

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 6.05, 8.45 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 6.05, 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 8.05 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 2.45 p. 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 12.50 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, 4.50, and 9.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.50, 8.00, 11.50 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 9.05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 6.45, 8.45, 9.35 a. m., and 2.10 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, 7.40, 10.10 a. m., 2.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only, 8.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

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How Laurette Came Home.

MANY a wealthier, wiser, prettier and more prudent girl would have been glad to have the Rev. Beranger Haslem—in his own congregation, too—but he must needs pick up this strange wildling from some outlandish place, and set at the head of his influential city church, as "pastor's wife;" and, seeing that she had no money, family or expectations, what else could he have chosen her for but blind, stupid love?

And yet, but four months after the "coming home," behold Laurette in her husband's study, where she sits with corrugated brow before his half-written sermon, not crouching lovingly on the foot-stool beside him, with her dainty toy work in her lap, as the moral run of idols would have it, but standing before him, the table between them, passionate tears in her eyes, reproach, despair on her countenance, her hands clasped in a frenzy of woe!

"Why did you ever bring me hear?" she shudders out in tragic, breathless gasps; "not because you loved me. Ah, no, Beranger, never that! Don't seek to comfort me by your cold assurances.—I know better now!"

"My dear? my dear?" expostulates Mr. Haslem, gently, but in rather a discouraged tone, as if he was finding his better-half a bit of a hand-full to manage.

Mr. Haslem is a great man; his heart is in his work, and his true desire is to do his duty in the sphere in which God has placed him; but if he had not also placed his heart in the keeping of this restless, eager girl, he never would have taken her to be the companion of his life; consequently these wild words fall almost like an outrage on his ears, though he assures himself that she can surely never mean them, nor do him such injustice.

"Yes, yes, I know that I only trouble you!" cries Laurette, the burning tears beginning to fall over her scorching cheeks—"that I have no place here but to cause anxiety—that but for me you would be a happier and more successful man. I know all that so well I am no comfort to you, no advantage in your work, and I have come to—"

"Laurette," he interrupts, wildly; "have I ever said a y thing like this to you.

"Oh, no, no! You are too patient and good, but I know—I know you never would have chosen me, Beranger, but that you took pity on my great love for you, which I poor fool! could not hide!"

"Why will you torture yourself thus dear? Do you find me unkind or neglectful to you, that you should fancy such things?"

"No, too kind; too considerate!" murmurs the young wife, wringing her hot hands; "too uncomplaining for it to be real. Don't I know what your wife should be? Why didn't you marry a wise, useful young lady, whose poor foolish heart would not torment you with so much love and yearning.—You don't need any worship—it is only extravagance to you?"

"I thought I wanted it, Laurette or I would not have asked you for it," sighs Mr. Haslem, feeling words to be idle, while she will twist them so strangely.

"But you know better now," gasps Laurette, with a hysterical laugh, "and so do I, to my despair. Oh, Beranger, never think that I blamed you!"

She stands a moment whitening to the lips, gazing at him in indecision, as if she longed even yet to cast herself at his feet, and implore his tenderness or forgiveness, but his eyes were on his unfinished sermon, longingly as it seems and she turns away and creeps softly away from the room as if crushed.

"My darling," begins the young husband, looking up, and then he discovers that he is alone.

"After all," he muses, "it is better to leave her to come to reason herself—she always does—and then I can tell her perhaps more strongly than I have ever done, how deep and strong my love is for her. Poor Laurette, I wonder why she doubts me?"

But it is Saturday evening, and his sermon must be finished, so he puts away his domestic perplexities with an effort, and plunges into theology.

With all his excellencies—and he is truly an affectionate, ever-thoughtful husband—Mr. Haslem does not altogether understand the way to treat his Laurette.

She is passionately loving, impulsive, difficult, and full of nervous, generous, impossible fancies; and he, calm, strong, well-balanced, earnest in affection, inflexible in duty.

She is stung to frenzy by some words which malice had poured into her ears, burdened with the thoughts and cares, and hours of pain whose meanings she dared not understand, but which drive her fevered craving heart closer to him; and he, all unconscious of the teeming, surging fancies, all unknowing of these sorrowful, heavy hours, wonders at the inequality of her spirits, and her many

exactions, while he loves her none the less nor neglects his duties a whit the more.

You might call them at this stage of the Idyl, Snow and Fire, and wonder little at the sequel.

It was close on Sunday morning when the pastor put away his work and thought of rest. Never mind, it was a good sermon, and before leaving his study he prayed humbly that it might be blessed to some among his flock, perhaps even his own ewe lamb.

Laurette had not yet retired. Foolish girl, she must be sitting alone down stairs waiting for him.

The gas was not lit in the parlor, but at the sound of his steps in the hall the housekeeper, an elderly woman, with a peculiar, cold eye, came up from the kitchen region, a note in her hand.

"Mis' Haslem has gone out, sir, and she told me not to disturb you on no account till you would come down, and to give you this note. I expect, sir," said the woman demurely, smoothing down her apron, while her stealthy eye watched her master's face, "she's gone to spend the evening at some of them friends of hers, and wants you to go for her. It's a rainy night for you to go out after your work, sir, but—he! he!—you'll not get the comfort with a young wife that you had when you was your own master."

But Mr. Haslem was deaf to old Martha's words of wisdom. He had torn open the note, and read what turned him cold and blind as a stone. This from his own little wife:

I am going away—out of your life forever, Beranger. I have thought it all over, and it is best. After a while marry again, for I shall be dead; and don't make such another mistake.—Take her you would have taken but for me. Oh, my love, I never blamed you!

"The Lord is your sun and shield, and He will watch over her you mourn, and will preserve her from harm," said good Elder Crayton, when, a week later, he bent over his young pastor's pillow, and held his burning hand in his.—

"And perhaps this will be blessed to the wayward child, and ordered for her and your more lasting happiness. Be not disquieted; nothing is suspected as yet among the people, and we must keep her name spotless. They think you took her home to see some relative, and I will explain the continued absence."

So this wise friend stood between the crushed minister and the cruel darts of slander—told all inquirers that Mrs. Haslem has been "sent by the Lord to fulfill a mission elsewhere," and meanwhile, prayed hard for good to come out of the great evil.

But six months passed away, and Beranger Haslem is still desolate.

It was vaguely reported that Mrs. Haslem was nursing some dying relative, perhaps with a cloud over his or her name, hence the pastor's reticence and sadness. The truth was never once suspected, and, be it said to poor Laurette's credit, none even the most slanderous, dreamed of associations wrong with her.

Six months, and Christmas eve. Mr. Haslem is once more in his study working at his Christmas sermon, with a weary sadness in his pale face—a heart fighting for truth amid much despair within.

The room had not that bright, dainty air it wore six months ago, though old Martha prided herself on taking the best care of "her minister." The fire burned dimly, half smothered in ashes; the books were piled anyhow; the little sewing chair waited on the hearth—waited still!

On this night the Child of the world was born—the Holy Babe who was to bring such joy.

Suddenly the door was opened wide, but silently, and Laurette stood there, the snow upon her poor garments, a great, quivering light growing on her white face. And in her outstretched arms, while her lips moved speechlessly, and her hollow eyes appealed, she held a sleeping babe!

Was it a phantom? He sprang up, scattering books and manuscript, and faced her, trembling and wondering—afraid that she might vanish away.

"Beranger!" breathed Laurette, timidly. "I have brought you a Christmas gift—our child!"

"My God!" exclaimed Mr. Haslem; "is this possible?"

He put his arm around them, and, scarce conscious, drew them to the fire-side, placed her in the vacant chair, fell on his knees before her, and trembling exceedingly, pressed them both to his heart.

"Oh, Lord, Thou hast been kind and pitiful," he gasped.

"Are you glad?" whispered the lost Laurette, between quivering heartbeats; "or shall I leave him with you, and go away and leave you in peace?"

He tightened his embrace, and moaned as he kissed her.

"Still doubting, my darling—my darling? Oh how could you desert me so? Am I so poor a husband to you as that?"

"Oh, tell me to stay! Let me hear you bid me welcome!" rang out the young voice, with its old passionate, yearning cadence.

"God witness between us that my heart is entirely set upon you," cried Beranger, solemnly; "and that I have known no moment of happiness since I lost you. I never loved another—never desired other woman than you; and though I might have seemed cold in my manner, darling—I always loved you first, and best, and deepest of all earthly gifts to me!"

"How good—how good God has been to send me back to you!" wept Laurette winding her arms about him she had so mistrusted. "I didn't think it possible you would forgive and take me home; I thought you would be stern and hard, as good men often are to the weak and wicked.

"Why did you go, dearest?" whispered Beranger, fondly.

"I'm going to—yes, I'll never conceal any trouble from you again," said the young wife, determinedly; "and this was what turned me wild altogether.—Old Martha never liked my coming here, and always was telling me what changed times you had—how none of your friends would come to the house because they weren't pleased with your choice, and how unhappy you seemed to be; and at last she told me there was a young lady you had been engaged to, a good, pious, energetic worker in the church, that the congregation would have been delighted with—Miss Vanson you know, and ah! me, when I compared my useless self to her, and remembered how my love must have taken me out of pity, I couldn't—couldn't stay to be a burden—"

"Hush, my beloved wife; don't cry on this happy, white night of our lives! That was all false and Martha shall find a place elsewhere. Now, tell us about this little fellow."

They both poured over the soft waxen face of the sleeping infant, joy in the mother's and father's eyes.

"He came three weeks ago," murmured Laurette, blushing happily, "and it was to give him to you I lived and worked so hard. He kept me from despair and wrong many a dark day, and so as soon as I could travel, we came."

"Our little boy," breathed the pastor, softly kissing him, with tender, but most grieving reproach, he cried: "Oh, how could you leave me, and battle through it alone—and I never knew?" So that was how Laurette came back to Beranger Haslem.

Got Rid of Him.

THE citizens of Gunnison city wanted to be rid of one chap. Some of them met and passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to wait on Calabash Sam, late of Deadwood, and inform him that after sunrise to-morrow morning this crowd will open fire on him with the intention of furnishing a corpse for our new graveyard.

The committee of five went out to find Samuel and deliver their message. He sat on a bench at the door of his shanty, a shotgun across his knees and a pipe in his mouth, and he preserved silence while the chairman of the committee read the resolution, then he asked:

"That means me, does it?"

"It does."

"They don't like my style of carving and shooting, eh?"

"That's what they kick on."

"Well I won't go! You haven't got 'nuff men in the whole valley to drive Calabash Sam a rod. Return to the convention and report I'm here for the season."

"I forgot to menshun," continued the chairman in a careless voice, as he leaned on his gun—"I forgot to menshun that the convention has adjourned. This committee thus finds itself in an embarrassing situation, and it sees only one way out of it. Unless you'll agree to pack up and travel this committee will feel called upon to—"

"To begin shooting, you mean?"

"Exactly, Samuel; exactly. You may have already observed that two of the committee have got the drop on you?"

"I see."

"Corpses riddled with buckshot have a very unpleasant look," continued the chairman, as he rested his chin on the muzzle of his gun.

"Yes that's so."

"And it's kinder lonesome, this being the first plant in a new burying-ground."

"Y-e-s, it may be."

"And so take it all around, the committee kinder indulges in the hope that you'll see fit to carry your valuable society back to the Black Hills. You may have observed that three shot-guns each under full cock, are now looking

straight at ye. We don't want to bluff, but it's getting nigh supper time."

"Well after looking the matter over, I'm convinced that these diggings won't pan out low grade ore, and I guess I'll take a walk."

"Blight off?"

"Yes."

"Right up this trail?"

"Yes."

"Very well. While the committee feels sorry to see you go, and wishes you all sorts of luck, it hasn't time to shake hands. Step off, now, and for fear you ain't used to walking, we'll keep these guns pnted up the hill until you turn the half-mile boulder. Tar-la-la! march!"

SUNDAY READING.

How Little Gracie Closed a Saloon.

Gracie was a very little girl, only six years old, but beautiful and loving.—She was a modest, thoughtful child, and when her father, who loved her very much, wanted her to come into the saloon, that he might introduce her to the men lounging there, and hear them praise her beauty, she would say, "No, papa, no, no; make the naughty men go away, and then I'll come."

There was a children's temperance society in town, in charge of the Woman's Temperance Union, and little Gracie and her brother, still younger, were invited to attend. The father gladly consented, for he liked much to see Gracie dressed up and have people notice her.

Every thing was new and strange to Gracie. She had never seen any one pray before, and when the leader talked about the great God, and asked them all to bow their heads while he prayed, Gracie bowed, awed in to the most solemn reverence.

After the meeting she asked the teacher what it meant, and if she would teach her and her little brother how to pray. The teacher took the little hands in her own, and told the two children about Jesus, and how He loved little children and wanted them to be good, and would help them, if they asked him.

Months passed; Gracie had learned to pray, and often talked to her father about the Christ-child, and wanted him to pray; but he only laughed, and called her his little saint.

One day Gracie was taken very ill; the doctor was sent for, and when he saw her, he said she was very sick.

"Will I die, doctor?"

"I hope not."

"You needn't be afraid to tell me, 'cause I'm all ready; I asked Jesus to take me if He wanted me."

The father who stood at the foot of the bed, sobbed out, "Oh, Gracie! you don't want to leave papa, do you?"

"Yes I do, if Jesus wants me to come, 'cause he has the best right to me."

The customers came and went but the saloon keeper heeded them not; for his dear Gracie was on her little bed panting her life away. What cared he for money now, the light of his life was going out? One day on his coming up out of his saloon, Gracie opened her eyes, and turning upon him an imploring look, said, "Oh papa! is the saloon open! and are the men there drinking?"

"Yes, darling."

"Do close it, papa. I know I'll feel better if you will."

"I'll do it darling—anything to make you feel better." The saloon keeper's heart was almost breaking. The bar-keeper was ordered to clear the saloon and close the doors.

"Darling, the saloon is closed," he said a few minutes later.

"Thank you, papa. It makes me happy and better already," and a glad smile came into her suffering face.—Every few hours Gracie would ask, "Is the saloon closed now?"

"Yes, darling."

"Are the shutters up?"

"Yes, dear, they are up."

"Oh, papa, I wish you'd never open that saloon again. Mamma can't you get papa to promise me never to open the saloon again?"

"Oh, George, do promise your dying child," sobbed the mother who had never favored her husband's business.

The strong man shook like a reed.—He could not speak for a moment; then coming and bending over her as she tossed restlessly he said in a strange husky voice:

"My darling Gracie, papa will never open the saloon again."

"Oh, papa, I'm so glad. I'll tell Jesus when I get to heaven, that you have closed the saloon. And now, papa you must be good, and He'll let you come to that beautiful place, too; and mamma and Alice can come."

There was a glad smile on the dying child's face that soon faded out into lines of pain; but all at once, just at the last, her face brightened up with a strange, unearthly brightness, and she cried out joyfully:

"Oh, mamma, look, look! the room is full of angels. Papa, don't you see them? They are all about you!"

There was a hush in the room, for the gates of heaven were thrown open to let the pure, bright spirit pass through.—Only the body of little Gracie was left—the real Gracie had gone to live with Jesus and the angels.

The father never opened the saloon: the bar-room shutters have never been taken down. The saloon keeper has not only signed the pledge, but has become a Christian, and expects to follow his Gracie to heaven after awhile.