## RAIL ROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R.R ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

NOVEMBER 15th, 1880. Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:

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 "Beund
Brook Ronte." 8.06, 5.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 6.00, 5.05, (through car),
8.50 a. m., 1.45 and 6.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00,
and 8.09 p. m.
For Pottaville, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.08
p. m., and via Schujkkill and Susquehanna
Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.39 a. m.
For Allentown, at 6.00, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and
4.60 p. m. For Allentown, at 6.00, 8.00, 1.00 p. m. trains have through cars for New York, via Allentown.

SUNDAYS: Por Allentown and Way Stations, at 6 00 a. m. For Residing, Phildeliphia, and Way Stations, at 1.40 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows : Leave NewYork via Allentown, 8.45 a. m., 1.00

and 5.30 p. in. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route." and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 5.30 p. m., ar-riving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 12.35 a. m. ve Phil delphia, 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 neading, at 4.50, 8,00,11.50 a. m., 1.31, 5.15, Branch, 8.3) a. m. Leave Allentown, at 6.25, 9,00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.95 p. m.

SUNDATS: Leave New York, at 5 30 p. m. Leave Pulladelphia, 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, Lochlel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 9.35 s. m., and 2.60 p. m ; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 2.30 p. m.

Beturning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.00, 10.90 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. WOOTTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket

# THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

HAVING leased this property and furnished it is 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.

37 A careful hostler always in attendance.

April 9, 1878. tf

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DO BUY

the Lucas reliable and guaranteed Tinted Gloss PAINTS.

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assortment of Ladles Neckties, Cornets, Germantown Yaru, Zephyra, Shoes for Ladles and Children, and thou-ands of other articles.
F. MORTIMER,
New Bicounfield, Pa.

Was He a Tramp?

14 No tramp wanted here, young chap; so you may jog along." The speaker was a fine looking and apparently an easy-going gentleman of middle age, who was standing leaning over the gate, looking out on the road. The gate opened on gravel-walk which lead up to a two-story cottage house. In front of the house and at the sides, the ground was over-loaded with trees, shrubs and flowering plants, which, to say the least of it, did not show careful attendance. Altogether It was a bright, cheerful and attractive place.

So thought, no doubt, the stranger whose halt near the gate had provoked Mr. Horton's utterance. He was not an ill-looking young man-or boy, for he could not be twenty-one-but his clothes were ragged and dirty, his shoes worn and muddy, and his general appearance unkempt and disreputable.

He had stopped in the road, and had directed at the man, or at the house, or at the ground, or at all three, a wistful look, which might intimate a wish or an entreaty. It was this look which Mr. Horton had answered, when he addressed the young fellow as a tramp and advised him to "jog along."

"I'm no tramp, sir," replied the stranger.

"You are not? Then your looks belie your nature. You can't deny that you have all the symptoms."

"That is true, sir. I know that I am poor and ragged, but I don't consider myself a tramp. I am looking for work."

"That's what they all say. They are all looking for work. To say that is to advertise the fact that you are a tramp."

"I suppose I must be a tramp then, but I wish I wasn't."

"You do? That's one good symptom anyway. Are you sure you wouldn't run away from work if you should find it, or lie down and go to sleep by the side of it."

"I am sure that I am willing to earn my living, and anxious to get a chance to do so."

"What sort of work can you do ?" asked Mr. Horton. "Everything in general and nothing in particular ?"

" I know that I could put that yard of yours in much better trim than it shows now."

"Humph! That don't offer any opening. The flowers are my wife's pets, and she is like a dog in a manger about them-won't touch them herself, or suffer anybody else to touch them."

"I can draw your portrait, sir," suggested the boy.

"You can? Are you a wandering artist in disguise?"

"You asked what I can do, and I know that I can do all that."

" Any of the tools of that trade?" The boy produced from the pocket of his vest some crayons and the stump of a lead pencil.

"All right," said Mr. Horton. "1 will try you at the job. Come in."

He opened the gate and led the way to the house. On the veranda there were some chairs, one of which he offered to the boy.

" Want any more tools ?" he asked. "A sheet of drawing paper, if you have it."

Mr. Horton brought out the required article, clamped upon a drawing board : also some crayon holders and a sharp knife.

"I am a sort of architect," he said, "and keep these thing son hand. But hadn't you better eat some lunch before you begin this business? You have a hungry look."

"I am not so hungry, sir, but that I am willing to earn a meal before I eat it.

Will you have the kindness to sit down?" "Side face or front ?"

"Side face, if you please. I can do that the best."

Mr. Horton scated himself, presented his profile to the ragged artist, who went to work without more ado. His strokes were quick, vigorous and artistic, and in a surprising short time a capital sketch of Mr. Horton's head and shoulders appeared on the paper. That gentleman looked at it, and puckered his lips so as to produce a low and longdrawn whistle.

"I am not ready to pronounce you an angel, young fellow," he said, "but I may truly say that I have entertained a pretty fair artist unawares-though the entertainment is yet to come. Here, Emily! Bella! Come out here and witness a new sensation !"

Mrs. Horton hurried out on the plazza, with her younger sister Bella, and her little girl Lulu. For answer Mr. Horton handed his wife the crayon sketch, which was hastily scanned with starts of surprise and ejaculations of delight.

"What a pice likeness!" exclaimed Mrs. Horton. "Where did it come from ?"

"This young person did it, just now," answered Mr. Horton. "Goodness gracious me! Is it posthat this kindness of yours, is worth a dozen dinners."

you ask any more of him."

sible? I wonder if he would make one

"Of course he would, and of Bella,

and of the whole tribe, if you want .-

But he is tired and hungry, and you had

better give him something to eat before

"I will gladly do that. I am sure

for Lulu."

"Give him one anyhow, and we will talk about the rest. It won't do to be too liberal at the start. Please to follow my wife, young fellow-and I have no doubt that you will feel better when she

gets through with you." When the young stranger was washed and combed, and had been fed, his personal appearance was improved, and he had gained in ease and grace of manner. He was anxious to make a picture of baby Lulu, and was permitted to do so, producing a likeness which sent the fond mother into ecstacles.

This production having been sufficiently admired, Mr. Horton dismissed the " female rabble," as he chose to call them, coraled his artistic tramp for a conversation, asking him who he was and all about himself.

His name was Abel Kentridge, and he was the son of a miller at Queensport, Md., who died suddenly, leaving an estate so encumbered as to be worth less than nothing. Abel had gone to Philadelphia to seek his fortune, and had found nothing but disappointment and poverty. He knew something about milling and gardening, but could find no employment in the city, and went into the country to look for work, but his tramp-like appearance told against him he was on the verge of despair when he encountered Mr. Horton.

"There is no milling to do here," said that gentleman, "but I have no doubt that my wife, since you made that sketch of Lulu, will allow you to straighten up those grounds. If you turn out as well as I think you will, I may find something else for you to do."

So it was settled that. Abel Kentridge was to remain at Mr. Horton's. A room was prepared for him and some of his employer's partly worn garments were fitted to him and he was set to work on the shrubs, flowers and grass plants .-His work was quite satisfactory, and he acquitted himself generally so as to gain the confidence and respect of all the house. Besides the work on the grounds, other odds and ends of employment were found for him about the place, but nothing was said to him about his compensation.

Thus he was kept busy for a week, at end of which time Mr. Horton gave him a written order, and directed him to go to the village and select for himself suitable clothing to the amount named in the order.

"But I have not earned so much as this," he suggested.

"If you haven't you will earn it," replied Mr. Horton.

When Abel returned from the village he carried his head somewhat higher than when he set out, and appeared to be, what nature and education had made him, a young gentleman of attractive person and manners

He was ushered into the room in which the family were seated, and Mr. Horton coraled him for what he called a business talk.

"What do you know about milling?"

he asked. "I was never regularly employed by my father," answered Abel, "but I pickup many points of the business while I was about his place-shortly before he died, I invented, or believed I had invented, an improvement on the turbine water wheel, by which greater speed could be got with the use of less water, and my father said it was a good thing. After his death I gave my model to a patent agent, for the purpose of applying for a patent, but the agent finally told me that he had been unable to procure a patent, because the examiners decided that there was nothing new in the invention. That discouraged me more than any of the rest of my disappointments."

"What was the agent's name?"

"Silas Northwick." "And your name is Abel Kentridge?"

"Yes, sir." "That agent lied to you, Abel," said Mr. Horton. "He procured a patent, which is very valuable, and meant to swindle you out of it. He would probably have succeeded in doing so if you had not come to my house."

"How do you know this?" eagerly

asked Abel. "I am a sort of speculator, and occasionally dabble in such matters. Northwick offered the patent for sale to me before I perceived that it was the name of Abel Kentridge. He assured me he could produce all the assignments from the patentee, who desired to sell, and I told him if he could do so I would negotiate with him. He is to meet me tomorrow and bring the assignment, and of course you can't have signed your name in Philadelphia while you were at my house."

"I should think not," indignantly exclaimed Abel.

"Therefore Northwick's assignment will be a forgery, and I shall bring him here and confront him with you."

Mr Horton was as good as his word, and met the rascally agent at the time and place appointed. Northwick did not have the assignment, although he professed his ability to produe it as soon as the negotiations were concluded, and Mr. Horton brought him to the house for the purpose of winding up the transaction. There he was confronted, greatly to his astonishment and dismay, by Abel Kentridge, and it was made evident to him that his swindling scheme was discovered.

The upshot of the interview was that Abel gained possession of his precious patent, and Northwick was glad to go clear of criminal proceedings.

"Now, my boy," said Mr. Horton, "if you will take me as a partner in this business, I will furnish the needed capital and push it, and I have no doubt that both of us will grind out a grist of money with your turbine wheel."

Abel gladly accepted this arrangement, and the result soon became so satisfactory to both parties that Mr. Horton heartly congratulated himself upon the fact that his supposed tramp had not taken his advice to "jog along."

It should be also added that his pretty sister-in-law, Bella Grattan, also found in the same fact cause for self-congratulation.

## How Cynthy Came to be Married.

WHAT improvident creatures negroes are. And, except when sickness or death enters their homes, how happy! I think this contented disposition must be a special dispensation of Providence. Such as the dispensation which causes great rivers to run by large cities.

Going into the the kitchen one morning, I said to Cynthy, my colored girl,-Who was that young man visiting

you last night?"

"Laws, Miss Sallie," laughed Cynthy "that was Mista Jim Porter: he called to insult me bout de derangements for de festival de colored folks gwine to hab tonight." Cynthy's fondness for big words causes her to make some odd speeches.

That evening, resplendent in white dress, green sash, and red necktie, Cynthy exhibited herself to me and the admiring children, before going to the festival. The next morning, as soon as my husband had gone to the office, she brought in several slices of beautiful cake, saying, while her voice shook with happy laugh-

ter,-" Laws, Miss Sallie, dat Mist' Porter, he's de bigges' fool nigger you eber seed.

He done get de cake for me. "Why, how nice, Cynthy," said I.

"You think so Miss Sallie," regarding me doubtfully, then seeing I did not laugh she continued, "You see, Miss Sallie when dey hel' de cake up, an' said de girl as got de mos votes for bein' de bes' lookin' would hab de cake, I jes whispered I wish I be de one; and I reckon Mista Porter mus a beered me, fur he jus steps up, an' lays down two bits, an' says, 'Five votes for Miss Cynthy Shelton,' and then Tom Gordon lays down thirty cents, an' says, 'Six votes for Miss Phemy Howard,' and then Mista Porter he lays down four bits, and says, "Ten more votes for Miss Cynthy Shelton,' an' that Tom Gordon, he's a stuck up nigger, Miss Sallie, he lays down four bits, spec it every cent he had, an' says, 'Miss Phemy's one ahead yet;' and I say, 'O Mista Porter, please don't vote again;' and he says, mighty haughty like, 'Miss Shelton, I got no shivery at all, you think; an' up he steps bol' as brass, an' hands out a dolla,' an' dey all cheered, an' Mista Porter hands me de cake bowin' as perlite, an' says, 'Miss Shelton,' says he, 'cept dis cake from your voted servant, who siders you de belle of dis town, bof as regards beauty an mability.' I tell you Miss Sallie I nebber was so confusioned in my born days; but I took de cake, an' cut it, an' pass it aroun', an' Mista Porter say dat de charminest actin' he ebber seed; but Phemy jes turned her nose up an' laughed, and so did Tom Gordon."

"Mr. Porter is very complimentary," sald I; "You mustn't let him turn your head."

"Laws, Miss Sallie," tossing her head, "he keeps his hands to hisself; he nebber touch my head."

And she went back to her work, singing, in a clear, sweet voice, an old negro melody.

Time passed, and I often saw that ' Mista Porter' coming and going out, and in the back gate, I asked Cynthy what he wanted.

"Laws, Miss Sallie," how I know what he wants? He jes come las' night to tell me he done bought a cook-stove." "A cook-stove," I asked: "what is

he going to do with a cook-stove ?" Laws, Miss Sallie, I dun no. He's de biggest fool nigger, he wants to keep house. Ask me what I got to keep house wif; an I tell him a bed, an' a

flower vase, an a fumary bottle; an' he any he got de stove an' de cookin' 'tensiis, an' he's gittin' ten dollars a month, an' he think we better be gwine to house-keepin'."

"O Cynthy," I said, "I was afraid of that."

And then I tried to talk seriously to her, but I might as well have talked to the robins about the duties and responsibilities of life, so I gave up in despair, and asked when the wedding was to

"Oh, not afore May, Miss Baille: we got to wait till spring."

So, as it was only February, I did not worry. I noticed Cynthy got a new delaine dress and a pair of fine shoes soon after, but as one of the children was not well, I did not pay much attention to kitchen affairs.

Cynthy was an excellent servant, and everything went on all right, until one evening the first week in March, I happened to be in the kitchen, while Cynthy was in the dining-room arranging the tea-table, when a colored girl came in, evidently much excited, inquiring for Cynthy.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"O Miss L——," said she, "that are Jim Porter sent me to tell Cynthy, he's done gone to see the preacher, and he's gwine to be married tomorrer at ten o'clock."

By this time Cynthy was in the kitch-

en. "What does this mean, Cynthy?" I

"Laws, Miss Sallie, how does I know. He's de bigges' fool nigger. I nebber tole him I hab him. What he say, Phillis?" turning to her friend.

suit, an' his boss gib him a week's time, an' if you want to marry come on. He's done gone to see the preacher for a fac," Cynthy: you better get ready.12

"Why, he say he done got a new

"Cynthy," said I severely, "what are you going to do? I think your Mr. Porter talks rather independently."

" Dat's so, Miss Sallie, he's jes de mos' dependin' nigger you ebber see. Pears like I have to humor him. I tole him las' week my repatations wasn't done, but he's boun' to have his own way." "Well," selfishly wondering what I

was to do, if Mr. Porter's plans were carried out, "you ought to be allowed to name your own wedding day; and how about your dress, Cynthy? "Laws, Miss Sallie, I done hire it

made. I's all ready, cause I knowd what a big fool dat nigger was." "Ab, indeed! and how am I to get

along ?,' "Laws, Miss Sallie, I done fix all dat; de washin' an' ironin' 's all done, an' I bake bread an' brown coffee dis berry day, an' Phillis yer she's comin' right after the weddin' and stay till Monday

den I be back." "You! I thought you were going to

house-keeping." "So we is after while, Miss Sallie, but I'll stay here till you find somebody

else." She was as good as her word. Monday found her back at her work singing

merrily as ever. Of course I procured other help as soon as possible, and Cynthy and "Mister Porter" went to house-keeping in one room with the cook-stove, bed, flower vase and a few additional articles, Cynthy singing as loudly as ever, and I sometimes wonder if they would be any happier if they had all of what we call the necessaries of life.

The young man who would succeed in life must shun the drink as he would a deadly serpent. There are too many wrecks along life's highway to permit any man to fall ignorantly and innocently into the jaws of the drink demon. The man who tells young men that total abstainers are fanatical fools and that no right-thinking young man will hedge himself about with puritanical restraints, may believe what he says but the advice he gives is inspired by a familiar spirit from the pit.

The wise ones say that nothing is so hard to bear as prosperity; but most men would like to engage in some hard work of that description just to have a practical illustration of the adage.

When you do not need help from any one then lots of people are ready to help you; and when you do need help the world is somehow always looking the other way.

## Elixir Vitæ for Women.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 533 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., has made the dis-covery! Her Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for female complaints. A line addressed to this lady will elicit all necessary information. 15 22

# No Hospital Needed.

No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large salaried talented puffers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.—New York Independent. 152t