

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS OCTOBER 25th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: For New York via Allentown, at 6.00, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS: For New York, at 6.00 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 6.00 a. m.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

HAVING leased this property and furnished it to a comfortable manner, I ask a share of the public patronage...

NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway,) NEW YORK.

HOCHKISS & POND, Proprietors. ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK. The great Eng. TRADE MARK

HORSE BOOK. Send 25 cents in stamps or currency for a new HORSE BOOK. It treats all diseases...

AGENTS WANTED. ENCYCLOPEDIA HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Perry County...

OUR PUZZLE DRAWER.

CONDUCTED BY PENN LYNN.

Original contributions are solicited from all, for this department. All contributions, answers, and all matter intended for this department must be addressed to T. W. SIMPSON, JR., Cheltenham, Pa.

VOL. I. NO. 1.

[By an error, the following puzzle and "chat" was left out last week and to make it correct, read THE TIMES of Nov. 9th and 16th as Vol. I, No. 1, of this department.]

7. Double Cross Word. In "assassination," not in cut. Found in the handle of a saw.

CHAT. DEAR READERS—This department is now opened for you. Let that apply to every reader of THE TIMES, and let every reader send us some contributions.

PRIZES. For the first complete list—THE TIMES six months. For the next best list—THE TIMES three months.

CHAT. DEAR READERS—This department is now opened for you. Let that apply to every reader of THE TIMES, and let every reader send us some contributions.

A Peculiar London Feature. THE dust yards of London in the time of Dickens' "Bofin's Bower" were nothing in comparison to what they were twenty years after, owing to its vast and rapid growth...

One of the things that strikes a stranger, and more especially a foreigner, in London, if he happens to stroll that way about half-past six in the evening, especially in the summer, is, in crossing Hyde or the Queen's park, to meet a number of women and girls, poorly clad and looking very dirty...

Come with me reader, and I will introduce you there at their busiest time. As we turn into the wharf on the banks of the canal, where the yards are situated, one is surprised at the immense number of large one-horse carts going in loaded and coming out empty.

Here, what a busy scene bursts upon the view; carts entering one after another, continually, each driver handing in at the office window a ticket with the number of his cart as a tally as to how many loads he collects in a week—the men being paid by the load.

THE middle part of last week one of the best young ladies in Leadville—she's sweet as a peach, too—came to my office in the evening, and told me with a great deal of embarrassment that she wanted me to help her out of some trouble.

There is a tough story from Leadville. It is told by the officiating physician: The middle part of last week one of the best young ladies in Leadville—she's sweet as a peach, too—came to my office in the evening, and told me with a great deal of embarrassment that she wanted me to help her out of some trouble.

How to Cure the Worst Drunkard. Dr. Unger insists that the following remedy will cure the cravings of the worst drunkard in the land. Take one pound of best, fresh, quill red Peruvian bark, powder it, and soak it in one pint of diluted alcohol.

has a large sieve before her and the process is this: The filler-in, one man to every three women (she is surrounded by old baskets and receptacles of every description) throws a shovel of dust into her sieve; she sifts it and then commences sorting. First she picks out all the straws, hay and vegetables of every description, and throws into a large basket; this is called soft core, and is the most useless and profitless of all that is collected in the yard, being fit for nothing but manure.

one of these men who saved enough to emigrate to America, go out West and buy a large farm, where I believe he is now living and prosperous.

THE AMBIDEXTROUS REPORTER.

THE Kansas City Times says: There is a reporter at the Times office who writes with equal rapidity with either hand. He is an ambidexter, and a bold had one at that. When there is a rush of work at the office, and the devil is shouting "coppee" like a fiend incarnate, this useful reporter sits down at his desk in full company front, and with a pencil in each hand, slings off local happenings by the yard. He writes on two sheets at once, and don't let his right hand know what his left hand is driving at, but it is driving all the same.

Recently he got a little off his mental base, and attempted to write up a dog fight and a wedding in high life at the same time. He got things mixed. His hands ran clear away with the gray matter in his skull, and things became terribly confused. This is the way his items telescoped each other:

At Grace Church, last night, the nuptials of Mr. Thomas Johnson and Miss Julia Lawrence were celebrated in most magnificent style; a costly floral horse-shoe being directly over the altar, and when the yellow cur saw the flames of anger darting from the eyes of the bridegroom...

The last thing she picks out is all the coal, which is also hers to the full of her basket, all over belonging to the sub-contractor. This done, she empties the cinders into another basket and is ready for another shovelful, and so she goes on. She gets four pence a load and is supposed to sift about three a day of so many bushels. One shilling a day with fuel are their earnings. They are limited to that, and when done can go, but they hardly ever get done before night, that is 6 o'clock, when they all leave off, whether they have sifted the quantity or not, but those who do not, soon get spotted and are discharged. They want the quantity done, as the filler-in is paid by the day, as is also the boy (one to every six women) to carry away the full baskets and supply them with others.

The sub-contractor gets four pence a load—that he pays the women—from the contractor for sifting, and has to pay his fillers, boys and others, also finding sieves, shovels, rakes, picks, etc., out of the marketable articles that are picked out of the dust. It seems almost incredible, but is the fact, that many of these men make a good living and even competencies out of it. Now I will show you how. Come with me into the shed. Here is another busy scene.—Here are men sorting and arranging the metals, which amount to a considerable quantity in the course of a week. There another party sorting, washing and sifting bottles and vials. They are all sold to doctors and druggists. Here is another party sorting rags. The white ones are all picked out and carefully washed by a machine, bringing the best price as best white rags.

Here is woolen cloth, silk, ticking matting, etc., all converted in money.—Here, also, are the bones, which amount to tons in the course of a week, and the waste paper, bagful after bagful, amounting also to tons, and the old boots and shoes—the best of which are bought by what are called renqvaters, and worked up again, the refuse, by some peculiar process, being converted into size. In fact, there is nothing scarcely used in domestic or commercial life but what finds its way, some time or other, into the dust yard. Of course, the greater quantity comes from the houses of the wealthier portion of the community, who when moving, if anything is broken or nearly worn out or damaged, or they are tired of it, it is thrown into the dust bin, and from thence to the yard, there being little chance of its being abducted by the collector or dustmen on the road, the man being watched by the lookout man, hence it is that you can get almost anything second-hand there, each yard having a perfect museum of articles, which are sold at retail when wanted, the sub-contractor depending upon his regular weekly collections and sales for his expense. Of these, rags form the greatest item, being as much as all the rest; bones and paper come next, metals and other things follow in rotation, so that from all sources the average weekly receipts amount to about sixty pounds (£60), being sufficient to pay his employees and leave a handsome residue for himself. I know of

When the sound of the triangle striking the closing hour had died away to a mere whisper, Brother Gardener extended his arms and said: "Life's pathway am up hill an' down, an' 'cross lots. De road runs 'longside o' canebakes, whar de wolves howl an' make de chill'n afeared; ober ribbers whar de olen an' de women may git lost; frew dark woods in which strong men tremble as de midnight breeze whispers in de tree tops. We are all on a journey. We are all gwine to de same place. Fast, as we git dar we am put on de right hand an' de left, an' it am a court o' judgment dar nebbur skips a day or ad-journs for an hour. De man who does de mos' prayin' may not git dar befoah all de res', but I'se figgered it up an' I believe de straight way am de bes' way. Git de compass pint an' den move on, lendin' a dollar heah—speakin' a kind word dar—bracin' up de weak—cheerin' de lowly—puttin' out boaf han's all de time for de chill'n to lean on. We will now bulge outward to our home."

How to Cure the Worst Drunkard.

Dr. Unger insists that the following remedy will cure the cravings of the worst drunkard in the land. Take one pound of best, fresh, quill red Peruvian bark, powder it, and soak it in one pint of diluted alcohol. Afterward strain and evaporate it down to half a pint.—Directions for its use: Dose—a teaspoonful every three hours the first and second days, and occasionally moisten the tongue between the doses. It acts like quinine, and the patient call tell by a headache if he is getting too much. The third day take as previous, but reduce the dose to one-half teaspoonful. Afterward reduce the dose to fifteen drops, and then down to ten, then down to five drops. To make a cure it takes from five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases thirty days. Seven days are about the average in which a cure can be effected.

In the sight of God no man is poor but him who is wanting in goodness, and no man is rich but him who abounds in virtue.