## 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," *8.45, (Fast Exp.) 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

*Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon.

For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 6.40 (Fast Exp) 8.05, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

For Reading, at 5.15, 6.40 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.08 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 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 2.00 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, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.

Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.3[illegible], 6.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m.

Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m.

Leave Allencown, at 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 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.

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



## Captain Todd Courts a Widow.

"YOU see, Dr. Bragg," observed Captain Todd, "I want a regular clipper-built hoss. I don't want stiffness and breadth of beam so much as I want a good clean run. I want a hoss to show off with, ye see."

"Well, sir," said the doctor, patting on the neck a vicious looking animal which he held by the bridle, "if you want a smart horse I can't recommend a better animal than this. Just look at those heels. Hi! Don't go too near 'em. As I told you, I've three horses that I want to sell, but if you want a horse that will go, this mare is just the beast for you."

"You see," said the captain confidentially, "I don't know much about hosses. I'm a seafaring man. Followed the sea, man and boy, nigh thirty-five years. Now I'm goin' to settle down on shore an' I'm looking around for a wife. I don't mind telling you I'm sorter courtin' the Widow Bunn. Now, the widow is mighty fond of a good fast horse, an' there's another feller, Sam Bliss—perhaps you know him—that's shinin' round the widow, too. Sam's got a first rate horse and takes the widow to ride a good deal. Now if I don't get something better than Sam's got I won't stand any show, for the widow will be sure to ride most with the man that's got the fastest horse, don't you see?"

The doctor nodded affirmatively. "I see," he said, "I see. Well, I think the mare will suit you. She's a knowing beast. Just see how her ears are laid back listening. If you find her getting lazy, just touch her up with the whip, and she'll climb, I can tell you."

"Well," said the Captain, "if she's all that you say she is, bring her around to-night and turn her into my pasture and to-morrow I'll hitch her up in my new buggy and give her a trial."

The next afternoon captain Todd ran his bright new wagon out of the barn, and throwing a halter over his arm summoned Bill Tyke and proceeded to the pasture where the doctor had left the mare the previous evening.

Bill Tyke was the captain's right hand man. He had sailed with the captain all his life and now that the former had retired from active duty Bill had retired with him and undertaken to learn the art of farming. In appearance he was much like what the immortal Bunsby might have been and he was not much the inferior of that worthy in taciturnity or oracular wisdom.

The captain and his factotum circumnavigated the pasture and "bore down" upon the mare persuasively from the windward. But that intelligent animal saw them coming and flattened her ears. The captain was almost within reach when she threw up her head, changed ends and cantered away to the other end of the field.

The captain swore a round oath and divided his forces. Bill Tyke was sent to coast cautiously around the fence while the captain lay "off and on" in the offing. But it was a game that the mare understood best. She trotted leisurely around the pasture, keeping tantalizingly out of reach and resisting all the blandishments offered her in the shape of wheedling words and ears of corn.

The captain and Tyke both fell to swearing and followed the beast around for an hour. At last, with consummate generalship, they succeeded in cornering her, and as she tried to rush between them both sprang at her mane.

The captain was successful and hung on like grim death, but Bill Tyke failed to secure a satisfactory grip, and was kicked head over heels into a blackberry bush, whence he emerged torn, bleeding and swearing worse than ever. As for the captain he was dragged for a hundred yards or more before he managed to "board" the beast, but at last he found himself on her back, tearing across the pasture and bounding a foot in the air every jump. The mare went straight for the bars, went over them, and finally came to a halt in the captain's dooryard. The captain slipped off in an exhausted condition, and had his new purchase driven into the barn.

The operation of harnessing was one requiring all the seamanship of both the captain and Bill Tyke to successfully perform. The uses of the various straps buckles and "belaying pins" were the subject of several animated discussions before the harness was finally adjusted. When all was complete, Bill Tyke cruised around the wagon several times and observed that the "darned thing looked all right anyhow."

"Then," said the captain, "just put that old boat anchor into the buggy, with about three fathoms of stout line an' you git in behind. Darn ye,' he continued, addressing the mare, "if ye play a trick like that again, I'll fix ye, now mind."

Bill marched off to the tool house and returned, carrying an iron keelock and a coil of inch manilla rope. To one end of this line he fastened the anchor. The other, by the captain's direction, he tied by a double hitch to the rear axle of the wagon.

"Now," said the captain, "jump in Bill. I'll make the old vixen hum when we get the widow in."

To the Captain's great delight the widow was at home, and surveyed his new turnout with admiration. The harness she thought, looked somewhat peculiar, but she didn't know much about such things. Of course she would go to ride. How kind of the captain! and what a beautiful horse he has!"

She was not long in getting ready, for expedition at such times was one of the widow's many virtues. The captain helped her in, and the mare trotted placidly off, while Bill Tyke sat behind, with his legs hanging over the 'stern' of the wagon.

It was a delightful drive. The mare's head was turned away from home, and she behaved herself much better than the captain had expected. The sun was setting as they turned to go home, and as the evening shadows began to fall, the captain began to grow tender.—Gradually his arm slipped about the widow's waist. Promptly she removed it.

"Captain Todd," she exclaimed you must not, I cannot allow it."

She glanced backward at Bill Tyke, who still sat, dangling his heels over the tail-board, in blissful unconsciousness.

"O, don't mind him," said the captain. "He don't see nothing."

"It isn't that," said the widow blushing, "but—I suppose I ought to tell you—in fact I don't know that I ought to have come to ride with you at all—because—because—"

"Cause what?" asked the captain.

"Because sir, I'm engaged to be married."

"Engaged!" roared the captain.—"Blast my toplights! Who to?"

"Samuel Bliss."

"Heavens and earth!" yelled the captain, giving the mare a savage cut with the whip; but he had no more opportunity to add more, for the mare made a bolt as though about to jump out of her skin, and tore along the road like mad. The widow shrieked and grasped the captain's arm.

"Oh don't! don't!" she cried.

"Let her rip!" exclaimed the captain more forcibly than politely. "I want to get home. Engaged to Sam Bliss! Good Lord!

The captain gave the mare another slash with the whip, and Bill Tyke got up on his knees and held on for dear life. It was getting dark rapidly. The road was full of deep holes, and the side of the road was bordered with clumps of bushes and large rocks, over some of which the carriage bounced and bounded like a rubber ball. The mare had it all her own way now, for she had the bit between her teeth, and was on a dead run.

"Hold her up, cap'n; hold her up," exclaimed Bill Tyke, in evident alarm, "port your hellum, an' lay to."

"Hold up your grandmother," replied the captain savagely. "I can't hold her any more than I could hold a three masted schooner in a hurricane."

The widow relieved herself of a series of piercing screams and threw her arms around the captain's neck.

"I shall be killed! she cried. "Oh, captain, dear captain! For heaven's sake do stop the horse, and let me get out."

Captain Todd gave a quick jerk to the reins. The bridle gave way, and both he and she went over backward in the bottom of the wagon. The mare increased her speed if that was possible, and the occupants of the vehicle devoted all their attention to keeping on board the craft, which touched the ground apparently about once in fifty feet.

The Captain surmised that the mare would make straight for Dr. Bragg's corn-crib, and if the wagon held together long enough that they might hope to come to a halt there, though as for stopping right side up it was hardly to be hoped for. The mare was not that kind of a horse.

"We're almost to the long hill," shouted Bill Tyke.

"The road thus far had been straight but at the foot of the hill was the lane that led to the doctor's barn, and the captain surmised that at their present rate of speed the entire party would get out about the time the mare turned the corner.

The captain extricated himself from the widow's petticoats and threw his arm around the wagon seat.

"All hands on deck!" he shouted.

"Ay, ay, sir, responded Bill Tyke.

"Let go the anchor!" screamed the captain.

Bill Tyke raised the keelock in his arms and flung it overboard. It bounded along the road from side to side for a few yards and caught under a large rock among the bushes. The mare dashed headlong onward; the stout rope straightened a second; there was a crash like the report of a cannon; the mare fell foreward on her knees tearing up the ground as she went; while the widow, the captain and Bill Tyke shot up into the air about six feet and alighted in a semi-unconscious condition amid the wreck and debris of what had been the wagon.

It was the end of Captain Todd's courtship. The wagon was an indistinguishable mass of kindling wood; the mare had broken both forelegs and required to be shot, and the widow kept her bed for three weeks afterward. The captain again follows the sea, for as he often remarks to his first mate:

"The sea, Bill, is our proper spear.—We know more about sailin' vessels than we do about drivin' hosses."

"Speak for yourself Cap'n," Bill always replies. "At my end of the wagon I did my dooty."

### Got Their Clothes Mixed.

Mark Twain, in his new book, called, "Tramps Abroad," tells how a party of tourists got wet, and what they did when they came back to the hotel: "We stripped and went to bed, and sent our clothes down to be baked; all the horde of soaked tourists did the same. The chaos of clothing got mixed in the kitchen, and there were consequences. I did not get back the same drawers I sent down, when our things came at 6:15; I got a pair on the new plan. They were merely a pair of long, white ruffled, cuffed sleeves, hitched together at the top with a band, and they did not come down to my knees. They were pretty enough, but they made me feel like two people, and disconnected at that. The man must have been an idiot to get himself up like that to rough it in the Swiss mountains.

The shirt they brought me was shorter than the drawers, and hadn't any sleeves to it—at least it hadn't any more than Mr. Darwin could call rudimentary sleeves; these had edging around them, but the bosom was ridiculously plain. The knit silk undershirt they brought me was on a new plan and was really a sensible thing; it opened behind and had pockets in it for the shoulder blades; but they did not seem to fit me and I found it a sort of uncomfortable garment. They gave my bobtail coat to somebody else and sent me an ulster suitable for a giraffe. I had to tie my collar on because there was no button on the foolish shirt which I described a little while ago."

☞ A young lady had a present of a very valuable watch. One day however, it suddenly stopped, and not wishing to meddle with it herself, she took it to a watchmaker to have it repaired. In a few days she called for it, but it was not done; so she said she would come again in a day or two. That night she dreamed that the watchmaker's shop would be burned next evening; so early next morning she asked her sister to call for the watch, and not leave the shop without getting it. Her sister said she was sure it would not be ready.—"No matter," she said; "get it for me as it is, done or not. Don't come back without it, for the shop will be burned this evening; I saw it all in a dream last night."

Immediately after breakfast her sister went for the watch, but was told that it was not yet mended.

"How long will it take to do it?" she asked.

"About an hour," the man answered.

"Very well then, I'll wait for it," she said.

So she sat down, and waited patiently until it was repaired, for her sister was in a most excited state of mind about it, and would have been greatly annoyed had she returned without it.

That evening at seven o'clock the house took fire, and the flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to save anything; and had the watch been left there, it would have been destroyed.

☞ A gentleman residing in a suburban town, but well known in business circles in the city, finding that his otherwise well ordered household was without that indispensable article of modern civilization known as a lemon squeezer, and having tried for several days, in vain, to think to bring one out with him from town, finally directed his man to remind him of it the following morning before his departure for the city.—Standing on the door-step, after breakfast, the next day, and just as he was about to bid his wife his usual affectionate farewell, he heard, in stentorian tones from the region of the barn, the words, "Squeezer, sir!" Perhaps it was well for the faithful domestic that his employer had just time enough to catch the train, but it is needless to add that there is now a lemon-squeezer of the latest pattern in the house.

☞ Sore eyes, tetter, salt rheum, &c., are cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher." Sold by all druggists.

## SUNDAY READING.

### Procrastination.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." This we all know, not only by observation, but by experience. The tendency to put off till to-morrow what we might do to-day is one which we should fight against and strive to overcome, for it is an evil whose effects are so visibly seen not in the present but in the future also. To-morrow we say we will do what, if we would only act as we ought, we would be done to-day.

The poor drunkard sometimes thinks, "after this week I will drink no more;" but how does it end? Next week is the same thing; and so time goes on, and the drunkard goes to fill a drunkard's grave and to his final account, the victim of procrastination and his own appetite.

Men keep on putting off the salvation of their souls in the same way. "Next year, when I have made more money, and the press of business is not so great I will think of my soul; for the present the body and this world's good's are my care." Next year passes, and the next finds him drifting with the tide of worldliness, further off from his salvation than ever. They have deliberately and of their own free will refused the best gift ever offered to man. Death comes and the gift is offered no more.—They cast the jewel behind them thinking to find it at some other time. Alas! their mistake. They procrastinated, and what was the end?

Duties should be met, not evaded; taken up and borne at the present, not put off till some other time; God alone knows whether there ever will be another time or not. Lost opportunities never return.

You have a friend sad at heart you mean to offer your sympathy some time but in the meantime your friend goes on his journey alone, bearing a burden which is well nigh crushing out his life, uncheckered by even a kind, loving word from you, because you have put it off. Shall it be said of us, "He hath done what he could," or shall it be said, "Procrastination ruined him?"

### What is Fancy?

It is strange what phantasies come into the brain of one who is dying.—Things never dreamed of before find expression as the last breath ebbs away a language so simple and beautiful that it almost seems to flavor of the incense of heaven that hovers over the fast-chilling form, waiting to bear the soul upward.

Sunday night a little waif—an orphan—died in a hovel on the flats. She had always led an uncouth life, in harmony with her surroundings. Her father and mother died years ago—the mother barely lived to hear the little one lisp her name—and yet, just before she died the other night, the child turned her big dark eyes up to a star that you could see twinkling through the cracks of the roof, and exclaimed, as she stretched out her little hands:

"Oh! there's mamma come to get me!"

The sad tired expression that rested on her face changed into joy and expectation as she gazed upward, and turning to one of the watchers by her side, she said:

"Won't you please open the door and let her in?"

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, mamma; for maybe I couldn't have found you all alone, for heaven is so big."

Her lips trembled and moved after she had ceased speaking, as if she was whispering very low to some one, but no words escaped her until, as her face grew paler, she clasped her hands tighter and sobbed:

"Is that it over there, mamma? And is that God?"

Then the tiny hands relaxed their hold upon the imaginary form they embraced, her eyes opened slowly, and the little one was dead. Who can tell if it was a fancied spirit that came to meet her? Perhaps it was; it might have been a phantasy that came with the dead cloud; and then again perhaps the eyes of her inner soul were opened that she might catch a glimpse of what lies beyond us—Over There—in the Land of the Real.

### Hints.

Don't complain of the selfishness of the world. Deserve friends and you will get them. The world is teeming with kind-hearted people; and you have to carry a kind, sympathetic heart in your bosom to call out goodness and friendliness from others. It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality words of cheer and help over rugged passes in life, in return for cold selfishness which cares for nothing in the world but self. Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people if you would never have your own injured.—Those who complain most of ill usage are the ones who abuse themselves and others the oftenest.