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," 6.00, 8.05 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 6.00, 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 6.00 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 12.35 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 4.50, 8.00, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, and 10.35 p. m.

Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.30 a. m.

Leave Allentown, at 6.25, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 p. 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, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 8.35 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.

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April 9, 1878. tf

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52d4t] DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

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A Girl Who Knew Some Law.

"ACTORS, as a rule, are free-hearted generous and little inclined to look on the dark side of the picture.—They smile at misfortune, make merry with sorrow, and laugh when the heart is the saddest. They may not be happy but they appear to be, and that is a good deal."

This sentiment was given to me by "Lucky Fred Ware," as he was called by his friends, a generous young fellow, who had seen more than his share of service in the profession.

"But that isn't telling me how you won your wife," I said, knowing something of the past history of the couple. "You found her in Arkansas, I believe."

"Well, yes; found her, sort of though she wasn't lost. I hear there are some good people down there. Her old man—that is, her father—owned nearly half of one county, and Bettie—that's my wife—has had every advantage in the world to make a lady of herself. From her tenth year up to the time I met her, seven years, she was at school, off and on, in the North and what she didn't learn about books in that time isn't worth knowing.

"But you want to know how I came to marry her, and though it is sort of a giveaway to myself, I'll tell it.

"You see I didn't understand the ropes then as I do now, and it was about my first trip with a regular company, and there wasn't very much regular about them, either. They were a picked up crowd, and called themselves the 'Dashaway Combination,' but why 'Dashaway' I never could tell, unless it was that they understood so well how to dash away from delinquent board bills, and other current expenses of a traveling show.

"Well, we started and gave a rattling show for a while; now and then we would pick up considerable more than enough to pay our expenses, and then again we would get down below bed rock, and no chance of pulling through without assistance. Once I thought we were gone sure. It was in Springfield, Mo., and we played two nights, and were making nothing; then came the usual pests of a traveling show, impatient landlords, inconsiderate washerwomen, and howling hall agents, and we were on the eve of total annihilation when there came to us a protecting angel. It wasn't a very handsome angel, but an angel all the same, of the male persuasion, with plenty of money. He wanted to become an actor; he was stage struck completely, and we encouraged him in it; it would cost him sixty dollars. Did he have it? Yes, twice sixty and he shelled it out at once, and we were saved.

"I need not tell you what sort of an actor he made, and will only add that three weeks following with this addition to our force, the Dashaway Combination went to pieces at a little town in Missouri, not far from the Arkansas line.—I don't know what became of the rest of the crowd, but all that remained of the jolly Dashaways on the morning of Oct. 12th, 1871, was Jack Masterman, a superb banjo player, and myself, and neither of us had either money or friends.

"'And we are left to settle the bills,' said Jack mournfully, looking at me for an opinion.

"I suppose so,' I replied; and it will take about all the property belonging to the crowd.'

"Jack felt in his pocket, and produced a silver ten-cent piece, with a hole in it. I thought he was going to contribute his share toward paying our indebtedness, but he didn't; he coolly asked me to have a cigar.

"It is the extent of my pile,' he said, 'and we may as well get rid of it in smoke as any other way.'

"While we were smoking we philosophized. What should we do? Jack solved the problem.

"Let's go to Little Rock.'

"How far is it?'

"One hundred and eighty miles, may be further. There is some business for us there, or at least, we may strike something. Here there is nothing.'

"How shall we go?'

"Afoot.'

"Lord help us. You do not mean it?

"Yes, I do. Let me see, twenty miles a day, one hundred and eighty miles; we can make it in nine days.'

"It did not seem so very absurd after all, and the more I thought of it the more favorable the proposition struck me. At last I said I would go. So we turned over all the valuables we had, including musical instruments, stage, trap etc., to our creditors, and with a sum less than ten dollars in very hard cash started out.

"One thing I must tell you before I go farther. Jack and I were dressed just alike. Both had on light suits, cut Broadway style and white stove-pipe hats, of the regulation style worn in cities, but totally unknown in the southwest. I expect we looked odd enough; at any rate, we were stared at most outrageously on all sides as we went along. More than that, the people were suspicious of us; they would apparently lock up everything when we came around; didn't seem to give us credit for honesty or anything else.

"Well, we crossed the White River, which is a sort of a boundary line between Missouri and Arkansas, and took a bee line as near as we could make it for Little Rock. The country is very sparsely settled in that portion of the State, and rugged is no name for it.—Once in a great while there is a frame house to be seen, but a majority of the houses are of logs, and altogether unsightly affairs."

"Did ye hear that a man war killed night afore las' up on the river?" was the question put to us the second night after we had crossed the Missouri line by an old fellow in whose cabin we had stopped to pass the night.

"'No, we hadn't heard of it,' I replied.

"Wal, it's so; head cut el'ar off; man as dead as a stone. Hev ye any idere whar the chaps are what did it?'

"It struck me as I replied to this, of course negatively, that there was trouble ahead for Jack and me; we might be taken for the murderers. Why not?

"We got out next morning with the rising sun, and for the next three days scarcely stopped to sleep. We were anxious to get out of that awful country. Our clothes gave us away; the people weren't used to so much style. We hurried on.

"Finally one day in the early evening we heard behind us the clattering of horses' hoofs; we halted, and, standing by the roadside, waited to see who the horsemen might be. They rode up, two desperate-looking fellows, and with drawn pistols ordered us to surrender.—It was about the best thing we could do under the circumstances, and we therefore complied at once. Then they searched us, after which one of them said, as he examined a razors he had taken from Jack's pocket:

"Ye killed him with this, did ye!'

"Killed who? what do you mean? asked Jack.

"The villians only laughed, and ordered us to turn about and move on.

"Where are you going to take us? I asked.

"Back to White River,' was the reply 'you'uns are wanted thar fer killin' a feller. Move on.'

"It was all plain as day now. But what could we do? We were quite sure they would kill us before we were half-way there. They claimed to be officers of the law, and showed us papers to prove it. But had they any right to arrest us? It doesn't matter; might make right in some places, and there is where they had us. But one thing we could demand. We requested a hearing before a Justice of the Peace, and that too, at once.

"'Wal there's 'Squire Jackson over thar,' said a native whom we had appealed to. 'I reckon he can fix ye.'

"We were taken there at once, and found the 'Squire at home, and a very comfortable home it was, too. It was not a house built of logs, but a large stone structure, long and rambling, with pretty vines in front, and a general air of wealth and refinement prevading the place. The door of the house was closed but as we came up, it opened suddenly and a young lady of sixteen or seventeen summers looked out. Involuntary I lifted my hat; I couldn't help it, she looked so pretty and innocent; we stepped in, and then our wants were made known. The young lady did not leave the room, and I soon discovered that she was a daughter of the 'Squire before whom we were to appear.

"Well, the examination commenced, and Jack and I were questioned closely, and the situations were all against us.—The old 'Squire wasn't particularly full of legal lore, and, like his neighbors, had an idea that we deserved punishment on general principles. All the while we were being examined the young girl stayed in the room, half the time bending over her father's shoulder, and watching us very closely; once I thought she gave me a smile, and thereupon it rushed through my mind that maybe she would influence her father to let us go.

"'I reckon I can't do anything for you,' at last said the old man. 'These officers have a legal right to take you back to where the murder was committed, and I reckon you'll have to go.'

"The villians who had hunted us down seemed pleased with this decision but just when they were about to take us away, the young girl said this to her father quickly:

"'Why I know more about law than you do, father.'

"'Do you?' laughed the old man. 'Why?'

"The girl explained:

"'The murder was committed in the State of Missouri,' she said.

"'Yes, yes,' replied the old man.

"'And you are officers from that State?'

"Just so; just so.'

"'Well then how can you come into another State and take persons away without a requisition from the Governor. These men are not legally bound to go with you one step.'

"I own it came to me as a surprise. The little girl had interpreted the law right, and the old 'squire saw it at once. I think I never saw a madder man in my life. He stormed and raved, and fairly drove the Missouri officers out of the house.

"'Fellers,' said he, 'it is all right; you can stay with me as long as you like, and if they come after you again we will barricade the doors and fight 'em with shot-guns. It's me that's talking, and don't you forget it.'

"Well, we stayed two weeks with the old 'squire, and while Jack and he roamed the mountains hunting deer, I passed the time looking after the interests of the female member of the Jackson mansion, pretty Miss Betty. Finally Jack and I got down to Little Rock, where we found employment. But I didn't stay there long; I felt uneasy, and I never got over this uneasy feeling until I had gone back and got the old 'squire to say I might marry his daughter. He didn't reply directly when I asked him, but, seizing his rifle, whispered as he walked out the door:

"'I'll jes go an' see if I kin kill a turkey gobbler for dinner.'

"And he walked away brushing his eyes with his coat sleeves.

For THE TIMES.

The Franklin Junto.

It may be a matter of interest to many to know what is meant by the Franklin Junto, and how the term originated.—It was in 1727 over one hundred and fifty years ago that the first literary society or lyceum in this country was organized in Philadelphia. It was instituted by Benjamin Franklin, the great American statesman and natural philosopher, being then but twenty-one years old. It was named after him and called the Franklin Junto. It existed for nearly forty years. For a while at first it held its meetings at the old Indian King tavern, in Market street, just below Third. This old landmark, the birthplace of what has at last become a mighty institution, has disappeared many years ago. The society met every Friday evening and each member paid a penny a night to recompense the landlord for fire and light. At first the membership of this society numbered 15 members, but it soon increased. It appears to have exerted a great influence upon those connected with it for most of them having their literary tastes cultivated and acquired great intelligence and public spirit so that in after years they held many prominent positions in society. Many who became illustrious men during the Revolution were at one time members of the Junto. The manner in which the society was conducted is quite different to that of the present day. The exercises consisted in the answering of referred questions. A set of questions was read by the secretary and answered at each meeting. There were usually twenty-four questions and the answering of them by the members in turn constituted the whole evening's performances. Among the questions were the following:—1. Have you read anything since the last meeting in any book of history, morality, arts or any part of knowledge which you think suitable to be told to the society. 2. Did you hear anything agreeable to tell the lyceum? 3. Has any citizen failed in business lately or been sold out, and if so, what was the cause? 4. Have you lately heard of any unhappy effects of intemperance or any other vice or folly? 5. Have any of your acquaintances been sick, and if so, what remedies were used to restore them? 6. Has any deserving stranger arrived in the neighborhood lately? 7. Have you observed any defects in the laws of our country? 8. Do you know of any new beginners lately set up in business who deserve to be encouraged? 9. Do you see anything amiss in the proceedings or customs of the society which might be amended?—

We may think this a strange lyceum, but the regular considering of such topics as those and the discussing of the political issues during those Colonial times would certainly improve its members; and it is not at all surprising that many of them afterwards became eminent men. In 1730 Franklin proposed to bring their books together, so as to form a common stock or library for general convenience and reference. This was the first public library in the city or state. Others however, soon followed.

A. F. MYERS.

Loysville, Pa., Jan. 7th, 1881.

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 pleasantest surroundings if in bad health. There are hundreds of miserable people going about to-day with disoredred stomtch, liver or kidneys, or dry, hacking cough, and one foot in the grave, when a 50 ct. 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 would build you up and give you good health at little cost. Read of it in another column. 2 4t

☞ Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Ave., Lynn, Mass., is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation for the surprising cures which daily result from the use of her Vegetable Compound in all female diseases. Send to her for pamphlets.

SUNDAY READING.

Turning Points of Life.

The switch tender was weary, and, as he sat at the post his eyes were heavy, and he fell asleep. The train came thundering along, and as it neared the place the man heard the whistle and arose to adjust the switch. He was just too late. He sprung aside. The cars moved on, were thrown from the track, and a scene of death and disaster the consequence.

It was only a little switch—a bar of iron a few feet in length, which opened at one end only an inch, to allow the flange of the wheels to pass through the narrow way. Only a few seconds more would have placed the little bar at the right angle, and all would have been well. But the few seconds were lost the little bar was out of place, and the train, with its valuable freight of life and property, was nearly all buried in a mass of death and ruin.

A young man was once under a state of deep inquiry about his eternal interests. Two or three of his companions learned that he was going to prayer meeting, and they determined to change his purpose. They persuaded him, only this once, to go to the accustomed place of resort. He finally yielded. They plied their arts of amusement, gayety, and pleasure, and bound him at last in the snares of a female companion. It was his fatal moment. In a few weeks from that time he had committed murder, and followed the deed with instantaneous self-destruction.

A young man went to visit his friends on New Year's day, according to the custom of New York. He had abandoned the intoxicating cup. He had suffered from its evil, and was a sworn total abstinent. He uniformly refused to taste or handle, until he called upon a young lady, who finding her invitations all declined, began to banter him with a want of manhood, and plied her ridicule so far that at last he yielded. It was the setting of the switch. He was taken home in a state of intoxication, and in a few months afterward he died, uttering terrible curses upon the tempter who had been the cause of his ruin.

Sensible Admonitions.

Don't buy a piano for your daughter when your sons need a plow.

Don't let your horses be seen standing at the beer saloon it don't look right.

Don't give the merchant or printer a chance to dun you; prompt payment makes independent men.

Don't leave to memory what should be written; it makes lawsuits.

Don't become security for him who waits for the sheriff.

Decent, substantial clothing for your children makes them think better of themselves, and keeps the doctor away.

Teach your boy to look up and forward, never backward.

Cultvate the habit of giving, but never give up.

Buy a farm wagon, before a fine carriage.

☞ In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men; fronting the peril which frightens back all others; which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.

☞ The Fountain of Joy became a Man of Sorrow; and the Lord of Glory was covered with shame; and why? Amazing mystery! that we might be raised to happiness and glory.

☞ That which is called considering what is our duty in a particular case, is very often nothing but endeavoring to explain it away.

☞ To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our ability is the glory of man.

☞ According to Professor Read, of London, the world by geological evidence, has reached the mature age of 6000,000,000 years.

☞ Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please it by its resemblance to it.

☞ No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance.

☞ The real strength and goodness of some people is not drawn out until they are overtaken by trouble.

Given up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."
—*Salem Post.* 3 2t