RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

MAY 10th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: New York via Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05 a. m.

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," *6.42, (Past Exp.) 8.85 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

*Through car arrives in New York at 12 neon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 6.49 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.09 p. m.

For Reading, at 5.15, 6.49 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.09 p. m.

For Portsville, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquebanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Alburn, 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.

1.00 p. m.

The 5.15, 5.05 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 Alientown and Way Stations, at 5.20 a. m.
For Reading, Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1.46 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 Boute." 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 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, 6.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m.

Branch, 8.2) a. m. Leave Allentown at 5.30, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30,

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5-30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7-45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7-35 n. m. and 10-35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2-35 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 9.30 p. m.

Heturning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sanday, at 7.00, 10.00 a. m., and 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.00 p. m.

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

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A TIGER CAGE.

WELL, my boy if you want a tiger you've come to the right place, for this and the bit around Fort Perovski are almost the only spots on the whole river where they are any left; indeed, I might say the only spots in all Central Asia, except the great Jungle of the Ili, two days' journey north of this."

So spoke Colonel Petroff (the Russian commandant of the little outpost of Tchinas, on the Upper Syr-Daria), to his excited junior officer, Lieut. Galkin, who had made up his mind that the first duty of every right-minded officer was to shoot a tiger single-handed, and that life would be a blank to him till he had done so.

"And what's the best way to get at them?" asked the younger man, with a flash of excitement on his handsome

"Well, if you're so anxious to make their acquaintance," said the veteran, smiling at the lad's eagerness, "there are several ways of doing it. First and foremost, you can just follow the beast's trail till you come upon him, and then shoot him down; but that's rather dangerous, and not very certain either, for the trail's apt to get blurred in among those big reeds."

" Well 9" "Well, secondly, you can drift along the bank in a boat, and fire at 'em as they come down to drink; but that's not always certain, because, if there's a moon, they see you and run away, and if there's not, you can't see them at all.

Thirdly, there's the cage." " The cage ?"

"Yes; you shut yourself up in an iron cage among the reeds, with a big bit of horse-flesh beside it by way of bait, and when the tiger scents the meat and comes after it, you fire at him."

" Capital !" shouted Galkin, with a loud laugh; " that's quite a new idea .-The cage be it by all means."

"Well, I wouldn't begin with that, if I were you, my boy," said the Colonel, gravely, "for it's a risky business at best. A tiger-hunt is very good fun so long as it's you who are hunting the tiger; but when the tiger takes to hunting you, it alters the case a good deal."

However, Galkin was not to be moved and daybreak next morning found him in his cage among the hugh reeds (tall enough to overtop a six-foot grenadier with his cap on), through which as they swayed in the morning breeze, he caught a passing glimpse, every now and then of the broad, shining river, and the little tumble-down mud hovels and clustering trees on the opposite shore.

The most trying part of an exciting adventure is the waiting for it to begin, and so our hero found it; but, luckly, he had not long to wait. The Central Asian tiger has a keen scent for prey of any kind, and the warning crackle of the reeds was speedily followed by the gliding out of a huge gaunt yellow body straight toward Galkin's ambush.

Despite his perilous position (for the ge was a pretty old one, and it's rusty bars seemed hardly to be trusted against the rush of a full-grown tiger), Galkin could scarcely help laughing at this curious reversal of menagerie rules-the man in the cage, and the wild beast walking round it to look at him. But he was not the man to let either the joke or the danger unsteady his hand. He aimed carefully at a vital spot behind the fore-shoulder, and let fly.

The huge beast leaped high into the air, rolled over on its back, and, after a few convulsive kicks, lay dead before him. Hurrah! Up sprung Galkin, quite forgetting the cage in his excitement, and hit his head such a bump against the bars that for a moment he hardly knew where he was.

The shout was answered by a long snarling cry, and out from the reeds broke a second tiger, evidently a young one, although quite big enough to have finished our friend with one bite. Galkin felt for his cartridge-pouch, to reload for a second shot, when, lo! no pouch was to be found. And now to his dismay, he perceived that it had been off when he jumped up, and was lying outside the cage, where it had rolled over a slight decent of the land quite out of his reach.

Here, now, was a pretty piece of business.

But, if the hunter was at a nonplus, the tiger himself seemed to be no less so. This cross-barred machine, with a motionless human figure inside of it (for Galkin, finding himself defenseless, remained as still as a statute), was a complete puzzle to him. He had never seen anything of the kind before. It might be a trap. Who could tell? On the whole, he appeared to think that his wisest way was to begin with the horseflesh, which he soon disposed of -a somewhat disagreeable hint to Galkin of what might shortly befall him.

Breakfast over, the tiger-kitten seemed to wax frolicksome. He leaped up against the cage, and put his fore-paws

on the top of it, bringing his face so near Galkin's that the poor Lieutenant almost felt the hot, rank breath. Suppose the bars were to give way !

But what did happen was almost as bad. Overbalanced by the beast's weight, the cage rolled over, and the unlucky officer along with it; while the tiger, delighted with the sport, and evidently thinking the whole affair a toy meant for his own special amusement, patted it about with his huge paws like a cat playing with a mouse, tumbling it over once or twice, and bumping poor Galkin against the bars till he was pretty well bruised. All at once there came a tremendous crash, as a thick clump of reeds gave way, and splash down into the river went cage, Galkin and all !

Fortunately for our hero, there was a mud-bank close to the shore, so that the water only came up to his belt; but, even so, to sit waist-deep in a cold river for an indefinite time, with a tiger mounting guard over him, was anything but a pleasant prospect. Moreover, the tiger, which was standing on the bank above, with a face of great disgust at the loss of its toy, seemed strongly inclined to leap down after it; in which case the sportsman would be rolled over in deep water and perhaps drowned at

Just at that moment came the sharp crack of a rifle. The tiger fell headlong into the river, while Galkin, looking up saw a boat coming toward him, pulled by two Tartars, behind whom appeared the grinning face of his friend, the Colonel.

"I hope you like your day's sport, my boy," chuckled the old soldier, as he opened the cage and pulled out his halfdrowned comrade. "I was up stream, looking to see if I could find any game worth firing at, when I heard the crack of your piece, and I came along to see what had happened; and on the whole, I think it's just as well I did."

ECCENTRIC MISERS.

WE once knew an old Scotch lady who though she had a considerable sum of money left her, was parsimonious to an extraordinary extent. As she grew old, she grew more miserly, until she would not allow herself milk for her tea or meat for dinner. Bent double with rheumatism in her old age, she would not pay any one to wash or clean her house, but with infinite labor accomplished these tasks for herself .-She never would send for a doctor, for she pithily remarked, "They cost a power o' siller, and did no good." On bitter winter days we often found her shivering over a single handful of fire; a small piece of hard cheese and a cup of tea with mouldy bread her only dinner. When she died she left about eight hundred pounds, besides various money in silver, copper and bank-notes, which she had stuffed into drawers and various secret recesses. All her money went to a couple of nephews, who never paid her the least respect, and who even grudged the necessary outlay for her funeral.

An old clergyman of very mean habits ot married when far advanced in life, to the great surprise of all his acquaintances, who wondered at such an act of extravagance. Upon inquiry, however, it was found that he had married entirely from motives of economy. The lady of his choice was the widow of a respectable school-master, who after her husband's decease was in the habit of lending him the clothes of the defunct; so, thinking that marriage would put him in possession of the remainder of the said garments, he proposed, and was accepted. His stipend was, with glebe and other things, about two hundred pounds per annum, yet by dint of sheer niggardliness he died leaving many thousands. He made a point of picking up and taking home anything he could find-a piece of coal fallen from a passing cart, old lucifer-match boxes and pieces of sticks from a neighboring wood-anything to save outlay in his own house. He never wrote on a new sheet of paper, always blank pages of other people's letters, and turned all envelopes outside in, so as to make them available for his own use. After his death, a drawer full of turned envelopes gummed together in a very ingenious way, were found. On one occasion he gave a dinner, which consisted of a sheep's head minus the trotters, which were to be kept for next day's dinner.

American Scissors in Sheffield.

A correspondent of the Portland (Me.) Advertiser relates as follows his experience in looking for a proper souvenir of Sheffield, England, famous for its cutlery:

" Every other shop in the place seemed to be a cutler's shop-and into one of the best of these I ventured, requesting to look at his scissors. It is a hobby of the English shopkeepers, to shop his cheapest goods first, no matter who his customers may be. Enter a shop in in pursuit of something really good, for which you are willing to pay, and it generally takes three or four strong ef-

forts to obtain it-he will persist in showing you all the cheapest grades first. So tray after tray of common cheap seissors was displayed on the counter.

"Have you nothing better than these? I asked at last. "I am buying these scissors for Sheffield's sake, and I want a good pair."

Out came another case, still in no way fine goods. I had already looked five or six grades.

"If these are your best," I said, "I will look a little further on."

"Oh," said the shopman, "we have one more kind-very fine goods, indeed, the best in the shop, but they are quite expensive," and he took out a tray of really good scissors. I took up a pair to examine them, and read stamped on the blade, "Newark, New Jersey!" As I could not reconcile myself to take a pair of New Jersey scissors as a souvenir of Sheffield I was obliged to leave the disgusted shopman to lock up his precious scissors again, probably more than ever grounded in his belief that the high price of his goods was my reason for not purchasing."

A Midnight Wedding.

Justice Streng, of Hoboken, was awakened about midnight on Tuesday, and on going to the window saw a man and woman standing at the door. The man requested the Justice to come down stairs, as he had some urgent business on hand requiring immediate attention. On being admitted to the house the man introduced himself as William McManus and his companion as Miss Salome Deal, who, up to a few days ago, lived with her father, Stewart Deal, a wealthy resident of Seneca street, Buffalo.

The justice quickly learned that the couple had eloped and desired to get married. McManus was not at all reticient, but gave the justice a graphic history of the many thorns and obstacles which had beset their path. Miss Deal was petite, handsome, and evidently a young woman of culture and refinement. Her father's wealth and position enabled her to move in the best circles in Buffalo. McManus is the captain of a canal boat which navigates the Erie canal, between Buffalo and other points. He is a handsome, manly-looking fellow, bronzed by constant exposure to the

He and Miss Deal met by chance. It was a case of love at first sight. They met frequently until the young lady's father discovered their intimacy and became very angry. He warned his daughter never to see or speak to Mc-Manus again, and threatened to shoot McManus if he persisted in her attentions to her. The lovers managed to communicate with each other, and arranged a plan of elopement. McManus came to New York, and she followed him on the canal boat of a friend.

She arrived in New York Tuesday night last, and was immediately joined by McManus. Fearing that the New York police had been notified to look for the young lady, they decided to proceed at once to Hoboken and get married. Justice Streng performed the ceremony, and the happy couple took their departure for McManus' boat, on which they intend to live.

Had a New Idea.

Chicago has a wealthy citizen of very liberal disposition. Although belonging to no particular religious sect, he has always hitherto been found ready to contribute to the carrying out of spiritual schemes requiring money. Not long ago he happened to have a business transaction with one of the deacons of of a certain church, and the deacon got the best of him. A few days afterward the pastor of this same church called on the merchant for a subscription toward his schools, but to his surprise the usually amiable capitalist pushed the subscription book aside, with the abrupt remark, "Played out."

"Dear me," said the surprised parson, "I really counted on you, Mr. Kyou've always been so liberal that I was in hopes you would head the subscription list."

"I am done." said the merchant .-"I have changed my mind. I don't think half the people go to hell that ought to."

The small boy of Baltimore is notoriously inventive. One particular specimen is famous for several squares around his home. Not to mention such ordinary recreations as tying a bunch of tin cans to a dog's tail, he recently tied two cats together and hung them over a door bell knob of a wealthy citizen's residence.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. E. Pinkham, 237 Western Avenue, Mass., for pamphiets. 362t

Boils, Pimples on the face, salt rheum, old sores, and cutaneous erup-tions disappear like magic when "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher is used.

SUNDAY READING.

Afraid to Swear Alone.

The wicked practice of swearing, which is so common as to offend the ear in every hotel and on almost every street is often mere bravado. Boys think it seems manly to be profane, and men think it gives force and character to their sayings. Unlike most vices, it is done openly, and is intended by the swearer for other people's ears. It is a public sin against God and a public insult to all good men. The boldest blasphemers are often the greatest cowards.

"I will give you \$10," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village graveyard at 12 o'clock, tonight and swear the same oaths you have uttered, when you are alone with God."

" Agreed," said the man, " an easy way to make \$10."

Well come to-morrow and say you have done it and you shall have your money."

Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then came the gentleman's words to his mind. "Alone with God!" rang in his ears. He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place crying; "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Rest for the Weary.

What a strange thought! All this restless world is seeking rest. Those who drag their weary bodies home night after night, and fall down upon their restless beds worried with the anxieties and cares of business, are yet seeking rest. It is not found in poverty; perhaps it lurks under the rich man all the while that he lies groaning on his couch or stands with wrinkled brow perplexed with care. What is rest? It is the divine principle of peace within that comes from God. As well seek roses upon the pallid cheek of death as rest out of God. The needle rests not until it turns to the pole. If a little child is frightened at play it comes running into the house for its mother. She takes it to her bosom, presses klases upon its brow and while she sings some lullaby of love, all fear fades from the face and he sleeps in peace. God wants to fill a mother's place to all the world. If it be misfortune, or poverty or gloomy foreboding that makes one unhappy, God can give him rest and breathe a lullaby of love about his tempest tossed soul that will still its raging. Rest, peace, is a principle that lies within us and not without. Some possessing it have found a crowned head uneasy. O, that every anxious, longing heart would look away to Him who walketh among the golden lamps of heaven! "Take my yoke upon you, and ye shall find rest to your soul,"

Fretful People.

Some people are always fretting. It is a habit. They fret with equal facility about something and about nothing. A real cause or imaginary cause serves them equally well.

Such people make not only themselves but every one uncomfortable. Rain or shine, sunlight or darkness, health or sickness-it is all the same to them .-Nothing was ever, nothing ever will be, exactly right.

Now this habit of constant fretting must be guarded against. It is extremely disagreeable. One fretful person is enough to put a whole house out of sorts. And the habit is contagious. The influence of one fretful person is apt soon to be shown throughout a whole family.

It is a habit early acquired, but very difficult to guard against.

Fretful people indulge in the habit without being conscious of it themselves. If they could hear themselves as others hear them they would be surprised. They little dream of the discomfort they produce. One unhappy disposition is enough to blight the existence of all who dwell under the same roof.

Bad Habits.

It is easier to keep out of bad habits than it is to get out of them when you are once in. The first time you yield to temptation you become bound by a hair. After a while you are bound by a green withe and at last by a cable which no man can break. In Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild" we are told that on one occasion the great thief was playing cards with a celebrated Count who was a professional gambler. Such was the power of long continued habit that Wild could not keep his hands out of the pockets of the Count, although he knew they were empty; neither could the Count abstain from every once in a while palming a card, and so winning the game, though he was perfectly aware that Wild had no money with which to pay his bets.

If we are at peace with God and our own conscience, what enemy among men need we fear ?