

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 via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 8:45, (Fast Exp.) 8:40 a. m. and 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 "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.

SUNDAYS: For New York, at 5:30 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 5:30 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1:45 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH. Leave Harrisburg for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 6:40, 9:35 a. m., and 3 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.

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

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 as usual my friends who stop with me that every exertion will be made to render their stay pleasant.

NATIONAL HOTEL, CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway), NEW YORK. HOCHKISS & POND, Proprietors.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, \$2 per day, \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK The great Eng. TRADE MARK. I have Remedy, an infallible cure for the seminal weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow, as a consequence of Self-abuse; or Loss of Memory, Unyielding Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Dizziness of Vision, Premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave.

HORSE BOOK. Send 25 cents in stamps or currency for a new HORSE BOOK. It treats all diseases, has 35 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, a table of doses, a large collection of valuable recipes.

AGENTS WANTED. ENCYCLOPEDIA. 50 to \$125 a Month. HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER. Law and forms for English and American. Selling fast. Low price. Great success. One agent sold 500 in one town, another 125 in 36 days, another 75 in 12 days. Saves ten times its cost, and everybody wants it. Send for circulars and terms. Also General Agents Wanted. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 1,600 Arch St., Phil'a., Pa. 1a 1y

GUIDE TO SUCCESS, WITH FORMS For Business and Society. It is by far the best Business and Social Guide and hand-book ever published. Much the latest. It tells both sexes completely how to do everything in the best way. How to be your own Lawyer. How to do Business Correctly and Successfully. How to act in Society and in every part of life, and contains a gold mine of varied information indispensable to all classes for constant reference.

AGENTS WANTED for all or spare time. To know why this book of real value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to H. B. SCAMMELL & CO., St. Louis, Missouri. We pay all freight. 32 cm

Story of My Courtship.

SHE was a pretty girl, was Jemima—Spettle—that's what I like—bright eyes, luxuriant locks—a white and pink complexion, plump and compact. She was always in good humor, and we soon became the very best of friends—nay, more—for who could help being affectionate toward her? Everybody loved her.

"DEAR JEMIMA—By the acceptance of this trifling gift let me know you accept the gift!" ALFRED BARNSTABLE DOUGHTY. I flattered myself it was rather a plucky thing to do, and it answered admirably.

Next time I saw her she was all of a glow, and when we were alone together, and I was standing rather near her, and said: "You received my humble offering," she burst into a flood of tears, put her arms round my neck, and spilt my shirt front.

"Have you asked pa?" Of course I responded I had not. "Then do at once," she said; "for, goodness gracious me, if he was to find us out in anything sly, and trying to keep it from him, it would be awful!"

"But, my dear Captain—" I ventured to expostulate. "Get off my doorstep!" "Let me speak for a moment to Jemima." "Get off my doorstep!" He accompanied this last instruction by a thrust which sent me staggering in to the street.

My affair with Jemima was at an end. The Captain would not listen to reason—that is, he would not listen to me. All the letters I wrote to Jemima were sent back to me. I grew weary, packed up and packed off with a letter of introduction to a firm in China. Well, the fortune was not so easy to make, but at the expiration of twenty years I began to think it sufficiently large to warrant my return to "the girl I left behind me."

Jemima, I understood lived in the old house, and was still single. So—full of emotion, all the tenderness for the dear girl I had left behind me rapidly reviving—off I went, carpet bag and everything, just as I was, to have the old vows renewed and sealed in the usual manner.

A maiden with a freckled face, much sunburnt, opened the door. Could I see Miss Wattleborough? The maiden did not reply, but leaving me where I was, retired to the remote back settlement. There I heard the following dialogue: "Missus!" "Well, what is it?" "Somebody wants you."

There was further talk in a smothered whisper and then the girl returned, and motioning me with her finger, said: "Come in here," and showed me into the parlor. The old parlor, just as I had left it, neat and trim, the old harpsichord, the old punchbowl; but some new things—a canary in a cage at the window, a black, long-legged cat encooned upon a chair.

The next minute a lady entered.—Could it be? No, impossible—this pale-faced, sober visaged lady with stiff curls, and no more figure than a clock case—could this be my Jemima? Where was the old lustre of the eyes—where the old bloom upon the cheeks—where the lips that were ruddier than the cherry?—She lifted up both hands when she saw me.

"We are both changed, Jemima." "You are very much altered," she said. "You are different," I responded. "Do you think so?" "Think so? Why Jemima, there can't be two opinions about it."

"Well, my dear?" "You have grown ridiculously stout, and you are bald-headed." "You are not stout my dear; but your hair is not what it used to be."

"You are not so very fat," she said laughing. "You are not so very lean," I said, laughing also. "You can wear a scalp," she said. "You can dye," I responded.

"So we both laughed again, and it was all settled. We were settled, and here we are out of the fog, and very much at your service—the happiest couple in our town.

A Queer Branch of Industry—How Jewelers are Robbed.

A TOLEDO paper says: The writer was talking to a detective a few days ago, on one of the principal streets when suddenly the conversation was interrupted by my companion exclaiming to a passer-by: "What! You here yet?"

"I'll leave in—in—ten minutes, Mr. Blank—so help me!" and the man expanded into blasphemous oaths, which are characteristic of his class. "Time is up," said the detective; "the next time I see you I will pinch you."

The man passed on. He was a little over medium height, low-browed, thick set, dark haired, wicked eyed, slightly marked with small-pox and had a scar on his face. His clothing was good; but he bore the unmistakable air of a thief and a ruffian. "Who is that?" was asked of the detective.

"Why, that is Irish Mike, alias Dayton Mike, alias, Frank Williams, alias George Williams—right name Mike Jennings, of Dayton, Ohio." "Who is he?" "Don't you know him? He is a penny-weighter. He had laid a plan with his moll to work the jewelry stores here. I tumbled on it—so I have blocked his game by ordering him to quit the town."

As the reputation of the great Mike was not recalled to the questioner by his name, so his business was not suggested by the term "penny-weighter." "What is a 'penny-weighter'?" was asked, with a feeling that his ignorance would not enhance the inquirer in the esteem of his detective friend. "Don't you know? Is it possible anybody don't know?" queried the detective.

out before them. She looks at them and keeps the attention of the seller. He gets one in his hand, pretends to blow his nose with his finger and thumb and then puts his hand into his pocket, pulls out his handkerchief and wipes his nose. Now when he pulls that handkerchief he drops what he has lifted into his pocket. That's penny-weighting.

"Sometimes he will go into a jewelry store and pretend to be a railroad man. Then he will pick out an article of jewelry, make an advance on it and have it kept until he calls again. He will sometimes make three or four payments, at as many different calls, and on each occasion he will lift something and generally gets the article he has paid for besides."

"But how can he do this? How can he fool the jeweler?" "That beats me," replied the detective. "In the first place you saw what a give-away his looks are. Then his moll is a bad woman. Any one can see it who looks at her. You'd think a jeweler would send for a policeman the moment such a pair enter his store; but he works the best stores. He has played his racket at Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Dayton, Cincinnati—everywhere—and on pretty sharp business men, too."

"Do you think he'll leave?" "Sure of it! He knows that every jewelry store in town is up to him now, and he can't do anything unless he comes down to clothes lines."

"But how does it pay?" "Well, as near as I can get at it, he lifted in Chicago alone in one year about \$5,000 worth. This he sold for fifty cents on the dollar. Of course he was pulled, and had expenses; but he gets a living out of it."

CAN'T TELL HOW FAR HE WILL JUMP.

A HARTFORD jeweler, says the Courant of that city, recently directed the attention of a friend to a rough appearing old farmer sauntering down Main street, and remarked: "I've been sold worse on that man than on any other in my whole business life."

The man fully three score years and ten, wore shabby pantaloons, rough cow hide boots, innocent of the slightest trace of blacking, a vest soiled in front and with the back partly in tatters; was in his shirt sleeves, without collar, and his head covered by a tile, fashionable many years ago.

"That was about his style," continued the merchant, "when he dropped in at my store one day during the war, and said he wanted to buy a watch.—Judging from his appearance that he meant something in the future, after the scarecrow season was over and he had drawn his money, I didn't bustle around very lively to make a trade. I thought a ten dollar silver watch would about close out his pile and shoved one across the counter to him. He merely glanced at it, and quietly asked, 'Don't you keep anything better?'"

This nettled me and for a bluff I hauled out an American watch, one of the costliest we had in the store, worth one hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold, and gold was worth somewhere about two hundred then. He examined it carefully, asked its price, and then to my amazement said, "That'll do." He dived down into his pantaloons pocket and after fishing out of the way a roll of greenbacks as big as your hat he hauled up a purse of gold, counted out the one hundred and seventy-five dollars, shoved the watch into his vest pocket and walked out. You may imagine that this excited my curiosity and after a while I ascertained who my strange customer was. He lived a few miles down the river and was worth enough to have bought out the whole establishment.—Since then I haven't tried any more bluffs on plainly dressed men. You can't always tell by a man's clothes what he's got down in his pockets any more than you can tell how far a toad will jump by looking at him."

A Waterbury family tried to evade the dog tax recently. The special officer to investigate the subject of dogs in that city suspected falsehood, so he sent his son to find out. The youth has remarkable powers as a mimic, and when he asked if they had any dogs and was answered with "No, sir," he imitated a dog so effectively as to start three dogs to barking in the cellar, where they were concealed. Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher."

SUNDAY READING.

Don't Fan Fire.

If you should come down stairs some day and see a smouldering fire just starting in one of your floors, stealthily stealing into your carpet, you would not be very likely to sit down beside it and fan it, much less would you run over to a neighbor's and have her bring the bellows to blow it up. Not if you were a woman in her right senses. You know quite well what speedy measures you would take to smother or quench it.

Dear young housekeepers, there are worse fires which start up silently in homes than were ever kindled by Lucifer matches. They begin small. Cross words usually start them, but how the fire spreads when once kindled, if only it gets a little fanning! One sure way to fan the blaze is to run over to a neighbor's and talk your trouble over. Tell just how unreasonable John is, and how little he sympathizes with your trials, and unless your friend is an uncommonly wise woman, you will go home more wretched than you came, and feeling harder than ever toward John. You have gained nothing, but you have furnished food for considerable scandal, for nothing travels faster than the ill news that "so and so don't get along well together." That which was only a transient flash of ill-temper has been blown into a conflagration that is likely to burn up your domestic happiness.

Some one says if there is ever anything for which we are thankful, it is for angry words not spoken. I would add for domestic skeletons we did not exhibit before the world. Better keep them locked up in their closet. They will not shock or harrow your sensibilities half so much there.

Only possess your soul in quietness, and the fire will die out. If your inmost consciousness tells you that you have the true and devoted love of your husband, you will not be much moved by little things. Tears and life's mutual joys and sorrows will draw all true hearts closer to one another, and the once vexatious things will seem like trifles, as you glance backward over them.

Something to Reflect Upon.

The liquor traffic imposes a tax of 33 per cent. on the people. The saloons outnumber all other kinds of business houses of any one class in the country. We pay about one-eighth as much for education as for rum; twice as much for intemperance as for the support of the Government. We waste over \$700,000,000 a year for the debasement of the intellect and the destruction of the body, and pay with reluctance less than \$100,000,000 for education and culture; then we throw over fifteen times as much into the seething cauldron of rum as we contribute annually to the cause of religion! Are not these startling statements? Do you comprehend the enormity of this national vice? With these facts before us is it strange that our measure of misery is full? This vast waste would provide a school-house, thoroughly appointed, for every fifty of our youth, and set teachers in the midst of them, of the highest possible culture. Aside from the lamentable havoc and waste caused by the use of rum, we are compelled to support courts and prisons and an army of official benefactors in the name of charity that would be almost wholly unnecessary were the people taught to shun rum as an enemy.

It is our manners that associate us. It will inevitably follow in the reconstruction of society that the intelligent will be attracted to the intelligent, the refined to the refined, the cultured to the cultured. Wealth has lost its prestige as a social divider, and now there is an opportunity for all, especially for the young, to secure their places and recognition in the good society of the future.

Spurgeon says, "he who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer."

No matter how purely and grandly we live to-day, there is no denying that we may live more purely, more grandly to-morrow.

In this great theatre of life it is permitted to God and the angels to be spectators, but all men must be actors. Four things that come not back—the broken arrow, the sped' arrow, the past life, and neglected opportunity.