

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 8.40 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, 9.00 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.05 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, at 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, 1.00, 8.20 p. m., and 12.25 a. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH. Leave Harrisburg for Paxton, Lochiel 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 6.45 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., 2.30 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

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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. SIMPSON, JR., Cheltenham, Pa.

VOL. 1. NO. 11.

Answers to Puzzles in Vol. I. No. 9.

- Ans. to No. 1.—Cribbage.
Ans. to No. 2. SPEAR, AORTA, TRAIT, INEPT, NOOSE, EAGLE, TOKEN.
Ans. to No. 3. 1. Concord, 2. Waterbury, 3. Lowell, 4. Frankfort.

Answers to Puzzles in Vol. I. No. 10.

- Ans. to No. 1.—Catalpa.
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- Ans. to No. 5. Murrey, murre, murr. Morel, more.
Ans. to No. 6. DRAM, ANNA, NOON, DRUG, EMMA, LOON, IDLE, ORBS, NOSE.

We will have another batch of puzzles in our next issue.

The Rescue at Sea.

TWENTY years ago one of the fiercest tempests swept the Atlantic seaboard. Commencing in the tropics it circled the North Atlantic, and for two days raved madly, scattering devastation and disorder in its track.

Hour after hour the boat drove before the huge billows that raved and hissed behind it, and during that time who can judge the horrors of her situation? Around her a broad expanse of tossing water, and above her the black threatening sky, where the blinding lightning played and the deep thunder crashed, and yet, with bated breath and horror-stricken face, she sat at the rudder and guided the boat over the foam-flecked billows.

Mrs. Berry had acquired in the society of her husband a sufficient knowledge of nautical matters to know what to do now, and in her feeble way she did the best she could have done. She kept the boat before the wind and sea, expecting every moment to be swallowed up by the waves.

I will now change the scene to the eastern edge of the Gulf, and on board a trim British frigate that was snugly lying to, and waiting for moderate weather to make her destination, which was one of the ports in the Bermuda Isles.

The watch on deck were discussing the unusual severity of the weather, and, clustered under the weather bulwarks, keen-eyed watchers were stationed at the lookouts, and the officer of the deck was pacing the deck and occasionally thundering orders through his trumpet.

Daylight showed a sad condition of affairs on board the steamer. Broken bulwarks, the clanking sound of the pumps, revealed the story of the night. It was found that the pumps did not

prevent the water rising in the hold, and it was evident to the officers that if the storm continued the water would reach the fires.

In view of that fact, a hurried consultation was held, and it was resolved to stick to the ship as long as possible, in hope that some outward bound vessel would come to their aid. The day slowly moved away, and all hopes of rescue vanished. The sun at last sunk in a dark, gloomy-looking cloud that lay along the western horizon.

At last the firemen were driven from their posts, and the fires went out and the engine at last stopped. Some of them tried to lay her to with a storm trysail, but it was blown out of the bolt ropes, with a report like a cannon.

Then the first and second officers made preparations to escape. On the galleys, just over the quarter deck, were secured two fine metallic lifeboats. The first officer cleared one of them away, and succeeded in swinging it over to leeward. Sending two seamen into it to keep it from being dashed against the ship's side, he turned to the crowd of panic-stricken passengers, and, taking Mrs. Berry, deposited her in the bottom of the lifeboat safely.

The heavy launch swung backwards and came in contact with the lifeboat, and the shock tumbled the two seamen overboard. In confusion a blundering lubber on deck cast off the line that held the lifeboat, and the next passing wave swept Mrs. Berry eight fathoms to leeward.

As the boat rose on the crest of a monster wave the woman was seen standing with disheveled hair and out stretched arms, wildly appealing for aid. But, alas! she was beyond all but her Heavenly Father's aid.

Before the boat mounted another wave, the sight of the child's despairing features fired the brain of the mother, and she instinctively grasped the rudder and turned the boat's head around.

Mrs. Berry had a quiet, resolute, little woman of 30, or thereabouts, was the wife of a sea captain, trading between New York, San Francisco and China.

The splendid steamer had a full complement of cabin and steerage passengers, and many thousand dollars in treasure. Her human freight were looking forward to a speedy termination of the voyage, and on the noon of the day my story commences the good ship was speeding proudly over the billows.

The captain, standing on the horse-block, also saw the boat, as it surged

past the quarter, and he descended from his place of observation and joined the officer of the deck.

"Mr. Risley," said the captain, "there's a boat just gone by to the leeward, and I want you to send two of your cleverest fellows to look out for it. I'm going to pay off, and pick the women up if I can. We never can lower a boat in this sea, and I want you to rig whips on the lower yards, snatch the bright, and make a bowline. Rig the whips well out on the lee yards, and bear a hand. Now then, lay aft there, the watch," and the old captain took the trumpet from his officer, and thundered to the helmsman to put the wheel hard up.

"Square the fore and main yards!—Haul down the foretopmast staysall.—Now then! steady!"

"All ready with the whips," screamed the fore and main top men. "Very well, now then, Mr. Risley, bend on a light line to the bowlines, and detail three of your best men to go into the bowlines and be ready to jump into the boat when we overhaul it. The crossjack yard whip will stand by should the others miss the boat. Are you all ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir." "Very well, stand by those whips, all of you."

"Boat dead ahead, sir," came from the port cathead.

"Steady at the wheel, steady, my man, make no mistake now." "Here they come! Stand by!" shouted the man forward, and at the same moment the indistinct form of the boat drifted by the lee cathead.

The captain, standing on the hammock nettings, and clutching a ratline in the forward shrouds, leaned out to catch sight of the coming boat, and as it drifted past the catheads, his voice rang out high above the tempest: "Now, my men, jump!"

Just then the boat sank away into a huge cavern, and the frigate rolled heavily to windward. As she swung slowly back the passing sea bore up the boat, and the two seamen jumped and landed on all fours in the boat.

A dazzling chain of lightning shot across the sky, and revealed the men in the boat, each with a woman clasped in his arms. A wild hurrah from the men on deck, and in an instant the seamen and their precious burdens were swinging in the air and hauled safely on deck.

As soon as the lady on deck found herself in safety she fainted away, but she was carried to a stateroom, and the surgeon administered restoratives and soon succeeded in bringing her back to life. Her clothing was drenched with flying spray, but both the little girl and her mother were wrapped in warm blankets until their clothes were dried.

The next day the gale moderated, and Mrs. Berry and her daughter made their appearance on deck, and with tears filling her eyes she thanked the captain and blessed him and his noble crew.

The captain was anxious to learn her story, and when she told him under what circumstances she was set afloat in the boat, he immediately made sail in the direction of the disabled steamer; but the hungry water had closed over many of her crew and passengers, and, a few hours after Mrs. Berry was set adrift, the noble steamer had gone to the bottom.

But little more remains to be told.—The next day the man-of-war transferred her rescued passengers to the Havana steamer going north for New York, and they arrived there to meet husband and father whose ship had arrived just before the tempest.

A magnificent sword, with suitable inscription, was in due time forwarded to the Admiralty for Captain Seymour, as a token of the gratitude of Captain Berry and his wife.

SUNDAY READING.

What Followed.

Wordsworth says, "The child is the father of the man," and more than one prison scene and prison memory has illustrated this inevitable link of character between one's earlier and later years. A young man arrested for swindling his employer out of twenty thousand dollars sat alone in a criminal's cell, out of which daylight had faded.

Cowering on his hard bed he pictured to himself the world outside, full of warmth and light and comfort. The question came to him sharply—"How came you here? Was it really the stealing of that last great sum?"

Yes and no. Looking back twenty years, he saw himself a schoolboy ten years old. He remembered one lovely June day—with the roses in full bloom over the porch and the dress his mother wore while at her work, and the laborers in the wheat fields.

Freshest of all he remembered his Uncle John—such a queer, kind, forget-

ful old man! That very morning his uncle had sent him to pay a bill at the country store, and there were seventy-two cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

When they met that noon, this boy, new in prison, stood there under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait until he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why, I can get it again together."

He never gave back the money. A theft of twenty thousand dollars brought this young man to the prison door, but when a boy he turned that way years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-two cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal, in his chilly cell. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, his mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew that what brought him there was not the man's deed alone, but the boy's.

Had the ten-year-old boy been true to his honor, life now would have been all different. One little-cheating was the first of many, until his character was eaten out, could bear no test, and he wrecked his manliness and his life.

The Gain of Sunday Rest.

Of course I do not mean that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six days, but I very much doubt whether at the end of the year, he will generally have produced more by working seven days in a week than by working six days in a week. The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with the difference between a country inhabited by men full of bodily and mental vigor, and a country inhabited by men sunk in bodily decrepitude. Therefore it is that we are not poorer, but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labor one day in seven.—The day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as the work which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines—the machine which compared with all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporal vigor.

Dust on Your Glasses.

I don't often put on my glasses to examine Katy's work, but one morning, not long since, I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired; "this room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said modestly. And sure enough the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katy. I rubbed them off, and every thing looked bright and clean, the carpet like new and Katy's face said:

"I am glad it was the glasses, and not me, this time.

This has taught me a good lesson, I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one I shall remember through life.

In the evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so and so and she had said so and so. When her story was finished, I said, smilingly:

"There is dust on your glasses, Katy; rub them off, you will see better." She understood me and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other:

"O, there is dust on your glasses." Sometimes I am referred to: "Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses; can't he rub it off?"

When I hear a person criticising another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons, I think right away, "There's dust on your glasses; rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses, only the dust is a little thicker on some than on others, and needs harder rubbing to get it off.

I said this to John one day, some little matter coming up that called forth the remark: "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he. "There is Mr. So-and-So, and Mrs. So-and-So; they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint—I don't know I don't like them."

"I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now."

He laughed and asked: "What is a body to do?" "Keep your own well rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not."

"I will," he replied. I think as a family, we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of "There is dust on your glasses."