

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 6.45, (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.

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 2 p. m. daily except Saturday and Sunday.

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.

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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.

"Then when she recovered a little (do you believe in Niobe? I don't) she said: "Have you asked pa?" Of course I responded I had not.

"No, Captain; I—I—I—I aspire to the honor of being your son-in-law!" The Captain looked me full in the face then said: "Have you money?" Of course I hadn't and he told me to go and get it before venturing to aspire to the hand of Jemima.

"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."

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?

"Alfred!" "Jemima!" We shook hands; after a moment's hesitation we went further—more in accordance with old times. My heart sank within me however, as I sat down opposite to her, and thought of what she was. She looked at me very steadily, and I thought I detected disappointment in her glance.

"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 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 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.

The latter looked at his questioner in pitying surprise and replied: "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."

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.

"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."

"Why do you let him go now?" "Because prevention is better than cure. If he is out of the town he cannot steal in it. He'll go to Chicago or Pittsburgh from here. They are his favorite working grounds; he'll get to work somewhere, but we will telegraph him ahead, so that he can't do much if the police choose to prevent him."

THE WRITER thanked the detective for his useful information concerning the mysteries of the glorious art of penny-weighting and left him a wiser man. 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."

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.

Remember that nothing helps along domestic troubles like talking over them; nothing smothers them like silence. A little patience and self-command and the flash lies down. And, oh, how glad you are that the fair fabric of your home happiness has not been consumed.

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.