

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 New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 4.40, 7.30 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.40 (Fast Exp) 8.05, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.15 and 4.30 p. m. For Reading, at 5.15, 8.40 (Fast Exp) 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.35, 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. 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 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, 1.30, 3.30 p. m., and 6.00 p. m. Through car, New York to Harrisburg. Leave Philadelphia, at 8.45 a. m., 4.00 and 5.50 (Fast Exp) and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.45, 3.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Allentown at 5.50, 8.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.50, and 8.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 8.05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave Harrisburg for Paxton, Lochel and Steilton 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.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 7.10, 10.00 a. m., and 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 4.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.40, 9.35 p. m.

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

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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. A careful hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878. t

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CORTLANDT STREET,

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The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, \$2 per day, \$5 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all cars and city railroads. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

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TRADE MARK The great Eng-TRADE MARKlish Remedy, an unfailing cure for Seminal weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow, as a consequence of Self-abuse or of Memory, Unhealthy, or of the following: Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to Infancy or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing: Mechanics Block, Detroit, Mich. Sold by druggists everywhere. 21aly.

Send 25 cents in stamps or currency for a new HORSE BOOK. It treats all diseases, has 35 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, a table of doses, a large collection of valuable recipes, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Dr. Wm. H. Hall says: "I have bought books that I paid \$5 and \$10 for which I do not like as well as I do yours." SEND FOR A CIRCULAR AGENTS WANTED. B. J. KERN, DALL, Enosburgh, N. Y. The Book can also be had by addressing "THE TIMES," New Bloomfield, Pa.

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Some Stories About Sharks.

SOME twenty-five years ago, when the writer was returning from China to England, a messmate of his, a young midshipman, hailing from Belfast, was taken ill of dysentery. The poor young fellow battled long with the fell disease, but though he possessed a vigorous constitution, and as brave a heart as any man I ever knew, he could not shake it off. During the last ten days of his illness it had been remarked that a huge shark followed the ship continuously; the ill-omened creature was first seen over the counter, on the same side of the ship where was the cabin in which young H— lay dying, and indeed just below it. Every one saw it; and officers and men had only to lean over the rail, and look long enough, and a dim, shadowy form could be seen moving stealthily deep down in the calm sea. Sometimes it disappeared for hours; and a hope was expressed that it had taken itself off. "But no," said one of the quartermasters, an ancient mariner, who had passed fifty years at sea, "the shark would not leave until it had got what it had come for;" and the old salt jerked his head to one side to denote what he meant. The shark became the subject of daily discourse, both in the fore-castle and on the quarter-deck, and its appearances were regularly chronicled. Sometimes it rose near the surface, and then it sunk low down, and looked more horrible in the deep stillness of the unfathomable sea. All this time the weather remained very calm, and we had scarcely any wind, though at night it seemed freshened, only to die away in the morning.

At length H— died, after much suffering and a brave struggle against a hard fate. Within a few hours after his death this fine young fellow was buried with all the tokens of respect we could command.

That morning the shark was seen at his accustomed place under the counter, but after the funeral he was seen no more, and no one on board the ship, either forward or aft, could after this gainsay the observation of the old quartermaster: "I told you, sir, he knew there was a dying man aboard us. You'll see no more of him; he's got what he wanted."

Entertaining this view, it is not surprising that sailors regard the capture of a shark as an act of retributive justice; for even though the victims that have fallen into their hands may not have feasted on a live or dead seaman—which is extremely unlikely, as they never miss a chance of devouring human flesh—yet they look upon him as the representative of his race, and "serve him out" accordingly.

For several days some sharks had followed a ship off the Brazil coast, and, notwithstanding every effort, the crew could not succeed in catching one. At length a shark suddenly made a snatch at the bait, and was soon plunging and lashing his tail in a most furious manner, as he found that he had got more than he bargained for. It was evident that he had taken the hook, and was so far secured, but still he was but half caught as soon appeared. The men on deck "clapped on" to the line, and very soon the creature was alongside, but he plunged and lashed about so furiously that it was found impossible to land him on the deck until he had somewhat exhausted his immense strength. To assist in effecting this the mate proposed to harpoon him, and in the absence of a proper instrument took the boat hook, to which he attached a line. After a few attempts the mate succeeded in plunging the boat hook in the fore part of the back, when the shark by a prodigious effort succeeded in snapping the line, and, freeing himself from the hook, made off with the boat hook sticking like a flag-staff out of his back. He remained in sight some little time, evidently feeling very uneasy, and then disappeared; but whether he succeeded in disengaging himself from his unwonted appendage could not be ascertained.

The shark is so voracious that in pursuing its prey it will leap out of the water, and it also feeds on its own species. It has been said that on cutting open sharks smaller ones have been found inside; for this I cannot vouch from personal observation, though I have seen a very miscellaneous collection of articles extracted from the stomach, such as towels, tooth-brushes, shoes, half a newspaper, and a ropes end. The shark will devour anything, and may be regarded as the scavenger of the sea, thus performing the same office as the vultures on land.

The shark produces its young from a sort of egg, the shell of which is brown, and resembles leather; the egg is oblong shape, with tendrils curling from its corners. When the term of hatching is fulfilled, the end of the case is pushed out by the young shark, which measures seven or eight inches in length. The flesh is seldom eaten, even by sailors whose fare for months has been nothing but salt meat; the flavor is unpalatable,

and the texture tough and fibrous. The Icelanders use the fat, which can be kept for a long time, in place of lard, and eat it up with the prepared fish. The liver affords a good deal of oil, and in Greenland the skin is used in the construction of canoes. Sharks' teeth are frequently dug up in fossil remains, and specimens have been found of which the enameled portion was four and a half inches in length, from whence a geologist has calculated that the shark which owned this tooth must have exceeded seventy feet in length.

In the year 1831 an American ship named the "Olympus," anchored off the Island of Bourbon, in the Indian Ocean, and some of the sailors obtained permission to go ashore and enjoy a walk after the day's work. Night was coming on, and the quartermaster on duty, tempted to indulge in a bath by the tranquility of the scene and the delicious coolness of the water, undressed and jumped overboard from the gangway. The quartermaster was a good swimmer, and was soon some distance from the ship, oblivious of danger. But the cook, a negro, who was sitting in the main-chains cooling himself after his hot day's duty, chanced to spy the fin of a shark which was swimming near the surface of the water on the other side of the ship to that on which his shipmate was sporting himself. His first impulse, after making sure what it was (for so large was the size that he thought it must be a plank), was to call and warn him of his danger, but it seemed he wisely determined not to do so lest the news might paralyze him with terror. So he quickly warned some of the sailors, and in little more than two minutes a small dingy suspended at the davits was lowered into the water, and the crew were pulling with might and main toward their comrade.

Whether it was that only now the shark caught sight of the man in the water, or the noise of the boat attracted his attention in that direction, the huge fish turned and made toward the quartermaster, who, still unconscious of the fearful danger menacing him, continued to swim away with redoubled energy, as the quick click of the rowlocks warned him of the approach of his shipmates. Reticence would now have been misplaced, as, unless he was rescued within a few seconds, all would be over with him.

"Williams," shouted out the cockswain, "there are sharks near you; be quick—get into the boat, as you value your life!"

Apprehending at length the full horror of his position, the quartermaster turned to the little boat, where alone was safety, and being a powerful swimmer, was soon alongside. But the shark was upon him. "Quick! quick!" shouted his shipmates, while the bowman, glancing over his shoulder, threw in his oar, and quick as thought, jumped up, boat hook in hand, to try and help the struggling seaman.

"Way enough," shouted the cockswain, as the boat, impelled by strong arms, shot almost over the quartermaster, who, after a final effort, extended his arms to seize the gunwhale of the boat, while two of the crew leaned over on the side in order to help him out. But the shark was not thus easily balked of its anticipated prey, as it was near enough to make its venture, darted half out of the water, exposing its prodigious strength, and turned over on its side, opened its cadaverous jaws. At that moment, when all appeared lost, the bowman, exerting all his strength (and it so happened that he was the most powerful man in his ship), plunged the boat hook right into the mouth of the animal, which writhing in agony, fell back into the water, and snapped the weapon in two. Turning upon the boat in its fury, it lashed it with its tail with such terrific force that it stayed it forward. The sailors had just time to draw in their shipmate, when they became aware of the new danger menacing all of them. The boat began to fill, when deliverance came from another quarter. Their cries for help, (which, owing to the calmness of the evening, were audible a great distance), attracted the attention of the crew of a schooner near the land, who quickly launched their long-boat, and made toward them. The shark, lashing the water with fury and pain, appeared determined to exact revenge, and remained near the spot, awaiting its prey; but it was again balked, for just as the little dingy was settling fast by the head, the friendly long-boat arrived upon the scene. The crew, with Williams, were taken out of the sinking craft, and were soon on their way back to the ship, rejoicing in their escape from a horrible death.

THE SPY'S STORY.

WELL, now, tell us, old friend, when scouting inside the enemy's lines, did anybody ever detect you as a Confederate spy?" "Never. But I was mighty near being caught up once, and the only way I escaped was by being mistook for my brother Jim." Here the smile on his face spread into a broad grin, and he chuckled as his mind went back to the serio-comical adventure. Tom Wood, or "Uncle Tommy," as he was known in General Lee's camp, had never been with the army in Flanders, but he had learned their habits all the same, and was perhaps as wicked a hunter as ever shouldered a rifle. "But I'll tell you about how I liked to have been caught. It was late in December, and it occurred to me that I would take my Christmas frolic by making a little scout out to my home in Randolph county. We were camped at the Warm Springs, and had nothing to do in camp and I felt lonesome like. As Christmas drew on, I got to thinking about my old woman and the children at home. They were away inside the lines of the enemy, and I thought that Christmas would be more like Christmas to them if I could unexpectedly drop down among them. So I shouldered old gun and away I went, out through Pocahontas and down into Randolph. I got along first rate on my way out; saw no Federals; slipped around their pickets, saw my family, and after enjoying myself for a season, started back. "Of course I kept out of the way of all the settlements and stuck to the mountains. I stopped at nobody's house unless I knew them to be true-blue Southerners. One night I came to the Greenbriar, and just as dark came on a heavy sleet set in. I was cold, tired and hungry, and the only house where I could find shelter was the home of old Billy Johnson, whom I knew to be the most ultra Union man in all that region. I had no personal acquaintance with him, and didn't think that he had ever seen me, so I concluded to risk myself under his roof that night anyway. It was my purpose to give him a fictitious name, for I felt pretty sure that if he discovered that I was Tom Wood, the rebel scout, I would not live to see daylight. Mustering up courage, and helped along by the wet and cold, I sought refuge under Johnson's roof and was hospitably received. While sitting by the fire warming myself, Johnson kept looking into my face earnestly, when all at once he rose from his seat, approached, and standing directly in front of me, says: 'Ain't your name Wood?' "Here was a poser, and I thought I was caught. I knew that if he recognized it he would do no good to lie about it, so I owned up and said that was my name. 'Well,' said he, 'this is Brother Jimmy Wood, ain't it?' "This relieved me. You see he mistook me for brother Jim, and seeing how it was, I humored the mistake, though Jim is a blasted slight uglier man nor me. You see, Jim is a Methodist and a leader in the church, and so is Johnson, and that's how he called me 'Brother Wood.' And then he sat down and talked over old times and the camp-meeting in the hills, and I was willing he should do most of the talking. "I got along very well until we sat up to supper, when Johnson called on me to say grace. I had done many a hard day's work; had been on many a long scout, have been in some mighty hard fights; but I tell you honestly, boys, the hardest and hottest work I ever done was to get out that blessing in a genteel way. At bed time Brother Johnson put the Bible on the stand, snuffed the candle and asked me to lead in family worship. I read a chapter in the book, and kneeling down offered up the first prayer of my life, not forgetting to pray for the restoration of the Union and the destruction of its enemies.—Maybe it was answered. I had a good night's rest, and when I left in the morning felt better than I ever felt in my life. In fact, boys, I believe it does a man good to pray a little once in a while, even if he is forced to it. I mean to do more of it hereafter."

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Wanted Him a Comet.

Young Mr. Latehours was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the morning star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said dreamily. His heart beat tumultuously. "And why," he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own; "and why?" he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with a brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oilcloth, "because then you would only come around once every 1,500 years!"

He didn't say anything until he was half way to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house and muttered between his teeth that "by the duds, it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again." But by that time the poor girl was in bed and sound asleep.

D. LOTHROP & CO.'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The list of publications which D. Lothrop & Co. has prepared for the fall and holiday season is longer and more attractive than ever before, and will appeal strongly to that class of buyers who demand good insides as well as beautiful outsides to the books which are to lie upon their tables or fill their shelves. No publishers in the country pay stricter attention to the character of the works they issue than the Messrs. Lothrop, and the result is that in their entire catalogue of one thousand different titles, there is not a stupid book, an uninteresting book, or a book which does not serve some useful purpose. The parent or teacher can select from it in perfect confidence, and commend the catalogue to the attention of all who are buying for home or school libraries.

Besides the entirely new books, new editions have been made of some of the more important of those in last year's list. Those who purchase for general reading will find a rich field from which to choose. In standard stories there is nothing better than the books of Ella Farman, Pansy, and Julia A. Easton—all bright, full of life, and entertaining. Then there are the almost countless "Series" and "Libraries." Of the latter the most important is the new Fireside Library, consisting of 100 volumes carefully selected from the entire list, and intended to form a perfect home library. The selections are graduated to suit the tastes and needs of the entire family, from the oldest readers down to the little tot who is just beginning to pick out her letters. The price of the library puts it within the reach of most people, and even when one does not feel like bearing the whole expense, half a dozen families can easily club together for its purchase. Of the lesser libraries there are *The Pussy Willow*, the *Spare Minute*, the *George MacDonald*, and a multitude of others whose names can be learned from the catalogue.

One of the most charming holiday volumes of the year will be Mrs. Amanda B. Harris's *How We Went Birds-Nesting*, elegantly printed on heavy paper, with wide margins, and illustrated by twelve superb full page drawings by G. F. Barnes. The binding will be in harmony with its contents, and altogether it promises to be the book of the season. Another beautiful volume will be the second in the *American Artists Series*, brought out in the same style as the first. It will contain forty-six illustrations. Still another is *The New England Story Book*, made up of representative stories by popular New England authors, richly illustrated and bound.

Clara Doty Bates, an indefatigable worker for the children, presents a charmingly written story, *Heart's Content*; Mrs. A. M. Diaz a little book crammed with short stories and illustrations, called *Christmas Morning*, and there is a new *Art in the Nursery*, with thirty more pictures than in the first edition. George F. Barnes has a series of *Nursery Tiles* consisting of 24 original drawings, bound in oblong quarto form, with directions for coloring, and there is a new volume of *Babyland*, in bright and attractive covers.

More attention, perhaps, is paid to the very little children than to their elders in the way of providing for them fascinating stories and illustrated literatures. Some of the issues of the Messrs. Lothrop are perfect marvels of beauty in outward appearance, while some of our most popular authors contribute their best work for the delight of the little men and women of the family.

A new edition of *Pansy's Picture Book* is brought out in boards, and a new volume is added to the *Wide Awake Pleasure Book* series, a collection which now numbers eight in all. There is also a new issue of that delightful volume, *Poems for Our Darlings*, and the *Children's Funny Book* takes a fresh lease of life in revised form. *Large Print for Little Readers* is just what the three-year-olds will delight in, and the same little ones will find in *On the Tree Top* and *Stories for Language Lessons* untold pleasure.

For those a little older are *Don Quixote, Jr.*, *The Dogberry Bunch*—one of the most delightful stories published for a long time; *The Children's Isle*—a new story by the popular English writer, Eliza Meteyard; *The Sisters of Glencoe*, a remarkably powerful story; a fresh *Pansy Book*, *A New Craft on the Family Tree*, and other works from favorite pens, richly and beautifully illustrated.

Fannie Roper Feudge's *India*, the initial volume in Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History, claims attention, and so, too, in a marked degree, does *True Manliness*, the fourth volume in the *Spare Minute Series*. It is made up from gems of thought selected from the works of Thomas Hughes, the author of *School-days at Rugby*, and contains an introduction from the pen of James Russell Lowell, and an autobiographical sketch by Mr. Hughes.

Of the books which boys and girls never tire of reading are *Johnny's Discoveries*, by Adam Stwin, and *Four Feet, Wings, and Fins*, by Mrs. Anderson-Maskell. Each of these may be had in three volumes or one. *Overhead* is another volume of the same kind, and is commended by Prof. Waldo of Harvard College as one of the best books published for teaching young pupils lessons in astronomy.

The gift-books issued by this house are perennially popular, and in steady demand. The well-known *Golden Treasury Series* in six volumes, red line and full gilt, quarto form, form a decided feature of the list. They include *The Golden Treasury*, by Francis Turner Palgrave; *The Book of Poets*, by Lord Selborne; *Gardens from the Poets*, by Coventry Patmore; *The Bazaar Book*, by William Allingham, and *He Leadeth Me*. A new edition of *America*, so successful last season, will be brought out, and so, too, will Miss Latbary's elegant volume *Out of Darkness into Light*. The entire large edition of *Snow Flakes* was exhausted early last season, and a new one is now in press. *Child Lore* will renew its popularity, and purchasers who wish for those two tasteful religious presentation books, *Ninety and Nine* and *Jesus Lover of My Soul*, will have an opportunity to gratify their wants.