

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 1.40 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp) 8.55, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS: For New York, at 5.20 p. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave 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., 1.20 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 5.20 p. m., and 9.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 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 8.30 p. m.

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

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Helen's Story.

IT WAS with a throbbing heart that Helen Darrell took a little roll of manuscript in her hand, over which she had wept and dreamed and smiled with all the fond enthusiasm of a born genius and walking up to the "Langham Hotel," where Miss Caroline Vane was staying.

Miss Vane was an authoress—thirty years of age, with high complexion and snapping black eyes.

"Ah!" said Miss Vane graciously—she was sitting at a table with a handsome inkstand before her, a pile of books and papers gracefully scattered around, and a bouquet of flowers close by—"you are the teacher in the dear little rustic school house in my last novel. I'll send you a copy when it's printed, if you like."

"Oh, thank you," said Helen, coloring and faltering. "But I have come to ask a very, very great favor of you Miss Vane."

Helen's cheeks grew red as she hesitatingly produced her roll of manuscript.

"It is this," she faltered. "I—would you—I know it must seem presumptuous—but I have written a story, and—" "Oh!" said Miss Vane. "Exactly. And you wish me to read it?"

"To read it," said Helen Darrell, "and if possible, to assist me to some probable channel of publication."

"That's not so easy," said Miss Vane, frigidly. "However, since you have brought it here, you may leave it. I will glance over it when I find time, and if it seems suitable send it to some periodical."

Helen Darrell waited and waited, but no word came from the brilliant authoress at the hotel. But at length, one evening, she met her walking in the quiet Hornsey lanes, with a tall, handsome gentleman sauntering at her side.

"Miss Vane," said she breathlessly, while the color went and came fitfully in her cheeks. "Pray excuse me for interrupting you but did you send that story?"

"Of course I did," said Caroline impatiently. "Didn't I promise you I would?"

"Yes I know; but—was it published?" "Respectfully declined," said Miss Vane, shrugging her shoulders. "I told you so."

Poor Helen shrank and paled as Miss Vane turned away; nor did she venture to ask any further questions. She merely turned away and glided into the leafy umbrage like a vanishing Dryad.

"A pretty face that," said the gentleman. "Who is she?"

"Oh, a little country protegee of mine," said Caroline with unblushing effrontery. "Now come on, or we shall be too late for the little cascade in the woods, Mr. Morton."

But Mr. Morton somehow seemed to have lost all his interest in cascades and woodland rambles. He declared himself tired out, melted with heat, tormented by gnats. Caroline Vane could not comprehend him at all.

"Pardon me—but cannot I do something to help assuage this grief?"

Helen Darrell started up from the fallen tree, close to which she had been crouching, her tear-stained cheeks the color of scarlet, and her eyes shining like those of a startled deer, as she recognized the gentleman that she had seen an hour ago with Miss Vane.

Helen was young and heart-sick; Mr. Morton was gentle and kindly, and sympathetic, and in five minutes she had impulsively confessed all her troubles.

"I knew it was a silly story," she faltered, "but—" "Are you quite sure of that?" playfully demanded Mr. Morton. "Perhaps I should be a better judge of that than you yourself. Do you know that I belong to the fraternity of editors?"

"You, sir?" "He drew a magazine from his pocket. "If you do not believe me, Miss Darrell, look at this."

And he pointed to the name "Edwin Ellery Morton" on the corner.

"Your friend, Miss Vane, writes for us," he said. "There is a story of hers in this month's number—a story that has created quite a sensation in reading circles. Look!"

"The color vanished from Helen's cheeks as she read in printed characters the name of the very story she herself had dreamed out in wooded solitudes and along the sunset glen.

"The Pearl of Penrhyn!" she gasped. "Oh, Mr. Morton, I wrote that! It is the story I gave her—the story she told me was declined!"

He looked intently at her, without speaking.

"Can you prove this, Miss Darrell?" he asked.

"I can show you the original manuscript in my possession at home." When Miss Vane saw Mr. Morton next, he walked quietly up to her.

"That was an awkward mistake of yours, Miss Vane." "What mistake?" Caroline asked, sweetly.

"The confounding Miss Darrell's very excellent manuscript with your own productions. You see, I know all. It was Helen Darrell, not yourself, that wrote 'The Pearl of Penrhyn.'"

And Caroline deep blush spoke the confession her lips were unwilling to frame.

Miss Vane was a shallow false-natured person, but her heart, what little there was of it, was given to Edwin Morton, and this sudden blighting of all her hopes was bitterness indeed. And she had to thank that pink-cheeked, dewy-eyed Helen Darrell for it all.

"I wish I had never seen her, or her trashy story," she sobbed when left once more to her own reflections.

"You must write another story, Miss Darrell," said the editor. Helen wrote it; and about three months later, Helen astonished her grandmother Darrell by telling her she was to be married to Edwin Morton.

"And all this comes o' story writin'," said the old lady meditatively.

But then all "contributors" are not beauties, and all editors are not young, good looking and unmarried.

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SCHNEIDENBACK, who runs the principal grocery in our village, has been without a young man for three weeks, Nicholas Schneider, the pride of his establishment, has been confined to his room in consequence of an accident to that portion of his torso which brave men never turn to their foes. It came about in this way:

Nicholas fell in love with Lavinia, the bouncing daughter of old 'Squire Lane. True love, as usual, traveled along a curdery road. 'Squire Lane threatened to give an exhibition of his personal disapproval from the muzzle of a breech-loader, if he ever found the grocer's man skulking around his premises.—Consequently, it was necessary to pay surreptitious sacrifice to Cupid. On the fatal night Lavinia had admitted her lover through the drawing-room window. It was close upon midnight. Old 'Squire Lane was asleep, and the trumpeting of his nasal serenade reached the lovers as they sat at the open window breathing the balm of the night.

Lavinia is a charming young lady in full perfection of her physical well-being. As he sat beside her at the window the heart of Nicholas Schneider was stirred to its profoundest depths.—Her pearly teeth were shining in the darkness. He was conscious from former experience that the lips that fringed those teeth possessed such fragrant and delicious ripeness as the South wind bears away from a rose garden. More than likely he tasted the notforbidden fruit. He asked Lavinia to sit on his knee. She liked to sit there. She had tried the seat before. She sprang upon his knee with a playful bang, forgetting in the gush of the moment that her lover's chair was rheumatic and spavined in one of its legs. Of course she had no suspicion that her lover had a box of parlor matches in his pistol pocket.—There was a crack and a crash as the one hundred and fifty pounds avordupois bore him and the chair to the floor. She laughed and he giggled. The next instant there was a sudden hiss right under Nicholas.

"For the land's sake!" cried Lavinia "we have squashed the cat!"

The hissing was followed by a regular Fourth of July fluffing and spitting.

"Sufferin' man!" roared Nicholas, bounding up like a lump of India rubber; "I'm afire!"

As he pranced around the room, he left on the floor a train of burning lucifer matches and ignited fragments of cloth from the rear of his pantaloons.

"Fire! fire!" screamed Lavinia. "My darling—holy Jerusalem! You will wake the old man!" gasped Nicholas, as he rubbed his rear with the table-cloth.

The warning came too late. The old 'Squire's foot was heard descending the stairs. As he reached the door he beheld the skirts of the lover's burning garment leaving the window. He grasped his gun. The trail of fire was dancing across the field like a will-o'-the-wisp. He took a rapid, and, alas! an accurate aim. A wild and fearful yell pierced the midnight silence. The last spark of fire was extinguished. The young grocer went home with a conviction that his hips resembled an over-griddled steak. His landlady wrapped him in a sheet saturated with oil, and then dusted him over with molasses and flour.

He says he will never visit Lavinia again, for during his three weeks of suffering his views on matrimony have undergone a change. No woman, he believes, is worth the double sacrifice of being burnt first and then shot on the raw afterwards. As for poor Lavinia, she is said to be "pining away like a poisoned bed-bug."

The envious man is tormented not only by all the ills that befall himself but by all the good that happens to another. He is made gloomy not only by his own cloud, but by another's sunshine.

SUNDAY READING. SPLICING THE LADDER.

One night the large and splendid Sallors' Home in Liverpool, was on fire, and a vast multitude of people gathered to witness the conflagration. The fury of the flames could not be checked. It was supposed that all the inmates had left the burning building. Presently, however, two poor fellows were seen stretching their arms from an upper window, and were shouting for help. What could be done to save them.

A stout marine from a man-of-war lying in the river said, "give me a long ladder and I will try it."

He mounted the ladder. It was too short to reach the window. "Pass me up a short ladder!" he shouted.

It was done. Even that did not reach to the arms stretched frantically out of the window. The brave marine was not to be balked. He lifted the short ladder upon his own shoulders, and holding on by a casement, he brought the upper rounds within reach of the two men, who were already scorched by the flames.

Out of the window they clambered, and creeping down over the short ladder and then over the sturdy marine they reached the pavement amid the loud hurrahs of the multitude.

It was a noble deed, and teaches a noble lesson. It teaches us that when we want to do good service to others we must add our own length to the length of the ladder.

Harry Norton saw that his fellow clerk, Warren Proctor, was becoming a hard smoker and hard drinker, although he was only sixteen years old. When he urged him to stop smoking and drinking Warren replied:

"Why you at times take a cigar and a glass of wine yourself."

"If you will sign a pledge never to smoke a cigar or touch a drop of liquor I will do the same."

The bargain was made, and Harry saved his friend by adding the length of his own example to the length of the ladder.

A widow lady near me was suffering from sickness and poverty. Her daughter, a delicate refined girl, said to herself, "My mother must be taken care of; I'll advertise for a place as a servant girl."

She did so. A rich man saw the advertisement, and determining that the young girl should not undertake that, he procured her a situation as secretary in an institution, where she gets six hundred a year. An unselfish daughter thus brought relief to a suffering mother. She spliced the ladder with her own self-denying exertions.

It is a noble thing to be unselfish, and give up gratifications for the sake of other people. When the great Christian sage of old said, "It is right not to drink wine by which my brother stumbles," he added the length of his own influence to the ladder for saving others from drunkenness.

I could tell of two Christian lads, well educated and refined, who go every Sunday to mission school, in a dirty degraded street, that they may encourage some poor ragged boys to go there too. These two boys have the spirit of Jesus Christ. They are not selfish; and they mean that the poor, ignorant lads shall climb up in the world over them.

That is the way to imitate the divine Master, who gave himself that men might climb out of the folly and degradation of sin into heaven itself.

A Boy's Manly Answer.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much; you never can do much business, you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them: "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what's that?" said they. "I don't know as I ought to tell you" he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

Death is not the cruel monster that we deem him. He is one of God's brightest angels, sent from heaven to bring home some loved one of earth.—So bright are his robes that their glare would blind us were they not covered with a sable mantle.

Vice is very prolific. Vice hates to be alone, and must have company.—He who tells one lie is sure to tell another to cover up the first, and a third to cover up the other two. After that he becomes accustomed to it, and stops counting.