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, 5.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," "6.40, (Fast Exp.) 8.65 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), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.90 p. m.

For Beading, at 5.15, 6.40 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.99 p. m.

For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.30 a. m.

For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

00 p. m. The 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have brough ears for New York, via Allentown.

SUNDAYS:
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 t

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. 2.130 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisourg, 1.30, 8.20 p. m., and 0.00p.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 Pottaville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Pottaville, 5.00, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., t.3c, 6.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkili and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m.

Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Allentown at 5.50, 9.03 a. m., 12.10, 4.50, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

eave New York, at 6 30 p. m. eave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m. eave Reading, at 7.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. eave Allentown, at 2.05 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, 5.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, at 4.45, 6.10 and 9.30 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Saturday and 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.

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DAVID E. FOUTS, Proprietor, BALTIMORS, Md.

For Sale by S. B. Smith, New Bloomfield Perry County, Pa. 4 19

An Excellent Fish Story.

THE New York Sun says that ex-Po-I lice Justice John Scott spends a few days every summer with his friend Fer-dinand LeClerc, in Milford, Pike county Pa. He returned to New York a few days ago from this season's visit, and as on other occasions, had some remarkable experiences to relate when he reached

"I don't think I can ever look at a mink muff again without shedding tears," says the Judge. "A party of us was camped twenty miles from Milford, in the wilderness. Our tent was pitched near a trout stream. We went for trout and woodcock. We had terribly bad luck, although some of the fellows with me were about the best sporting ducks in the country. One day I stayed in camp while the others went fishing and hunting. I was stretched out on the grass in front of the tent, when I saw an animal stick its head up out of the creek. It looked around cautiously and then crawled up the bank. It was a mink, and a steel trap was fast to one of its fore legs. I raised up and the mink dragged itself right towards me,-It stopped every few seconds, laid its head flat on the ground, and looked at me with the most pitiful look I ever saw. I first thought I'd shoot the animal, but I changed my mind as I wanted to know what its strange actions meant. The mink crept up to within two feet of me, and turning over on its back held up the paw that had the trap on it. There was no need of it saying a word if it could, for the action said as plain as words, "Please, now, take this trap off won't you?" You can bet that in less time than it takes to tell it, I had that mink free from its cruel incumbrance. Its eyes spoke volumes of thanks and it limped back to the creek and disappeared.

"The incident slipped my, mind in a short time. The boys came in late in the afternoon. They had about a dozen little trout and three woodcocks. There wasn't enough to make a smell in the frying-pan. We made up our minds all the trout we'd have for breakfast would be a hunk of salt pork. We turned in that night all in low spirits determined to go home the next day.

" I got up early in the morning to get a piece of sunrise in the mountain that I had read so much about. There was a big flat rock on the outside of the tent, near the entrance. When I stepped out and my eyes fell on the rock, I was startled and no mistake. The fact of the matter is, we were all afraid of rattlesnakes, and had with us a festive demijohn of Pike county antidote, which we had now and then tested, and when I saw on that rock as plain as day, a pile of the biggest trout I ever set my eyes on, I thought maybe my nerves were a little off. I went back and woke up Baltus Westbrook and asked him to come out and see if there wasn't a bear track along the edge of the creek .-Thinks I, if Baltus don't see them fish I strikes in for Milford and a doctor .-When Baltus stepped out of the tent the first thing he saw was the fish on the rock. He jumped about ten feet and fairly yelled:

"Trout, by the living Jingo! Where did you catch 'em judge?"

"I was saved, but where the trout came from was the mystery. I suggested Providence, but happened to remember the section of the country we were in, and knew that couldn't be. There wasn't one of the trout that weighed less than a pound. We didn't let our speculation as to the source of their supply interfere with our appetites, and there was no salt pork fried that morning. The episode raised our spirits and we concluded to stay another day. We had good luck gunning that day, and when we found another pile of big trout on the rock next morning we made up our minds that some bark peelers to whom we had given supplies a day or two before were repaying us with these delicious surprises. But I made up my mind that I would find out for certain. So that night after the rest had gone to sleep, I crawled up to the door of the hut and peered out. It was a bright moonlight night, and I could see almost as well as if it was day. About midnight, I saw something black emerge from the creek. It came stealthily towards the tent. It was a small animal. and as it came near the tent I saw it was a mink, and that it limped. In its mouth was a large trout, which it deposited on the rock and then limped back to the creek. Everything was as plain as double six to me now. The mink I had rescued from the trap was showing its gratitude by catching the largest trout it could find in the creek, and placing them at my disposal.

"I told the boys the next morning .-Baltus Westbrook thought it was very kind of the mink. Sheriff Ridgeway said that it was no more than the mink ought to do, and that if it had done anything less he would have had a very poor opinion of it.

"That day we concluded to break

camp and go home. One of the party had taken a young dog out with him to give him some training on woodcock .--At the first fire of the gun the dog had made for another part of the country, and we never saw or heard of him again. When we packed up our things we couldn't find the dog's chain and collar it was fastened to, and we started without it. I was walking out of the woods behind the wagon. We hadn't got more than a hundred yards away from camp when I heard a noise behind me. I looked back. There was that mink limping at my heels. He had the collar about his neck, and when I turned around, he raised up on his hind feet and held the chain up to me with his fore paws. That mink was so blame grateful to me that he wanted me to take him home with me. It touched me to the heart. I took him in, but poor fellow, the trap had injured him so badly that he dled of lock-jaw."

CHILDREN WHO LEARNED A LESSON.

CHILDREN who try to set themselves up against a stepmother sometimes get a set back that they deserve, and which ought to be of use as a lesson to others.

In New York, two years ago there died Danied Berrien, who had accumulated a little fortune at his trade of brush-making. Having been a widower for some years with two children, be married again-a step that the young Berriens resented as an injury to themselves. They made it so warm for the stepmother that their father turned them out of his house-a proceeding that so astonished them that they instituted legal proceedings to be reinstateda ridiculous measure that resulted in failure, and in the grave displeasure of their father. After the demise of the second spouse, Berrien made his home with the family of Mrs. Steele, on Staten Island. There he died, and left all his money (thirty thousand dollars) to the Steele children, who were not of his kin. The young Berriens were furious over this disposition of their father's funds, and entered upon a contest of his will, which ended lately by the bequest being decided legal and binding. The main point made by the Berriens was that their father was of intemperate habits, and that his indulgence in spirituous liquors incapacitated him from making a will. Surrogate Calvin overruled this objection in his decision, saying: "Drunkenness does not of necessity invalidate a will. The mere fact that a man is a habitual drunkard, and non compos in his drunken fits, is not enough to set aside a will executed in his sober intervals. Taking the entire testimony as to his conduct and conversation when sober, about the time of the execution of the will, I am of the opinion that the instrument was duly executed according to the requirements of the statutes of this State for the testamentary disposition of real and personal property by the decedent when he was of sound and disposing mind and free from restraint, and that the same should be admitted to probate." So the Ber-riens find that there father is their master even in his grave.

" LEFT OVER."

About midnight, a short time since, a Detroit policeman discovered a female seated in a dark hall-way and apparently fast asleep. It was not until he took hold of her arm that she suddenly put her right foot against his body and sent him down three steps and out the doorway, followed by the remark :

"Young man don't you come spooking around here unless you want to lose

"Who are you?" inquired the officer as he cautiously advanced again.

"You go 'long sir !" she replied. He was several minutes assurring her of his official position and his desire to be of any service to her and when her

mind was easy on that she explained: "I come down here from Canada on an excursion and I got left over."

"How long have you been here on the stairs ?"

"About an hour, I guess."

"And will you go to a hotel?" "Naw!" she replied, in in tones of disgust. "I'm going to slummix around here till daylight, and then I'm going to cross on the boat. You don't catch me paying out no money at a hotel."

"Don't you feel afraid ?"

"I rather think I don't," she replies, as she rose up and showed a figure about five feet ten in height and weighing about 160 pounds. "It's kind 'o dark and purty dusty in here and there is a good many rats running around but if you hear screams for help 'twixt now and daybreak you may reckon that some fool of a man has come along and sassed me and that I have lit down on

in !"

"Well, I guess you'll get along."

"You bet I will! I can whistle some and sing purty well, but if I had a mouth-organ and a hunk of gum I might feel more lively. Never mind, though. "Tain't over four hours to daylight, and I am used to sitting up all night!"

SUNDAY READING.

It is not My Business.

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to ald in a series of temperance meetings, but he scornfully refused.—After being further pressed he said:

" Gentlemen, it is not my business." A few days after his wife and two daughters were coming home on the lightning express. In his grand carriage, with liveried attendants, he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business, and planning for the morrow. Hark ! did some one say " Accident ?" There are twenty-five railroads centering in St. Louis. If there has been an accident, it is not likely it has happened on the --- and Mississippi Railroad. Yet it troubles him. "It is his business" now. The horses are stopped on the instant, and upon inquiry he finds that it has occurred twenty-five miles distant, on the - and Mississippl. Hetelegraphs to the superintendent:

"I will give you five hundred dollars for an extra engine."

The answer flashes back-" No."

"I will give you one thousand dollars for an engine. "A train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward, and we have

no other." With white face and anxious brow, the man paced the station to and fro.-"It is his business" now. In a half hour, perhaps, which seemed to him a half century, the train arrived. He hurried toward it, and in the tender found the mangled and lifeless forms of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following lay his other daughter with her dainty ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whiskey, which was drank fifty miles away by a railroad employee, was the cause of the catastro-

Who dare say of this tremendous question, "It is not my business." An Heir Rejoicing Over the Value of His In-heritance.

The pathos and deep humor of the colored man has been repeatedly embellished in anecdote and incident of real life but the following, as an incident which occured on East Third street, several days ago, is one of the best of its kind we have ever heard, as an incident in the colored man's characteristics : A well-known colored man who lives on Third street east of Chestnut, was walking leisurely towards Market street, when he met a neighbor, a well-known coachmaker, with whom he has been on friendly terms for many years. The colored man approached his white neighbor with his usual bland and happy manner, somewhat heightened in glow when he was accosted with, "Why, neighbor, you look unusually happy this morning. What has happened to please you so much ?"

"Oh !" exclaimed the colored man, "I am an heir. My elder brother died and made me his heir-he gave me a large, good house-all ready for me to move in. And I am so happy! Glory! glory !! glory !! !" burst out the speaker rubbing his hands in great glee.

" I congratulate you on your good fortune. It will do you good in your old age," said the white man.

" In very old age-very old age," said the colored man musingly-and then bursting out into another pathetle flow of feeling, he said, "Bless you neighbor it will make me young again-it will make a new man of me-it will give better clothes and purer victuals than I ever eat."

"When did your brother die? I never knew you had one -I thought you were alone in the world."

"So I am alone in the world, but when I go to my closet I am not alone. There I have sweet company. But I have a brother. He died on the cross eighteen hundred years ago, and when he died he willed me a mansion in the skies. Jesus Christ-my elder brother - my sweet brother-the Saviour of the world left me a home in his will! Glory! Hallelojah! I am rich-rich as a kingand I shall sit down on the same throne with my elder brother. Think of that, neighbor. 'Aint I an heir ?" and the old colored man, with a light in his eye and elasticity in his step, waved his hat to his neighbor as he passed up Third street singing, "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies," &c.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything that sounds gloomy.

Good nature extracts sweetness from everything with which it comes in contact, as the bee extracts honey from every flower which it visits.

We all dread a bodily paralysis and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it; but few of us are troubled about a paralysis of the soul.