

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

MAY 10th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: For New York via Allentown, at 8:15, 8:05 a. m. and 1:45 p. m. For Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 8:40, (Fast Exp.) 8:55 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: Leave New York via Allentown, 8:45 a. m., 1:00 and 5:30 p. m.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: 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, 5:20 p. m., and 9:00 p. m.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: 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, 5:20 p. m., and 9:00 p. m.

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How We got a Home.

THE other evening I came home with an extra ten-dollar bill in my pocket—money that I had earned by out-of-doors work. The fact is, I'm a clerk in a down-town store, at a salary of \$3000 per annum, and a pretty wife and baby to support out of it.

I suppose this income will sound amazingly small to your two and three thousand dollar office-holders, but nevertheless we contrive to live very comfortably upon it. We live on one floor of an unpretending little house, for which we pay \$150 per annum, and Kitty, my wife, you'll understand—does all her own house work: so that we lay up a neat little sum every year. I've got a balance of two or three hundred dollars at the savings' bank, the hoard of several years, and it is astonishing how rich I feel! Why, Rothschild himself isn't a circumstance to me!

Well, I came home with my extra bill and showed it triumphantly to Kitty, who of course was delighted with my industry and thrift.

"Now, my love," said I, "just add this to our account at the bank, with interest at the end of the year." Forthwith I commenced casting interest and calculating in my brain.—Kitty was silent, and rocking the cradle musingly with her foot.

"I've been thinking Harry," she said after a moment's pause, "that since you have this extra money we might afford to buy a new rug. This is getting dreadful shabby, my dear, you must see."

I looked dolefully at the rug; it was worn and shabby enough, that was a fact.

"I can get a beautiful new velvet pattern for seven dollars," resumed my wife.

"Velvet—seven dollars!" groaned I.

"Well then a common tufted rug like this would only cost three," said my cautious better-half, who, seeing she couldn't carry her first ambitious point, wisely withdrew her guns.

"That's more sensible," said I. "Well we'll see about it."

"And there's another thing I want," continued my wife, putting her hand coaxingly on my shoulder, "and it's not at all extravagant, either."

"What is it?" I asked, softening rapidly. "I saw such a lovely dress pattern on Canal street, this morning, and I can get it for six dollars—only six dollars, Harry! It's the cheapest thing I ever saw."

"But haven't you got a very pretty silk dress?"

"That old thing! Why, Harry I've worn it ever since we've been married."

"Is it soiled or ragged?"

"No, of course; but who wants to wear the same green dress forever? Everybody knows its the only silk I have."

"Well what then?"

"That's just a man's question," pouted Kitty. "And I suppose you have not observed how old-fashioned my bonnet is getting?"

"Why, I thought it looked very neat and tasteful since you put on that black velvet trimming."

Of course—you men have no taste in such matters."

We were silent for a moment; I'm afraid we both felt a little cross and out of humor with one another. In fact on my journey home, I had entertained serious thoughts of exchanging my old silver time piece for a modern gold watch, and had mentally appropriated the \$10 to furthering that purpose. Savings-bank reflections had come later.

As we sat before our fire, each wrapped in thought, our neighbor, Mr. Wilmot, knocked at the door. He was employed at the same store with myself, and his wife was an old family friend.

"I want you to congratulate me," he said, taking a seat. "I have purchased that little cottage out on the Bloomington road to-day."

"What! that beautiful little cottage with the piazza and lawn, and fruit garden behind?" exclaimed Kitty, almost enviously.

"Is it possible?" I cried.

A little cottage home of my own, just like that on the Bloomington road had always been the crowning ambition of my life—a distant and almost hopeless point, but no less earnestly desired.

"Why, Wilmot," said I, "how did this happen? you've only been in business eight or ten years longer than I, at a salary but a trifle larger than mine, yet I could as soon buy up the mint as purchase a cottage like that."

"Well," said my neighbor, "we have all been working to this end for years. My wife has darned, patched, mended and saved—we lived on plain fare, and done with the cheapest things. But the magic charm of the whole affair was that we laid aside every penny that was not needed by actual positive want. Yes I have seen my wife lay by red coppers one by one."

"Well, you are a lucky fellow," said I with a sigh.

"Times are hard, you know, just

now; the owner was not what you call an economical man, and he was glad to sell even at a moderate price. So you see even "hard times" have helped me!"

When our neighbor was gone, Kitty and I looked meaningly at one another.

"Harry," said she, "the rug isn't so bad after all, and my green silk, will do for a year longer, with care."

"And a silver watch is quite as good for all practical purposes as a gold repeater," said I. "We will set aside all imaginary wants!"

"The ten-dollar bill must go to the bank," said Kitty, "and I'll economize the coppers, just as Mrs. Wilmot did. O, how happy she will be among the roses in that cottage garden next spring."

Our merry tea-kettle sang us a cheerful little song over the glowing fire that night and the burden was "Economy and a home of your own, amid the roses and the country air!"

JIM WOLFE AND THE TOM CATS.

I KNEW by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the infliction was couched in the following language:

"We was all boys then, and didn't care for nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilmint all the time. Thish yar Jim Wolfe I was talking about, was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted feller, he was, and the most forgivin' an' oneseifish, I ever see—well, thar couldn't be a more bullfinch boy than what he was take him how you would; and sorry enough I was when I seen him for the last time."

"Me and Henry was always pestering him and plastering hoss bills on his back, and putting bumble-bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, not'withstanding his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight acrost him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long, and lank and bashful, and we was fifteen and sixteen, and tolerably lazy and worthless."

"So that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave the candy pullin' they started us off to bed early, so as the company could have full swing, and we rung on Jim to have some fun."

"Our window looked out unto the roof of the ell, and about 10 o'clock a couple of tom-cats got to rarin' and chargin' around on it and carryin' on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof and it was froze so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shinin' bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they'd stand off and e-yow-yow-yow, just the same as if they was cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and bush up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur off the yaller cat's ham, and spin him around like a button on a barn door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they would gouge, and bite, and howl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful."

"Well, Jim he got disgusted with the row and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake 'em off'n that roof. He had rely no notion of doin' it, likely, but we everlastingly dogged him and bully ragged him and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he wouldn't take dare, and so on, till bimely he histed up the winder, and lo, and behold you he went—went just as he was—nothin' on but a shirt, and it was short. You ought to a seen him creepin' over that ice, and diggin' his toe nails and his finger nails in for to keep him from slippin'; and above all you ought to a seen that shirt a flappin' in the wind, and them long, redickulous shanks of his'n a glistenin' in the moon light."

"Them comp'ny folks was down thar under the eaves, the whole squad of 'em under that ornery shed of dead Wash'-ton Bower vines—all sett'n round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, and thar they sot in the snow to cool. And thar they was laughin' and talkin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothing about the panarama that was going on over their heads. Well, Jim, he went a sneakin' and a sneakin' up unbeknown to them tom-cats—they was a swishin' their tails and a yow-yowin, and threatenin' to elinch you know, and not payin' any attention, he went a sneakin' and a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was in a foot an' a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by goah, he

missed fire and slipped his holt, an' his heels flew up an' he flopped unto his back and shot off'n that roof like a dart! went a smashin' and a crashin' down through them old rusty vines and headed right in the dead centre of all them comp'ny people!—set down like a yarth quake in them two dozaz sassers of red-hot candy, and let off a howl that was hark from the tomb!

"Them girls—well, they left, you know. They see he warn't dressed for comp'ny, and so they left. All done in a second; it was just one little war whoop and a whish! of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was in sight anywhere!

"Jim, he was in sight! He was gormed with the boilin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was a Japan princess—and he came a prancin' up stairs just a whoopin' an' a cussin', and every jump he gave he'd shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dripped some candy."

"And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that poor creetur couldn't rely set down comfortably for as much as four weeks."

A COOL DARKEY.

AN important case was being tried before the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia. An old colored man was on the witness-stand. The district attorney had before him a long list of convicted criminals. After glancing at it, he thus interrogated the witness—

"What is your name?"

"John Williams, sah."

"Are you the John Williams who was sent to the Albany Penitentiary for larceny?"

"No sah—not this John."

"Are you the John Williams who was sent to the district goal for assault?"

"No sah—not this John."

"Are you the John Williams who was convicted of arson, and sent to the Baltimore Penitentiary?"

"No sah."

Tired of asking fruitless questions, the district attorney suddenly put a leading one.

"Have you ever been in any penitentiary?"

"Yes sah?"

All eyes were now turned upon the witness. The district attorney smiled complacently, and resumed.

"How many times have you been in the penitentiary?"

"Twice sah."

"Where?"

"In Baltimore, sah."

"How long were you there the first time?"

"About two hours, sah."

"How long the second time?" asked the attorney rather crest-fallen.

"An hour, sah. I went there to white-wash a cell for a lawyer who had robbed his client."

The attorney sat down amid the laughter of the spectators.

HOW I WAS SOLD

I NEVER undertook but once to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but as determined as ever grew. Just after we married, and all was going on nice and cozy, she got me in the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know, but then she—why it was done in just this way. She finished breakfast one morning, slipped away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it just where I couldn't help seeing just what she wanted. So I took hold regularly enough and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me, but looked so sweet and nice about it that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning day came along she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again, and it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word was said, you know of course. Well, by and by this became rather irksome. I wanted she should just ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it, so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfast—when that was swallowed there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few minutes, just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out doors. I stopped in the yard to give her a chance to call me, but not a word said she, and so with a palpitating heart I moved on. I went down town, up town and all over town, and my foot was as restless as Noah's dove—I felt as if I had done a wrong—I didn't exactly know how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all forenoon. It seemed as if dinner time would never come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon cut off my ears. So I went fretting and moping around till dinner time. Home I went, feeling much as a criminal must when the jury is having in

their hands his destiny—life or death.—I couldn't make up my mind how she would meet me, but some sort of a storm I expected. Will you believe it? she never greeted me with a sweeter smile—never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there was the churn just where I left it! Not a word was passed. I felt cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She did not pay any regard to it, however, but went on as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair I marched up to the churn and went at it the old way.—Spinah, drip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite the butter was never so long in coming. I supposed the cream standing so long had got warm, so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time:

"Come Tom, my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk quite long enough, if it is only for fun that you are doing it."

I knew how it was in a flash. She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the buttermilk in for me to exercise with.—I never set up for household matters after this.

Curious.

The conduct of people in great crises is a wonderful puzzle. Take the Sen-wahaka disaster, and we read of a man who stood on the deck and burned to death in spite of all urging to jump into the water. He was so perplexed that he utterly forgot self. On the other hand, some of the rescued people in the small boats were clamorous to get ashore and did all they could to prevent rescues until they themselves were on land.—Such utter selfishness is hard to believe. Among the rescued, one old woman, whose hand-bag containing \$375 had been saved for her, was so indignant at the loss of six pairs of window fasteners that she compelled the people of the hospital who had taken care of her to send for six new fasteners. She also wanted a diver who was going down to be ordered to look for her spectacles. A very indignant man called at Randall's Island for his carpet bag, and learning that it was lost, threatened a law suit at once. This led to a new search and it was finally found. It contained a pair of stockings, chemise, and a comb and brush. A singular fact connected with steamboat disasters is that the dead always have their pockets turned inside out. They are regularly found so. The truth seems to be that some utterly lose their heads, and on the other hand the trying hour develops a cunning devilry in others that is something for human nature to blush at. Robbery is a sure element of every great accident that renders it possible.

A Long Absence.

John R. Davidson left Norwich, Conn., twenty-eight years ago to sail the seas, and make his fortune, or never to return to his father's roof. He landed in New York last week and at once directed his steps to the old home in Connecticut, from which he had received no news during all those years. In the house where his parents once lived he found an oyster counter and near by his father's sign-board, "W. P. Davidson, Shoemaker." He entered the shop, found his father, bargained for a pair of boots talked about the old man's son whom he pretended to have known in Australia. The old man was delighted to meet a man who had seen his boy and talked vigorously of him; and when the middle-aged man declared himself the son, the father was at first not ready to believe it; but the proof was positive.—The son had prospered in Australia and had returned a rich man.

Made a Noise.

A young man in Sheboygan, Wis., concluded to make a little noise in the world. So he fixed up a length of gas-pipe to load and fire off, plugging the end toward him with a piece of wood.—In loading it he pressed the plugged end close up to his side to keep it in place, when it accidentally went off at the wrong end, sending the piece of wood (with a charge of two ounces of powder) into his side and stomach. He died shortly after.

A Word to Mothers.

Mothers should remember that a most important duty at this season is to look after the health of their families and cleanse the malaria and impurities from their systems. There is nothing that will tone up the stomach and liver, regulate the bowels and purify the blood so perfectly as Parker's Ginger Tonic, advertised in our columns. The wonderful cures of long standing cases of rheumatism, neuralgia and malarial disorders is the reason why this pure and excellent family medicine is so generally esteemed.—Post.

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