

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 7:45 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.
 For Philadelphia, at 8:05, 8:55, (through car), 9:50 a. m., 1:45 and 4:00 p. m.
 For Reading, at 8:00, 8:05, 9:50 a. m., 1:45, 4:00, and 5:00 p. m.
 For Pottsville, at 8:00, 8:05, 9:50 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8:40 p. m. For Auburn, at 6:30 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, 1:00, 8:30 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 4:00, 8:00, 11:50 a. m., 1:30, 4:15, and 10:35 p. m.
 Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 6:30 a. m.
 Leave Allentown, at 6:25, 8:30 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, Leebell and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 8:25, 8:40, 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, 8:30 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. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.
 C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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1 15

"Love in a Cottage."

"TELL me, Charley, who is that fascinating creature in blue, who waits so divinely?" asked young Frank Belmont of his friend Charles Hastings, as they stood playing "wall flower" for the moment at a military ball.

"Julia Heathcote," answered Charles with a half sigh. "An old friend of mine. I proposed, but she refused me."

"On what ground?"

"Simply because I had a comfortable income. Her head is full of romantic notions, and she dreams of nothing but love in a cottage. She contends that poverty is essential to happiness and that money is a bane."

"Have you given up all hopes of her?"

"Entirely. In fact, I'm engaged."

"Then you have no objection to my addressing this dear, romantic angel?"

"None whatever. But I see my fiancée; excuse me. I must walk the next quadrille with her. Good luck."

Frank Belmont was a stranger in Boston—a New Yorker—immensely rich and fashionable, but his reputation had not preceded him and Charles Hastings was the only man in New England who knew him. He procured an introduction to the belle from one of the managers, and soon danced and talked himself into her good graces. In fact it was a clear case of love on both sides. The enamored pair were sitting apart, enjoying a delicious *tete-a-tete*. Suddenly Mr. Belmont heaved a deep sigh.

"Why do you sigh, Mr. Belmont?" asked the fair Julia, secretly not displeased with this proof of her lover's sensibility. "Is not this a gay scene?"

"Alas! yes," replied Belmont, gloomily. "But fate does not permit me to mingle habitually in scenes like these. They only make my ordinary life doubly gloomy, and even here I seem to see the shadow of a fiend waving me away. What right have I to be here?"

"What fiend do you allude to?" asked Miss Heathcote, with increasing interest.

"A fiend hardly presentable in good society," replied Belmont, bitterly. "One could tolerate a Mephistopheles—a dignified fiend—with his pockets full of money, but my tormentor, if personified would appear with seedy boots and a shocking bad hat."

"How absurd!"

"It is true," sighed Belmont; "and the name of my fiend is poverty."

"Are you poor?"

"Yes madam; and when I would fain render myself agreeable in the eyes of beauty this fiend whispers to me: 'Beware! you have nothing to offer but love in a cottage.'"

"Mr. Belmont," said Julia, with sparkling eyes and a voice of unusual animation, "although there are sordid souls in this world, who only judge of the merits of an individual by his pecuniary possessions, I do not belong to the number. I respect poverty. There is something poetical about it, and I imagine that happiness is oftener found in the humble cottage than beneath the palace roof."

Belmont appeared enchanted with this encouraging avowal. The result was an elopement. The happy couple passed a day in New York, and then Frank removed his beloved to his "cottage."

An Irish hank conveyed them to a miserable shanty in the environs of New York city, where they alighted and Frank escorted his bride into the room, which served as a kitchen, reception and drawing room, and was neither papered nor carpeted, introduced Madame Julia to his mother. The old lady, who was peeling potatoes, hastily wiped her hands on her apron and saluted her "darter" on both cheeks.

"Can it be possible," thought Julia "that this vulgar creature is my Frank's mother?"

"Frank!" screamed the old woman, you'd better go right up stairs and take of them hired close. The boy's been arter 'em more'n fifty times. Frank hired 'em when he went down East," she added, by way of explanation to Julia, "to look smart."

The bridegroom retired on this hint, and soon reappeared in a pair of faded nankeen pantaloons reaching to the calves of his legs, a very shabby black coat out at elbows, a ragged black vest, and, instead of his varnished boots a pair of immense, trodden-down brogans.

"Now," said he, sitting down by the cooking-stove, "I begin to feel at home. This is delightful isn't it, dearest?" and he warbled:

"Tho' ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Julia's heart swelled so that she could not utter a word.

"Dearest!" said Frank "I think you told me you had no objections to smoking."

"None in the least," said the bride. "I rather like the flavor of a good cigar."

"Oh! a cigar," said Belmont; that would never do for a poor man.

And, oh horror! he produced an old clay pipe, and filled it from a blue paper of tobacco, began to smoke with a keen relish.

"Dinner! dinner!" he exclaimed at length. "thank you, mother, I'm as hungry as a bear. Codfish and potatoes, Julia. Not very tempting, love, but what of that? Our ailment is love."

"Yes, and acclimated as how you've brought me home a darter," said the old woman, "I've gone and bought a whole pint Albany ale and three cream cakes from the candy shop next block."

Poor Julia pleaded indisposition, and did not eat a mouthful. Before Belmont, however the codfish and potatoes, ale and cream cakes disappeared with a very unromantic and unlover-like celerity.

At the close of the meal a thundering double knock preceded the entrance of a beer brewer man in a green waistcoat.

"Now, Mister Belmont," asked the stranger, "are you ready to go worrak? Be the powers! if I don't see ye, to-morrow saluted on the bench, I'll discharge ye without a carakter or a recommend, and then ye'll starve."

"Who is that man—that loafer," gasped Julia when the visitor had gone.

"My employer—a tailor—and I'm a journeyman tailor and a bushelman," said Belmont.

"Well, Julia, how do you like love in a cottage?" asked Belmont, entering the lady's room.

"Not so well sir, as you seem to do borrowed plumage."

"Very well, you shall endure it no longer. My carriage awaits your orders at the door."

"Your carriage, indeed! and your mother?"

"I have no mother, alas! The old woman down stairs is a servant in the family. It is a melancholy fact that I am rich, worth a million of dollars."

"Then you have been deceiving me, Frank. How wicked!"

But she endured a fortune after all, and presided with grace at the elegant festivities of Belmont Hall, her husband's seat on the Hudson, nor did she ever open her lips again about "Love in a Cottage."

Didn't Know How to Take Them.

HE was on his way home from Leadville. He had on a ragged old summer suit, a bad hat, and he had been taking his meals about thirty hours apart to make his money carry him through.

"Yes, I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery fine, and some of the people are as honest as needs be. The trouble is knowing how to take the bad ones."

"I should think that would be easy," was the reply.

"Yes, it looks that way, but I had a little experience. I am the original discoverer of the richest mine around Leadville."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir, I am the very man, though you wouldn't think it to see these old clothes."

"Then you don't own it now?"

"Not a bit of it. I'll explain: I was poking around on the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay; staked out a claim and went off to the assayers. It was two days before he let me know that I had struck the richest ore that he had ever assayed, and then I hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if it hadn't been jumped!"

"How?"

"Why, a gang of sharpers had found the spec and built up a pole shanty and hung out a sign of 'First Baptist Church' over the door. Sure as shootin' they had, and the law out there is that no miner can sink a shaft within 200 feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there they were actually holding a revival! There was jest six of 'em and they got up one after another and told how wicked they had been and how sorry they were, and would you believe it they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in the singing. I went to law but they beat me—three days after the verdict the 'First Baptist' burned down, and before the ashes was cold the congregation was developin' a mine worth over a million dollars. You see I didn't know how to take 'em."

"Was there any particular way of taking them?"

"You bet there was! I ought to have opened on that revival with a Winchester rifle and given the coroner fifty dollars for a verdict that they died of too much religion."

An Indian Makes a Call.

A PARTY of Sioux Indians were guests at a leading Milwaukee hotel, says *Peck's Sun*, and the ladies had a great deal of amusement with them,

studying their customs. That is, they all did except one lady. The ladies called upon the Indians and the savages returned them almost before the ladies got to their rooms. One lady called on a chief, and then went to her room and retired, and pretty soon there was a knock at her door, and she found that it was the chief. She told him to come in the morning. The lady unlocks her door in the morning so that the porter can come in and build the fire before she gets up. She heard a knock in the morning, and supposing it was the porter, she said, "Come in." The door opened and in walked Mr. Indian. She took one look at him and pulled the bed clothes over her head. He sat down on the bed and said "How!" Well, she was so scared that she didn't know "How" from Adam. She said to him in the best Sioux she could command, "Please, good Mr. Indian, go away, until I get up," but he didn't seem to be in a hurry. He poked up pieces of her wearing apparel from the floor, different articles that he didn't seem to know anything about where they were worn, and made comments on them in the Sioux tongue. The stockings seemed to paralyze his untutored mind the most. They were these long, 90 degrees in the shade stockings, and they were too much for his feeble intellect. He held them up by the toes and said "Ugh!" The lady trembled and wished he would go away. He seemed to take great delight in examining the hair on the bureau, and looked at the lady as much as to say, "Poor girl, some hostile tribe has made war on the pale face and taken many scalps." He critically examined all the crockery, the wash bowl and pitcher, but he was struck the worst at a corset that he found on a chair. He tried to put it on himself, and was so handy about it that it occurred to the lady that he was not so fresh a delegate as he seemed to be. Finally she happened to think of the bell, and she rung it as though the house was on fire, and pretty soon the porter came and invited the Indian to go down and take a drink. The lady locked that door too quick, and she will never leave it open again when there are Indians in town. She says her hair on the bureau, fairly turned gray from fright.

How Did the Dog Know the Way.

IN the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly* there is a very interesting article, which details the experiments made by certain Ohio physicians to ascertain whether the faculty which some animals possess of returning to their homes by a nearly direct course after being carried a great distance by a circuitous route is to be attributed to scent, memory, or any other intelligible cause. Everybody, of course, is aware of the fact that a cat may be put into a bag and taken ever so far away from its accustomed hearth, and by ever so roundabout a journey, and yet turn up again in due time at the old place—its ability to get back being apparently limited only by insuperable physical obstacles. The subject of the Ohio experimenters was a dog. The way they went to work and the result is thus described:

A dog was made insensible with ether at Cincinnati, put into a wicker basket, started on a train of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, first southwest to Danville Junction, thence east to Crab Orchard, and finally northeast to a hunting rendezvous near Berea, in Madison county. This circuitous route was taken because on a former occasion, when the dog had returned from a point 160 miles distant from his home, it was suspected that he might have found his way back by simply reversing his course on the railway by which he had come. At Berea the dog was shut up securely over night and well fed. The next morning he was taken out to a clearing on the top of a grassy knob at some distance from the railway, and let loose. Without any preliminary survey he slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the opposite bank, and struck first on a trot and then a swift gallop, not toward Crab Orchard, i. e., southeast, but due north, in a bee line for Cincinnati. He ran not like an animal that had lost its way but "like a horse on a tramway," straight a head with his nose well up, as if he were following an air line toward a visible goal. He made a short detour to the left to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaped a rail fence and went headlong into a copse of cedar bushes, where they finally lost sight of him. The report of the experimenters was forwarded to the owner by rail and on the afternoon of the next day after receiving this report the owner met the dog on the street in Cincinnati, "wet, full of burrs and remorse, and apparently ashamed of his tardiness."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. Address Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for circulars. 112t

SUNDAY READINGS.

The Revised English Bible.

Those who imagined that any of the accepted fundamental doctrines of Christianity were to be over turned by the work of the committee will find themselves greatly mistaken. In very few instances has any text been changed so as to alter the meaning which attached to it in the King James version, and in still fewer instances is the change material from a doctrinal point of view. As a general thing the changes consist of the substitution of the present for the past tense in the verbs, the use of the indefinite article in place of the definite, and the changing of prepositions. The work is arranged in paragraphs, and the chapters and verses are printed in the margins. The familiar head lines of the chapters which serve so well as a means of reference are expunged. This will make the book seem strange to the ordinary Bible reader. The text of each Gospel is thus made continuous in the body of the book from the beginning to the end, and in order to find the subdivisions with which one has been familiar, the margins must be consulted.

Among the most notable changes is the omission of the doxology at the end of the Lord's prayer, and the prayer is to be delivered from "the evil one" instead of from "evil". "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men" is made to read, "Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men." In the question, "For what shall I profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" the word "life" is substituted for "soul" and "forfeit" for "lose." "This is my beloved Son, hear Him," is made to read "This is My Son, My chosen." In Matthew xix. 17, the entire meaning is changed, but no new doctrine is put forth, and no old one assailed. In the King James version the verse reads: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one; that is God? But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." In the new version the verse reads as follows: "Why askest thou me concerning that which is good? One there is who is good; but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." In all the examples given, "Hades" is used in place of "hell," as, for example, in the parable of Lazarus it is said of the rich man that in "Hades" he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." The story of the pool of Bethesda, as told in John v., is materially changed by taking from it that portion which relates to the miraculous powers of the water of the pool. In verse 3—"In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water"—the last seven words are stricken out, and verse 4—"For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in and was made whole of whatsoever disease he had," is omitted altogether. In the account of the trial of Paul before Agrippa some rather important changes are made, and the impression that Agrippa was almost persuaded to become a Christian by St. Paul's eloquence is dispelled. The verses in the present version are as follows: "And as he thus spake, for himself Festus said, with a loud voice: Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether, such as I am, except these bonds." In the revised version this scene is described thus: "And as thus made his defence, Festus said with a loud voice: Paul, thou art mad; thy much learning doth turn thee mad. But Paul said, I am not mad, most excellent Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, unto whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him, for this hath not been done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. And Agrippa said unto Paul, with but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, which with little or with much, not thou only, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I am, except these bonds."

The above examples give a fair idea of the work done by the committee during the ten years they have been occupied with the revision. There is little doubt that the work will be accepted by the Convocation of Canterbury. The American committee has taken no copyright on the book, and the intention is to give it to the public free, as the old Bible has been given.