and he was triumphant at the head of the poll, those who had come over to his side expected their due reward of double pay. Some of them hinted as much. The hero coldly explained that he had rewarded the faithful few who had stood by him when he was unpopular, but that the chosen favorite of a constituency had only to congratulate them on their common success.

The London World says: "There are few women who, if they have exhibited the judgment and tact which generally command a certain measure of happiness in life, arrive at middle age without acquiring an expression of face which is often no bad substitute for actual beauty: Character and experience leave their mark upon the feminine countenance in a more conspicuous degree even than time itself, and when a woman has once passed the age of thirty, her face proclaims, with increasing distinctness, whether she is a daughter of wisdom or of folly.

SUNDAY READING.

Honor to the Laborer.

Andrew Jackson's peculiar liking and respect for laboring men is picturesquely shown by a story related in the Nashville Banner. John Cryer, a mason, was on several occasions engaged to build chimneys at the Hermitage, and while at work often observed the most refined and wealthy people of Nashville coming to visit the General and his wife. The good mason having more or less of mortar ornamenting his clothes, would say to Jackson that he "would not go to the first table to eat"—and "that he was not fit to appear in such elegant company." "You must go to the first table sir; a laboring man ought to be as highly honored as any man in the community, for the support of the world depends on their labor. I will see that you are treated with proper respect at my table." This story is certainly to the credit of Jackson's democracy, however it may be to his social graces. Cryer frequently laughing, said that he had been more honored than any man in the world, for President Jackson had frequently waited on him, and brought him brick and mortar, when his regular attendant was out of the way.

Poor Girls.

Unlike many foolish Christians, the Jews teach their children, girls as well as boys, some occupation by which they may earn a living. An exchange inculcates a similar practice upon all parents.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they are taught to despise labor, and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless.

The most forlorn and miserable women upon earth belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong to neglect it. Every daughter ought to be taught to earn her own living. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around; the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skilled to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their children to work.—No reform is more imperative than this.

Make a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to a note. As fast as you collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot pay, renew your notes every year, giving the best security you can. Go to business diligently and be industrious. Waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God, be regular and hearty in prayer, morning and night; attend church Sunday, and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else in your power, cheerfully; but, if you can do so help the poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay your debts.—Benj. Franklin.

The Uncomplaining.

Every one has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things quietly. The woman who can go without her dinner and not advertise the fact; who can lose her purse and keep her temper; who makes light of a heavy weight, and can wear a shoe that pinches without any one being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in her neighbor's eye into a sun-beam; who swallows bitter words without leaving the taste in other people's mouths; who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost; who can have a thorn in the flesh and yet not prick all her friends with it; such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of mankind.

Men are asking everywhere, what is to be the religion of the future? Nothing more simple than the answer. It will be the Creed through which Jesus Christ—like the Sun through the noonday sky—moves full orb and effulgent; the source of all light; the origin of all power, the inspiration of every life and love. It will be the "old, old story," that now goes round the world in blessings; kindling joy in every heart that believes; and investing with strange power all that submit to its control! It will be "Jesus only!"

'Tis said the truth is not always to be told; but do not forget idle silence is as culpable as idle words; therefore, do not remain quiet when knowledge within your possession will clear away clouds or doubts hovering over those you are satisfied are misrepresented or misunderstood.