RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

MAY 10th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: 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," *6.4c, (Past Exp.) 8.85 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), 5.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.15, 8.40 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.80
a. m., 1.45, 4.09, 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 Susquelanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Anburn, at 5.30 a. m.
For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquelanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Anburn, at 6.30 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, Phildelaphia, 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 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 9.00 p.m.

"Through car. New York to Harrisburg,

Leave Failadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 5.50 (Fast Exp) and 7.45 p. m.

Leave Footsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.

Leave Heading, at 4.50, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.3, 6.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m.

s and 10.35 p. m. eave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanua Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Allentown, 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 8-05 p. m. BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sanday, 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

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April 9, 1878. tf

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TWICE SAVED.

TT was a cold day in February and 1 was only half way from Leadville to my place of destination. Night was fast drawing on and my horse was very tired.

I wrapped my blanket yet closer about my shoulders and urged my steed forward through the gloaming.

"Curse my luck!" I muttered. "Except for Black Dan's threat I would have gone by the stage in comfort. And yet, to have braved his gang would have been certain destruction! I'll warrant they've ambushed the night coach, intending to catch me. But I've slipped them this time, and Uncle Sam has the proof that she wants at last. Three days more, my rascals, and you'll jump these mountains or wear handcuffs, if I reach Pueblo alive !"

I shook Charlie's reins to hasten his speed, and whistled cheerily to Don, my great St. Bernard.

"We must reach Johnson's ranch on the Platte, old friends, or sleep out, and its too cold for that," I muttered.

I was returning from a search for certain desperadoes wanted in the courts at Pueblo. The cutthroats had hidden in the mining camps about Leadville, and my search had been a long one. Finding them at last, however, and the proof of their crimes with them, I was about to return and make arrangements for their arrest, when by some unknown means they learned who I was, and I fled. Fled pursued by the wrath of the worst man between the Gunnison and Denver-Black Dan. Had he found me, my life would not have been worth the toss of a card. I must reach the settlements quickly and return with a force in order to capture my game, and that without delay.

In gloaming of the morning I had begun my perilous horseback journey; in the gloaming of the evening I was continuing it. No soul had met me along the the wagon trail, and I believed that I had really tricked my enemies.

The blackness of the canyon crept up, the narrow trail ran down, and among great masses of bowlders, across patches of snow, and again along the bare earth I followed with watchful eye the indistinct path until, just at the verge of the last steep descent that should carry me into the river gulch itself, I halted for a moment to rest my weary horse.

"Only a little further, Charlie," said I, dismounting and patting his drooping head; "a couple of miles more, and we will strike supper and a bed .-You have done well, old boy, and saved

A sudden fierce growl from my dog as he sprung toward the shadow of the pines behind me, a single lance of light, a ringing report, and, without a moan, I threw my hands quivering into the air, whirled heavily away from my horse, and fell. Black Dan had found

Slowly, and with great pain, consciousness returned-consciousness, for my brain was still alive, but not personlity, for of my body I knew nothing

What had happpened? Laboriously my mind through the mists of death that still surrounded it. Slowly one idea followed another until at last came the knowledge that I sought. I had been waylaid and shot.

Yes, I remembered now! Remembered the cry of my dog, the ring of a rifle, the sheet of flame, the blow of the ball, and then-nothingness!

I had been shot and was dead!

And yet not dead for pain revived, and dead men feel no pain. I was shot but not dead. And so came at last the consciousness of matter. I still lived.

I sought to rise, but could not, for I was bound; bound hand and feet, arms and legs, body, neck and head, fingers, lips and eyelids, even; bound, yet not

with cords! Where was I? And what was the trouble!

Nearer and still nearer came the truth as I groaned in spirit and struggled to gain knowledge of myself; nearer and still nearer, until, with a mighty effort, throwing off all lethargy, I made one desperate attempt to rise; then the odor of new-broken earth filled my nostrils, the weight of newly-turned earth pressed upon my heart, the clinging bonds of newly-dug earth bound me, and with a wild cry of horror and despair I recognized my situation - I was buried alive.

I did not faint at first-life was too dear-but lay simply deadened, crushed by the blow, the loose mold admitting air for respiration, my poor stunned brain rolling these words up and down : "Buried alive! Buried alive!" until from shere madness and loss of desire knowledge fled a second time.

And then it was the tongue of my dog which awakened me. Don dug me out and lapped me back to life again.

As the dull grey of the winter's morning dawned, with moans I dragged

my stiffened limbs from their narrow bed, and crept tremblingly down the little trail toward the river the blood oozing from the rifle wounds in my head, my eyes wild and flerce, my heart panting, my life half gone.

As I thought Black Dan must have followed and ambushed me, then, supposing me slain, he had the grace to seek to bury me. It was owing to his haste or his carelessness that my dog had been able to paw the loose dirt from my grave and save me. If I could reach Johnson's I might live; if not, I had been saved but to die a second time, for a fierce storm was brewing along the mountain tops above my head. My horse was gone, my rifle, pistols and knife, gone; only the dog remained, and, faithful to the last, followed as I slowly and painfully trod the descending trail toward the river.

Suddenly, amid a wild roar of wind and creaking of trees and whirl of freezing snow, the storm burst, and in its fury swept me from my feet, and rolled me, crying and shouting, far down the canyon side, until a great bowlder eaught and held me. Then it raged on.

Fierce and relentless the wild wind tore through the wilder forest, pitiless and cold the snow fell, and except I had dragged my broken, bruised body into a crevasse of the rock-ledge before me I had died where I laid. Then even blacker then ever fell the storm, and raged unceasingly through all the slow hours of the day, until night came a second time to cast its pall upon the scene. And as the darkness crept up from the east, my last friend, my dog, who all day had laid at my feet, deserted me, speeding away through the shadows and snow. I was alone.

And so, faint, wounded, cold, despairing, as the moments grew life flickered. and when at last midnight broke, my lamp went out. Again I lay uncon-

All night the gale continued, and not until dawn of the second day did it cease, when the newly-fallen snow lay deep and white over all

Within the crevasse of the rock, sheltered from the touch of the cold white death and yet beneath it, I lay motionless; above me the storm had spread a shroud so thick that no ray of light penetrated to my tomb. Half-frozen, in a dreamless, painless sleep, the forerunner of a swift-coming rest, a mere wreck of a man, I was stretched upon a rock, and the glint of the sunshine among the pines or the tread of the wild beasts of the forest overhead mattered naught to me. When my eyes opened they beheld nothing, when my hands were outstretched they touched only the stone and the snow, when my tongue cried out no ear listened. Again I was intombed, and this time by an enemy more relentless than Black Dan even, by hands more stern and pitiless than his. Fate and the storms of the mountain had combined against me. I was buried a second time, but now with death for a companion !

I knew that I could not escape, and the very thought quieted me.

no agony; only a dull recklessness and want of care for life that betokened the depth of my despair. I was dying .-Slowly the moments passed. My thoughts were few and simple—thoughts of fire and wood, thoughts of home and friends and comfort, thoughts of things warm and bright, but even these were fading and my mind was wearily wrapping itself in the cloak of annihilation, and my body was fast sinking toward inanition when a bit of snow fell upon my upturned face.

Had it been fire it could not have aroused me more quickly.

The next instant more fell, and still more, and then light began to gleam, and I heard the hurrying scrape of feet mingled with low whining.

Don had returned and was digging me out.

The revulsion of feeling was terrifle; a moment before I had laid passive in a tomb, longing for death; now I fought and tore at the loosening snow like a madman, wild with the thought of

Nearer and nearer came the rescuing feet, deeper grew the pile of snow beneath me, brighter the light above. The whining was mingled with growls now. Don had friends to aid him. The barrier was but three feet thick-two-one, it was gone! and, even as I breathed the free air of heaven and my heart leaped within me and my lips uttered a glad cry, a dozen pairs of great hollow eyes gazed into mine, a dozen gaunt forms crouched before me gnashing their gleaming fangs-I had been rescued by a pack of wolves.

For a single instant I surveyed my enemies, I weak, wounded and unarmed; they strong, hungry and ferocious, a dozen to one, and then with a yell I sprang into their midst.

It was the act of a madman, but I was mad. Death should tear me limb from limb now, and with bare hands I clutched at the first gray monster before me

and grasped his shaggy throat as with hands of steel, seeking to throttle him. Then the entire pack with demoniacal howls hurled themselves upon me.

The struggle was short. I felt the hot breath of the brutes in my face, their red mouths yawned upon me; their strong claws tore my buckskin shirt; their teeth snapped, when suddenly a great white something was hurled from the back of the snow above into the midst of the melee. A half-dozen dark forms followed. Wild shouts, mingled with pistol shots and the heavy blows, broke upon my ears, the red blood of my assailants dyed the spotless snow ; their hideous eyes faded from before me and falling backward, I felt myself caught by strong arms, and the wellknown voice of old Johnson cried, "Saved, thank God!

Aye, saved! and this time for life .-My trusty dog had found the ranch, and arousing the men by his strange actions they followed him in the early morning to where I was hidden, arriving at the spot just in the supreme moment of need. I was saved, and five days later confronted Black Dan before the bar of the criminal court in Pueblo, and had the satisfaction of hearing sentence passed upon him, while he trembled as he stared at the man whom he had buried among the peaks of the Rockys.

Neither duty nor pleasure will ever again call me along the canyon of the Platte.

A Romantic Episode In the Life of Welling-

WHOEVER should endeavor to ex-hibit "the Iron Duke" as the hero of a romantic love story, in which sentiment is blended with chivalry, would probably be laughed at. Yet there really is such an incident, true in all particulars, and imbued with the delicacy and refinement of impassioned affection. At the risk of having this little love-passage ridlculed, we shall take leave to relate it.

At the age of twenty-eight, Arthur Wellesley, (or Wesley, as he wrote it at the time, according to an autograph in our little collection,) went to India with the rank of full Colonel, obtained simply by the influence of his aristocratical birth and connections, and by money in the tenth year of his military service. At that time he was engaged to Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, and sister of Gen. Sir Edward Michael Pakenham, who was killed in the battle of New Orleans. The lady who was young and beautiful, was devotedly attached to Colonel Wellesley, and her affection was fully reciprocated. Called to India, where his elder brother was Governor-General, to take a leading part in the war with Tippo Saib, this fortunate soldier had to leave his lady-love behind. After an absence of eight years, during which he won rank and renown, he returned to England, where he was met by a letter from Miss Pakenham, informing him that the small-pox had assalled and injured the beauty which he so much admired, when life was younger and gayer with both of them, and with tender sadness assuring him that she had resolved to relieve him from his engagement. With the true feeling of an honorable mind, he assured her that her beauty had not been the only inducement to woo and win her, and that he was desirous of marrying her. Accordingly, the marriage took place, in 1806, within six months of his return from India. The only fruits of the union were two sons, one born in 1807, and the other in 1808.

In the spring of the latter year, Wellesley had to leave his wife to take part in the Peninsular war. He returned for a short time, after the signing of the Convention of Cintra, but from 1809 until 1814, during which he rose step by step, to the highest honors of the English peerage, he was detained on the Peninsula. The strong tie of married love weakened by this prolonged absence and the Duchess of Wellington, from the Waterloo victory of 1815 to her death in 1831, was not a happy wife.-To the last she deplored that a sense of honor had made the Duke marry her, against her own better judgment when her beauty had become a thing of memory alone.

A Leap-Year Incident.

A young lady had been spending the day with a bachelor minister and his sister. The young lady, whose name was Miss Hope, had been much gratified with the kindly treatment received at the manse, and on leaving expressed her thanks for the kindness of the minister, making at the same time the remark that she had not yet heard him in the pulpit; but, she continued, "I will be over on Sabbath to hear you."

"I shall be very glad to see you, Miss Hope, and under the interesting circumstances, you might suggest a text for the occasion, and I will do all the justice to it I can."

"I will be glad to do that, sir," replied the lady. "How would this one do-' Lay hold upon the Hope set before

SUNDAY READING.

Incidents in the Passion Play.

Late English papers have long accounts of the recent performance at-Oberamergau and it is agreed that the simple villagers acquitted themselves after a manner which deserves the highest praise. Every scriptural detail was carried out to the letter, and even in the Crucifixion scene one could not have told positively with the aid of a strong glass, that nails had not been driven through hands and feet. When the thrust of the centurion's spear produced a crimson stain over the heart of the Christ " a distinctly audible expression of almost terrified surprise ran through the vast assemblage." The mien of Pontius Pilate was beyond all praise. A wood-carver took the part and acted it better than any other part in the play was acted. He is a man "of such fine physique and lofty bearing that he could easily pass for a noble Roman anywhere without assuming the gorgeous coralet and glittering diadem of a pro-consul." After the part of Pilate the best acted was that of Judas. "The scowls, the visible avarice, the shoulder jerkings, the stealthiness and the suspicious face of this character, were," says the Times " truly admirable, and his haggling for an increase of the bribe offered him could scarcely have been better done even by Sbylock." Several famous paintings served as the originals of certain scenes. That of the Last Supperwas an almost perfect living copy of Leonardo's great work. The Christ bearing the cross was after Paolo Veronese; the Descent was after Rubens and the Entombment after Raphael.

Does the World Miss Anyone?

Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of men in a month, or at the farthest in a few years, after the grave has closed upon their remains .-We are shedding tears above a new made grave and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable. Yet in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports, and we no longer miss the one who is gone .-So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. There are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at Death's ley touch. There are women whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave and drives away as profane those who would entice them from a worship of their buried loves. Such loyalty, however, is hidden away from public gaze. The world sweeps on beside and around them and cares not to look upon this unobtruding grief. It carves a line and rears a stone over the dead, and hastens away to offer homage to the living.

Words of Wisdom.

Very few diseases are so mortal as the fear of death.

All human virtues strengthen and increase by the experience of them.

The man who studies to be revenged only manages to keep his own wounds

Relations always take the greatest liberties, and frequently give the least assistance.

If man desires many things he is exalted by hope, but if he fears many things he becomes a slave.

A man can profess more religion in fifty minutes than he can practice by working hard for fifty years.

Be Tidy.

" Now, my son," said a kind mother to her little boy, " be tidy, fold up your nightgown again I must have it done

That boy has grown up to be a man. A friend said to him one day.

"How is it you get through so much work as you do?"

" Method, Method," was the reply .-"I am now reaping the fruits of my mother's lesson-' Be Tidy !"

The vine twig shows not more ingenuity as it traverses some rocky crag in search of the cool stream, at once its luxry and its life, than does our injured self-love, in seeking for consolation from the inevitable casualties of fate, and the irresistible stroke of fortune.

Think twice before you speak once." That is a good enough rule for some people; but there are folks who can think of so much meaner things to say the second time trying, that we prefer to hear their first inspiration on the

The covetous man lives as if the world were made altogether for him and not he for the world; to take in everything and part with nothing.

Employ your time well if you mean to gain leisure.