

## 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 6.40, (Fast Exp.) 8.35 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, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.  
 For Reading, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00 and 8.00 p. m.  
 For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 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 Harrisburg as Follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 3.30 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, 1.55, 3.20 p. m., and 1.00 p. m.  
 Through car, New York to Harrisburg.  
 Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 5.50 (Fast Exp.) and 7.45 p. m.  
 Leave Pottsville, at 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.  
 Leave Reading, at 6.55, 7.35, 11.50 a. m., 1.20, 6.15, 7.45 and 10.30 p. m.  
 Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m.  
 Leave Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 8.00 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, 6.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, at 4.45, 6.10 and 10.30 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 5.15, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

V. E. WOOLLEN, Gen. Manager.  
 C. G. HAMCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

## THE MANSION HOUSE,

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.  
 A careful hostess always in attendance.  
 April 9, 1878. H

## NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLANDT STREET,  
(Near Broadway.)  
NEW YORK.

HOCHKISS &amp; POND, Proprietors

## ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, \$2 per day, \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads.  
 NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

## NERVOUS DEBILITY.

## GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great Eng. TRADE MARK. Ilish Remedy, an unfailing cure for Seminal weakness, Spinal debility, Impotency, and all diseases that follow, as a consequence of Sexual abuse, or loss of Memory, Urinary. BEFORE TAKING, sal Lassitude. AFTER TAKING, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to Infertility or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich. Sold by druggists everywhere. 21aly.

**HORSE** Send 25 cents in stamps or currency for a new HORSE BOOK. It treats all diseases, has 35 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, a full list of diseases, a large collection of valuable recipes, rules for feeding the horse of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Dr. Wm. H. Hall writes: "I have bought books that I paid \$5 and \$10 for which I do not like as well as I do yours." SEND FOR A CIRCULAR AGENTS WANTED. B. J. KENDALL, Eastburgh, N.Y. 20-1y.  
 The Book can also be had by addressing "THE TIMES," New Bloomfield, Pa.

**\$66** A WEEK in your town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here—You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women can make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. 35 Outside free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 40ly \*

## AGENTS WANTED. ENCYCLOPEDIA. 1.00 to \$125 a Month. HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER.

Law and forms for Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics, and all who are Selling fast. Low price. Great success. One agent sold 500 in one town, another 100 in 25 days, and other 75 in 10 days. Save ten times its cost, and everybody wants it. Send for circulars and terms. Also General Agents Wanted. Address: F. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 1,000 Arch St., Phil'a., Pa. 1a 1y

## A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

## HARDWARE, IRON &amp; STEEL

WILL BE FOUND AT  
 OUR NEW STORE-ROOM.  
 F. MORTIMER,  
 New Bloomfield.

## SUNDAY READING.

## BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
 Work that is earnest, brave and true,  
 Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
 On kindest ministries to and fro,  
 Down lowliest way, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
 Ceaseless burdens of homely care,  
 With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
 Silent rivers of happiness,  
 Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

## And the Door was Shut.

How sudden, how complete the change. One moment the light streams out from the scene of gladness within, through the open door; the next, the blackness, the gloom of midnight, the darkness the more profound by reason of the light so bright but the moment before. Such is the picture presented in our Saviour's words. How profound and original his teachings that could find in the simple closing of a door a lesson so solemn as this. It is the door of salvation. It is the Lord Jesus, the Master of the feast, who himself shuts the door, and when he shuts, no one can open.

But when is it shut? When is mercy's door shut? No question more important can be asked by a sin-laden son of Adam.

"How far may we go on in sin,  
 How long will God forbear?  
 Where does hope end, and where begin,  
 The confines of despair?"

No man knows when this door will be closed to any soul. Always at the end of life, but whenever the soul is finally left of the Holy Spirit the seal is set. No more strivings of the spirit; no more hope.

Thank God if you have not already grieved away his Holy Spirit, and hasten to enter in. If the door is closed and you are within, think how blessed your state. A guest at the marriage supper of the Lamb, you will walk in the light and share its eternal joys. Nothing from without can get in to break the peace of your soul. No foe can assail, no sin disturb, no care becloud your soul forever. But if without, then no ray of light breaks in upon the gloomy darkness. No hope cheers the soul; but bitter regrets for opportunities lost will add intensity to all its miseries.

## Selfishness.

Selfishness cannot flourish where magnanimity reigns. The man of large soul sees far beyond his own little orbit; his heart thrills in sympathy with joys and sorrows that touch not his own life. Like the astronomer, who sees our earth to be but a speck in the great universe, he sees himself to be but a speck in the great humanity that lives and throbs all around him. Instead of fixing an intense and microscopic gaze upon himself, with his little round of interests, his large heart swells with sympathy for others and his hand hastens to do them good. Generosity, however liberal may be self-conscious; but the essence of magnanimity is to forget the claims in self in the yearning for others, to pass by the less in the search of the greater.

A man who forgets that he may die at any moment is very foolish. A man's business ought to be kept so closely in hand that he will be able to leave it at any moment in such condition that it can be settled up. Much more is that man most foolish who does not live with his soul prepared to meet God. The most certain of all future events is that we must die. The most uncertain of all is the time when we shall all die. We work hard here to make our lives here comfortable. Do we work equally hard to make our eternity happy?

For some years past, a large number of Germans, Christians and Jews have been establishing themselves in Jerusalem, and our readers will probably be surprised to hear that the dominant language in that town is German; twelve thousand Jews speak it. Recently the Germans in Jerusalem started a quarterly review, devoted mainly to local interests, which is very ably conducted.

The young man who shirks his duties as often as possible never succeeds in life. You may set it down at once that sooner or later he will be a drone in the great hive of human industry. If you begin life a shirk, you may set it down as a fixed fact that the habit will follow you through life, and instead of success you will be an utter failure.

If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is a quarrel. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other.

## An Extraordinary Scene.

THE Louisville Courier-Journal, in a recent issue, says: When the night express train on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad which left Cincinnati at 8:50 last night, reached Milan, Ind., an hour and a-half later, an exciting episode occurred which revealed a sensational elopement to the crowd of passengers, and aroused very intense feelings among them. Two ladies had been occupying a seat together in the ladies' car and seemed to be in great trouble. One was a lady of some thirty years or more, while the other was a beautiful young girl not out of her teens. As the train stopped the elder lady rose excitedly and seizing the young girl by the arm said to her:

"Come, we must get off here."

The girl declined to move, and said she was not going to get off the train. Both became excited and attracted the attention of the passengers and the conductor, who came along at that moment. To this official the lady appealed saying:

"This girl is my sister, and she is running away with a married man who is on the train. I want her to go to my father who lives here."

This announcement created a decided flutter, and the passengers crowded around. The girl still refused to get off, and the conductor said he had no authority to compel her, as a man in the next car had a ticket for her through to St. Louis.

The elder lady was almost frantic with excitement and despair. She said she was Mrs. Schultz, of Cincinnati, and the girl was Louisa King, who had been living with her for a year or two, and had been intimate of late with Walter Chamberlain, the man with whom she was eloping. Mrs. Schultz suspected last evening that they were going to meet and run off, and determined to go with her sister and prevent it if possible. While this was being related the listeners and the participants were wrought up to a pitch of great excitement. The girl laughed at all advice from the passengers, and her sister appealed again for assistance to compel her to get off. At this moment Chamberlain himself walked in from the other end of the car—a big, fine looking, dashing fellow, under middle age. Going up through the crowd he told the girl not to get off but stick to the train.

"You are a married man and you know it," said Mrs. Schultz, "and you are a dirty scoundrel to take this girl away."

The crowd pressed up, and some one suggested that the conductor send for an officer to arrest the girl and take her off. At this Chamberlain put his hand in his pocket and, drawing a revolver, passed it to the girl with the remark: "Take care of yourself with this if they try to force you."

"You scoundrel," screamed Mrs. Schultz, and raising her parasol she hit the fellow a full blow in the face. As he recovered himself he raised his hand as if to strike her, when a big Indian who had crowded up among the excited passengers, put his hand on Chamberlain's arm to prevent the blow, and said coolly:

"You wouldn't strike a lady would you?"

"Yes," said Chamberlain, "and you too."

"You will, will you," shouted the gigantic Hoosier, as he put his hand on his adversary's shoulder, and, wheeling him about caught him by both arms from behind and held him as though he was in a vise.

At this juncture Mrs. Schultz, almost crazed with the turn of affairs, dropped her umbrella, and using her fists struck Chamberlain in the face, blow after blow, calling him "thief, gambler, ruffian and scoundrel." The passengers watched the beating with interest, and urged her to her utmost, until Chamberlain cried out "Enough," and was released by the big Hoosier, with the quiet warning that he had better behave himself and let the girl go. Chamberlain doggedly declined to give up his prize. The crowd grew furious, and it was proposed to take him off and apply a coat of tar and feathers. The conductor had quietly gone out, at the suggestion of some of the passengers, and telegraphed for a policeman to meet the train at North Vernon. Hearing the threats of summary vengeance, he signaled the train to go ahead, and carried all of the party along, including the brave Indian, who lived at Milan but went along to see the end of the affair.

During the run to North Vernon the foolish girl was talked with by several passengers. She laughed at the idea of going home, and said she would go with Chamberlain some time, so it was no use to send her home.

"You know he's got a wife?" said Mrs. Schultz.

"Yes I do," said the girl, "and I know where she is, but I won't tell you."

The excitement quieted but little. On

reaching North Vernon two police officers boarded the train, and upon having Chamberlain pointed out to them arrested him, saying:

"We love to get hold of fellows like you."

He was hustled out and carried off to the village calaboose, in the midst of a jeering crowd, and threats to give him a dose of tar. Mrs. Schultz and Miss King got off also, accompanied by the gigantic Indian, who said he would see them to the hotel and take them back to Milan in the morning.

The gentleman who detailed these facts to the Courier-Journal, and who was an eye-witness, says he never saw such intense excitement, and that if the train had not started out of Milan just when it did Chamberlain would have been mobbed.

The same feeling was transferred to North Vernon, and he would not be surprised to hear of his being roughly handled last night.

Mrs. Schultz is a milliner and a mantua maker at 100 Longworth street, Cincinnati. Her sister, Miss King, has been living with her for about a year and a half. Their father is a respectable old farmer named King, who lives three miles from Milan. He married a second wife two years ago, on which account the girl went to live with her sister. Chamberlain, it seems, occupied rooms over Mrs. Schultz's store in Cincinnati, and thus made the acquaintance of the pretty but silly girl, who was going to leave home and friends for him. Mrs. Schultz said he was a gambler and fast man and had a wife living.

## SHE HELD HIM ON.

A YOUNG society swell of Washington has been visiting in the interior of Virginia, and at one occasion at least had an experience that was not altogether happy. He visited church and after service a young lady, who owned a very comfortable place near there, invited him to go home and take dinner with her. There were three or four very interesting young ladies stopping at her house, and, of course, he accepted her invitation with great pleasure, but his hair fairly stood on end when she said to him: "I guess you will have to take one of the girls on your horse; in dividing up our party one at least comes to you." The young man in question is not a heavy weight physically. He does not weigh over ninety pounds.

The young woman who fell to his lot, was a bouncing Virginia lass, plump and pretty, who would weigh at least 140 pounds. He was in no haste to get into the saddle. He watched very carefully how the rest of the fellows got their fair companions upon the upper deck. He was the last man to swing his horse into line. He had a little doubt, too, about the horse. The horse was very high-spirited and had never been ridden double. He darted up to the horse block and the young woman was ready. The blanket was arranged behind after the most approved fashion. He edged his chestnut up to the side of the horse block.

She gave him one hand, and in a second she bounded firmly to her place behind him and wound her arms around him in as firm a hold as the proprieties of the occasion demanded. She was not the only one that had bounded. The horse bolted about ten feet in the air and came down on his four feet, and, as the young fellow said, suddenly became very light behind. The young man although a very good rider, said he would have gone over the horse's ears several times if it had not been for the young lady. She held on, and he felt perfectly convinced that if he went off she would not, and so he stuck.

His horse fought, shied, jumped and balked, greatly to the amusement of the young lady, who nearly cracked several of his ribs in holding on to him when his horse bolted to the right and left. It was five miles to his destination. When he got off his horse and walked into the farmhouse three great streams of perspiration slowly trickled down the side of his face. He was very weak and trembling.

## AN ESSAY ON WOMAN.

AFTER man came woman.  
 And she has been after him ever since.

She is a person of noble extraction being made of a man's rib.

I don't know why Adam wanted to fool away his ribs in that way, but I suppose he was not accountable for all he did.

It costs more to keep a woman than three dogs and a shot gun.

But she pays you back in interest—by giving you a house full of children to keep you awake all night and smear molasses candy all over your Sunday clothes.

Besides a wife is a very convenient article to have about the house.

She is handy to swear at you when you cut yourself with a razor and don't feel like blaming yourself.

Woman is the superior being in Massachusetts.

There are about sixty thousand more of her sex than males in that state.

This accounts for the terrified, hunted expression of the single men who emigrant from the east.

Woman was not created perfect.

She has her faults—she has false hair and false complexion and so on.

But she is a deal better than her neighbors, and she knows it.

Eve was a woman.

She must have been a model wife, for it didn't cost Adam nothing to clothe her.

Still I don't think they were a bit happy.

She couldn't go to sewing circles and air her information about everybody she knew, or excite the envy of other ladies by wearing her new winter bonnet to church.

Neither could she hang over the back fence and gossip with her near neighbors.

All these blessed privileges were deprived her.

Poor Eve! She's dead now.

And the fashion she inaugurated is dead now.

If it hadn't been for the confounded "snark" perhaps the ladies of the present day would dress as economically as Eve did.

But the only place where primitive style is emulated is in certain portions of Central Africa where the women consider themselves in full dress when they have on but a postage stamp stuck in the centre of their forehead.

Woman is endowed with a tremendous fund of knowledge and a tongue to suit.

She has a capacity for learning everything she was divinely intended to know, and a few extra items besides.

Young ladies take a great deal of stock in classics and learn fast.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a lead pencil, or hold an umbrella, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

The happiest period in a woman's life is when she is making her wedding garments.

The saddest is when her husband comes home late at night and yells to her from the front door steps to throw out a bunch of keyholes of different sizes.

There is some curiosity in feminine nature.

For instance, I once knew a young lady who could easily pass another one on the street without looking around to see what she had on.

Poor thing? She was blind.

## Fainting, Won the Bride.

A novel wedding was celebrated at Pollocksville, N. C., lately. It seems that Moses John Miller and Alexander Bibb, two well-to-do young farmers were in love with the same girl, Leonora Lloyd. She was unable to decide which she liked best. On Sunday morning Bibb walked home from church with her, and left her under the impression that she would marry him. On Sunday night Miller went to see her, and understood her to say that she would marry him. Both men on Monday morning went to the court house to get out a license. Each procured the necessary document and started off to marry Miss Lloyd. They met at the court house door, and, after some talk, agreed that the first man who reached the lady's house should marry her. The residence of Col. Lloyd was one mile distant, and both men started on the race for the bride. Bibb soon quit the main road and dashed into the wood, expecting to make a short cut and reach the house first, but Miller kept the road, and got in on the home stretch eight minutes before his rival. The men were in sight of each other going up the lane to the house. Bibb's effort to overtake his rival was almost superhuman, when they reached the house Bibb from sheer exhaustion, fainted on the porch, falling almost at the feet of his lady love. When the situation was explained to her she said she had come to the conclusion that she liked Mr. Bibb the best, and therefore she would marry him. Her sympathies were won over by seeing him faint. She said she believed that both loved her, but that he who faints at the danger of losing a bride, must love her more than he who is cool and unconcerned in the midst of it all. The Rev. Aaron Jasper, the well-known Baptist minister, married Mr. Bibb and Miss Lloyd.

A romantic case of suicide occurred recently at Melbourne, Australia. A lad of fifteen poisoned himself for the love of a girl of twelve. It seemed that the girl, not requiring the boy's attachment pettishly told him he might kill himself, perhaps after he had threatened it. The lad was employed by a photographer, and destroyed himself with cyanide of potassium, which is used in the photographic business. Having taken sufficient for the purpose, he laid down to die opposite the girl's residence, having previously addressed her a note.