

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R.R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. NOVEMBER 15th, 1880. Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: For New York via Allentown, at 5.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

Old Medbury's Heir.

A SNOWY night; gaslight glimmering faintly through myriads of flying flakes—pavement in that slippery state when the newly fallen snow gives beneath your feet—sudden gusts driving the storm into your face like a shower of pins and needles—and a general sense of discomfort in the atmosphere—that as far as pen and ink can render it, was the state of things upon that stormy February evening when Marmaduke Ferroll stumbled over George Leslie, and they had nearly shut the door in Frank Fessenden's face upon old Medbury's doorstep.

Moorham was no sooner open the next day than in walked Mr. Ferroll. "I wish to look at your gold pens, please," said he, with a nod at the shopman, whom he knew. "Something very nice for old Medbury you know—old Miser Medbury we call him. Ha, ha, ha! He's broken his, and it's a good chance to curry favor with the old hunk."

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.

1. Charade.

First, An abbreviation. Last, Prefix of negation. Whole, All hail with acclamation. Neaburg, N. Y. "BARON NCV."

3. Double Cross Word.

In master, in faster, in caster, In quagga, but never in mule, In falter, in palter and halter, In compass, but never in rule, In button, in mutton, and Sutton, In ballet, but never in bed, In slayer, in player and slayer. Total, A plant and quadruped. Lebanon Church, Va. "O. C. O. La."

4. Square.

1. A town of France. 2. A town of Spain. 3. Conclusions. 4. A play. 5. Eastern. 6. A male hawk. Philadelphia, Pa. "ALEX SANDER."

5. Characteristic Initials.

1. Gospel Advocate. 2. Juvenile Tale Teller. 3. Happy Promises. 4. Winning Soldier. 5. Pure Moralist. Philadelphia, Pa. "PEGGOTTY."

Prizes.

For first complete list: THE TIMES three months. For next best list: The "Snow Flake," (Semi Monthly) two months. For next best list: Ten amateur Papers.

Chat.

We would like the readers of THE TIMES to take an interest in this department, and send us some contributions. You will find this an entertaining as well as a profitable pastime for the long winter evenings. We sincerely hope the Drawer will be full next week with contributions from the readers of THE TIMES.

We would like to hear from Hannah B. Gage, "Nie O'Dennis," "Goose Quill," "Percy Vere," "Odoacer," "Stud," and in fact all the mystic fraternity. Short, poetical puzzles especially desired.

The "Mystic Times" has been discontinued.

Answers to Puzzles in Vol. I. No. 2.

- Ans. to No. 1.—Snowdrop. Ans. to No. 2. PATTERN ALIENE TILED TEN END RE N Ans. to No. 3. One impulse from the vernal wood, May teach you more of man, Of moral evil, and of good, Than all the sages can. Ans. to No. 4. CASTER ALPINE SPONGE TINDAL ENGAGE RJELED Ans. to No. 5.—Pickrel. Ans. to No. 6. M MAR DANES MANUMIT MANUMOTOR REMOVED SITES TOD R Ans. to No. 7.—Holmit. Ans. to No. 8. LANYARD APIECE NITRE YERK ACE RE D

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

EARLY in 1859, Charles Collins, wrote a book about the then unknown Colorado and Pike's peak, in which he gave a glowing picture of the whole region. This book had a good deal to do with stimulating emigration. After the rush to Pike's peak had been going on for some time, Collins with the late A. D. Richardson, set out for that place—Collins kept distributing his books all along the line and collecting his subscriptions at the ranches previously canvassed, until, after some days of travel, both began to be aware of the fact that a great many of the emigrants, who had gone out weeks before, seemed to be returning. Their wagons no longer bore the bold inscription, "Pike's Peak or Bust," but it was transformed to this effect, "Pike's Peak Busted." The two travelers unaware of the depths of chagrin and significance behind this, thought little of it until they had

traversed about one half the route—300 miles from St. Joseph. Here was a famous stopping place, known as Jack Morrow's ranch, a place where Collins and Richardson had determined to put up that night. Collins who was well acquainted with Morrow, got some distance ahead of Richardson, in whose wagon, besides himself and driver, were a number of emigrants, also bent on trying the new country.

Collins as he drove up to Morrow's ranch was considerably surprised at the sight. The place was everywhere swarming with miners and emigrants, all excited and savage about something or other. There was loud talking everywhere, and loud threats against somebody, who in every breath came in for the most violent and bitter execration. Collins was about to toss one of his books to Morrow, who came forward hastily when he saw him, and getting up close to him, he said in a voice husky with suppressed excitement: "Collins git!" "Git out o' here quick," said the excited ranchman, as he waved his hands and disappeared.

Collins, now thoroughly aroused, thrust his book back under his seat and bade his driver get out and mingle with the crowd and find out what was the matter. In a few minutes the driver returned with a face white as a ghost, and told Collins that the miners were offering a reward of \$2,000 for the bodies of Collins and Richardson, dead or alive. Having heard that they would be along that way, they had come to a stop at Morrow's ranch, and secured a couple of ropes, intending to hang them.

Collins quietly slid down from his buggy and sauntered to the edge of the crowd. Here he heard himself and Richardson denounced in the most unsparing manner. Seeing there was no time to lose, he instructed the driver to take another route, while he himself circled around the crowd until he reached some tall grass, when he took to his heels. After running for more than a mile, he stopped. Like a flash the question crossed his mind. Where was Richardson? He turned around and struck across diagonally for the old route on reaching which, some distance from Morrow's ranch, he presently met Richardson's team moving along leisurely. It required but an instant for Collins to inform him of the true state of affairs, hearing which he was no less frightened than Collins himself. The result was that they struck off on a new route, and finally reached Denver without further adventure. Denver was then a settlement of about 1,000 inhabitants, all living in tents. Soon after their arrival there, the two pre-empted 120 acres of land each. Becoming disgusted afterward, they threw up the land again. To this day Collins brings his fist down on his knee and says, with an emphatic air of common regret: "And fools that we were, this land is now the heart of the town, and sold in less than ten years afterward for \$1,000 per acre."

Talked Too Much.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulchay lived on a farm. They were shrewd and thrifty, and had the reputation of being "close." Finally Mrs. Mulchay sickened and was about to die. Finding herself nearing her end, she expressed a desire to put things in order before that event occurred, and old Tom prepared to listen. "Tom," says Mrs. Mulchay, "there's Mrs. Smith up at the crossing, she owes me a dollar and eighty cents for butter; see you get it." "Sensible to the last, my dear; sensible to the last," said Tom. "I'll get it." "Then there's Mrs. Jones up at the creek, she owes me a dollar and a half for chickens." "Ah! look at that for a mind; she forgets nothing." "And Mrs. Brown, in the village, she owes me two dollars and thirty cents for milk." "D'ye hear that? Sensible to the last! sensible to the last! Go on my dear." "And—and—yes. And Mrs. Roberts, at the tollgate, I owe her—"

How it was Done.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy and good natured all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus easily keep myself and family in good health.—When I am well I always feel good natured." Read about it in another column. 504w Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound revives the drooping spirits; invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions; gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural luster to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time. 505z

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"I thought," observed the former gentleman, with a slight suspicion of embarrassment in his manner, "that I'd just step round and inquire how my uncle Samuel was after that last touch of gout."

"Of course, of course," assented Mr. Leslie, shaking the snow from his umbrella in the vestibule. "As it was a stormy night I thought uncle Samuel might be lonesome."

"And I," observed Frank Fessenden debonnairily, "have come hither, not because I supposed uncle Samuel cared particularly to see me, or because I found myself unable to exist without his presence, but simply to ask if he could help me to a situation."

Marmaduke Ferroll and George Leslie eyed the third cousin dubiously. "Uncle Medbury don't like to have favors asked," observed Ferroll, dryly.

"I'm sorry for that," said Frank "but I can't help it."

"Excuse me, cousin Fessenden," smoothly put in Leslie, "but all elderly persons have their peculiarities, and my uncle is particular about one's toilette."

"Once again I'm sorry," confessed Frank, with a rueful glance at the threadbare seams and glossy collar of his garment; "but this is the best coat I've got, and I don't believe in running in debt for another one."

Just then the door flew open with a suddenness that was startling, and a sharp, abrupt voice, not unlike a bark, demanded: "Who's there? And why don't you come in and have done with it?"

Mr. Medbury was a little bald-pated man with a falcon-shaped nose, sharp, keen blue specks of steel, and a smooth shaven skin—and he looked like a second edition of Napoleon Bonaparte as he stood in the elegantly furnished study, a low fire burning on the marble hearth, wine and walnuts on the table, and a bunch of hot-house grapes, half hidden in roses on a silver basket beyond.

"Pen, ink and paper were pushed back, and a crumpled newspaper lay on the carpet beyond Mr. Medbury's easy chair. The three nephews entered accordingly. Mr. Medbury greeted them after his fashion; but as he went to draw toward him the tray of fruit, his pen handle rolled off and fell, of course with the point of the pen sticking deep into the carpet. Mr. Medbury uttered a hollow groan.

"There's my gold pen gone!" lamented he. "My gold pen that I have had for a quarter of a century!"

The nephews were loud in their condolence and sympathy, but Medbury was like Rachael in Scripture, and refused to be comforted.

"Will you hold your tongue?" brusquely demanded he. "It's bad enough to lose an old friend like my gold pen, but to be deafened by your howls is sufficient to drive one insane."

"And the three nephews subsided at once. "Now then," said Mr. Medbury, abruptly, still eyeing the broken nib of his beloved golden pen, "what do you all want?"

"To spend a social evening with you, sir," said Leslie politely.

"To inquire after your health," smoothly remarked Ferroll.

"To ask a favor of you, sir," said Frank Fessenden.

"First two—humbug!" barked the old gentleman. "Last one—probably the truth. What favor now, eh, Frank? Mind, I won't lend money. I never lent a farthing, especially to a relative."

"Fortunately it's not money that I want," said Mr. Fessenden, with philosophy. "I would like your influence to secure me a vacant situation at Mellor and Moorham's."

"What!" cried out the old gentleman ironically surprised, "a Fessenden turning clerk?" "A Fessenden had better work than starve," said Frank dryly. "I'll see about it," said the old gentleman. Now then go home, every one of you. "Sir!" cried out the uncle's nephews in chorus, scarcely able to believe their ears. "Go home, every one of you. Are you deaf? I've lost my gold pen. I don't feel in the humor for company.—Good night." And thus Samuel Medbury dismissed his anxious kinsmen. The great jewelry store of Mellor and

"Exactly," said the shopman, drawing his hand across his lips with a curious sort of a grin. "Here are some very fair specimens, Mr. Ferroll—ahem!"

Mr. Ferroll was hard to please, but finally made a selection and went out, leaving directions that the present should be sent at once, with his card enclosed; and not fifteen minutes afterward in marched George Leslie.

"Gold pens," said he. "The cheapest you've got. It's like buying a lottery ticket to give anything to old snap-and-snarl Medbury; one never knows how he may take it, and it isn't likely he'll know the difference between an A No. 1 article and a second-class one."

"Your cousin, Mr. Ferroll, has just given eighteen shillings for one to be sent to Mr. Medbury," said the shrewd shopman.

"Eh! What! How! Confound his meddling impudence—what put the idea into his head? Then I suppose I shall have to send a twenty shilling one, although the deuce knows I am unable to spare the money. These uncles are a terribly expensive luxury."

And he paid the reluctant twenty shillings and took his departure.

Upon the very door step whom should he meet but Frank Fessenden.

"Eh? You're coming to buy a gold pen, are you?" surlily demanded he, "but you're too late. Ferroll and I have both sent one."

"Nothing of the sort," said Frank cheerily. "Uncle's a jolly old brick, but I can't afford expensive presents while my board bill is yet unpaid, and my washerwoman clamoring for funds. I suppose he hasn't been here yet this morning?"

"Who, Uncle?" "Yes. He wrote me a note to be here by ten o'clock."

"Yes, Mr. Fessenden, he's here," said the shopman, advancing and rubbing the palms of his hands together. "Just back here in the cashier's office."

"Eh?" cried out Mr. Leslie, his complexion turning a dull bilious green.—"My uncle at the cashier's desk? And only a bit of ground glass and a rose-wood railing between him and me? Why then, of course, he's heard every word I said?"

"I'm afraid it's exceedingly probable, sir," said the shopman with a covert grin. "It's no fault of mine. I was just about to caution Mr. Ferroll about speaking out so freely, but the old gentleman made me a sign to hold my tongue; so what was I to do?"

In the same breath, out came Mr. Medbury from the cashier's little railed-in den like a Jack-in-a-box.

"Much obliged for the gold pen, my dear boy," he said, chuckling and grinning and looking more like Napoleon Bonaparte than ever. "But you are mistaken about old Snap-and-Snarl's judgment; he's pretty sure to know a good article when he sees it. And tell your cousin Marmaduke, if you should happen to see him, that old Miser Medbury has got as many gold pens as he's likely to want for the present—ha, ha, ha!"

And if ever Mr. Medbury enjoyed anything in his life he enjoyed that joke and the too evident discomfiture of Mr. George Leslie.

"I assure you sir, I am very sorry," began that young man.

"And I'm very glad!" said Mr. Medbury abruptly. "I like to be certain about things, I like to know whether my nephews are fools or knaves, or like this one," clapping Frank Fessenden on the back, "a tolerably honest fellow. Come, Frank, we'll see about this vacancy. I'm always willing to help a man that is ready to help himself, and I only wish your cousins were half as thoughtful about board bills and washerwomen's accounts as you are."

Frank accepted the situation—it was only a poor hundred a year clerkship, but as Medbury sagely remarked, it might be a stepping stone to something better; and he did well—so well that at the end of six months Medbury scandalized his herd of expectant relatives by announcing his intention of adopting Frank as his son and heir.

"I've been like Diogenes with his lantern, all my days looking for an honest man," observed the old piece of eccentricity. "And I believe I've found him. Duke and George came near imposing upon me at one time. I had my doubts about 'em but I never should have been quite certain if it hadn't been for that business of the gold pen. I didn't exactly see myself as others saw me, but I heard of myself as others were probably in the habit of hearing! ha, ha, ha!"

And that was the way in which old Medbury chose his heir.