

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 8.45, (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 5.30 p. m.

Leave 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.

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.

Leave Harrisburg for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 8.40, 9.35 a. m., and 2 p. m.; daily, except Saturday, at 6.30 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia at 7.45 p. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown at 5.30, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 8.05 p. m.

THE MANSION HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

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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 left; indeed, I might say the only spots in all Central Asia, except the great jungle of the Ill, two days' journey north of this.

So spoke Colonel Petroff (the Russian commandant of the little outpost of Tchinnaz, 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 face. "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.

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 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.

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, fluting himself defenseless, remained as still as a statue), was a complete puzzle to him.

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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.

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.

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 half-drowned 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.

An old clergyman of very mean habits got married when far advanced in life, to the great surprise of all his acquaintances, who wondered at such an act of extravagance.

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.

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 pamphlets.

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

forts to obtain it—he will persist in showing you all the cheapest grades first. So tray after tray of common cheap scissors 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."

"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!"

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.

The justice quickly learned that the couple had eloped and desired to get married. McManus was not at all reticent, but gave the justice a graphic history of the many thorns and obstacles which had beset their path.

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 McManus again, and threatened to shoot McManus if he persisted in her attentions to her.

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.

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.

"Dear me," said the surprised parson, "I really counted on you, Mr. K——; you'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.

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.

"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."

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.

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.

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.

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 habit. After a while you are bound by a green withe and at last by a cable which no man can break.

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