

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 New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," 6.40, 8.85 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 8.00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 6.50, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. The 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York via Allentown.

SUNDAYS:

For Allentown and Way Stations, at 6.50 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," at Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 5.30 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.30 p. m., and 12.35 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 7.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 1.50, 8.00, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 2.30 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 6.25, 9.00 a. m., 12.16, 4.30, and 8.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 8.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 9.05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 8.40, 9.35 a. m., and 2.00 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 1.45 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. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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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. 7.

Chat.

To the contributors to "Our Puzzle Drawer":—This department will be discontinued for two weeks, after which it will be re-opened. During its temporary suspension everything will be done to make it, when re-opened, a department which will be one of the best in any paper, and which will be interesting to all our readers. During the suspension, if any of the readers of THE TIMES desire to send us any contributions, they will be gratefully received, and if of sufficient merit, they will be published.

PENN LYNN.

Answers to Puzzles in Vol. I. No. 4.

Ans. to No. 1—Colo.

Ans. to No. 2.

PAS MILES MARAMEC PARATINIM PALATINATES SEMINATED SENATOR CITER CIED S

Ans. to No. 3—Salscia, Tatouay.

Ans. to No. 4.

YVETOT VIVERO EVENTS TENNIS ORTIVE TO SSEL

Ans. to No. 5.

- 1. Gustavus Adolphus. 2. J. T. Trowbridge. 3. Henry Clay. 4. Winfield Scott. 5. Phillip Melancthon.

Answers to Puzzles in Vol. I. No. 5.

Ans. to No. 1—Pangolin.

Ans. to No. 2.

NOD MOD FEVER FILACER MELOCOTON NOVACULATES DECOLORRED RETARDES ROTES NED S

Ans. to No. 3—Malaga.

Ans. to No. 4.

KIT REMIT KERODON IMOGENE TIDERIC TONIC NEP

Ans. to No. 5—Destroying.

Ans. to No. 6.

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THE COUNTRY AUNT.

MRS. GORHAM put down a letter she had been reading, and looking around the table at her blooming daughters and two tall handsome sons, she said in a doleful tone:

"Your Aunt Sabina is coming, and has invited herself here without ceremony."

"When?" asked Arabella, with an intonation of intense disgust.

"She will reach here this afternoon. Wilbur you will have to meet her."

"Sorry ma, but I promised to drive Miss Caldwell to the park. Fred can go."

"Certainly, I will go," Fred said gravely, though there was a hot flush on his forehead. "I am very fond of aunt."

"Nonsense!" said his mother.—"You have not seen her for fourteen years, I never visited the detestable old farm after your father died."

"Nevertheless, I have a vivid recollection of aunt Sabina's kindness while we were there."

"Dear me, Fred," drawled Lucilla, "don't be sentimental. I wish the old thing would stay at home. I can't imagine what she is coming here for."

"She is our father's sister," said Fred "and I cannot find anything surprising in her looking for a welcome among her brother's children."

Mrs. Gorham shrugged her shoulders. If she had spoken her thought, it would have been—"Fred is so odd! Just like his father." But she only said—

"I may depend upon you, then, to meet your aunt, Fred? I will see about her room."

It was a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Gorham that all her other children were like herself. "Every one a 'Greer' except Fred," she would say, congratulating herself that the blood of "Gorman pere" was not transmitted in the features of her elder son, Wilbur, or any of the three girls.

That Greer pride meant intense selfishness; that Greer beauty was a cold, hard type; that Greer disposition was tyrannical and narrow-minded—did not

trouble Mrs. Gorham. That the son who was "all Gorham" was proud to the core with the pride that knows no false shame; that he was noble in disposition, handsome in a frank, manly type, generous and self-sacrificing—she could not appreciate. His hands and feet were not so small as darling Wilbur's he had no fashionable affectations and no "Greer" look. So his mother thought him coarse and rough, and his sisters declared that he had no style at all. But outside the home, where a great show of wealth was made by many private economies Fred was more appreciated.

When he became a man, and knew that his father's estate, though sufficient to give every comfort, was not large enough for the extravagance his mother indulged in, he fitted himself for business and took a position in a counting house, thus becoming self-supporting. Darling Wilbur had studied law, but his first client had not yet appeared, and Mrs. Gorham supported him, trusting his fascinations would touch the heart of some moneyed belle. Miss Caldwell was the present hope. She was her own mistress, an orphan heiress, and very handsome. That she seemed proud and cold in manner was only an additional charm to Mrs. Gorham; and Lucilla, Arabella and Corinne were enthusiastic in their admiration of "Cornelia Caldwell's queenly manner."

Nobody suspected Fred, blunt, straightforward Fred hid one secret in his heart confessed to no living being. And that secret was a love, pure and true, for Cornelia Caldwell—a love that would shut itself away from any suspicion of fortune hunting—that only drooped and mourned thinking of the heiress.

By four o'clock Fred was at the station waiting for Aunt Sabina. What a little old-fashioned figure she was, in her quaint black bonnet and a large-figured shawl. But Fred knew her kind old face at once, though he had not seen her since he was twelve years old.

"You are aunt?" he said, going quickly to meet her.

She looked at the handsome face and caught a quick, gasping breath.

"You must be one of John's boys," she said. "How like you are to your father."

"I am Fred," he answered. "Dear heart! How you have grown! Is your mother here?"

"She is waiting for you at home."

The good old country woman had never had the least doubt of a warm welcome at her brother's house, and Fred certainly confirmed her expectations. He found the old black leather trunk, the bag the handbox, the great bulging cotton umbrella, and put them in the carriage. He made his aunt go to the restaurant and refresh herself before starting on the long drive home. He listened with respectful interest to all the mishaps of the long journey, and sympathized with the "Ruinaton of every mortal stich I've got on, dear with dust and smoke."

"And he chatted pleasantly of his childish recollections of the tiny house and wide farm where Sabina lived.

"You see," she said, I made up my mind this year I would come to see you all once more before I died. I would have tried it before now, but something or nuther allers hindered. Dear, dear! You're all grown up, I s'pose, and you was but a lot o' babies last time John brought you to see me."

"Coriane is the youngest, and she is eighteen. Wilbur is the only one older than I am."

"Yes, I remember. Well, dear, I'm glad that John's wife brought up such a fine family. I'm only an old maid, but I do love children."

But a chill fell upon the kindly old heart when home was reached at last, and four fashionably-dressed ladies gave her a strictly courteous greeting. But for the warm clasp of Fred's hand, I think she would have returned to the station in the same carriage she came, so wounded and sore she felt.

"Not one kiss," she thought, "and Fred kissed me at the train, right before all the folks."

Fred slipped a silver coin into the hands of the servant girl who was to wait upon his aunt, and promising another if she was very attentive, he himself escorted the old lady to her room. It was not often that the young man's indignation found voice, though it grew hot over many shameful acts of hard selfishness in the house of his mother; but he said some words on that day that called a blush to the cheeks of the worldly woman.

It was not a very busy season, and finding Sabina was likely to have a sorry time if left to the other members of the family, Fred asked for a holiday, and appointed himself the old lady's escort. He was too proud to care for the fact that the quaint little figure on his arm attracted many an amused glance, but gravely stood by while a new dress for Dolly, the dairymaid, and a city necktie for Bob, the hired man, were being purchased.

He gave undivided attention to the

more important selection of a new black silk for aunt herself, and pleasantly accepted a blue silk scarf, with large red spots, that was presented to him, appreciating the love that prompted the gift, and mentally resolving to wear it when he paid the promised visit to the farm.— He drove Aunt Sabina to the park and took her to see all the sights.

Once or twice, meeting some of his gentlemen friends, they had thought "this queer old party is some rich relative, Gorham is so attentive," and had delighted Sabina by their deferential attention.

Once—Fred had not counted on that—in a picture gallery, Cornelia Caldwell sauntered in alone. She had heard of Sabina through the disgusted comments of Lucilla, and knew she had no property but a "miserable farm," but she greeted Fred with a smile far more cordial than she gave her admirers. A great lump came in Fred's throat. Then he gravely introduced the stately beauty in her rustling silk to the little old-fashioned figure on his arm.

"My aunt, Miss Gorham—Miss Caldwell."

They admired the pictures together, and the young lady was cordial and chatty. After they came down the steps Miss Caldwell said:

"You must let your aunt drive an hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I am going to do some shopping, so I will not tax your patience by inviting you to join us, but will be pleased, if Miss Gorham will dine with me, to have you call for her this evening."

Then she smiled again, made Sabina comfortable in the carriage and drove off leaving Fred forty times deeper in love than ever, as she intended he should be.

"He is a very prince of men," she thought, "and I will give him one day's rest. Bless the dear old soul! she has such eyes as my dear old grandmother has."

Then she won Sabina's confidence, and found she was worrying about the purchased of certain household matters that would not go in the black leather trunk, and she did not like to worry Fred about it.

She drove to the places where the best goods could be had, keeping guard over the slender purse against all imposition till the last towel was satisfactorily chosen and directed. Then she drove her home and brought her in the room where "grandmother" was queen, knowing the stately old lady would make the country woman welcome.

In the evening that followed Fred's heart was touched and warmed till, scarcely conscious of his own words, he told his long cherished secret and knew that he had won her love.

Aunt Sabina stayed two weeks and then went home, to the immense relief of the Gorhams, and carrying with her no regret at leaving any but Fred and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected that Cornelia spent four weeks in the height of the summer season listening to the praises of Fred at Sabina's farmhouse; and Fred did not know it until he came too, after she was gone, and had his share of listening to loving commendations of one he loved. He wore the necktie and made himself so much at home, that Sabina wept some of the bitterest tears of her life when he left.

"To have you both and lose you!" she sobbed.

"Next time we will come together," Fred whispered and so consoled her.

But alas! the next time Fred came was to superintend the funeral of the gentle old lady—and though Cornelia came too, his happy wife, there was no welcome in the pale lips, or the blue eyes closed forever.

But the will the old lady left gave all her worldly possessions to her "dear nephew, Frederick Gorham"—the farm and farmhouse. "It was apparently no great legacy, and Cornelia smiled at many of the old-fashioned treasures she touched, all with the tender reverence death leaves.

Ten years ago, Sabina was laid to rest in her narrow coffin, and there is a busy flourishing town around the site of the old farm. Mr. Frederick Gorham lives there now, and handles large sums of money—the rents of stately buildings.

"Made his money sir, by speculation," you will be told, if you inquire as to his source of income. "Fortunate purchases of ground before the town was thought of."

But I tell you that the only speculation he made was in the kindness of his heart extending loving attentions to his father's sister, and that the only land he ever owned was Aunt Sabina's farm.

Good Advice.

If you keep your stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect working order, you will prevent and cure by far the greater part of the ills that afflict mankind in this or any section. There is no medicine known that will do this as quickly or surely as Parker's Ginger Tonic, which will secure a perfectly natural action of these important organs without interfering with your daily duties. See advertisement. 50 ct

SUNDAY READING.

"My Influence."

"Gather up my influence and bury it with me," were the dying words of a young man to the weeping friends at his bedside, as stated to the speaker awhile since by one to whom he was dear. What a wish was this! what deep anguish of heart there must have been as the young man reflected upon his past life!—a life which had not been what it should have been. With what deep regrets must his very soul have been filled as he thought of those young men he had influenced for evil!—influences which he felt must, if possible, be eradicated, and which led him faintly but pleadingly to breathe out such a dying request—"Gather up my influence and bury it with me."

My young friends, the influence of your lives, for good or evil, cannot be gathered up by your friends after your eyes are closed in death, no matter how earnestly you may plead in your last moments on earth. Your influence has gone out from you; you alone were responsible; you had the power to govern to shape; your influence no human being can withdraw. Such a request cannot be fulfilled. It is impossible. Your relatives and friends cannot "gather up your influence and bury it with you." Young men, live noble, true, heroic lives. Possess this "moral courage" in full proportions, and at all times—everywhere.

The Dram Shop.

Dr. Channing said: "What ought not to be used as a beverage ought not to be sold as such." Do what we will to strengthen ourselves and others against temptation, we shall not outgrow the need, for them and for ourselves, of the Lord's Prayer: "Lead us not into temptation." And we believe that we ought to organize our prayers into actions. It is pitiable mockery for us to ask the Lord to keep men from temptation when we set up dram shops, by the authority of the State, at every corner in our large cities, to tempt, not only the strong and educated, but the weak and the ignorant, the reformed, and our own innocent children. God only knows who may be the victims! We have a merciful Father in heaven; but He is too wisely merciful to divorce the greatest of His children from a common bond with the least, and too wisely merciful to reverse any of the eternal laws of retribution. We are sowing to corruption: we shall reap a harvest of destruction.

Another There.

A notoriety-seeker was badly sat upon in the presence of a large social gathering which was discussing conflicting creeds. One said he was a Catholic, one claimed to be a Presbyterian, a third, a Unitarian, and the notoriety seeker said with a kind of swagger: "And I belong to no church at all. I believe in no religion at all. I believe in nothing at all, and I suppose I am the only one in this company who can so think."

"No, sir," said a lady to him in a loud voice, "you are not the only one here who so thinks of religion; there is another here."

The nothingsarian wanted to know who it was. "My dog, lying there under the table," answered the lady.

That man hadn't another word to say.

Christ Our Only Rest.

My heart can have no rest, unless it leans on Jesus Christ wholly. But I am apt to leave my resting-place, and when I ramble from it, my heart will quickly brew up mischief. Some evil temper now begins to boil, or some care would fain perplex me, or some deadness, or some lightness creeps upon my spirit, and communion with my Saviour is withdrawn. When these thorns stick in my flesh, I do not try to pick them out with my own needle, but carry all complaints to Jesus. His office is to save, and mine to look for help.—John Bertridge.

The only true wisdom for boy or man is to bring the whole life into obedience to Christ, whose world we live in, and who has purchased us with his blood. Or as Dr. Bushnell has said of the putting on of Christ as the garment of a needy soul: "There can be no choosing out here of shreds and patches from his divine beauty; you must take the whole suit, else you cannot put him on. The garment is seamless and cannot be divided."

Profit, \$1,200.

To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200—all this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit!"