

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 8.05, 8.35 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 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, Lochlet and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 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.

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.

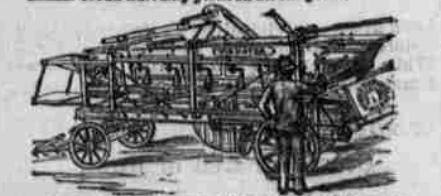
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OUR PUZZLE DRAWER.

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. SIMPERS, JR., Cheltenham, Pa.

VOL. I. NO. 8.

I. Enigma.

The whole, of 7 letters is—fine linen dyed a pale red color. The 4, 1, 2, 3, is a can. The 5, 6, 7, is to work at printing for less than established prices.

2. Octagon.

1. A messenger. 2. A town of Ohio. 3. An eastern city. 4. Consisting of fat. 5. Allured. 6. Stratagems. 7. To spread.

3. Rebus.

25—25—25—25 P E 5—10—10—10—5

4. Double Diamond.

Across:—1. A letter. 2. An Asiatic plant. 3. Covered with soft plants. 4. An evergreen tree. 5. Small coins. 6. A constellation. 7. A letter.

5. Enigmatical Bouquet.

1. Confectionary, and a collection of small things. 2. Five, and to frustrate. 3. A flower, and a girl's name. 4. A shrub, and a flower. 5. A footman, and a vowel.

6. Square.

1. A light helmet. 2. An interstice or small space. 3. To excite fermentation in. 4. An umbelliferous plant. 5. A judicial writ of execution. 6. Opinions.

Prizes. First complete list: THE TIMES 3 months. For next best list, 3 months subscription to the "Tablet," containing "Daisy Dean's" Puzzle Department. For next best list: The "Orphans' Friend," 3 months.

Prize Winners to Vol. I. No. 2. First prize, not won. Second prize won by "A. Solver," Kenton, Ohio. Third prize by "Ned Hazel," Aurora, Illinois.

Chat. "ENGLISH BOY:" The above is the last we have of yours. Please take the hint and send us a large supply. "Flats" preferred. "NUTMEG:" We would like very much to hear from you in the way of contributions.

Puzzle Notes. "The Labyrinth," in the "Sunday Evening Journal" of New York City, is under the able management of "Stud." It is an excellent puzzle department, one of its main features being the offering of expensive prizes and lots of them.

Skinner's Mistake. He Knew More About Gospel Than About Garters.

IT IS not possible to permit it to pass unmentioned. When an incident of unique interest and far-reaching importance happens, a newspaper is compelled to take notice of it. After all this is a world where we must constantly sacrifice ourselves for others, and why should the journalist shrink from any duty, however painful it may be?

strip of black velvet, which he thinks belongs to a later stage of development than the pair in Prof. Huxley's possession, and which was found near Salisbury Plain, and may have been the property of the daughter of the famous shepherd thereof.

Mr. Skinner was, of course, totally ignorant of the whole subject. He was a Methodist divinity student, and, in all probability, he had never dreamed that such an article existed.

Mr. Skinner, as is notorious, was engaged to be married to the daughter of the leading cooper of Brewster Centre, and he made his first visit to New York early last week. It was while walking down the Sixth-avenue that his eye fell upon a silver-plated pair exposed for sale in a shop window, and marked "only fifty cents."

To his utter amazement, the young woman called in a frightened tone upon "George," a large man in the rear of the store, and informed him that this villain—meaning the meek and innocent Skinner—"was insulting her."

The young lady was delighted, and waited anxiously while Mr. Skinner undid the string and opened the box.—"There! Sarah Ann!" he exclaimed, as he exhibited the articles.

nessed Mr. Skinner in the act of being shot out the front door, afterward said. Bruised in body and dazed as to mind, Mr. Skinner sought his boarding house and his bed, where, in the course of the day, he learned that, according to popular rumor, he had grossly insulted Miss Sarah Ann, and that the public opinion was divided as to whether he was drunk or insane.

This sad event was unquestionably due to the introduction of steel spiral springs as a substitute for elastic webbing. Mr. Skinner honestly supposed he was buying a pair of bracelets, and his mistake was not an unlearned one.

Bricktop's Bee Story.

I HAD an improved back yard. I went through a seed store and bought a sample of everything that would grow in this climate. The result was a perfect tangle of flowers and things, from the overgrown sunflower to a forget-me-not.

I bought a hive of honey-bees and brought it home with me that very night. It was one of those patent hydrostatic, back-action hives, in which the bees have peculiar accommodations and all the modern improvements.

We intended to be up early next morning to see how our little birds took to our flowers; but a good half-hour before we probably should have done so we were awakened by the unearthly yells of a cat.

"The cat is mad," said Mrs. B. afrighted. "Why shouldn't he be? the bees are stinging him," said I, comprehending the trouble.

I the mean time the neighbors were shouting, and getting awfully excited over the show, while our servant, supposing us fighting, opened the basement

door and admitted a policeman, who at once proceeded to go between man and wife. The bees hadn't got at Mrs. B.'s tongue yet, and she proceeded to show the policeman that I had abused her in the most shameful manner, and that I had bought a hive of bees on purpose to torment her into the grave.

By this time a fire-engine had arrived, and a line of hose was taken through the house into the back yard. One of the hosemen asked where the fire was; but just then one of the bees bit him behind the ear, and he knew.

This little adventure somehow dampened our enthusiasm regarding the delight of making our own honey.—During the next week we wore milk-and-water poultices pretty ardently, but not a word was said about honey; and now Mrs. B. has gone to stay a week with her mother, leaving me and the convalescent cat and the tickled neighbors to enjoy our own felicity.

SUNDAY READING.

The Care of God. "Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me. "Yes; but what is it? It is, I suppose the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."