### RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING B. R ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

NOVEMBER 15th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows : Frains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:
For New York via Allentown, at 8.00 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," 6.50, 8.55 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 Heading, at 6.00, 8.00, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 3.06 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.06 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m.
For Allentown, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

1.00 p. m.
The 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York, via Alientown. SUNDAYS:

For Allentown and Way Stations, at 6.00 a. m. For Reading. Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows : Leave NewYork via Allentown, 8 45 a. m. 1.00 and 5 39 p. m. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 5.39 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 12.55 a. m.

we Phil delphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and

Leave Pottsville, 7.00, 2,10 a, m, and 4.40 p, m, Leave neading, at 4.50, 8.00, 11.50 a, m, 1.3, 6.15, and 10.35 p, m, Leave Pottsville via Schuyikili and Susquebanna Branch, 8.30 a. in. 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 Alleutown, at 9,05 p. m. BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 9.35 a.m., and 2.09 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.19, 9.30 p. m.

Beturning, 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. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penu'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER. Proprieter.

HAVING leased this property and furnished it in a comfortable manner. Lask 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.

\*\*A\*\* Caerful hostler always in attendance.

April 9, 1878. If

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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.

## 1. Numerical.

The whole of 8 letters is a game at cards.
The 1, 2, 3, 5, is a stall for oxen.
The 6, 4, 8, 7, is a bey.
Philadelphia, Pa. "Jat."

VOL. 1.

## 2. Double Acrestic.

(PIVE LETTER WORDS.)

- A weapon.
   The great artery.
   A feature.
   Empty.
   To catch.

6. A coin.
7. A sign.
Primals: A twilled stuff made of weel or cotton
Finals: A thick, twilled woolen stuff.
Aurora, Ill.
"NED HAZEL."

## 3. Enigmatical Cities.

I. To fix in the mind, and a string. A fluid, and to entomb. Not elevated, and a measure. Open, and a castle.

### "Expuny." Union Station, Pa.

4. Half Square.

- 1. Native carbonate of zinc. A kind of silk. Covered with wool.
- To perplex.
- nall particle of matter.
- A small particle of mate
   A fish.
   Found on the compass.

A letter. "M11.0." Aurora, Ill.

### 5. Numerical.

The whole composed of six letters in the The Whole composed of six letters in the ground-nut.

The 1, 2, 3, a petition of foreigners to the Emperor of China.

The 4, 5, 6, is a fish.
Landsdale, Pa.

"T. O. M." "T. O. M."

## 6. Rebus.

B 50 E-1000 "Something previous," this does mean, Guess it quick, or we'll think you green. "DOLLY." Boston, Mass.

Answers in three weeks.

### Prizes.

The "Orphans' Friend:" three months, for the first, second, and third complete lists.

# Prize Winners.

Vol. 1. No. 3. 1st prize not won. 2nd won by "Jay," Philadelphia, Pa. 3rd by "D. D. D.," Philadelphia, Pa.

"JAT :"-Your batch accepted with thanks.

Call again.
"Dolly:"-Let us welcome you to the ranks of puzzledom. Hope you will send us some solutions also.
"T. O. M.:"—Another new one. Welcome.

All accepted, except the wheel puzzle, have not enough room for it.

# A Miser Brought to Terms.

DOBERT CARRACK, of the renown-N ed Glasgow Ship Bank Company, was one of the greatest scrubs in money matters that Glasgow ever knew. He died about fifty years ago worth nearly a million sterling, leaving no family of histown, and not a farthing to any one of the charitable institutions of his city. His housekeeper, an elderly dame, Miss Painsley, was his favorite niece. They lived in a dark, dingy building; and, while Robert Carrack was famed for his great banking negotiations in the flat below, Miss Painsley was notorious for the most miserly management in the flat above. She would haggle with the shopkeepers in the neighborhood about the price of a pound of cheese, and if "Robin," as he was called, had a dinner party (of rare occurrence), she would be seen hurrying from the meat market in King street with a sheep's head and a string of flounders, and she invariably stipulated with the green-grocers in the Candleriggs that if any apples or pears should be left over after the dessert at Robin's table they should be taken back on the following morning and full value allowed for them.

No wonder Robin amassed riches by this way of living! On one occasion he was waited on by a deputation of three citizens for a subscription to some public charity or other, then of pressing importance. They expected that he being a banker, and well knowing the urgent circumstances, would head the list with a handsome snm. To their mortification he would only give "twa guineas." When they pressed him a little he replied "he could not afford to give them any more," and bowed them out of the room. Not far from the bank was the warehouse of John M'Hquham, then doing good business in Glasgow. When the deputation waited on him, he glanced over the list of subscribers, but mused and remarked on the trifling amount given by Banker Carrick. The gentlemen told him the reason they had got so little, viz. : "That he could not afford to give any more."

"What is that you say ?" exclaimed old M'Ilquham, rising from his seat with bristling indignation.

They repeated the answer truly. "James," said he to his cashier, bring me the Ship Bank book, and a

cheque, and a pen." With that he filled up the cheque for £15,000 sterling .-'Run down," he sald, as fast as you can and take care and get that money for me, and the gentleman here will please wait till ye come back."

The cheque was presented. Robin stared, and rubbed his spectacles more than once.

"Go back," said he, "to Mr. M'liquham, with my compliments, and say there must be some mistake here."

"What!" said he, when that message was brought to him, "will he not give me my own money out of the bank? Go back instantly and tell him there is no mistake whatever on my part. I'm waiting for the meney."

On this Robert got nervous andalarmed, for there had been an understanding between him and his customer that when an unusual supply of money was required a day or two's notice was to be given.

"What's wrong with you ?" said the banker, as he toddled up, finding it necessary now so to do, to Mr. M'liqu-ham's warehouse. "What's wrong to-day, Mr. M'Ilquham ?"

"Nothing wrong with me,I hope, Mr. Carrick, but there's surely something very far wrong with yourself, for when these decent gentlemen sitting yonder called for me they mentioned that you could not afford to give more than two guineas for this excellent subscription, and if that is the case it is high time for me to look after my deposits in your hands."

This lead to a pleasing result. Robin at the instigation of the worthy merchant, now put down his name for fifty guineas. Mr. M'Ilquham canceled the cheque, and the collecting deputation went away delighted. What the banker's private feelings were can well be imagined.

## Taking a Snap Judgment.

THE Rev. Jeremiah White, domestic A chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, had the ambition to aspire to the hand of the Lady Frances, Cromwell's youngest daughter. The Protector was informed of it, and having no inclination for such an alliance, was so much concerned that he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look-out, promising if he could give him any substantial proofs he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished.

The spy followed his business so closely that in a little time he dogged Jerry White—as he was generally called—to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to acquaint the Protector. Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber, and going quickly in, found Jerry on his knees kissing his daughter's hand .--Cromwell, in a fury, asked what it meant. White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said:

"May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail. I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

Oliver, turning to the girl, cried:

"What's the meaning of this, hussy? Why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you will treat him as such."

My lady's woman, who desired nothing better, with a very low curtesy, replied:

"If Mr. White intends me that honor I shall not be against him."

"Sayest thou so, my lass?" cried Cromwell. "Call Goodwyn (one of the preachers); this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room."

The Rev. Jerry had gone too far to recede from his proposal; his brother parson came, and Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave the bride five hundred pounds as portion, to the secret disappointment and indignation of the dupe of his own making, but to the entire satisfaction of the fair abigail, who obtained a husband much above her most sanguine hope or pretensions. After the Restoration, White remained quiescent. He died in 1707, aged seventy-eight. When the story of his marriage was mentioned before Mrs. White who survived her husband) she always simpered her assent to its truth.

# Tough Railroad Stories.

A conductor on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad is puzzled. A few days ago he was running a freight train from Schenectady to Whitehall, when he found that the rear trucks of one of the cars in the middle of the train were missing, and the car had been dragged about fifteen miles on its front trucks, with its rear sustained somewhat by the coupling holding to the car just behind it. At the distance named were found the missing trucks, away down at the foot of an embankment. How did they get off the track, is the question. It reminds the Albany Journal that several years ago a whole freight car got out of the middle of a train and rolled down an embankment, and the car before it was

caught up to by the car behind it, the coupling fastened automatically, and the train went on without the loss being discovered for some hours. A newspaper man isn't going to let a freight car conductor beat him telling a tough story.

## His First Experience with a Stove.

SHORT time ago an English emi-A grant family arrived at Chatham, Ontario, and being destitute of everything, a few kind-hearted people gave them sundry articles to help them to go to housekeeping, and among other things a stove. The donor forgot however, to send along the necessary pipe. The day being very cold, the first thing the father of the wandering flock turned his attention to was the making of the fire. With grateful eyes he surveyed the stove (the first he had ever seen) and then glancing at the stove pipe hole in the chimney, which was about two feet from the ceiling, wondering how the smoke could get up and out that small hole. His eyes rested on some hooks in the ceiling, which a former tenant used for drying apples thereon, and he naturally came to the conclusion that they were intended to hang the stove upon .-There was no time to be lost, and so with the aid of chairs and a table, and a good deal of exertion, the able-bodied man lifted the stove up so that the stovepipe hole, which happened to be at the side of the stove, rested nicely in the hole in the chimney, while his betterhalf lashed it to the afore mentioned hooks with a rope which came around their scanty luggage. After everything was secure the patient housewife hastened to prepare some wood wherewith to make a fire, while the prespiring father was designing in his perplexed mind some kind of a scaffold whereon his wife could st and to cook the frugal meal But his ideas were overthrown by the sudden appearance of the donor of the stove, bearing the forgotten pipe. An explanation was in order, and after a hearty laugh the bewildered Englishman was thoroughly initiated in the mysteries of the American way of putting up stoves.

# The Text Aptly Turned.

Of a clergyman in Massachusetts, whose pugilistic propensities caused him to be called behind his back "the fighting parson," it is said that one of his parishioners asked him to preach from Matthew V. 38: "Whomsoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." Certainly he would, the next Sunday. And there was a great crowd to hear how one of his temperament would treat such a subject. After giving out the text, he said the meaning was very clear and the doctrine very satisfactory. "If a man smite thee on thy right cheek, it may have been in sudden passion and repented of at once. You should bear it, and turn to him the other cheek in order to learn what his intention is; but if he smite you again, let him have it; for there is no scripture against that!"

# Strange Pets.

There is no accounting for tastes. Mrs. Lincoln, of Boston, keeps two lions, and now we hear of a Western farmer who has domesticated a lot of creatures that belonged quite as appropriately out of doors. In the middle of his parlor he has a curious republic of industrious hornets; their nest hanging to the ceiling by the same twig on which it was so admirably built and contrived in the woods. Its removal did not displease them, for they found in his house plenty of food, and he left a hole open in one of the panes of the window, which answered all purposes. By this kind of usage they became quite harmless. They lived on the flies which were troublesome through the summer. They were constantly busy in catching them, even on the eyelids of the children. By their assistance the family were but little troubled with flies. All the household were so accustomed to their strong buzzing that no one felt any fear of them, and though they are flerce and vindictive, yet kindness and hospitality has made them useful and harmless.

At Cape of Good Hope, near Table Mountain, the clouds come down very low now and then without dropping any rain. At such a time, if a traveler should go under a tree for shelter from the threatening storm, he will find himself in a drenching shower; while out in the open, away from any tree or shrub. everything would be as dry as a bone. The explanation of the phenomenon is, that the cloud or mist is rather warmer than the leaves; and so, when it touches them it is changed into clinging drops, which look like dew. Fresh drops keep forming, which run together, and at length the water drips off the leaves like rain. And this process is continued until the clouds lift, and the sun comes out again.

The mind has more room in it than one would imagine, if you would furnish the apartments.

### SUNDAY READING

### A Beautiful Incident.

On board the ill-fated steamer, Seawanhaka, was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning steamer and committing himself to the merciless waves he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly upon his shoulders, and resting there until her strength becoming exhausted she said, "I can hold on no longer,"

"Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized husband: "let us sing 'Rock of Ages." And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo ! as they sang, one after another of the exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."

With the song seemed to come strength, another and yet another was encouraged to renewed efforts.

Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching. Could they hold out a little longer? Singing still, they tried; and soon, with superhuman strength, laid hold of the life-boat, upon which they were borne in safety to land.

This is no fiction; it was related by the singer himself, who said he "believed Toplady's sweet 'Rock of Ages' saved many another besides himself and wife."

# The Lord's Prayer.

The Lord's Prayer is short, mysterious, and like treasures of the spirit, full of wisdom and latent senses; it is not improper to draw forth these excellencies which are intended and signified by every petition, that by so excellent authority we may know what it is lawful to beg of God-Jeremy Taylor.

A maiden knelt in the twilight hour, and, clasping her hands, fervently breathed forth, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."

A mother, in deep agony of grief, gazed on her child, sleeping her long, last sleep, a smile wreathing her soft lips, and white hands folded across that still and pulseless heart, and kneeling there, the living beside the dead, she prays: "Thy will be done."

As the early beams of the orient gild the sleeping land, a widow with her suffering little ones, called by poverty and woe, bows at the Throne of Grace, and fervently prays: "Give us this day our daily bread."

An aged father, as his loved and loving boy goes forth from the paternal care to brave the cold frowns of life, kneels beside him on the eve of his departure, and pleads: " Lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.'

Respect yourselves and act accordingling and other men will learn to respect you. The world is generous, and at first takes a man at his own estimate of himself. If he is able to meet the world's expectations all goes well, if not all goes ill. Make yourself a gentleman and everybody will help you to carry your sack; but, as the German says, " Make yourself an ass and you'll have every man's sack on your back.

Some clocks do not strike. You must look at them if you would know the time. Some men do not talk their Christianity; you must look at their lives if you would know what the gospel can do for human nature. But a clock need not be incorrect because it strikes; a man need not be inconsistent because he speaks as well as acts.

13 The greater your wants, the greater God's goodness in supplying them; the greater your enemies, the greater the display of God's power in subduing them; and the greater your unworthiness, the greater his grace in saving you.

The sale of the penny Testament, the cheapest edition ever published, has already reached nearly 400,000, and the publisher, Mr. Elliott Stock, confidently expects that 1,600,000 copies will be disseminated in twelve months.

Stories first heard at a mother's knes are never wholly forgotten, a little spring that never quite dries up on your journey through scorching years.

No one ever did a designed injury to another but at the same time he

### did a much greater to himself. How it was Done.

"How do you manage," said a lady to ber 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 goodnatured." Read about it in another column.