

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," at 8.50 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," at Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 5.30 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 12.35 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 6.25, 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. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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Mrs. Spoopendyke in Politics.

"NOW, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "if you will come and sit down here I'll explain the political situation to you. I am glad to see you take an interest in such things, for everybody ought to thoroughly understand what is going on in the country."

"I've been reading about them every day," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and I think I know a good deal about politics now," and the good lady turned turkey red with the idea that she had excited her husband's admiration. "I think Mr. Garfield is just too sweet to live, and that dear Mr. Hancock is just as nice as he can be. They are ever so much better than that odious English and Authur. Oh! if I was a man I would vote for Garfield and Hancock."

"That ain't the way to talk politics," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "I thought you said you knew something about it! Got an idea that Garfield and Hancock are some kind of a bonnet, haven't you? Well, they ain't a foreign Bible society, either."

"Do you like English and Arthur best? They may be good men for the presidency, but I saw more in the papers about Garfield and Hancock, and I thought they must be splendid. Perhaps I was mistaken."

"Garfield and Hancock ain't running together, I tell ye," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "They are running against each other."

"There's another thing," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently: "if they are doing that, I perfectly agree with you in thinking that English and Arthur are the best. They are perfect gentlemen, and Mr. Arthur is so handsome! I saw his picture—"

"Don't you know anything at all, scarcely?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "English and Arthur ain't twins, they are running against each other too. Where'd you find out about politics, anyway—in a cook book? P'raps you think these candidates are vegetables, Mrs. Spoopendyke. But they ain't they are men with arms and legs; they ain't things to make pudding of."

"Certainly; I know that," responded Mrs. Spoopendyke cheerfully; "but if Mr. Garfield is running against Mr. Hancock, and Mr. English is running against Mr. Arthur, I don't see what we're going to do. How are we going to choose?"

"But they've got to run against each other," explained Mr. Spoopendyke, with rising emphasis. "You don't suppose candidates all run together like a lot of hens, do ye?"

"If Mr. Hancock and Mr. Garfield run against each other, won't Mr. Hancock have the best of it?"

"Why should he?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Cause he's so big. If they were running together he'd get beat, 'cause he's too fat. He couldn't—"

"Does anybody in the country know what you're talking about? Do you s'pose they stand off and bump up against each other like a couple of freight trains? Got an idea they're going to roll up their trousers and run a leg race? I tell ye Hancock is running for one president and Garfield is running for another. Now d'ye understand?"

"Oh, that's it. Now I begin to see into it," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, joyously. "So if you was to vote for two men for president, you must vote for English and Arthur. I understand it perfectly now. But—"

"Oh, yes, you understand it don't ye?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You're the politician of seven ages. All you need is a registration book and a brass band to be a whole political campaign. I tell ye Hancock is running for President and so is Garfield, and Arthur and English are running for Vice President.—Can you understand that?"

"Yes, I do; but do you think Arthur and English will get it? I read in one—"

"Get it? They both can't get it.—Only one of them can get it," exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, suppressing his passion. "What do you think the Vice Presidency is, a pair of pigeon holes? One of them will be President and the other Vice President. Now can you bore that through your skull and remember it?"

"Why of course; but I feel sorry for poor Mr. Garfield and poor Mr. Hancock. They'll be awfully disappointed, but of course we can't help it. Which will be President do you think, Mr. Arthur or Mr. Eng—"

"Dod gast it!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't know enough to go to sleep when you're tired. Don't I tell you Garfield or Hancock will be President. Say it over until you can remember it. The tickets are Hancock and English, and Garfield and Arthur.—Comprehend that?"

"Why certainly. I saw those names on the banners. I remember now.—Which will be elected?"

"That's the question," rejoined Mr. Spoopendyke, sarcastically. "If Mr.

English can carry his own State and Ohio, he will be elected, but if Mr. Garfield can carry his own State and Indiana, he has an excellent show."

"What will Mr. Hancock and Mr. Arthur carry?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, with an air of absorbing interest.

"Carry?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "they'll carry swill to the pigs, and that's more'n you know how to do.—What d'ye s'pose they'll carry?"

"I suppose Mr. Arthur will carry Mr. English's State, won't he and his own? And Mr. Hancock will carry Mr. Garfield's State and Governor's Island.—Ain't that where he lives? I don't imagine what they want of each other's States. They ought to—"

"Oh! you've got it!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've got it boiled down. You only need a heavy rain and the side door of a bar-room to be an election day. What you want is a lot of blots and your name spelled wrong to be a poll list. Don't I tell ye that two of 'em are running against the other two and the two that get the most States will be elected? And if a man can't carry his own State he's liable to be licked. Can't ye understand that?"

"I see; I see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It's as plain as day now. But suppose they all carry their own States won't it be funny?"

"He, he, he," giggled Mr. Spoopendyke, with horrid grimaces. "It'll be the funniest thing ever known. If they do that you just dramatize it. It'll beat nine circuses in a row. How's each going to carry his own State? Think he's going to turn it up on one end and roll it like a hoop?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Spoopendyke reflecting. "I don't exactly understand how they do it, but they ought to know what they are going to do before they accept the convention. I read—"

"Who cares a dog gasted cent what you read?" pealed forth Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't know enough about politics to stuff a chicken. Who said anything about any messy convention? Git into bed, will ye? You got an idea that you put candidates in a pot like turnips and poke 'em with a fork, and the one that's done first is elected. Oh! you're right—you've got the sense of it. With your statesmanship, all you want is four amendments and a motion to adjourn to be an act of Congress," and Mr. Spoopendyke cast his clothing into a corner, flopped into bed and pulled the clothes over his ears.

"I don't care," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke as she turned out the gas and then began putting around to see if everything was all right. "I know if Mr. English carries Mr. Garfield's State and Mr. Garfield carries Mr. English's State it will go hard with Mr. Hancock and Arthur, and Mr. Arthur is such a handsome man," and Mrs. Spoopendyke sidled into bed, planted her cold feet into the pit of Mr. Spoopendyke's stomach and went to sleep, dreaming that that worthy was running for the office of Notary public and had carried every State in the Union, including "Governor's Island."

A SILVER MOUNTAIN.

THIS season when the whaling fleet returned from a short cruise in the Arctic ocean it was stated that the season had been unusually short, and that the catch had been large, but few people were aware of the extraordinary discovery which had been made by the crew of one of the vessels, which is to result in the enriching of a score or more people. The story, as told by the captain of the whaler, is as follows:

While the vessel was lying in a small bay at the mouth of one of the rivers which empty into the ocean on the coast of Alaska, a great many of the natives came abroad to trade for sea biscuit, of which they are passionately fond, and they were treated so liberally by the white men that the chief invited the captain to accompany them up the river a short distance on a fishing excursion. The captain consented, especially as he was told that the river swarmed with salmon, and he desired to lay in a supply. A whaleboat was manned, and the captain, one of the mates and four men started on the expedition.

The entire party went up the river about fifteen miles passing over a rapid, which was difficult on account of the swift current and rocky obstruction.—Soon after passing the rapids they came in sight of a hill, fringed with trees and shrubs at its base, but barren and rocky toward the summit, which seemed to be not more than 400 or 500 feet high.—Here the party halted, and after partaking of dinner the seamen began taking salmon, while the captain and mate, together with the chief made an ascent of the hill.

Arriving at the top, they found what seemed to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and around were evidences that at one time there had been a terrible eruption, for loose boulders, charred and blackened, strewed the ground in every direction. In the crater itself the cap-

tain noticed that the rocks resembled congealed iron after it had been melted, and undertook to knock off a piece, but could not do it, as it seemed to bend, not break, with his repeated blows with the head of a boat axe. He then struck it with the blade of the axe, and actually chopped it off and took it in his hand.

Where the axe had cleaved its way through, the rock he saw was as soft nearly as lead, although it did not shine. He thought then that it was a metal of some kind and kept it. The mate meanwhile had picked up some of the loose rocks and boulders, and they started away. Toward morning, a native brought a piece of rock about twelve inches long and six inches thick, which weighed forty-eight pounds, and sprinkled with gold, stating that he had found it near another hill further up the river, and that such rock was easily gathered there. The party returned to the vessel and in due time arrived in San Francisco.

Here the story was told to a gentleman living in Oakland, and the specimens handed over to him for the purpose of having proper assays made. This was done, and the piece which the captain chopped off the top of the hill with the axe went \$6000 per ton in silver, and the loose rocks picked up on the side of the hill went as high as \$275, silver, per ton. It seems then that this hill is a mountain of silver, and that it is only the beginning of vast discoveries which will soon be made in Alaska, which may yet become the El Dorado to which thousands will rush.

The Oakland gentleman spoken of immediately formed a party or company which has chartered the Whaler to take a trip to the scene of the remarkable find as soon as the season opens. The party will consist of the same captain and mate who found the treasure, and six others, besides the crew. The company will provision the vessel for seven months, pay the crew, and give the captain and mate an equal share of the proceeds. It is designed to leave San Francisco in April. It will take eighteen or twenty days to make the run up, and not more than fifteen or twenty days to load the vessel, which will return to San Francisco, unload cargo and make another trip up to the place again.

On her first trip she will leave the working party, which will put in the time during her absence in getting out a cargo of the richest ore for her on her return. It will be remembered that the Corwin, on her trip to the Arctic this season, discovered an unlimited supply of coal in northern Alaska, and also brought back specimens of silver-bearing rock, which assays \$175 per ton. So if the whaler is successful in 1881, we may look for lively times in Alaska in the near future.

How Shall I Read?

Many who have the long winter evenings before them are asking the question "How shall I read?" It is with a desire to answer this question that we prepare this brief article. The first thing needed is some plan, or a course of reading marked out beforehand. Unless this is done we are apt to be very discursive in our reading, as history, biography, poetry, and books of travel.

"I would have," says a distinguished educator of this country, "every educated man acquire a broad, general acquaintance with a number and variety of branches, and I would have this followed up by a devoted study of a few, or of one.

We ought to give our attention to these different kinds, not merely because we may weary of one if too much time is given to it, but because they are truths and beauties which we need to be found in every one of them.

History reveals the past, and helps us to understand what is occurring in the present.

Poetry helps us to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets us. Biography reveals character and stimulates to noble deeds.

Books of travel include history biography and poetry. They broaden our views, so that we include within our interest and sympathies the people of distant lands.

One who is content with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die.

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"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." 1 24

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SUNDAY READING.

The Two Roads.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where a few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounded with soft sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out in his anguish: "O, youth return! O, my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from Heaven, and vanish in darkness athwart the churchyard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that Heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"

Religion's grand secret is living upon Christ, looking continually to him. All that is desirable in ourselves, all that is useful to others, must be drawn simply from this source; and everything else must be in subservency to this. The secret of abiding in Christ is a compound grace of humility, faith and love,—humility, by which the soul feels its own nothingness and emptiness; faith, by which it embraces the Saviour, as all sufficient for every want; and love, by which it continually dwells in him.

The will of God is the light by which we ought to be guided. Nothing grievous can ever happen to us so long as we follow it. When we walk without light in the night of our evil will, we cannot avoid either stumbling or going astray. Let Thy will, O Lord, be always the lamp which may enlighten my steps, and the light which may direct me in Thy ways.

Nothing is tolerable that is necessary. Now, God hath bound thy trouble upon thee, by his special Providence, and with a design to try thee, and with purposes to reward and to crown thee. These cords thou canst not break, and therefore lie thou down gently, and suffer the hand of God to do what he please.

Worth Remembering.

Now that good times are again upon us, before indulging in extravagant show, it is worth remembering that no one can enjoy the pleasant surroundings if in bad health. There are hundreds of miserable people going about to-day with disordered stomach, liver or kidneys, or dry, hacking cough, and one foot in the grave, when a 50 cent bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the expensive doctors and quack medicines they have ever tried. It always makes the blood pure and rich, and will build you up and give you good health at little cost. Read of it in another column. 2 24