

## 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 6.00, 8.05 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, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 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 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.30 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, 1.30, 8.20 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 4.50, 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 8.00 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, Leobels 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, 9.50 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.30, 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. WOOLLEN, Gen. Manager.  
C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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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.  
April 9, 1878. ft

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CORTLANDT STREET,  
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The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, 25 per day, \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

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—WITH—  
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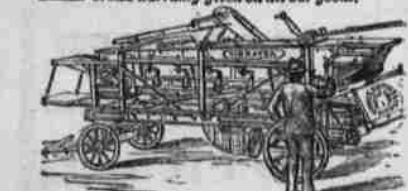
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Most Complete Thresher Factory Established  
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32 YEARS  
We have continued to improve our  
mills, without change of name,  
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Complete Steam Outfits of all kinds.  
For 1881, together with superior qualities in construction  
and materials not dreamed of by other makers.  
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7,500,000 Feet of selected lumber  
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Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever  
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Farmers and Threshermen are invited to  
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Circulars sent free. Address  
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Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the  
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Everything new. Capital not required. We will  
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Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and  
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in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who  
engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Ad-  
dress H. H. HALL & CO., Portland, Maine. 1 17

## AMONG THE AZTECS.

A Brilliant Letter from Our Western Cor-  
respondent.

MESILLA, NEW MEXICO,

March 7, 1881.

The denizens of this strange city and the surrounding country are a curious study. This letter will be devoted to giving your readers some idea of their habits of life and their modes of agriculture. The Mesilla valley from which this city takes its name is one of the most famous in New Mexico for its agricultural products. It extends along the Rio Grande for seventy-five miles and having an elevation of near 4000 feet the air is permeated with electricity and ozone making it sanitarium which is visited by thousands affected with asthma bronchial and pulmonary diseases.—The climate is superb, the thermometer never reaching zero. Snow rarely whitens the earth, and hot and sultry nights are unknown. To an Eastern traveler the novel sights and experiences he encounters are so full of interest that he is loth to depart from this land of the Aztecs I came here "in the full of harvest time," when this beautiful valley along the Rio Grande was yellow as gold with its carpet of ripened cereals. Since then I have learned much by being brought into contact with the people of this foreign country who until within a few months have been so isolated and shut out from the outside world as to know nothing of its modes, styles and modern civilization. Let me show your readers a picture of this valley. On either side grand old mountains rear their peaks high up into heaven's pure ether.—

Coursing along at our feet in sluggish quiet rolls the Historic Rio Grande which rises in Colorado, runs into New Mexico between the two chains of the Rockies, and continues southward through the whole length of the territory. Just there on its bank is gathered a large number of Mexicans bedecked in gay and bright array. Hilarity and mirth rule queen of the hour. Men and women join in dances and strange sports. A little distance away a gay fandango is going on to the time of monotonous music. We approach and in our "half-grown Spanish" ask why this merry-making, and are told that it is "the harvest festival." The God of the Aztecs has smiled upon the cereals and the harvest has been abundant. At a little distance to the left the process of threshing out the grain is going on. Shades of Coronado! How antiquated! A circular enclosure is made by driving poles side by side close together into the earth. The hard ground has been swept clean and the wheat to be thrashed is spread upon it. Within are a dozen goats and as many children who are shouting, laughing and driving the frightened animals round and round the arena, while now and then a halt is made to allow the master of the harvest to turn over the straw, when off again scamper the goats and children. This is kept up for several days when the straw is removed and the plump grain gathered into bowl-shaped grass baskets, to be picked over, winnowed and cleaned by the women. The harvest time is always a gay season, and all the young people join in the festivities. Now let me show you one of their agricultural implements. You will, I fear, laugh but you must not let them see you for these are a sensitive and unforgiving people.

Here is a plow, a long beam, to one end of which is hitched a single steer or ox, while the other end is smoothed off for a handle. Fastened to it about midway in a sloping position, is a stick pointed at the lower end, which scratches up the fertile and mellow soil. This is the chief implement of Mexican agriculture. Imagine it, you farmers on the praries who ride upon your sulky plows and sow your wheat with drills.—This condition of things, however, is soon likely to change, to be superseded by American implements. The fertility and magnificent climate of the Rio Grande valley, the great demand for agricultural products, owing to the advent of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. is settling this valley with a better class of farmers who will not only open the eyes of the Mexicans but make fortunes for themselves. I had sooner own a good farm (and they can be had for a song) in this valley than any place I have visited in the west. The vast mineral interests and the mining camps are creating a great demand for cereals and vegetables. Fruit grows here luxuriantly and is found in great abundance.—Apples, pears, plums, apricots, quinces, figs, pomegranates and all small fruits are grown in great perfection. The grape was introduced by the Spaniards long years ago.

I never tasted such luscious fruit and the clusters rivalled those of Eschol in size and beauty. This surely is the garden spot of the southwest. Mines in this region are being rapidly developed and the wealth of yield found is wonderful. The excitement is like the furor over the early discoveries in California, and many a miner is going back to his eastern home in a few years with his pockets full of coin and a healthy bank account. I would advise any young man who has nerve and grit to come to New Mexico. More fortunes will be made here in the next few years than in any other locality in America.

F. S. P.

## Some Cheese Spills a Wedding.

LIMBERGER cheese has a Teutonic element in it which has not yet found complete popular favor in this country, and a person who eats or handles it does not, as a general rule, smell like an American. There is a vast difference existing between it and the English dairy—a difference in seasoning which people do not admire, the flavor, perhaps being entirely too foreign to receive a proper appreciation.

Be this as it may, Mr. Cesar Snoggles is a young grocery clerk on Tchoupitoulas street, and every evening after business hours he brushes up his appearance and calls on a young lady who resides on Terpsichore street. For some time he has been suffering with a bad cold in the head and his comrades in the store, noticing the fact, concluded to play a joke on him, and the other evening, just about the time he was leaving the store to visit his loved one, they slipped a slice of the stoutest Limberger into the tail pocket of his coat.

On his way up in the car, persons stuck their heads out of the windows and, while gulping in the fresh air, stated that there were some men in the world who the health officers ought to look after. A few moments later Snoggles was seated in the parlor of his adored one.

"Amelia," he murmured, "you don't know how I looked forward to this happy moment. Put your arms around my neck and tell me once more that you love me."

She was on the point of obeying the request, when the crushed cheese on which Snoggles was seated raised a deep and solemn smell as a protest to the action, and the consequence was she lifted her nose and glanced under the sofa and around the corners of the room in a suspicious way. "Oh Amelia," continued Snoggles mistaking her action for indifference, "what means this coldness. Tell me darling, you are not angry with your own Snoggly, are you?"

"Mr. Snoggles," she replied, still eyeing the corners, "I—I—think it is a great deal more comfortable in the back parlor than here."

Soon they were seated in the back parlor and again her nose pointed up like a spout to a tea pot, but this time she looked at him reproachfully and held herself aloof.

"Why, Amelia, do you act so distantly toward me," exclaimed Snoggles, somewhat puzzled, "what has caused it, my dear? Is it possible that you do not love me any longer?"

"Oh! I—I—that is I think when young people get married they ought to know if either is afflicted in any way."

"What do you mean, Amelia?" he inquired in surprise.

"You know, Mr. Snoggles, if either of us had a dreadful disease it would make our union so wretched. It—it is best to confess such things before marriage, I think," and she moved farther away from him.

"But Amelia, I can't understand what put such an idea into your head."

"I don't know Mr. Snoggles, what did it, but I'll speak to papa and let him talk to you," and putting her handkerchief to her nose, she got up and left the room.

"Is it possible that this poor girl is the victim of some dreadful disease," said Snoggles as the thought flashed through his mind. "Oh no, it cannot be it will drive me mad."

"Mr. Snoggles," said the father entering the parlor, and as he did so the Limberger made itself heard once more.

"I deem it the duty of every true man, if he has a radical disease of any kind, not to enter the matrimonial state. The concealment is a base deception, sir."

"But there's nothing the matter with me, Mr. Bingham," replied Snoggles angrily.

"Come now, ain't you got a sore leg?"

"Dang it sir, no."

"Well, then perhaps it's a running tumor?"

"Am I to be insulted!" screamed Snoggles.

"Now don't get mad, my boy," said the old man kindly, "we can't help these things you know, and if it's catarrh why you can get it cured in a short time."

"Enough, Mr. Bingham," howled Snoggles, "I will not remain in this house to be insulted sir, not even by you; I shall demand an explanation."

And Snoggles grabbed his hat and rushed into the street in a frenzy. It was not until the next day that he found the cheese in his pocket, and now he says

nothing but blood will appease his wrath.

## Suicide by Imagination.

ONE evening a short time ago, a handsome and well dressed young lady, living with her father well up toward the summit of Nob Hill, hastily entered Joy's drug store, on the corner of Mason and Post streets, and asked for some arsenic. She asked for two bits' worth, saying she wanted to kill some troublesome cats with it. Noticing her unusual agitation Mr. Joy gave the young lady a tablespoonful of precipitated chalk—a harmless powder, resembling arsenic.

The young lady left the store, and carefully hiding her purchase, returned home. Going to her room unobserved by any of the household, she prepared for death, for the arsenic was intended as a means of suicide. Certain letters were hastily looked over and arranged, a whispered prayer for forgiveness followed, and with desperate determination the whole of the contents of the druggist's package was swallowed. The unhappy young woman lay down in her bed in a delirium of excitement. Her brain was in a whirl, and her blood rushed and throbbed through every vein.

She felt that death was approaching, and confident that the work of the deadly drug was too far advanced to be counteracted, she left her room, and, gliding into the parlor, announced to her father and a young gentleman there what she had done. The gentlemen were wild with consternation. While the father supported the now sinking form of his daughter, the young man raced in desperate haste to Joy's drug store. The druggist explained that no antidote was required; that the young lady had only taken a spoonful of chalk.

"But she is dying—unable to stand!" gasped the young man.

"That's the effect of imagination.—Explain to her the true state of the case and she will recover."

The young man hastened back with the joyful intelligence. The would-be suicide, resting in the arms of her distraught father, was sinking rapidly.—Her recovery, which was amazingly rapid, was hastened by her rage at the druggist.

"It is not the first time I have saved life in that way," said Mr. Joy to a reporter. "A woman came in here one day and asked for morphine, and I gave her some sulphate cinchona, which resembles it in appearance, but is a harmless stimulant."

"An hour afterward the woman's sister rushed in here and accused me of aiding a suicide. 'My sister has gone away in a rage to take the poison you gave her.' It afterward appeared that the would-be suicide went out on the hills, took the dose, and lay down to die. After waiting for some time, and recovering from the terrific excitement the act caused, she felt an unconquerable desire to return home and get a square meal, for the stuff I gave her is a famous appetizer."

## Duck Hunting with a Club.

A colored man by the name of Ike Simpson was seen standing on a street corner, leaning on an immense club.

"What's yer doing dar, Ike?" asked Sam Smith, another darky.

"I've out duck hunting," responded Simpson.

"What sorter ducks?"

"Wild ducks, ob course."

"And sposin' wild ducks was to light about heah, what would you kill 'em wid?"

"Wid dis heah club," said Ike, swinging it over his head in a most alarming manner.

"Well, you is de biggest fool on Galveston island, sure," said Sam Smith.

"Not much I ain't. I've gwine to rake in dead doodles of wild ducks right heah on dis corner. I'll bet you a foah-dollar hat I captures moah den a dozen wild ducks on dis heah corner wid dis heah short-range club," and once more Ike swung the club to the great discomfort of Sam Smith.

The bet was taken and now Ike sports a fine new hat. When asked how he managed to get the ducks, he explained:

"You know dat old niggah Noyes, what libs down on de island? Well, he borrowed a new saddle wuff \$10 from me befoah de wah, and he hain't neber fotched it back yit. I heered he was in town wid a wagon-load of ducks for sale, so I jess laid for him on de corner wid a club, and you bet I kerlected de whole amount, wid interes' to date, in ducks.—I has cleared moah den \$25 off dem ducks already."

## Quick and Sure.

Many miserable people drag themselves about from day to day, not knowing what ails them, but with failing strength and spirits all the time that they are steadily sinking into their graves. If these sufferers would only use Parker's Ginger Tonic, they would find a cure commencing from the first dose, and vitality, strength and cheerfulness quickly and surely coming back to them, with restoration to perfect health. See advertising column. 104t

## SUNDAY READING.

## A Trifling Thing.

One has said that "It is hard telling what a trifle means." Everything in nature seems to be closely connected with everything else. An undue preponderance of one force sets in motion all other forces. The eddying of a few particles of air may give rise to a tornado. A few drops of oil slowly leaking from a cask may seem of little account; but in due time the vessel will be empty. A small pin, bolt or screw out of place may stop a powerful engine. A particle of dust may stop or render a chronometer useless as a time-keeper. The prick of a pin in a balloon may destroy it. Another writer has put the thought in a still stronger light: "There is no such thing as a trifle." Any person who has lived many years, and been engaged in the transactions of daily life, will certainly appreciate this quotation. A useless expense of a few cents daily to a laboring man will amount to no small sum in a series of years, while a judicious expenditure in the same will be exhibited in a few years in the general appearance of thrift all around such a man. To know how to do things in the best possible manner involves a knowledge of a thousand little things to insure success.

## My Mother.

I never left my mother in my life but that she said to me, "I want to live long enough to see you come to your Lord and your Saviour." On one occasion I was invited to deliver an address in Tremont Temple. The hall was crowded and the interest intense, and at a certain point the whole audience rose to their feet, surging and swaying with cheers. As I stood there alone amid this wild outburst of enthusiasm, I looked into the left gallery and saw one pale unemotional face. It was the face of my mother. She is a little woman, and it seems as if I could lift her in the palm of my hand; but she had great love and faith, and when I met her she said, "I have given you freely, my son, to the country; but O, if I could see you stand there and talk for your Saviour I would ask nothing more on this earth." And when I took my stand I went home directly to that mother. I don't know that I can get on with this part of the story, but you will understand the difficulty. The stars in the skies scarcely outnumber the prayers she has given to her Father on my behalf, and I was going home the last one in her band of children, resolved to tell her that her Saviour was my Saviour, and her God was my God. We were all there, an unbroken and redeemed family. She gathered me in her arms as tenderly as when I was a helpless child. There is a passage in Scripture, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." I know what that means.—I know what it is to feel as a little child, if my hairs are gray with the footfalls of time.—Gen. John L. Swift.

## Having a Collection.

Rather than have a people so taught as to regard a collection in the light of a crowd-disperser; a hindrance to coming together, I would have the truth deeply imbedded in the heart, that giving to the Lord is a part of one's religious life as truly as praying, and he who stays away from church service because there is to be a collection, will do little good and get little or none by going. If prayers and alms do not go up together for a memorial before God, the heart is not in the service. I rather admire, than reprove, the remark of the sailor when out with two friends in a little boat and in danger of being wrecked.—He said to them, "Can you pray?" and they could not. "Can you sing?" and they did not know anything suitable to the occasion. "Well," said he, "something must be done; let's take up a collection." He had a strong sense of the fact that a collection was a very important part of religious worship, and one which required no other gifts than a willing mind. It was sailor-like, too, and in the sight of God might be as acceptable an expression of devotion as a song or a prayer.

## Not for Me, But Christ.

It is related that when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his acquaintances said: "Well, Andrew, I'll give you five pounds, seeing it's you." "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I can't take anything for this cause, seeing it's me," and handed the money back. The man felt reproved; but in a moment he said, "Andrew, you are right: Here are ten pounds, seeing it's for the Lord Jesus Christ."

The ladies who some time since were unable to go out, have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are quite recovered, and have gone on their way rejoicing. 132t