

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

MAY 10th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:

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, at 6.45, (Fast Exp.) 8.05 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 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 6.40 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 5.05 p. m. For Pottsville, at 6.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 1.00 p. m. The 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York, via Allentown.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.30 p. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 5.30 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 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, 5.30 p. m., and 9.00 p. m. Through car, New York to Harrisburg. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 6.50 (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., 1.30, 4.15, 7.45 and 10.25 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Allentown at 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 1.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 9.05 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 Sunday, at 7.50, 10.00 a. m., and 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 6.10, 8.30, 9.50 p. m.

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

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Caught in His Own Trap.

"IT'S a plain case," Mr. Grimgrin said. Against whom would there not have been a plain case, Mr. Grimgrin judging?

"No doubt he is guilty; but what are the facts?" inquired Miss Thugge, in whose theory of justice striking came before hearing.

"They are very simple," Mr. Grimgrin answered; "presented an altered check at the Oxide bank this morning, in jail for forgery this evening."

"But there may be some explanation," timidly remarked a young lady, at whose simplicity Mr. Grimgrin smiled and Miss Thugge sniffed.

"He should have made it at once, then," said Mr. Grimgrin, "instead of standing dumb before his accusers.—After all, explanations don't go for much in such cases."

"Poor Edith!—it will break her heart," the young lady could not help adding. "Poor!" said Mr. Grimgrin; "as you will find out some day, heart-breaking is only a figure of speech."

Leaving the rest of Miss Thugge's party to laugh and the young lady to blush at Mr. Grimgrin's sententious observation, let us go back a step.

Ernest Jasper, whose arrest for forgery was just now the subject for conversation, had hitherto borne an unblemished character. He and his brother George out of moderate salaries, after supporting their widowed mother managed to lay up something every year, and each was looking to a happy time—not far distant, he hoped—when certain tender engagements would no longer need be deferred.

The course of truthful love never ran smoother than in the case of Ernest Jasper and Edith Wade. Too trusting to allow mischief to be made between themselves, what could disturb the even tenor of two such lives as that?

George Jasper was of a different temper from his brother. With a heart true he was more impulsive and passionate. It is such men that are easily incited to jealousy, and act rashly under it.

When George and Mildred Heath plighted their troth, they would have staked their lives on each other's loyalty.

But evil tongues came between them. Stories which should have been scorned—and were so at the first—in time began to be listened to. Then came quarrels and reconciliations, time and again repeated, and at last it was insinuated to George that he had a rival in his love.

He demanded an explanation in a tone so imperious that Mildred's pride took offence, and she answered it with silence.

They parted in anger, and George's visits ceased.

A few days later a cool note from Mildred informed him that it was all over between them. In his bitterest moments he had not counted on this. It came upon him like a thunder clap. His first impulse was to fly from the scene of his misery—whither he cared not—the further the better.

A letter received through the post-office, announced to Ernest his brother's departure.

"Leaving on you," the letter went on "the burden of your mother's support, I enclose you my employer's, Mr. Winter's check for all my savings over the necessary expenses of my journey. I cannot tell you where I am going for I do not know. To you and our mother—the only ones to whom I have the right to offer it—I leave you my fondest love. Farewell."

It was the check thus enclosed which on being presented by Ernest, was ascertained to have been altered to a larger amount.

On being questioned, Ernest offered no explanation. Instantly it flashed upon him that he could not speak without compromising his brother, and his silence was construed as a confession of his guilt. He was at once arrested and committed for trial.

Silas Grimgrin was a post office clerk, moral beyond his years, and with a conscience tenderly alive with the sins of others. We have already seen how little lenity poor Ernest received at his hand.

Mr. Grimgrin had just returned from Miss Thugge's party, and in his bachelor apartment, was regaling himself with a cigar and divers reflections on the vanity of human wishes, when a knock announced a visitor.

"Come in," said Silas, glancing over his shoulder.

Stooping to clear the door way, a young man entered, a fellow clerk with Silas, at least six feet two inches in height, with a good natured, but not particularly bright looking countenance.

"Good evening, Mr. Grimgrin."

"Good evening, Bounce," said Silas.

"Pray, lower yourself on the sofa there, for your head must be dizzy at that height."

Mr. Bounce smiled at the joke; it was an old acquaintance.

"What do you think of Jasper's case?" he inquired after a pause. "There can be, but one opinion," Silas answered.

"I have mine at least," said the other.

"And what is it pray?"

"That he's not guilty."

"Then who is?" asked Silas sharply. "You!" retorted Bounce, planting himself before the door, and displaying a badge, at the sight of which Silas trembled.

"What proof have you for such an accusation?" said Silas recovering his presence of mind with an effort.

"Ample," replied the other. "Numerous speculations in the office here, induced the authorities to place it under surveillance; and, for a month past I have occupied the post of detective under the guise of a clerk. Two days ago, unobserved, as you thought, you abstracted a letter directed to Ernest Jasper. Next day you returned it. An examination which, as well as you, know how to make, proved that it contained a check—the same—for by a process of my own I was able to read its contents—to-day presented at the bank by Jasper, and now in my possession."

"But all that," argued Silas, "does not prove that I either opened the letter or altered the check."

"As to the question of a letter's having been opened," said the detective, "an expert is not easily deceived. As to the alteration of the check, Mr. Winter, the drawer, is made to swear that George Jasper inclosed it unaltered in his presence, and left the letter with him to mail, and I can swear that when it came to the hands of Ernest Jasper the check was in its present state."

Silas Grimgrin stood mute and sullen. "There is another charge against you," resumed the detective. Silas started.

"To-day you opened a decoy letter containing money."

The guilty man made a movement as if to escape, but the towering form of the detective blocked his way. In an instant the snap of the handcuffs on his wrists was heard, and a brief search brought to light the identical bill that was taken from the decoy letter.

The poor wretch's courage failed, and he confessed all. He had stolen George Jasper's letter, not as he had others, for gain's sake, but to subvert another purpose. He too, loved Mildred Heath, and had been mainly instrumental in breeding difficulties between her and her betrothed.

To fix upon his rival the stigma of an infamous crime, seemed a sure way to secure the field permanently to himself.

The fraternal devotion which prompted Ernest Jasper to sacrifice his own to his brother's reputation, was something a nature like Silas Grimgrin's was alike incapable of understanding or foreseeing.

The widow Jasper, Edith and Mildred were all weeping tears of joy over Ernest just released from prison when George burst in among them.

"What, you here, Ernest?" he exclaimed. "I saw your arrest announced in the papers, and hurried back at once."

A word explained all.

And then George met Mildred's eyes looking so tearfully and loving at him that forgetting all, he was about clasping her in his arms.

"But that letter," he said drawing back with sudden constraint.

"What letter?"

"The one in which you declared all was over between us."

Mildred's surprise was sufficient answer.

"Then that was another of Silas Grimgrin's forgeries!" cried George guessing the truth.

Two happy weddings speedily followed.

We are pleased to be able to add, that as a husband George Jasper isn't a bit jealous.

THEY ARE FOUND WHEN NEEDED.

COMING events cast their shadows before. That depends on the way the sun shines. The shadows of the present events may sometimes be found in the past. As long ago as the reign of Charles V. a man by the name of Biaseo De Guerere, in the presence of the royal household, propelled a vessel of two hundred tons by steam, near Barcelona. It was a wonderful success, the steamer made admirable time, and after the experiment was over she was hauled upon the shore to decay.

Our readers may have heard of the wild enthusiast who rushed about Europe more than two hundred years ago, proclaiming that he had invented a steam engine that would be the making of any nation that would adopt it; and who, by the order of Cardinal Richelieu, was committed to a mad house in France, where he died.

As long ago as 1617 the theory of the

magnetic telegraph was projected, and in a rude way it was actually tested in 1795; and there the matter slumbered until the present generation.

There was a workman in one of the mining districts of England, during the last century, who discovered a hole in the ground from which streams of inflammable gas issued. Being a shrewd and thoughtful man, he fitted a pipe to a bladder, filled it with gas, and on dark nights used it as a lantern to light himself home—those who happened to meet him looked on him with affright, as a wizard.

The old Arabs found their way about the desert by means of a magnetic needle, which they fastened to a bit of cork and floated on the water, ages before the mariner's compass was thought of.

The ancient Egyptians had wooden railways, on which they transported the huge blocks of stone used in building—a few thousand men being harnessed to the train in place of a locomotive.

Why did all these things come to nothing and die out? Simply because the world was not ready for them.—There is a time and a season for every thing under heaven. Of what use would the printing press have been where there were but few persons who could read, and fewer still could write anything worth reading? What need was there for locomotives and steamboats, and Pullman cars, when men and women preferred to stay at home and sleep in their own beds? What call was there for revolvers and breech-loaders, when the surplus population was swept of the world in other ways so much more convenient and economical?

But when the time comes that anything is actually needed—and here we see the clear token of an overruling Providence—then it is sure to appear.

The period had arrived when it began to be a serious question how much longer the American forests would be able to supply the increasing demand for fuel, consequent upon the new industries and modes of travel coming into use.—On a winter's day a man is traveling on horseback through Lehigh county in Pennsylvania. A tornado had recently uprooted some of the large trees in the vicinity of his path, and near the base of one of the prostrate trunks he sees the fragments of a black, shiny substance, made conspicuous by the surrounding snow. He puts a few of these in his pocket, takes them home, and finds them inflammable. The time had come when anthracite coal was needed, and this was the way in which it was found.

Again, the whales were giving out, lard oil was getting to be expensive, patent fluids were blowing people up too rapidly, and the residents in the rural districts were beginning to fear that they might be obliged to give up work and play, and go to bed at "early candle light." But as it has been discovered the inexhaustible stores of carbon were hidden away in the bosom of the earth, waiting the necessity of man, it was thought probable from certain symptoms which appeared upon the surface, that there might be great tanks of oil concealed in the same dark cellar. A gimlet is inserted in the crust of the earth, and petroleum rushes forth almost as abundant as water.

Catching Snakes for a Livelihood.

THERE resides at Basket Station, Pa., a celebrated hunter, trapper, and snaketamer, by the name of John Geer. He is married, and has a family of children. During the winter months Geer earns a living for his family by hunting birds and trapping foxes, bears and other animals, for which this region is noted. His summers are spent in catching rattle-snakes, which are very numerous in the mountains around Basket.—Geer knows where there are several rattlesnake dens, and he frequently visits them with as much unconcern as though he were going on a whortleberry expedition. He has a dog that usually accompanies him to the mountains when on a rattlesnake hunt, which, by long practice, has acquired as great skill in dispatching the reptiles as the hunter and trapper himself. While hunting and trapping pays, Geer says he can make far more money by killing rattlesnakes and selling the oil. He always carries a crocheted stick. When he comes upon a snake, he carefully places the croch over the reptile's neck, just back of the head. Then, if he desires to keep the snake alive, he removes the poison by the aid of instruments made for the purpose. But he seldom keeps the snakes alive, but kills them, and has a regular process for extracting the oil from their bodies. This oil is very valuable, and sells readily for one dollar per ounce. It is said to have great curative powers. Geer says the present has been an exceedingly good year for snakes, and that he has killed nearly a hundred during the past three months. He claims that he can make a good living at the snake business. He is not afraid of the reptiles, and asserts that he can cure their bites without fail.

SUNDAY READING.

What Has It Done for You.

After a noted skeptic had concluded one of his infidel lectures in a village in the north of England, he challenged those present to discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in most antiquated attire, who went up to him and said:

"Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, and what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said: "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am tottering to my grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in Heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but—"

"Oh! that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavored to shrink the matter again; the feeling of the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and the skeptic had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

Let us change the picture. The mother of Hume, the infidel philosopher, was once a professor of Christianity. Dazzled by the genius of her son, she apostatized from her early faith, and followed him into the mazes of skepticism.—Years passed and she drew near the gates of death, and from her dying bed wrote to him the following pathetic letter:

"MY DEAR SON:—My health has failed me. I am in a deep decline. I can not long survive.

"My philosophy affords me no comfort in my distress. I am left without the hopes and consolations of religion, and my mind is sinking into a state of despair.

"You can afford me some substitute for the loss of the hopes of religion. I pray you hasten home to console me, or, at least write to me the consolations that philosophy affords at the dying hour."

Such are the straits into which infidelity leads its votaries. To them death is at best but a leap into the dark, and they shrink with fear lest it be a leap into "the blackness of darkness forever and ever."

Character.

Character is the estimation or worth in which one is held; or simply the sum of our actions, words and deeds.—Therefore, forming our character should be the first and most essential art that we study. Although perfection has never been attained, it may like other arts be so thoroughly studied that the eye of man cannot rightly detect but few imperfections.

In the choice of our friends we in some measure, form our character, for we are likely to be influenced by the character of those whom we choose for our friends. The person who possesses a true and noble character has won many victories; has many pleasures and advantages that one of a bad and unfriendly character never realizes or enjoys.

By strangers our character can be read in our countenances, especially by those who study that art, because there is not a thought, word or deed that does not leave its autograph on the human countenance.

It has been truly said that "what we do not do is more often a better index of character than what we do." Who of us will acknowledge that we could not possibly have formed a better character.

Sin and Sorrow.

God has linked sin with sorrow. Men join sin with pleasure, but the pleasure passes and the woe remains. Men strive to make a life of sin a life of joy, but they never succeed. Eventually there comes the day of grief. The cup which fills the brain with intoxication and delirious gladness, at the last bitteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—The wild delights of unholy passion give place to that mourning which comes at last when wasting and disease have taken the place of health and merriment.

Always this prospect of pain, regret, and misery lies before the sinner in his downward path. Sooner or later he will lament his course. Sooner or later his pleasures will turn to pains, and he will curse the day in which he yielded to their charms. How much better to turn while it is to-day, and escape the grief which clouds the sinner's journey and the perdition that awaits him at the end. Wisdom's ways are pleasantness. Even if the road seem thorny, yet it leads us home, and we can bear to tread a weary road if it only brings us to the goodly land.

Let right doing, for the sake of right, be your daily work. Scatter your kindness like seeds in the furrows of the earth to fructify and to blossom, to exhale their sweet perfume for all. Spread your holy influence for good, far and wide, like bread cast upon the face of the water, and be assured, if not now and here, your recompense will be meted out to you in the hereafter. God sees.—God knows. The blessing will be yours; after many days will thou find it.