

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.

SUNDAYS:

For Allentown and Way Stations, at 6.00 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 5.30 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 12.55 a. 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, Lochleil and Steelton daily, except Sunday at 8.25, 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 Agent.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

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.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway.)

NEW YORK.

HOCHKISS & FOND, Proprietors

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, \$2 per day. \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city roads.

DEMAREST'S

ILLUSTRATED

Monthly Magazine.

Literature, Art, Steel Engravings, Oil Pictures, Reliable Fashions, and everything to be desired in a Family Magazine. The largest and cheapest publication in the world.

WITH PREMIUM.

GREAT COMBINATION.

THE DAILY JOURNAL

AND

DEMAREST'S MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

With a selection from a list of twenty valuable premiums, forwarded immediately, by mail, from the publisher.

THE TWO PUBLICATIONS, ONE YEAR FOR \$5.00 (EIGHT DOLLARS.)

THE WORLD'S MODEL MAGAZINE.

DEMAREST'S MONTHLY,

The Largest in Form, The Largest in Circulation. And the best in everything that makes a magazine desirable. Demarest's Monthly Magazine presents a grand combination of the entertaining, the useful and beautiful, with stories, essays, poems, fashions, family matters, art critiques, lovely oil pictures, steel engravings, and other art features.

Yearly Subscription, Three Dollars.

With the most costly and valuable prize ever offered to subscribers—a copy of Reinhardt's Great Picture "Consolation," in Oil Colors.

Size 3x2 1/2 inches, to each subscriber, post-free. Or when mounted on stretcher and canvas ready for framing without additional charge, the subscriber paying the cost of transportation by express. Or a selection from twenty other valuable premiums. "Consolation" is truly a beautiful and artistic picture, representing a prostrate mother, her grief consoled by a group of angels, one of whom bears her child in its arms. The picture is full of sentiment, and the copies have all the beauty, excellence and charm of the original, both in color and treatment, so that artists cannot distinguish them apart. Combines one of the most interesting, artistic and valuable Parlor pictures ever published, (and formerly sold at the art stores for ten dollars.)

Demarest's Monthly is a 64 page, large quarto, 9 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches, elegantly printed on tinted paper, fully illustrated, each number having two or more steel engravings, oil picture, or art subjects, published by W. Jenning Demarest, New York, and by special agreement combined with THE DAILY JOURNAL at \$8.10 PER YEAR.

Or Demarest's Magazine with the premiums and THE TIMES, both postage free, \$3.75.

W. JENNING DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

GUIDE TO SUCCESS,

WITH

FORMS

For Business and Society

It is far the best Business and Social Guide and hand-book ever published. It tells both sexes completely how to do everything in the best way. How to be your own Lawyer. How to do Business Correctly and Successfully. How to acquire Society and in every part of life, and contains a gold mine of varied information indispensable to all classes for constant reference.

AGENTS WANTED for all or spare time. To know why this book of real value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to H. B. SUGA & MELLÉ & CO., St. Louis, Missouri. We pay all freight. 12c

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. SIMPENS, JR., Cheltenham, Pa.

VOL. 1. NO. 6.

1. Enigma.

My whole composed of 19 letters. The 8, 9, 10, 13, 18, is a male name. The 1, 15, 2, 3, is not pretty. The 1, 14, 19, 9, 6, is to unloose. The 17, 10, 11, 2, 6, is sufficient. The 4, 9, 5, 19, 6, 16, is a relation. The 17, 7, 12, 9, 4, 19, is to help. "SMOKE CITY."

2. Half Square.

1. A kind of ape. 2. An articulated animal of the class Myriapod 3. A decayed spot on fruit. 4. Solely. 5. A bone. 6. A letter. West Bethel, Me. "ENGLISH BOY."

3. Cross Word.

In paper, in taper, and caper, In hunter, but never in dog, In tender, in tender and lender, In morass, but never in bog, In mangle, in wrangle and tangle, In extend, but never in go, In measure, in pleasure and leisure. The whole you'll find is "rather slow." Aurora, Ill. "RED HAZEL."

4. Square.

1. To maintain. 2. A cement. 3. A food gate. 4. Roman magistrates. 5. A withdrawing. 6. Wavy and curly. Baltimore, Md. "RANDOLPH."

5. Charade.

My first is a whiff, My second a nook, Whole, a diving bird, You'll find it if you look. Gibson, Pa. "ODOACER."

6. Square.

1. A direct. 2. Plays. 3. Portable chairs. 4. An ecstasy. 5. Spite. 6. To aver. Philadelphia, Pa. "ALEC SANDER."

7. Numerical.

(TO ASIAN.) Fair total bright Is seen at night In 1 to 4 you'll view her In 1 to 9 Her 5 to 9, Slivers the earth all over. Newburg, N. Y. "BERCH NUT."

8. Square.

1. Chilly. 2. A town of Spain. 3. A person so far out of the protection of the law that if he were murdered, no fine should be paid. 4. To fix and hold in the mind (R). 5. A parish of England. 6. A post office of Alabama. Independence, Mo. "BEN J. MIN."

Prizes.

First complete list: THE TIMES six months. Next best list: THE TIMES three months. Next best list: Ten Amateur Papers.

Chat.

"SMOKE CITY": Your enigma as you see has been accepted. We would be pleased to hear from you again and also from all the young readers of THE TIMES. If our young friends express the desire we will open a special department, adapted for beginners and termed it the "School." The harder puzzles will be under the head of "our College." Let us hear the opinion of the young readers on this subject.

Answers to Puzzles in Vol. I. No. 3.

Ans. to No. 1.—Joyous.

Ans. to No. 2. PUCHAPAT UNRAVEL CRAVEN HAVYER AYER PEN AL T

Ans. to No. 3.—Oliban, blain, bain, ai, a.

Ans. to No. 4. MATAMOROS M A N A B A S I S T A B U L A S T A B U L A S A B U S E R M A L E S O S A R O S I S O S

Ans. to No. 5.—Io.

Ans. to No. 6. M A N D A R I N A L I E N E S N I N E T Y D E D S A N T S R E Y I B N

For THE TIMES. The Dutchman's Huckleberry Story.

Dot ish dose things vat is happen before I was go on to hill up mit mine frau fur hookeberries. Yoost ven ve kit in te voods at te pottom of tos hill, my wife she says, "Jacob, dot ish a nice blade mit shade;" and I says, "Yaw, I likes petter to sot dot log on me und resht, as go dot hill up before I got not any vind." Veil, ve sits tare, und I tells mine frau some koot shories 'pout dot time ven she vas pooty young, und kits dot trooble mit Shake Hoffman. Shake Hoffman vos try fur coot me out dot

time, und Katerina says which fur Shake, Shake Hoffman oder me Shake, con shump dot fence over, dot feller vas Katerina's feller. Veil, I vos weigh tawi hoondert pounds, und Shake Hoffman vos 'pout so dick on a pair tongs.—So I shumps, und coom down on dot top rail of tose fence pooty koot. I say nottings; poot I vos sore behind doo weeks. Shake Hoffman he shumps dot fence high oop—glean ofer—poot, ven he coom down, his trousers was slow off te puttons, und his gallows shlippled town, und dot vos awful how dot shirt vas too short. Ven I told dot shory, Katerina forkot herself, und shust laughed herself off dot log pooty gwick; und shtook fast in te push pelow. Veil, I grawled rount to help her oop; und I see under te log a hole, vos tiggid. Tink I, dot vos nice place for a rappit to live in. I tells Katerina, "vot she sought if I ketch a nice rappit for our pooty leetle Susie, bein' dot vos Susie's ten-year-old day?" "Poot how I kills 'im?" set Katerina. "Gills 'im?" set I, "you don't sot I gills a nice, pooty rappit; I not gills 'im, I gits 'im resale and wholetail! Dot gif a nice pet for Susie,—life und gickin—don't it?" Poot somehow Katerina was frait somedings might happen. I dell her no trouble efer games mit Katerina, so long Shake weigh tawi hoondert pounds." I pleef dot voman dinks a bear grawl dot leetle bace out. I tells her "shost hold dot basket ofer dot bace, und I shikeer dose leetle feller mit a shtick, und den he choomp right gwick oud; und den I tells our Susie, mommy tit ketch dose rappit fur her leetle Susie." Poot Katerina dinks dot nice leetle feller bice her pooty koot. So I dells her, "petter gif it oop, und fater gricks te nice dings fur leetle Susie." So I kits myself all ofer dot bace, so dot nice leetle feller not kin poke a hole troo himself; und I says, "Katerina kif me dot shtick dill I shtr oop dose animal in mine little menageria." I shake dot shtick, in tose hole, not more ash von time, pefore dot feller chump oud dot hole, und go mine shirt poom oop gwicker ash donner und blitzen. Pout dot time I forkot efer dings. Ven I cooms to my sense, I say, "Katerina vas I teat, oder vat is te reason mit? Katerina looked pooty gweer und say, "Yacob, petter be bicken hookeberries before you shprinkle your shirt mit tose polecat.

that I'm yer father, an' I'm glitt'n old an' my heart's sot on that mare," sez I then. "Plunged in a gulf o' dark despair," hummed Jim, lookin' plumb up to the sky. I guess he got away with two verses afore he said anything to me, an' I didn't interrupt his singin'. Then he sez: "'Pap,' sez he, 'I'll tell you what I'll do. Give me a hundred dollars,' sez he, 'an' throw in them two Berkshire pigs, an' the mare is yourn,' sez he, 'jest so she is.' 'A bargain,' sez I. 'The pigs is yourn, an' I'll be down arter the mare to-morrow,' sez I. 'I counted out the hundred an' give it to him. He druv the pigs home with him. They was worth fifteen dollars apiece, easy. I could hear Jim whistlin' 'Hold the Fort' till he got half a mile away. 'Jemima,' I sez to the old woman, 'Jemima,' sez I, 'I never thought Jim would git pious did you? But I've got the bay mare,' sez I, 'an' what the old boy Jim was thinkin' of, I can't see. She's worth two hundred and fifty any day in the week,' sez I. 'Well, next morning early I went down to Jim's to get the mare. Jim had gone to town, so I seed his wife. 'I've bought the bay mare, Nancy,' I sez. 'Yes, I know you have,' sez Nancy, grinnin' all over her face. 'Where is she?' I sez. 'She's down in the stone lot,' sez Nancy, grinnin' more'n ever. 'I thought it was funny that the mare should be down in the stone lot, but I went down to find her. Boys, I found her. She was layin' behind a big stone heap, deader 'n a door-nail. I went back to the house. 'Why, Nancy,' sez I, 'the bay mare is dead!' 'O, yes,' sez Nancy, laughin' as if she'd split. 'She died yesterday mornin' with the colic,' sez she. 'Boys, for a minnte I was mad.—Then I come to and sez to myself, 'I'll be glued if I don't git the mare's shoes, anyhow,' sez I. So I went back to the stone lot to draw her shoes off. Boys, I'll divide my farm up between ye if Jim hadn't drawn them shoes hisself, an' the mare's feet was as bare as when she was born. 'Now, I ain't no ways mad at Jim, boys, for it was a fair and square dicker, an' it shows there's stuff in him; only he mought a left the shoes on the mare. What I want to know is, can't I git back at the camp meetin' folks some way for damages? If it hadn't a bin for them hymn tunes Jim larnt at the meetin's, I'd a bin lookin' out fur him. But they throwed me way off my guard. The way I look at it is that the camp meetin' society is responsible for me losin' my hundred dollars and two fifteen-dollar pigs. Can't I git back at 'em for trespass, or false pretences, or excessary afore the fact, or suthin'? Can't I do it boys?' He went away without any advice.

WANTED SOME LAW.

I'VE come all the way in from home to git a little law," said a man with a horsewhip under his arm, blue overalls in his boots, and a gray, stubby beard on his face, as he entered the Allen House reading room lately, where a number of the boys were talkin' politics. "Mebbe some o' you fellers kin give me the correct thing without me dickerin' with a lawyer."

The speaker was a well-known farmer of the southern part of the county. He and his son Jim noted for their sharpness at a bargain and a readiness to trade horses, cows, wagons, farms, or anything that belongs to them, at any and all times a customer may present himself. Jim lives on a farm a mile from the old man's.

"Ye, see, boys," continued the speaker, "my boy Jim had a bay mare that he traded a yearlin' bull and a cross-tooth harrow fur. She was a good critter an' no mistake. I wanted that mare the wust kind, an' made Jim a heap o' good offers fur her, he wouldn't bite.—Last Wednesday he came to my house kind o' careless like, and sot down on the front stoop. I was choppin' kindlin' wood for mornin' Jim sot there lookin' up an' down the road whistlin' the 'Sweet By-and-By' kind o' to hisself.—When I carried in my kindlin' I sot down on the stoop by him.

"Jim," I says, 'you better let your old father have that bay mare.'"

"Jim had just started the second verse o' the 'Sweet By-and-By,' but he whistled her all the way through afore he answered me.

"I ben a thinkin' o' lettin' you have the mare, pap," sez he, 'reelin' you got yer heart sot on her so,' sez he, 'pervidin' we kin git up a dicker,' sez he.

"Jim had been goin' to camp-meetin' pooty steady for a week back, and I heard he was gettin' serious. He hadn't been whistlin' nothin, but bym'n tuncs for two or three days, an' when he come round so nice on the mare question, I made up my mind that me an' the old woman would see him jinin' the mourners 'fore long.

"Jim," I sez, 'I kin stand eighty dollars fur the mare,' sez I.

"Jim looked up the road and hummed a verse o' 'Come ye sinners, poor and needy.' Then he sez:

"Pap," sez he, 'I know I orter to let you have that mare for them figures,' sez he, 'but you know I've refused double that for her,' sez he. An' so he had, boys sure.

"Jim," sez I again, 'I think I could raise the eighty about twenty more, makin' a hundred,' sez I; 'but that's all I kin do. Remember, Jim,' sez I,

obtained for her. In the most extreme agony she again screamed: "They are gone the boat is sunk!"

When the Major awoke her she said: "Now, I cannot rest; Mr. D. must not go, I should be miserable till his return; the thoughts of it would almost kill me."

She instantly arose and threw on her gown, went to his bedside, for his room was next their own, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home.

"But what am I to say to my young friends whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?"

"With great truth you may say your aunt is ill; for I am so at present. Consider you are an only son, under our protection, and should anything happen to you it would be my death."

"Mr. D. immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The weather came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat and all that were in it went to the bottom, and were never more heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen. I often heard the story from my father, who would always add: 'It has not made me superstitious, but, with awful gratitude, I can never forget that my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream.'

She Changed Her Mind. A big, good-natured doctor was desperately in love with, and had been twice refused by a fair haired little woman.—But instead of the disappointment curbing his love it only made the passion more intense. After the last refusal he told her that if ever she changed her mind to let him know, as his love for her was unchangeable, and he would be proud to be her husband. Some months latter he was driving home from seeing a patient, when he saw his lady love riding in his direction. Supposing she would merely bow and pass on, as she had often done before, he did not pull up his horse. But the moment Miss Dixon came up to him, she reined in her horse, stopped, and called out: "Won't you stop, Mr. Hill?"

He raised his hat and replied: "I shall be happy to do so," then waited for her to speak.

She was gazing at the ground and blushing deeply, but quickly looking up she filled the Doctor's honest heart, by saying: "Dr. Hill, I have been closely watching you lately, and seeing nothing but goodness and noble-mindedness in your character, and believing you will make an excellent husband, I am willing to marry you."

A Camp-meeting Anecdote. An accident of camp-meeting life detailed by a clergyman on a Baltimore steambot, is thus reported in "Forest and Stream."

An old couple had supplied themselves with a bottle of pennyroyal oil with which to keep off the mosquitoes. They extinguished their light retired, forgetting the antidote. The mosquitoes were very bad, and after standing it as long as they could, the old lady got up and got a well-filled ink-bottle instead of the oil, and gave the old gentleman a thorough lubricating with the liquid, face, hands and feet; she then annointed herself in like manner.

They again assayed to court the drowsy god, but could only get an occasional nap. Finally the old lady got up and struck a light. Giving a glance at the bed she had just left, she beheld, to her horror, a colored person, as she supposed, stretched in the place of her spouse.

She quietly got the poker, and beat the old fellow over the head before discovering her mistake. Later on in the night, we found the old couple on board the boat with us, he with his head nearly as big as a bale of hay, and she caring for him with the greatest solicitude.

A Good Housewife. The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house, are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the disease arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—Concord, N. H. Patriot, 512t

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. 30 4w