

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.

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.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave Harrisburg for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 8.35 a. m., and 2.20 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.00, 8.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m.

J. B. WOOLLEN, Gen. Manager.

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

THE MANSION HOUSE,

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.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLAND STREET, (Near Broadway,) NEW YORK.

HOCKESS & POND, Proprietors.

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Is by far the best Business and Social Guide and hand-book ever published. Much the latest. It tells both sexes completely how to do everything in the best way.

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THRESHERS, Traction and Plain Engines and Horse-Powers.

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32 YEARS of continuous and successful business, and without change of name, management, or location, "to back up" the broad warranty given on all our goods.



STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Steam Outfits of matchless qualities. Finest Traction Engines and Plain Engines ever seen in the American market.

7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.

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Strong, neat, durable, and efficient cow wheels, 5, 10, 13 Horse Power.



Farmers and Threshermen are invited to investigate this superior Threshing Machinery.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO. Battle Creek, Michigan.

\$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required.

The Judge's Horse Trade.

IT was one of the Judge's best stories, and as good as a play to hear him tell it.

"When 'Old Hickory,' came in the second time," said the judge, "it was thought by my friends that the zeal, if not the ability, with which I had labored in his cause, deserved some recognition."

"I was a young lawyer, with plenty of unoccupied time, which, from purely patriotic motives, I had devoted to the enlightenment of my fellow citizens from 'the stump.'"

"I may not have ranked myself as the equal of Patrick Henry; but, if I felt any consciousness of inferiority, I no doubt thought the explanation lay in the advantage the great Virginian had in point of epoch and occasion."

"The encomiums I lavished on the hero of New Orleans were not more highly wrought than the anathemas I hurled at the head of Nicholas Biddle, whom I facetiously christened 'Old Nick,' and painted several shades blacker than his namesake."

"The fat offices were all bestowed upon the veterans; so that when my claims came to be pressed, there was precious little left. There chanced however to be a vacant judgeship in one of the back territories—a position either overlooked in the general scramble, or possessing no attractions to the ordinary office-seeker; and to this post my friends succeeded in procuring my appointment."

"I had barely time, after receiving my commission, to reach the field of my judicial labors in season for the next court. I decided to make the journey on horseback, and was within a day of my destination, when chance threw me in company with a very agreeable gentleman traveling in the same direction."

"The stranger's manner was grave, but not in the least morose. His air was so frank and affable that you felt at home with him at once. There was no distrustful such a man. He gave you his confidence so freely that not to return it would have been sheer churlishness."

"Before an hour had passed, Mr. Wharne as he introduced himself, had given me an outline of his past life and present plans. He was an itinerant clergyman, on his way to be a missionary among the Indians, whom he hoped to shame out of their ferocity by the mere force of good example."

"I felt it only fair, in return, to let Mr. Wharne know to whom he had unbosomed himself. His air of deference on learning my official station was not a little flattering, and led me, I fear, into saying rather more of myself than was quite consistent with a due regard for modesty."

"Have you any acquaintances out here?" inquired Mr. Wharne.

"No," I replied. "How will the people know you're the new judge then?"

"Oh! I've Old Hickory's commission to show," I answered, "and there's no disputing that."

"Sure enough," said Mr. Wharne, reflectively; "I see my little joke was very stupid."

"For some time the reverend gentleman had been eyeing my horse sharply."

"That's a likely nag of yours," he remarked at length.

"And your's is a nice slouch," said, I returning the compliment.

"How would you like to exchange?" queried Mr. Wharne.

"Now, a horse-trade always did possess a charm for me, and I pricked up my ears at the bare suggestion."

"A second look at Mr. Wharne's animal convinced me that an even swap would be no bad bargain."

"One word led to another till we both alighted, and each mounted the other's horse for a trial."

"Well, what do you say?" asked Mr. Wharne, when we had come to where the road forked. "I must leave you here."

"Even or quits," I answered.

"Done!" said Mr. Wharne, after a meditative pause.

"With a warm exchange of good wishes, we shook hands and parted."

"I had gone a couple of miles perhaps, when all at once it flashed upon me that, in the excitement of the trade, Mr. Wharne and myself had forgot to change saddles and bridles, and that to my saddle, which Mr. Wharne had ridden off with, was buckled the portmanteau which contained not only my supply of clothing, but—most important of all—Old Hickory's commission!"

"Wheeling about, I struck up a brisk canter hoping to overtake Mr. Wharne and correct the error."

"Just then there was a sound of galloping behind.

useless. I reined up and was soon in the midst of a number of angry and excited men.

"Hang the horse-thief!" cried some of the more violent.

"I am no thief," I remonstrated.

"Well, that's cheeky anyhow!" retorted the chief spokesman. Why, that there hoss you was cutting away with so spry just now, belongs to Jim Casey here, an' 'was stole last night, an' we've been on the track all day!"

"I'm Judge B—," I explained, on my way to hold court to-morrow at—"

"My words were drowned in a roar of laughter.

"A nice judge you are!" jeered the crowd. "If judges come out here to steal our hosses, we'd be a plaguy sight better off without 'em!"

"I saw there was no use expostulating. If I'd only had my commission to show—but that was gone with my friend the missionary."

"So you pretend to be the new judge, do you?" said one of my tormentors.—"Come, boys, instid o' swingin' him up as we done Jack Magoon, let's fetch him along and see what rule judge 'll have to say. He'll be sartin to hang the scoundrel for contempt o' court!"

"The motion was carried, and with my hands tied behind my back, and my feet secured beneath the horse's body, I was escorted in triumph to the backwoods village, which was to have been the scene of my first judicial honors."

"I tried to convince the marshal, to whom I was turned over, of the mistake of which I was the victim, but he only laughed louder than the others had before."

"You the judge!" he exclaimed, with a boisterous guffaw. Why, the judge came an hour ago. He has shown his commission to the clerk and me; and he's another sort of a looking chap than you, let me tell you. A pretty judge a green gosling like you would make!"

"And in spite of all I could say I was dragged off and locked up."

"Next morning I was led in to the log court house, where, to my unspeakable indignation, I beheld perched upon the bench which it should have been my privilege to grace, the impudent scamp who had put me in my present false position."

"I made one more effort to clear up matters. I had considerable confidence in my powers as an orator. But his Honor commanded silence, and the marshal thrust me back into my seat, threatening to gag me if I interrupted the court again."

"Mine it seemed, was the only case to be disposed of; and the judge, with whose praises every mouth was filled, after committing me, in default of heavy bail, to answer at the next term, adjourned the court sine die, and took his leave."

"Of course I was able, in time, to establish my identity and secure my release; and before many months were over I had the satisfaction of meeting out justice to my quondam friend, the missionary, under the true name of Hiram Straddler."

A Watch Lost.

A GOOD story is told of that gallant Irish soldier, General Bligh, of Sepoy fame. While holding the commission of captain in a dashing marching regiment he was on a trip of pleasure with his wife, in the north of England, and having come one day to a small Yorkshire inn, the larder of which was well-nigh empty, he ordered all the host had on hand to be served up for his dinner, after which he joined his wife in an upper room.

While the host was preparing the meal for his guest a party of sporting gentlemen of the country entered the inn, and called for refreshments. The landlord was sorry to inform them that all his larder contained of food had been bespoken by a gentleman who was at that moment waiting up stairs, with his wife, to have it served.

Who was the gentleman? The host could only tell them that he was an Irishman, and that he seemed to be a very quiet, good-natured and harmless body. (The captain was traveling in citizen's clothes.)

"An Irish gentleman! A potato with pepper and salt will answer for him. Go up and tell him so."

But Boniface preferred not to do so.

"Then" cried one of the party—a squire of that neighborhood with more money than sense—"take this watch up to the gentleman and ask him if he'll send us the time o'day, for we can't tell."

It was the habit in that section, when one would intimate to another that he did not have much faith in his good sense or judgment, to show him a watch and ask him to tell what's the time o'clock.

The host, himself fond of fun, and feeling assured that the last callers would get the worst of it, took the watch—a very valuable gold repeater—and

went up stairs and did the errand.—Bligh took the watch and looked at it.

"By my life! it's a beauty. Tell the gentlemen I'll be down presently, and shall take pleasure in expounding to them the mystery of time-telling by the watch. And I'll fetch the watch with me."

The host returned with the answer, and shortly afterward carried up his guest's dinner.

The squire was, for a little time, furious with the landlord for having left his watch behind; but he finally cooled off, and having called for a gallon of beer, he sat down with his friends to wait.

After he had finished his meal, Capt. Bligh opened his portmanteau and took out two big horse-pistols, and, placing them under his arm, he took the watch in his hand and went down into the bar room, where the sporting gentry still waited.

"Ah, gentlemen I give you a good-day. And now who is the man that wants the time o'day? I shall be delighted to enlighten him."

They didn't like the looks of the man at all. He carried the soldier in his very look; and just now, there was a good bit of the tiger manifested.

"Come, come, gentlemen—I am Capt. Bligh, at your service. A short time since the landlord brought to me this watch, accompanied by a message which I have come to answer as such a message richly deserves!" and he significantly tapped his fingers upon the pistols.

"Now, whose is the watch? Is it yours, sir?" to the squire himself.

The squire denied the ownership promptly. All the watches in the world would not have tempted him to expose his life to the terrible Irish captain, whose fame was known to him.

Bligh then applied to the next man; and then to the next; and so on, to the last; and all denied the ownership.

"I am happy to find gentlemen, that I have made a mistake. You will pardon me, I am sure. I thought the owner of the watch was here."

He then put the watch into his pocket; and slipped the pistols into the pocket of his blouse; turned to the bar, and settled his bill; then bade the company good evening, after which he joined his wife on the porch, at the door of which his carriage was in waiting.

Captain, afterward General, Bligh kept the watch to the day of his death, often telling the story of its capture, when he left it by will to his brother, the well known dean of Elphin.

An Indignant Parson.

IN a pretty southern village two sprightly and beautiful young ladies were visiting their cousin, another sprightly and beautiful young lady, who, like her guests, was of that happy age which turns everything into fun and merriment. All three occupied a room on the ground floor, and cuddled up together in one bed.

Two of the young ladies attended a party on the night in question, and did not get home until half-past twelve o'clock at night. As it was late they concluded not to disturb the household, so they stepped quietly into their own room through the low, open window.

In about half an hour after they had left for the party a young Methodist minister called at the house where they were staying and craved a night's lodging, which of course was granted. As ministers always have the best of everything the old lady put him to sleep in the best room, and the young lady (Fannie) who had not gone to the party was entrusted with the duty of sitting up for the absent ones, and of informing them of the change of rooms. She took up her post in the parlor, and as the night was sultry, sleep overcame her, and she departed on an excursion to the land of dreams.

We will now return to the young ladies who had gone to their room through the window. By the dim light of the moonbeams as they struggled through the curtains the young ladies were enabled to descry the outlines of Fannie (as they supposed) ensconced in the middle of the bed. They saw more—to wit, a pair of boots. The truth flashed upon them at once. They saw it all. Fannie had set the boots in the room to give them a good scare.—They put their heads together, and determined to turn the tables on her.—Silently they disrobed, and stealthily as cats they took up their positions on each side of the bed. At a given signal they both jumped into the bed, one on each side of the unconscious parson, laughing and screaming, "Oh, what a man! Oh, what a man!" They gave the poor bewildered minister such a promiscuous hugging and tussling as few parsons are able to brag of in the course of a lifetime.

The noise of the proceeding woke the old lady, who was sleeping in an adjoining room. She comprehended the situation in a moment, and rushing to the

room she opened the door and exclaimed.

"Gracious, gals, it is a man—it is a MAN, sure enough!"

There was one prolonged, consolidated scream, a flash of muslin through the door, and all was over.

The best of the joke is that the minister took the whole thing in earnest. He would listen to no apologies the old lady could make for the girls. He would hear no excuse, but solemnly folded his clerical robes about him and silently stole away.

Query—Was he mad at the girls, or at the old woman?

SUNDAY READING.

Leave the Christian Sunday Alone.

The Society formed in London to obtain the opening of museums, art galleries, libraries and gardens on Sunday has decided not to press the matter in Parliament this year. Earl Dunraven the President, said in a recent address that the principles advocated by the Society were spreading rapidly over the country, though he admitted there was nothing so hard to overcome as religious scruples. Fortunately for England and every other Christian country, that is true, and is the safeguard of their best interests against harmful innovations.—It may be well enough for the Earl to declare that the Society's aim is not hostile to religion or goodness; that there is not the slightest danger that any British workman would make bad use of any liberty that was given him for recreation on a Sunday, or would abuse that liberty by desiring to pursue his ordinary avocations on that day; and that to say that the opening of such places would lead the workingclasses to clamor for the opening of music halls was to insult the intelligence of those classes. But the fact remains that human nature is the same the world over, and that the divinely appointed day of service to God cannot be broken in upon as proposed by this Society in London, and by many irreligious people in this country, without serious detriment to the best interests of society.

Out and Out Religion.

Mr. Carlyle's advice is thoroughly sound, and his adoration is none too strong. "Be virtuous and have done with it;" speak the truth and stand to it, profess the faith which is revealed in the Scripture, and neither by word of mouth, nor by act, nor by association, nor even in thought, contradict the eternal verities of God. We have had too much of concession in order to win a hollow peace from philosophic Rationalists on the one hand, and superstitious Romanizers on the other. The thing will not work, and if it would, it is wrong, and ought not to be attempted.—Who gave us the right to yield an atom of truth? Are the doctrines of God's Word yours or mine to do as we like with, to give up this and modify that? Nay, verily; we are put in trust with gospel, and it is at our peril that we dream of compromising the least of its teachings. A straightforward, decided line of testimony is the best, is most consistent with true charity, and in the end will most promote peace.

What is a Christian?

If you come to us and say you are a praying man, we answer we are glad; but we would like to ask your wife and children what your praying is doing for you? If you say you daily read the Bible, that is right, but let us ask your partner in business how much of its teachings you practice. If you say you are a member of the church, we are glad of that, if you are a worthy member, if not—we are sorry for the church. But let us go on to the street to see whether the people you daily meet think you ought to be a church member. So it comes to pass that a bundle of Christian duties may be dry and useless, or they may be the evidence of a sincere Christian life. Whether a man is a Christian or not depends entirely upon the principles which govern his daily life, and the harvest the world is gathering from that life.

Too True.

The wittiest people regard religion as they regard small-pox; they desire to have it as light as possible, and they are very careful that it does not mark them. But most people when they do an act of charity, prefer to have it done like the measles, on the outside where it can be plainly seen.

Improvement for Mind and Body.

For genuine merit there is no tonic sold that begins to compare with Parker's Ginger Tonic. One 50 cent. bottle contains more life and strength restoring power than a bushel of malt or a gallon of pure milk. As an appetizer, blood purifier and kidney correcter, it meets with astonishing success, and invalids find its use promptly followed by renewed energy and vivacity, mental and physical improvement, and gradual restoration to perfect health. See advertisement in another column.