RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R.R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

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.

For New York via Allentown, at 6.00, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route." 6.10, 8.95 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

For Philadelphia, at 6.00, 8.05, (through car) 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

For Reading, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.09 p. m.

For Pottsville, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquebanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.30 a. m.

For Allentown, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

The 6.00, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York, via Allentown.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 6.00 a. m.
For Allentown and Way Stations, at 6.00 a. m.
For Reading, Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m. SUNDAYS:

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows :

Leave New York via Allentown, 8.55 a.m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m.
Leave New York via "Bound Brook Boute." and Philadelphia at 7.45 a.m., 1.30 and 5.30 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 12.53 a.m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 45.10 m. 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 7.00, 9,10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Heading, at 4.50, 8.00, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15,

and 10.55 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna
Branch, 8.30 a. m.
Leave Allentown, at 6.25, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.50,
and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5 30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7,45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 8,00 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 5.25, 6.40, 9.35 a. m., and 2.00 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 9.30 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.00, 10.00 a. m., 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9,50 p. m.

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

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,

Proprietor.

GEO. F. ENSMINGER,

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A careful hostler always in attendance.

April 9, 1878. tf

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UDITOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Picas of Perry County to pass upon exceptions filed to the account, and to distribute balance in hands of Mr. D. B. Milliken, Assignee, &c., of Wm. B. Diven, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bloomfeld, on Saturday the 18th day of November, 1880, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day.

New Bloomfield, Oct. 19, '80.) Auditor.

OUR PUZZLE DRAWER.

CONDUCTED BY PENN LYNN.

VOL. 1.

this department.

Phil'a, Pa.]

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. SIMPERS, JR., Cheltenham, Pa.

[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

7. Double Cross Word.

In "assassination," not in cut. Found in the handle of a saw, In "a habitation," not in hut. Found in the weather, when 'tis raw. Search these lines right carefully through, And you will find a winter shoe.

Answers in two weeks.

PRIZES.

For the first complete list :- THE TIMES For the next best list :- THE TIMES three

For the next best list :- A novel.

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. Even if they are your first efforts, if they are worthy of insertion they will be inserted, and if they do not come up to the standard, why try again. We will help you all we can. Members of the "Dom," let us bear from you.

We also wish every one to try and solve the puzzles hereluafter published, even if you can only succeed in solving one, send that, and you will receive credit.

Hoping we may find the "Drawer" full of puzzles and answers next week, we remain your puzzling friend,

" PENN LYNN,"

I'E. SWEET.

A Peculiar London Feature.

THE dust yards of London in the time of Dickens' "Boffin's Bower" were nothing in comparison to what they were twenty years after, owing to its vast and rapid growth, its sanitary arrangements, and the contending rivalry of the contractors to get the work, and the vast amount of wealth invested in its collection. Indeed, great fortunes have been made as well as lost in this very business, and corporations of London, instead of paying to have the dust removed, were receiving five and six thousand pounds per annum for that privilege, so that to be "dust contractor" either meant to be a very rich man or a wealthy company; and now to describe the system of their work.

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, each one with a large flag basket on her head filled to overflowing and looking heavy enough to crush her into the earth, and all hurrying toward Westminster, in the poor part of which most of them live. They are returning home from their work in the dust yards of Paddington.

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. They are strongly built and alike, and very large, requiring a short ladder for the men to load them; with magnificent Flemish horses, not one of which cost less than £100 to £125 each, and strong heavy harness in proportion. Each cart has the name of the contractor and the cart written on it in large, white letters and figures, so that the public can make report of any neglect, ill behaviour, or, in fact, anything that would warrant it, the authorities being very strict as to this. Here we are at the first yard, but we will go on to the next, the largest

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. Having discharged his load, he goes out by the other gate, so as not to clash with the incoming ones. Within the yard (which stands upon from two to three acres of ground, independent of offices, stables, etc.,) all seems bustle and confusion, but it is not so. Each one knows his or her work, and has to do it, too all being paid by the piece, so there is no loafing or skulking, as it is called, there. Along the yard, from the front, or road, to the canal, are rows of women facing each other, with a hill of dust between them, sometimes four, sometimes six and even eight rows.

I have seen one hundred and fifty women in this very yard. Each one

has a large sleve 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 selve; 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. Next all the wood is picked out; this she puts in her own basket, it being her perquisite; then comes rags of all sorts, which are duly deposited in their receptacle; next all the paper, books, etc.; after that all the leather, boots and shoes; then come window and other glass, bottles, vials, etc., crockery and earthenware for roadbeds, all to their baskets, now come bones, a most important item; next comes what calls for the closest searching, viz., metals, iron, brass, copper, etc., gold silver and jewelry.

You smile! Many of these find their way to the dust-yard through the carelessness of servants. Watches, bracelets earrings, rings, knives, forks, spoons, etc., all these are carefully picked out and handed to the hillman, or sub-contractor, who deposits them in the office, in case they should be inquired after; if not, after a reasonable time, they are sold, and she gets a share. A sharp lookout is kept by the hillmen to see that they don't secrete any, and woe betide them if caught; if not handed over to the law, instant dismissal is the result and a forfeit of what is due her as wages -not much, because in most yards they pay nightly; but they never get a chance to return to the yard. All they find in trinkets, etc., outside of plate or jewelry, is theirs, and many are the curious articles to be seen in their homes, adorning their mantle-shelves or sideboards, some quite rare and very valua-

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 subcontractor. 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-what 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 sizing 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 renovaters, 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 wore 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

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 I is a reporter at the Times office who writes with equal rapidity with either hand. He is an ambidexter, and a bold bad 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

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 nup-

tials of Mr. Thomas Johnson and Miss

Julia Lawrence were celebrated in most magnificent style; a costly floral horseshoe being directly over the alter, and when the yellow cur saw the flames of anger darting from the eyes of the brindle fyste, he opened with the strains of the wedding march. As the handsome couple walked down the aisle the excited crowd began to get frantic, and there were yells of "Sick 'em Bull;" "At him now, Towser," as the spectators became interested in the fight. The bride was elegantly attired in pure white garments of the most costly fabric, and she wore the traditional white veil and a wreath of orange blossoms had him by the neck, and his tongue began to loll out and his eyes to turn somersaults as if in the customary black dress suit. white gloves, ears cropped close to his head. He was a disreputable looking dog in the beginning, and ought to have been whipped for being so homely. He is of a good family, and is engaged in one of the most extensive manufacturing establishments in the West. But the yellow cur seemed to be getting the advantage, as he now succeeded in getting a death grip, on the throat of the big brindle, and when he tenderly kissed the bride according to the ancient custom, his back was covered with mud and his off hind leg was terribly chewed up. Among the costly presents received by the happy pair were a fine grand piano from the father of the bride, hair had been scalded from his back, and one eye seemed to have been struck with an augur. After a short bridal tour the happy couple will settle down to one of the hardest-fought battles the reporter ever witnessed, and it was difficult to tell which dog had been punished worst .-The fight ended at exactly 4:48, after having been bitterly contested at the residence of the bride's parents, and he was taken to his owner's home in a wheelbarrow. He will probably never recover, and if he does will be totally blind, besides being permanently lame in the left hind leg; the beautiful bride received the congratulations of a host of friends. The groom is one of our most promising young men, and his owner dreads the possibility of losing him, as he fears that he can never replace him. The father of the bride is one of our wealthiest merchants, and the yellow fyste limped off with a knowing look in his eye and a saucy curl in his tail, as much as to say, "Who else wants to try me ?" The ambidexter was summarily "fir-

ed."

A Tough Story.

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 .-Well, from her manner, my suspicions were aroused and I began to question her closely. And what the deuce do you think? Well the confounded little fool had had the name of the young fellow whom she used to be engaged to tatooed on the calf of her leg. Now she she's just about to get married to quite a different party, and had sense enough to see that the marking would likely kick up a big row in the family. She was awfully distressed and ready to submit to almost anything, even a surgical operation, to "wipe out the spot," I was puzzled at first, but after studying over it a little while, I happened to remember that I had read somewhere in some old scientific magazine that tatooing may be removed by going over the design with a needle dipped in ink. It was a forlorn hope, but I thought I would try it, and, taking her little foot -delicate position, wasn't it for a married man Y-I carefully went over the letters. It must have hurt, but she nev-

er whimpered, and when it was all over I told her to go home and come again in a couple days. Well, sir, when she came again I had the satisfaction of knowing that the letters had faded into an indistinguishable blue line. The operation is a perfect success, and she is the happiest girl in Leadville. I got \$50 for the job. Let's go and have a smoke.

SUNDAY READING.

"Playing Drunk as Papa Does."

" My early practice," said a doctor, " was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl; two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete.-But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We were wretchedly poor, so that my family became pinched for dally bread. One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church, and left me on a lounge sleeping off my previous night's debauch. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy of six years tumbling on the carpet. His older brother said to him: 'Now get up and fall again .-That's the way papa does. Let's play we are drunk.' I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to any actor. I arose and left the house, groaning in agony and remorse. 1 walked off miles in the country, thinking of my abominable sin, and the example I was setting before my children, I solemnly resolved that with God's help, I would quit the cup, and I did. No lecture I ever heard from Mr. Gough moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys, 'playing drunk as papa does, 1 11

Praying and Giving.

A rich youth in Rome had suffered from a dangerous illness. On recovering his heart was filled with gratitude, and he exclaimed, " O, Thou all-sufficient Creator; could man recompense Thee, how willingly would I give Thee all my possessions." Hermes, the herdsman, heard this, and said to the rich youth: "All good gifts come from above; thither thou canst send nothing. Come follow me." He took him to a hut, where there was nothing but wretchedness and misery. The father lay on a bed of sickness, the mother wept, the children were destitute of clothing and crying for bread. Hermes said, "See here, an altar for the sacrifice; see here the Lord's representatives."-The youth assisted them bountifully; and the poor people called him an angel of God. Hermes smiled and said, "Thus turn always thy grateful countenance, first to Heaven and then to earth.

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' canebrakes, whar de wolves howl an' make de chil'n afeared; ober ribbers whar de ole men 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 dat nebber skips a day or adjourns 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 chil'n to lean on. We will time for de chil'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 effeeted.

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.