

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 5.40, (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, 8.05 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, (through car), 9.30 a. m., and 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 8.05 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.30 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 5.00 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.30 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 5.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.30 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 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 5.20 a. m.
For Allentown and Way Stations, at 5.20 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 3.30 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, 1.55, 8.20 p. m., and 9.00 p. 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 Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.00 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, 7.45 and 10.25 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m.
Leave Allentown, at 5.20, 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 7.45 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 7.55 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 7.00, 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, 9.00 p. m.

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O. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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Select Poetry.

WOULD SHE SUIT YOU?

There's just one thing a man can have
In all this world of woe and strife,
That makes the business not too bad,
And that one thing's an easy wife.
Dost fancy that I love my girl
For rosy cheeks or raven hair?
She holds my heart because she laughs—
Because she laughs, and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,
And find them where I put them too;
That is a thing, you must allow,
A chap can very seldom do.
I leave my papers on my desk;
She never dusts them in a heap,
Or takes to light the kitchen stove
The very one I want to keep.

On winter nights my cosy dame
Will warm her toes before the fire;
She never scolds about the lamp,
Or wants the wick a trifle higher.
On Sundays she is not so fine
But what her ruffles I can hug;
I light my pipe just where I please,
And spill the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"—
A thing some women vilely plan
To worry servants half to death;
And spoil the temper of a man.
She lets me sleep to any hour,
Nor raises any horrid din
If it just happens, now and then,
To be quite late when I come in.

I tell you, Jack, if you would wed,
Just such a girl who lets things run;
She'll keep her temper like a lamb,
And helps you on to lots of fun.
Don't look for money, style or show,
Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare;
Just take the one who laughs at fate—
Who laughs, and shows she doesn't care.

You think perhaps, our household ways
Are just perchance a little mixed
Oh, when they get too horrid bad,
We sit about and get things fixed.
What compensation has a man
Who earns his bread by sweat of brow,
If home is made a battle-ground,
And life one long, eternal row?

THE DELAYED LETTER.

WHEN Harry Hunt and Hetty Hope had been engaged three months, the time came for him to leave. He had been only a summer boarder at Grandfather Hope's farm house, and he had fallen in love with his niece, and had won her heart. She wore his ring, and in a year they were to be married. But, alas! that year was to be spent apart. Harry was going to China, in the interests of the firm of which he at present was only an employee. On his return he would be made a junior partner, and would be able to marry comfortably.

In her secret heart Hetty wished that, poor as he was, Harry would ask her to marry him then and there, and go on the voyage with him. But a girl must keep her thoughts to herself. And now she had driven with him to the depot, to see him off; and the train had come and he stood beside the light wagon holding her hand, and whispering these words: "It's so hard that I cannot kiss you at the last. Good-bye, darling! good-bye!"

Hetty was trying not to cry there at the depot, before all those strangers. She almost wished she had not driven down to see Harry off, though if she had not come she would never have forgiven herself.

"Good by," she whispered faintly.

Then Harry jumped upon the train, not an instant too soon, and in a moment more Hetty only saw a handkerchief fluttering from the window as the engine puffed its way out of the depot, and flew around the curve of the road.

"Drive home, Peter," she said to the boy who held the reins; and happily she had power to keep the tears from her lashes until the people who had stared at her at the depot could stare at her no more.

On the platform shade hats and sun-bonnets were gathered in a group discussing the fact that Hetty Hope had been down to see her beau off, and that there was no longer any doubt that they were engaged; but Hetty did not know or care for that. She was crying softly in the back of the little light wagon, while Peter drove on, whistling the Star Spangled Banner all out of tune, and now and then stopping to break off a branch full of wild cherries. It seemed so hard that Harry should be going away for a year—a whole, long year. It was almost as dreadful as though he were dead for what might happen in a year? No one could ever tell; and the tears fell again.

The only comfort Hetty could think of was her first letter, and it would be three days before that could come.

However it came. Grandpa brought it in his pocket and gave it to her with a slow nod and a slower laugh, and aunt Maria inquired with her usual down-rightness whether that "was from her beau?" and cousin Tilly, by and by, in privacy in their own room, asked if she would let her see it, and was offended that she did not. These relatives of hers were not at all delightful to poor Hetty

but her father was a busy man, who traveled the world over, making a fortune for the daughter he saw scarcely twice a year, and her mother died in her babyhood, and Hetty had no other home than "Grandfather's." They were very good to her, that old man and his widowed daughter, Aunt Maria. And cousin Tilly was soft and pretty, and as silly as a little white kitten. It might have been very much worse, yet who can blame Hetty for looking forward to the time when she should have a home of her own—a home that suited her? Papa sent her plenty of money now.—She could do what she pleased with it, and she bought smart caps for Aunt Maria, and gay ribbons for Tilly and slippers for Grandpa—but the home was not under her control. The prim parlor was not to be touched by her hand. The blue shades, and red and green carpet, the wax fruit under a glass and the portrait of Washington over the mantelpiece, remained as she had first seen them, when as a child she regarded that parlor as a sort of a sacred place not to be played in. She filled her own tiny sleeping room with what Aunt Maria denominated jim-cracks; but the family disapproved of vines about the house and there was not a tree within the small, prim garden pallings, and good as they all were, the people who lived in the house were exactly like it. They had no sense of the beautiful and no yearning for it.

So Hetty dwelt inwardly alone and built her air-castles, and lived on one letter until she had another, and the time of her lover's absence wore on wearily until six months were gone, and then came a letter which made Hetty hold her breath while she read it, and burst into tears as soon as she had finished it.

"Dear Hetty," it said, "an unforeseen thing has happened. My employers desire me to remain in China for some years. If I do so they will make me a partner, and I shall be able to live well and comfortably, and to grow rich in time; but will you be willing to live here with me? Will you come out to me under safe protection and spend years of your young life in this strange land? Think it over, darling. The case stands just thus; if you refuse, I will return, but I shall then have no prospects; no means whatever. A penniless man who must take any position that offers will be your husband in that case. The choice is in your hands; or, perhaps it would be honorable in me to set you free. The thought almost breaks my heart. Dear Hetty, what shall I say? I think I could make you happy even here. If you are willing to come, write to me. If you desire that I should return, and seek my fortune in your native land, write that frankly; but if you feel that neither alternative pleases you and desire your freedom—do not write at all; let silence be my answer. I confess that I have hope that even under my altered circumstances you will still be true."

More followed—lover's talk—with which we have nothing to do; and Hetty cried over the letter and was sorry, but she wrote at once, and the last words of her letter were these:

"I will come to China whenever you send for me."

The mail bag was nearly ready at the post office, which was also the grocery store. Grandfather Hope stopped his wagon at the door at that moment.

"Hullo!" cried he, "here's another letter for ye. My niece has written to her beau in Chany, and you've got to send that."

The postmaster laughed and took the missive, stamped it properly, and took the silver coin from Grandfather Hope's outstretched hand.

"Seems as if there was a resumption of specie payments," he said, "I got a five dollar gold piece this morning."

And then the two old men fell to talking politics, while Hetty's letter was carried toward the post office by the clerk. Only toward it for the train was not yet due, and Miss Candor wanted four pounds of coffee sugar crushed in a great hurry. The letter was put down on the counter and the sugar weighed.—The clerk pushed the parcel toward Miss Candor and the letter with it. There was a wide crack between the top and the side of the counter, and into that the letter slipped unseen. Other things had slipped down the same crevice before—pennies and hairpins, skeins of silk, and pieces of tape—but no one knew it. As for this letter the clerk never remembered it again. The postmaster believed it to be in the bag, and Grandfather Hope went home and told Hetty that he had seen her beau's letter safe off to Chany, with no idea that he was not telling her the honest truth.

Harry waited at the antipodes for his letter in vain, and Hetty waited to be sent for.

Any other two friends, relatives, strangers would have written again, but lovers are always ready to be suspicious, to doubt, to fear they are deserted and forgotten, and with the world between them these two pined for each other,

grieved, grew angry, never forgot and never wrote any more.

"She has broken our engagement," said he.

"He wanted to break our engagement," said she.

And soon the village began to know that Hetty Hope was not going to marry Harry Hunt.

Hetty married nobody. She refused all her offers, and lived on with her grandfather. Aunt Maria died. Tilly married. Hetty kept house for the old man still. She was not young any longer. Girls called her an old maid. She had left off caring much about her dress though she was now a rich woman, for the father she was almost a stranger to, had left her an heiress when he died in a far-off land.

The farmhouse was prettier and more tasteful, and she had one or two chosen friends, but her life was woefully quiet, and over her heart she always wore a locket with Harry Hunt's hair in it, and under the locket lay a regret too deep for utterance. One saw it sometimes in her eyes, or guessed it from the tone of her voice, that was all.

It was a bright autumn day, twelve years from that on which grandfather Hope had carried the lost letter to the post office.

The mail bag was being made up again, and the carpenter was at work at the counter.

"Hullo!" cried he.

"Well?" replied the postmaster.

"You seem to have been hiding things here," said the carpenter. "I've a mind to keep all I find. See here!" What's been dropped into the cracks? I tell you what you needed a new counter-bag."

"So we did—so we did," said the postmaster, putting on his glasses. "Well, I want to know? Cake of bees wax, paper of pins, hair pins, sheet of sticking plaster—hullo! a letter! Here put this in the bag—it's stamped; some one has left it on the counter. Hullo! let's see what else you've found?"

He tossed the letter to his little grandson. This time it went into the post-bag—this time after lying in the dark for twelve years, it was actually on its way to China.

A man of forty, with his hair already silvering, stood amongst his employees in the great Canton warehouse. Silks and strange rich, gold-threaded stuff, fans, umbrellas, screens, cabinets were being packed under his submission.

"Misser Hunt," said a small, shrill Chinese voice at his elbow. "Ship has come—bring letters."

"Very well," said Harry Hunt. "Put them down, Chi Foo, and see to those fans. My Yankee boy there don't understand them."

Chi Foo went to work at the fans.—Harry Hunt turned over the letters.

These were mostly business missives; instructions from his senior partners, replies to letters he had written concerning sales and purchases; a highly perfumed note bearing a monogram and a coat of arms from a cousin who wrote occasionally to borrow money, a newspaper, a magazine, and, last but not least, a dirty, time-yellowed envelope, with a corner bitten off by a hungry mouse, with the superscription half obliterated. A thrill ran through Harry's frame as he looked at the handwriting. He tore it open; within lay a letter fresh as though written an hour before, dated September 4th, 1866, and ended thus:

"I will come to China whenever you send for me."

Harry Hunt read it, understood what had happened, though not how it had happened; and leaving his silks, shawls and Chinese brie-a-brac to take care of themselves, he rushed to his office, and there indited a strange incoherent letter to one who for all he knew might be dead, or married to another—but who must know the truth if she lived.

And so a little later, Hetty sat in her little light wagon at the station waiting for a train, and from that train, when it arrived, descended a man older and darker than the Harry from whom she parted twelve years before; and this time they did not care for the combined stare of all the town, had all the town been there to see, but kissed each other with such kisses as those who meet in Heaven may greet each other with—for they had been dead to each other for twelve long years and were alive again.

Teach a girl to be thorough in whatever she undertakes, and later on she will find that one talent will gather many to itself. A smattering of anything is always dangerous. Learn less, but learn more thoroughly should be the rule for a girl's education.

In the northern part of Sweden, there has just been discovered, a mountain in which lies a vein of magnetic iron ore (Loadstone) of unknown length, and more than a metre in depth.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in female complaints. 42 2

SUNDAY READING.

HOW TO SAY NO.

Many a promising young man has been ruined because he did not understand how to say no. Hannah Moore, in her story of "Parley the Porter," illustrates the evil results of dallying with temptation. The porter parleyed with the enemy till the house was robbed and ruined. There are many people who say "No," but so faintly, that the words stick in the throat, and only invite further persuasions. Said one little boy who was advised to persuade his mother to reconsider some decision to which she had come: "When my mother says 'No,' there is no 'Yes' in it."

Many a man tempted by appetite within, and by associates without, says "No," but feebly and faintly. His "No" has a "Yes" in it, and the "Yes" finally prevails.

We remember an anecdote of a young Rhode Island boy, which we put on record in substance as we heard it related. He was coming along the street one day with a young man who was somewhat exhilarated with strong drink, and after walking along awhile his companion drew a bottle from his pocket and said to the boy:

"Have some?"

"Well, hand it over here," replied our friend.

The bottle was passed to him, and raising it aloft, he hurled it with a crash against the stone wall, and, turning to his dazed and astonished companion, exclaimed:

"There! Don't you ever put a bottle to my lips again!"

The young man was perhaps a little inclined to be irritated, but had sense sufficient to restrain his anger, and while his friend had no further occasion to resist his solicitations to drink, there is reason to suppose that the forcible example set before his companion had a restraining influence to hold him from an evil and ruinous path.

That young man's "No" had no "Yes" in it, and his parents look with a just parental pride upon a son who has grown up undefiled by alcohol and kindred abominations, and who is their joy and hope for years to come.

There are hosts of young men who need the decision that this young man had. Thousands of men are to-day drifting, wrecked and ruined, down to the drunkards' grave, who might have been saved if they had possessed the courage to smash the bottle and stand free from its defilement and its curse.—What we need is men who can say: "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and who would crush a rum bottle as soon as they would a serpent's poison head. The man who does this will never be a drunkard.

PEACE.

The believer's peace is like a river for continuance. Look at it, rising as a little brook among the mosses of a lone green hill; by and by it leaps as a rugged cataract; anon it flows along the fair valley where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play—with hum of pleasant music the brook turns the village mill. Harken to its changeable hum as it ripples o'er its pebbly bed, or leaps adown the wheel or sports in eddies where the tree bends down their branches to kiss the current. Anon the streamlet has become a river, and bears upon its flood full many a craft. Then its bosom swells, bridges with noble arches span it, and, grown vaster still, it becomes a stream broad enough to be an arm of old father ocean, pouring its water-floods into the mighty main. The river abides the lapses of ages; it is no evanescent, moving cloud, or transient rain flood, but in all its stages it is permanent.

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on forever."

Evermore, throughout all generations the river speedeth to its destined place. Such is the peace of the Christian. He has always reason for comfort. He has not a consolation like a swollen torrent, which is dried up under the hot sun of adversity; but peace is the rightful possession at all times. Ever is the river in its place. And ever thus come night come day, come sickness, come health, come what will, the peace of God which passeth all understanding will keep the Christian's heart and mind, through Jesus Christ.

Happy is he who has learnt not to seek for what is pleasant, not to shrink from what is painful, but to go on doing everything that he knows to be good and kind and right, in utter disregard of self. How a man might ennoble and invigorate his life if he would work this principle into every grain of his mind and strenuously act upon it, invariably striving not after what would be pleasantest, but what would be best! In fact it is the very essence of all that is good and great in human life; and not only that—it is the true road to happiness.