

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 1.40 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 5.45, (Fast Exp.) 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as follows: Leave New York via Allentown, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 3.30 p. m.

Trains Leave for 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, 3.20 p. m., and 9.50 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 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.

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.

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McPHERSON'S TROUBLES.

IN THE town of Lynn nearly every man is a shoemaker. At any rate I will say, in almost all the little houses somebody is at work either binding shoes, hammering soles, making heels or stitching uppers.

He had lived several years in his quiet way when one day there appeared in the village a tall, serious gentleman in a black coat and inquiring diligently for Mr. Alexander McPherson, soon discovered the object of his search in simple Sandy McPherson, hammering away at his bench, and thus addressed him:

"Sir, I am one of the firm of Dunn & Derry, lawyers, and I bring you the sad news that your uncle Mr. Donald McPherson has departed this life."

Sandy laid down his lap-stone, shook his head, and gravely remarked: "I never thought Uncle Donald was a long-lived man."

"And it is also my pleasant duty Mr. McPherson, to inform you, that your uncle Donald has left you a legacy amounting to five thousand dollars, which after the necessary formalities, our firm will take pleasure in paying into your hands."

"It was well meant of Uncle Donald, and you mean well to me in telling me of it, but it will be aye dreadful trouble spending sic a sum."

The lawyer laughed; he thought his client intended a joke, but Sandy was in sober earnest. Having received the necessary instructions he shut up his little house, fastened the doors and shutters well, stored it with an old farmer just out of town and went to get his money.

"I'm glad to get back," he said. "I have had hard work to spend my five thousand dollars, and I could na do it without eating and drinking more than was aye good for me; but I've lived through it, and maybe I'm no the worse for a bit o' holiday."

Two years passed. At the end of that time the village gossips once more saw the tall, spare form of the member of Dunn & Derry in the streets of the little town. This time he made no inquiries, but walked to the door of Sandy's house and knocked.

"Come in," cried the shoemaker, and in walked the lawyer.

"Oh! and it is you, Mr. Dunn?" cried Sandy. "Sit ye doon mon; and what new news hae ye for me?"

"Much the same as before, Mr. McPherson," replied the lawyer. "Your Uncle Duncan has left this world for a better."

"Aye, I saw the old man was falling," said Sandy.

"His property," continued the lawyer "has been equally divided amongst his four nephews; and your share, my dear sir, I am happy to tell you, amounts to two thousand pounds, or if you like the sound better, ten thousand dollars."

"That's twice as much as Uncle Donald left me," sighed Sandy. "Twill be hard work spending it. The five thousand nearly killed me, but a' is as God will, if it's come on me. I'll be with you to-morrow morning, sir. Sooner begun, sooner done."

Again the little house was stored away behind the barn of Mr. Gage's farm; but this time the farmer having died in Sandy's absence the bargain was made with the Widow Gage, a comely woman of forty, who gave Sandy some good advice on the subject of his fortune, which he received in silence.

How She Saved Her Daughter. "I shall never again feel so awfully nervous about my babies teething," writes a grateful mother. "We almost lost our little darling by a long attack of cholera infantum, but happily heard of Parker's Ginger Tonic in time. I took a few spoonfuls myself, which soon cured my nursing baby entirely, and an occasional dose has kept me and baby in such perfectly good health, and made us so strong and comfortable that I would not be without this reliable medicine for worlds."

"Ah! you may laugh—none of you

have tried it; spending ten thousand dollars in three years is hard work for any man. And I made a mistake. I began w' whiskey. When I took to port wine I got on faster. It's fine wine the port wine, ou, aye, but you can hae too much of it. It's put me almost past the work."

However, five years of oatmeal porridge, bacon and weak tea, with hard work, reduced Sandy to his former condition of skin and bone. His health was good, his eye was clear, and he was more contented than ever, until one day through the streets of Lynn walked once more the tall, grave, serious gentleman from the firm of Dunn & Derry.

This time Lynn was actually excited, and as the lawyer entered the door Sandy turned upon him a face longer, more solemn than he had ever shown before, and cried out:

"Mr. Dunn again! Weel out with it, mon! Bad news I suppose?"

"Yes sir," replied the lawyer. "Your Aunt Jean is dead. She departed this life very suddenly. It was a shock to all the family."

"Aye; I thought Aunt Jean would live to be a hundred," said Sandy.

"So did she; but she had made her will notwithstanding, and as you were her favorite nephew, she has left every farthing to you. Sir, I must congratulate you."

"Don't do that mon," said Sandy. "You mean weel, but it adding insult to injury. Let me know the worst. She must hae been an unco rich woman my Aunt Jean."

"You are now possessed of more than fifty thousand dollars," replied the lawyer. "Indeed, coolly as you take it, I should like to stand in your shoes, Mr. McPherson."

"Ah, weel," replied Sandy, "you may call it cool, but I feel pretty warm. How is a man ever to spend feesty thousand dollars?"

The lawyer departed laughing. In an hour Sandy stood before old Mrs. Gage's dooryard.

"I'm in trouble again Mrs. Gage," said he. "My Aunt Jean is dead. Oh, no, 'tisn't that; we must all die some day, but she's left me her money, and I have feesty thousand dollars to spend."

"I wish I had," said the farmer's widow, whose hair was gradually growing gray under the weight of a thousand dollar mortgage. "It's flying in the face of Providence to talk that way of a fine fortune."

"But how is a man to spend it?" continued Sandy. "I couldn't get through the ten thousand w'out makin' a beast of myself, and feesty thousand at my age will be the end of me. What is a single mon like me to do w' it all?"

"Oh, there are plenty of ways, Mr. McPherson," said the farmer's widow. "You could be benevolent."

"I'll never give good money to beggars; let them work for their bread," said Sandy. "Ah! your dinna know, Mrs. Gage. A mon can eat but five meals the day if he does his best, and to be aye drinking is all that is left."

"Dear, dear! what a pity it is you haven't a good, sensible wife to show you how to use your money," said Mrs. Gage. "You'd find no trouble then."

"But, you see I'm a bachelor," said Sandy.

"You needn't remain one," replied Mrs. Gage.

"And who would I marry?" asked Sandy.

"It's not for me to say," replied Mrs. Gage. "Some sensible, middle-aged woman, Mr. McPherson."

"I wonder would you have me?" asked Sandy. "You're a very sensible woman, Mrs. Gage. It strikes me I couldn't do better; but I hope you'll drink your share."

Mrs. Gage held her peace and Lynn was surprised by a wedding the next week. The mortgage was paid off; the boys sent to college; the farm prospered. Mrs. McPherson and Sandy appeared each Sunday at church in black silk and broadcloth, and Sandy still made shoes in the little house, now wheeled permanently to the kitchen door, up to the last accounts received of him. As for his money, he seems to forget that a married man is any more comfortable than a bachelor, and adds: "I didn't know it until the wife told me," which is regarded as one of Mr. McPherson's jokes, though it is strictly true.

How She Saved Her Daughter.

"I shall never again feel so awfully nervous about my babies teething," writes a grateful mother. "We almost lost our little darling by a long attack of cholera infantum, but happily heard of Parker's Ginger Tonic in time. I took a few spoonfuls myself, which soon cured my nursing baby entirely, and an occasional dose has kept me and baby in such perfectly good health, and made us so strong and comfortable that I would not be without this reliable medicine for worlds."

If you want to get rid of pimples, boils, tetter, &c., use "Lindsey's Blood Searcher." Sold by all druggists.

THOUGHT IT A CLOSE SHAVE.

THIS train goes plump through to Chicago, don't it Cap'n?" inquired a tall, clerical looking old gentleman of the conductor on the Rock Island and Pacific east bound train last Thursday.

"Well, I'm in right smart of a hurry to get into Illinois. Pressing business takes me over there. I've had a powerful narrow escape, Cap'n, and I would not like to slip up now."

"I hope my friend, you have not been doing anything wrong that makes you run away to Illinois."

"Wrong? Nary a time. But I did have the dogonest closest shave that a man ever got, I reckon. Why, I ran three miles and a half to catch this yer train, and the Widder Burnham right behind sicking her dogs on at every jump. 'Cotch him, Caesar, bring him back you Tige!' she yelled. I tell you Cap'n, Iowa is the place for your close shaves."

"I don't think I know just what you mean by close shaves. You must have given this Mrs. Burnham some cause to set her dogs on you. Will you tell me what it was?"

"I hadn't never given her nothing but jest good talk about the weather, cattle, hogs and sich—no talk of marrying, for I aint on that lay myself. And what do you think that woman played on me?"

"Nothing serious, was it?"

The conductor and another listener began to be interested since it assumed a matrimonial aspect.

"You bet it was serious for me. There was another younger widow agoing to get married soon, and preparations was going forward over at her house for the thing to come off as quick as ever they was ready. It was only sort of neighborly for them marrying folks to ask me and the Widder Burnham to stand up with 'em. They all allowed it was best to go over the arrangement a little beforehand, so as not to make mistakes at the wedding."

"You had a rehearsal, then?"

"That was what they called it. But, Cap'n, no more rehearsals for this boarder. It was last Sunday night after preaching that we all hands sorter gathered to that rehearsal. The preacher, too, cum over to boss it. I wasn't exactly on time, and as soon as ever I cum in they called out, 'Stand up here and face the minister.' 'Wat fur?' says I; but the Widder Burnham laughs and says, 'I'll show the old bachelor how folks get married—he don't know nothing about it.' Then she says in her laughing way, 'We must take hold of hands you know,' and she says to the minister, 'Now parson fire away.'"

"And, Cap'n as sure as you'r livin', he did fire away. He married me and the Widder Burnham tighter 'n Mill's lock. And I stood there never noticing what was wrong till the Widder Burnham holds up her mouth for the preacher to kiss her. 'I wish you happiness,' he says. 'And another husband before the year is out,' says I to end off the rehearsal. 'Oh, the cruel, onfeelin' man,' cries all the women, to talk that way to the bride the very night of the wedding. 'Whose wedding?' says I. 'Yours, of course,' says the preacher. And the rehearsal ended right there, Cap'n. I started for Chicago on a jump and the Widder Burnham started for me. It was a mighty close shave."

A Darkey Justice.

THE Little Rock Gazette says: Several days ago a white man was arraigned before a colored justice down the country on charges of killing a man and stealing a mule.

"Wall," said the justice, "de facks in dis case shall be weighed wid carefulness, an' ef I hange yer tain't no fault ob mine."

"Judge, you have no jurisdiction only to examine me."

"Dat sorter work 'longs ter de regular justice, but yer see I've been put on on as a special. A special hez de right ter make a mouf at s'preme courts ef he chuses ter."

"Do the best for me you can, Judge."

"Dat's what I see gwine ter do. I see got two kinds ob law in dis court, de Arkansas an' de Texas law. I generally gins a man de right to chuse fur hisself. Now what law does yer want; de Texas or de Arkansasaw?"

"I believe I'll take the Arkansasaw."

"Well, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur steallin' de mule."

"Thank you, Judge."

"An' hang yer fur killin' de man!"

"I believe, Judge, that I'll take the Texas."

"Wall, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur killin' de man!"

"You have a good heart, judge."

SUNDAY READING.

Dying Amid Treasures.

A man employed in a spanish bank stole the key to the strong room and visited it at night intending to carry off a large sum of money. But while intent on his booty, he forgot the great door, which swung together by its own weight. There was a spring lock to the door which fastened him beyond all chance of escape.

And now the poor prisoner could only sit down in despair, and wait and listen for help to come. It might be days before any one came. Meanwhile he should die of hunger and thirst.

The hours sped on and the gloom grew deeper. A raging thirst consumed him. He would have given all the gold about him for one draught of water. What would the riches of the world be compared with his freedom? How anxiously he listened for some sound without!

But those deep walls shut out alike all sounds from within or without. It was of no avail that he beat the massive door, and cried and shrieked for help. As well might those deep buried in the sea call upon those above to rescue them. How vaguely he sought in his despair for some weak point through which he might with superhuman effort, dig out a passageway to the outer world. So near it seemed and yet so far away!

He would have welcomed detection and exposure, yea, and punishment, if he could only have been delivered from that living tomb. His covetousness had been his ruin. He had pressed his way into the treasure-house, only to find how vain is gold and treasure if a man has nothing else.

There are other unsatisfied and discontented men who are preparing for a terrible doom. After years of toil, sin and folly, the hour of retribution comes. The miser has gained money, and finds how little it is worth, and dies amid his rustling hoards. The business man has amassed wealth, and with broken constitution, drags out his weary existence, envying the sturdy beggar at his door, and leaving his wealth to be squandered by those who count his death a favor to them, and a blessing to the world.

The lover of sinful pleasure glories in his shame, and runs to all excess of riot, till at last with broken health, and shattered nerves, and rotting bones, he lies lonely, loathsome, and accursed, and finds that his pleasures were his pain, and the things he longed for have proved his ruin.

O child of Adam, learn the lesson of content. Sin brings sorrow. Nothing which God forbids can give permanent peace of pleasure. Push on if you will find yourself at last in a prison from which there is no escape. You possession; appetites, associations and sins, will wall you in on every hand, and there will be no way to flee. For "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Dem Supposes.

Those who are so anxious about the future as to be unhappy in the present, may learn a lesson from a poor colored woman. Her name was Nancy, and she earned a moderate living by washing. She was however, always happy. One day one of those anxious Christians who are constantly "taking thought" about the morrow said to her:

"Ah, Nancy, it is well enough to be happy now, but I should think your thoughts of the future would sober you. Suppose for instance, that you should be sick or unable to work; or suppose your present employers should move away, and no one else should give you anything else to do; or suppose—"

"Stop!" cried Nancy, "I neber supposes. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I know I shall not want. And honey," she added to her gloomy friend, "it's all dem supposes as is making you so mis'ble. You orter give dem all up, an' jes' trus' in de Lord."

An exchange truthfully says: "The individual who is always casting slurs at preachers, scoffing at religion itself or in others, is at heart a scoundrel. We have closely watched the career of such characters for thirty years and more, and never knew a single instance wherein this judgment failed. These scoffers either filled a drunkard's grave, or landed in jail or the penitentiary, or had to flee from some community for either swindling, false pretense, or else theft."

Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him because he does not need it.

The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, too dark for science.