

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS NOVEMBER 15th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as follows: For New York via Allentown, at 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 6.55, 8.55, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

For Allentown and Way Stations, at 6.00 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 7.45 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 5.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave Harrisburg for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 9.25 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, 9.00 p. m.

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

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GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

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Outwitting the Indians.

AT BISMARCK (Dakota) the mountain men often tell the story of Markhead's exploit with the Blackfoot Indians.

Markhead, some years ago, was treacherously murdered by the Mexicans near Taos. At the time of his death he was not more than twenty-seven years old, and he could not have been more than twenty-two when he had the adventure which we are going to relate.

The old pioneers of the upper Missouri speak of Markhead as a most remarkable boy, so muscular and of such powers of endurance, that he would run fifteen or twenty miles without apparent fatigue. Indians he held in trifling regard, and delighted in a skirmish with them; though he bore the scars of not less than a dozen of their bullets and arrows. But, here is our story:

Young Markhead went on a trapping excursion for beaver, up one of the head creeks of the Yellowstone, a locality not much resorted to by other trappers, on account of the deadly hostility of the Blackfeet, who were very jealous of the white hunters, and killed every hunter they could surprise.

As was his custom, he had his horse with him, for carrying traps and provisions, and at this time had made his camp in a clump of cottonwoods, on the banks of the creek, near the foot of a range of bluffs which fronted the stream on the east side.

That morning—it was in the month of October—he had set off early to look to his beaver traps, of which he had a line both up and down the creek. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he found one of his steel traps missing from under the bank where he had set it.

There were bear tracks in the mud about the bank; very large ones, leading back into the cedar bushes, toward the bluff.

The trail was fresh, and Markhead followed it cautiously through the cedar.

Coming at length to the foot of the bluff, he found that the animal had turned aside, and gone further up the bottom. But just at that moment he thought he heard it thrashing about in the cedar a little way ahead.

So he carefully mounted the side of the bluff, twenty or thirty feet, hoping to catch sight of the animal over the tops of the bushes. From this point he saw a large grizzly, sitting on a broad flat rock, not more than forty or fifty yards distant.

Watching the creature a moment, he found that it limped painfully, and that it walked a short distance on three legs. Finally it turned about and limped back to the stone again; and Markhead now perceived that the grizzly had his beaver trap hard and fast on one of his forepaws.

The bear was much annoyed by the trap. It sat down on the stone again, and from where he lay Markhead could see him examining it attentively, holding it close up to his nose and gravely turning his paw over and over. Then it would tip its head to one side and look from out the corners of its eyes in a most comical manner, as if at an entire loss to make out what the novel and painful appendage could be that had got such fast hold of his toes.

Anon, the puzzled animal would try to step on its foot; but instantly took it up from the stone again, with a low whimper, and would then commence licking the trap, as if wishing to appease its anger and coax it into letting go its grip.

This pantomime so interested the trapper that he could scarcely take aim with his rifle. But not wishing to lose his good steel trap, he was on the point of shooting the bear, when he was startled from it by the neigh of a horse.

Glancing out over the tops of the bushes, he saw, some four or five hundred yards down the opposite bank of the creek, a party of six Indians, sitting on their ponies. They had reined up, and stood among some little sand-hills, looking across, directly toward where his camp was, in the cottonwoods. It then flashed to his mind that it was his horse which had neighed. That was why the Indians had pulled up so suddenly and were staring across the creek.

Markhead saw, that even could he himself escape them, the Indians would inevitably discover his camp and capture his horse and provisions, together with all the peltries he had trapped. That was bad. But what was worse, there was a heavy dew that morning, and his own trail through the grass along the bank of the creek must, he knew, be as plain as a pike-staff.

He knew that the Indians would not fail to discover his trail, and that they would follow him like bloodhounds to his death. It is not strange that our hunter thought no more of the bear, and that his merriment was cut short by this by no means laughable aspect of affairs.

But Markhead was a quick-witted fel-

low, not easily alarmed, and while he lay there watching the Blackfeet as they stealthily approached the place where his horse was picketed, he hit on a ruse for outwitting them at their own tactics.

Feeling sure that in a few minutes they would be on his track, he slid down from his perch on the bluff and ran back to the creek, to the point where he had left it in pursuit of the bear.

Here he resumed his way up the creek, taking care to leave a plainly marked trail through the wet grass, with here and there a footprint in the mud and sand, just as if he was leisurely proceeding along the banks, looking to his traps.

But he ran on fast, and never slackened his pace till he had covered a distance of at least ten miles from the place where he had seen the Blackfeet cross the creek. His surmise was that the savages on discovering his trail, would pursue him, but would expect to come upon him at every trap, and hence would follow on stealthily, and at no great speed.

Having thus planned out a ten-mile chase for them, Markhead ran back across the narrow meadow, and climbing the bluffs, made a detour for his campaign, keeping a mile or over from the creek, back among the sand-hills and cliffs.

Being a fleet and practiced runner, he was not more than an hour and a half making the trip back to the vicinity of his camp, among the cottonwoods, the tall tops of which he could see at a great distance.

After taking breath a few minutes, and looking to his rifle, Markhead crept out among the boulders on the crag overlooking the camping-place; for he expected the Indians would leave one of their number to watch the horse.—That one he was prepared to deal with.

From the crag he soon saw the six ponies down among the timber. They were hitched up near his own horse.—Nor was he wrong in his conjecture about the savages leaving one of their number with the horses. The packs had been taken off the ponies' backs; and after looking a few moments, he espied an Indian sitting in the shade of a bush, on a heap of buffalo skins and peltries.

Watching the Indian a little, Markhead crept down, noiselessly as a fox, to a large cottonwood, rather nearer the horse, and then, steadying his piece against the tree-trunk, was just about to shoot the unwary sentinel, when the Indian turned partially, and to his great surprise, he saw that it was not a Blackfoot warrior, but a plump and very comely squaw.

Markhead often admitted that, for the instant, he was quite nonplussed. He did not know what to do, for he would not shoot the squaw. At length, he gave a shout, and rushed toward her.

The squaw bounded from her seat, and seeing the trapper close upon her, "yelled like a pig," as Markhead said, and started to run away. But she had not got many yards before Markhead seized her by her long hair; at which the poor woman, thinking no doubt, that her last hour had come, crouched on the ground, and begged piteously, in choicest Blackfoot, for the white to spare her life.

Markhead led her back to the ponies, and drawing his knife, intimated to her by most emphatic dumb show that her top-knot would assuredly come off if she made the least attempt to escape.

With that the squaw protested, with every gesture she could devise, that she would never try to get away; she would be like a little dog, and run at his heels; she would be like the pony's tail, always at his back, and inseparable from him.

Finding that her life was in no immediate danger, the squaw rapidly recovered from her fright, and in answer to signs, gave her captor to understand that the five savages had gone on his trail up the creek, just as he had surmised they would, and had been so confident that they would find him, that they had left only the squaw to sit by the ponies.

Markhead thought over the distance, and concluding he had a full two-hours start of them, resolved to take it easy.—He made the squaw unpack some cold venison which they had in one of their sacks and the two strange companions lunched very convivially together, for the long run Markhead had taken had given him a good appetite.

Assisted by the squaw, he next packed up all the Indians' peltries, and lashed them on the backs of the ponies, making up a sort of a pony train, at the head of which he placed the squaw.—Then collecting his own property, he mounted his horse and set off, driving the whole train in front of him—master of the situation—leaving, in fact, nothing of any value behind.

Once out on the plains, clear of the crags and timber, Markhead drove his singular cavalcade on at a great pace, and traveling all the rest of the day and

all that night with but brief halts reached a trading-post—Laramie fort, probably—toward the end of the next day.—The feelings of the out-witted Blackfeet on their return to the place where they had left their ponies, after their unsuccessful chase after Markhead, may perhaps better be left to the fancy of the reader.

The young trapper realized about six hundred dollars from the sale of the captured ponies, peltries, buffalo robes, and other property.

The squaw was sometime afterward reclaimed at the fort by a Blackfoot chief, whose wife she had been when captured. On Markhead being pointed out to him at the post, he said: "He big warrior. He play beaver on Indian."

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. 1. NO. 5.

1. Numerical.

Whole of 8 letters is an animal. The 1, 3, 5, is the skull. The 4, 5, is to perish. The 6, 7, 8, is a cataract.

West Bethel, Me. "BARRELSBRIDGE."

2. Diamond.

- 1. A letter, 2. An abbreviation, 3. A disease, 4. An English court officer, 5. A fruit, 6. Certain stones, 7. Bleached, 8. Obstructs, 9. Musical instruments, 10. A boy's nickname, 11. A letter.

Aurora, Ill. "NED HAZEL."

3. Cross Word.

In common, not in new, In Christian, not in Jew, In chancel, not in pew, In marry, not in wed, In living, not in dead, In sustained, not in fed, Now look well, and you will find, A delightful Spanish wine.

Philadelphia, Pa. "D. D. D."

4. Octagon.

- 1. A large bottle, 2. To pardon, 3. A genus of S. America quadrupeds, 4. A girl's name, 5. An agitation of the Ocean's waters, 6. Increasing strength, 7. A plant.

West Bethel, Me. "ENGLISH BOY."

5. Alphabetical Arithmetic.

Y Y R E I G N S O E Y T I T R G T

E T G

D O I

O E N

R I I

T D S

S S O

Y Y

Springfield, Mass. "C. THAT."

6. Half Square.

- 1. A tree of N. America, 2. The fourth stomach of a ruminant animal, 3. An association, 4. A female name, 5. A female name, 6. A continent, 7. A shouting or vociferation, 8. A Roman weight, 9. A letter.

Aurora, Ill. "NED HAZEL."

Answers in three weeks.

Prizes.

For the first complete list; THE TIMES three months. For next best list: "Snow Flake," two months. For next best list: A novel. For best batch of five puzzles: A puzzle paper six months.

Chat.

We are very much in need of some good puzzles, and we would be pleased if some of our puzzling friends would send us some of their productions. "Ned Hazel": Your letter with contents received. Thanks. Come often, both with puzzles and answers. The "Patrol" we understood, suspended a long time ago. "English Boy": Your batch was thankfully received.

We would like to hear from "Tom Ato," "Waverly," "Ruthren," "B. Caws," "Nutmeg," "Stud," "C. T. Hat."

SUNDAY READING.

The Expulsion from Eden.

Old Judge Gustavus Swan, of Columbus, Ohio, was a "character" of his day. One day a missionary called on him for a contribution.

"Now," said the Judge, "I'll tell you what I'll do; I will ask you a simple question in Scripture, and if you will answer it correctly I will give you \$25 dollars; if not, nothing." The clergyman brightened up at once and agreed to the proposition.

"Well, now," said the Judge, "can you tell me why God drove Adam and Eve out of Paradise?"

"Certainly," said the clergyman, "that is a very simple question; it was because they ate the forbidden fruit, contrary to the command of God."

"There," said the Judge, "it is as I supposed. I have asked the question of a hundred different clergymen and never

yet got the correct answer. I see you are no wiser than the rest. You ought to give me twenty-five dollars for being so ignorant of one of the most important facts in connection with the fall of man. But I will send you away with my simple blessing and the true answer to the question. If you will look into your Bible, which you seem to have read so carelessly, you will see it written: "And the Lord God said, Behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life and live forever, therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from which he was taken." "Think," added the Judge, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "what a great mercy it was to drive them out, for suppose they had by some chance got hold of the tree of life, and thus the race had been perpetuated forever on this earth. Why, by this time we would have been piled mountains high upon each other, and what an awful struggle there would have been for life and happiness." The clergyman departed a wiser if not a happier man.

Religious Laziness.

There are a few in every parish who are willing to work and do work. You hear of them among the poor and sick; you find them in the prayer meeting and see them at all church activities.—They are always willing to do more than their part. You can rely on them every time. But the majority of professors seem surprised that you should expect any work from them. They come to church to enjoy religion, not to help others—to be saved not to work.—As for visiting the sick, and helping the poor, gathering in destitute children or speaking to the unsaved they never try it—"have no gift for it," and so pay their money, hear the sermon, enjoy the singing, try to be respectable, and call that religious living, without making a single personal endeavor to do good from one year's end to another. It is surprising what easy Christians smart business men make. A set of merchants who can run a bank or mill, and make trade pay, and know how to manage corporations, will let a church run down for the want of a little religious enterprise, and very likely call upon the women and children to help them out.

A community of Christian farmers who know how to improve stock and make a farm, who on hard soil will get a good living and keep their own houses neat and trim, will let the house of God become shabby and the church die out, because as farmers they work, but as Christians they do not work. What our churches and our communities, most need is not more talent, or more truth, or more money, or more opportunities, but downright and upright earnest work.—It takes but a few people a little money and small culture to build up a church when the people have a mind to work. The curse of the church to-day is a lazy membership, seeking to be saved without work, forgetting that faith without works is dead.

It Don't Pay.

It don't pay to have ten smart, active intelligent boys transformed into idlers to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor.—Mills.

It don't pay to give one man, for \$15 a quarter, a license to sell liquor, and then spend \$5000 on a trial for another man for buying that liquor committing murder under its influence.—Young.

It don't pay to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled, and turned into shells of discord and misery, in order that one wholesale liquor dealer may amass a large fortune.—Boy's Home.

It don't pay to keep men in the penitentiaries, prisons, hospitals, and the lunatic asylums, at the expense of honest, industrious taxpayers, in order that a few capitalists may grow richer by the manufacture of whiskey and by swindling the government out of three-fourths of the revenue tax on liquor that they make.—Crooked Whiskey.

It don't pay to permit the existence of a traffic which only results in crime, poverty, misery and death, and which never did, never does, never can, and never will do any good.—Police Court Records.

Pulpit Eloquence.

The great difficulty in pulpit eloquence is, to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves; some preachers reverse the thing; they give so much importance to themselves, that they have none left for the subject.

Workmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—Burlington Hawkeye.