

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS NOVEMBER 13th, 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 8.05, 8.35 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 5.00 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, 1.50, 8.20 a. m., and 12.35 p. 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, 5.15, and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 5.30 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 6.25, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.20, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.20 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, 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 5.45 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., 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 5.10 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 Agent.

THE MANSION HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

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The Much Married Potts.

BISHOP POTTS of Salt Lake City was the husband of three wives and the happy father of fifteen interesting children. Early in the winter the bishop determined that his little ones should have a good time on Christmas, so he concluded to take a trip down to San Francisco to see what he could find in the shape of toys to gratify and amuse them. The good bishop packed his carpet-bag, embraced Mrs. Potts one by one, kissed each one of them affectionately, and started upon his journey.

He was gone a little more than a week and when he came back he had fifteen mouth-organs for his darlings. He got out of the train at Salt Lake, thinking how joyous and exhilarating it would be at home on Christmas morning when the whole of those mouth-organs should be in operation upon different tunes at the same moment. But just as he entered the depot he saw a group of women standing in the ladies' room apparently waiting for him. As soon as he approached, the whole twenty of them rushed up, threw their arms about his neck exclaiming:

"Oh, Theodore, we are so glad—so glad you have come back. Welcome home! Welcome home, dear, dear Theodore! Welcome once more to the bosom of your family!" and then the entire score of them fell upon his neck and cried over his shirt and mused him.

The bishop was surprised and confounded. Struggling to disengage himself he blushed and said:

"Really, ladies, this kind of thing is well enough—is interesting and all that, but there must be some kind of a, that is, an awkward sort of a—excuse me ladies, but there seems to be a slight misunderstanding about the, ah—I am Bishop Potts."

"We know it, we know it dearest," they exclaimed in a chorus, "and we are glad to see you safe, safe at home.—We have all been right well while you were away, love."

"It gratifies me," remarked the bishop, "to learn that none of you have been a prey to disease. I am filled with blissful serenity when I contemplate the fact; but really I do not understand why you should rush into the railway station and hug me because your livers are active and your digestion good. The precedent is bad; it is dangerous."

"Oh, but we didn't!" they exclaimed in chorus, "we came here to welcome you as our husband."

"Pardon me but there must be some little—that is to say, as it were, I should think not. Women, you must have mistaken your man."

"Oh, no dearest," they shouted, "we were married to you while you were away."

"Wh—what!" exclaimed the bishop, "you don't mean to say that—"

"Yes, love. Our husband, William Brown, died on Monday, and on Tuesday Brigham had a vision in which he was directed to seal us to you; and so he performed the ceremony by proxy."

"Th-th-th-under!" observed the bishop in a general sort of a way.

"And darling, we are all living with you now—we and the dear children."

"Children! children!" exclaimed Bishop Potts, turning pale, "you don't mean to say that there is a pack of children too?"

"Yes love but only one hundred and twenty-five, not counting the eight twins and the triplets."

"Wha-wha-what de ye say?" gasped the bishop, in a cold perspiration; "one hundred and twenty-five children and twenty more wives. It is too much—it is awful!" and the bishop sat down and groaned while the late Mrs. Brown, the bride, stood around in a semicircle and fanned him with their bonnets, all except a red haired one, and she in her trepidation made a futile effort to fan him with the coal scuttle.

After a while the Bishop became reconciled to his new alliance, knowing well that his protests would be unavailing; so he walked home holding as many of the little hands of the bride as he could conveniently grasp in his, while the red haired woman carried his umbrella, and marched in front of the parade to remove obstructions and scare small boys.

When the bishop reached the house he went round among the cradles which filled the back parlor and the second story rooms, and attempted with such earnestness, to become acquainted with his new sons and daughters that he set the whole one hundred and twenty-five sons and daughters and the twins to crying, while his own fifteen stood around and joined in the chorus. Then the bishop went out and sat on the garden fence to whittle a stick and solemnly think, while Mrs. Potts distributed herself in twenty-three places and soothed the children. It occurred to the bishop while he mused out there on the fence, that he hadn't enough of mouth-organs to go round among the children, as the family now stood; and

so rather than to seem partial, he determined to go back to San Francisco for one hundred and forty more.

So the bishop repacked his carpet-bag and began again to bid farewell to his family. He tenderly kissed all of the Mrs. Potts who were at home, and started for the depot, while Mrs. Potts stood at the various windows and waved handkerchiefs at him—all except the woman with the warm hair, and she, in a fit of absent-mindedness, held one of the twins by the legs brandishing it at Potts as he tore down the street.

The bishop reached San Francisco, completed his purchase and was just about to get on the train with his one hundred and forty mouth-organs, when a telegram was handed to him. It contained information to the effect that the auburn-haired Mrs. Potts had just had a daughter. This information induced the bishop to return to the city for an additional organ.

On the following Saturday he returned home. As he approached the house a swarm of young children flew out of the front gate and ran toward him shouting:

"There's pa! Here comes pa! Oh, pa, we are so glad to see you! Hurrah for our pa!" etc.

The bishop looked at the children as they all flocked around him, and clung to his legs and coat and was astonished to perceive that they were neither his nor the late Brown's. Then he said:

"You youngsters have made a mistake; I'm not your father;" and the bishop smiled good-naturedly.

"Oh, but you are!" screamed the little ones in chorus.

"But I say I am not," said the bishop severely and frowning; "don't you know where little story-tellers go? It is scandalous to violate the truth in this manner. My name is Potts."

"Yes, we know it is," said the children—"we know it is and so is ours; that's our name since the wedding."

"Since what wedding?" demanded the bishop turning pale.

"Why, ma's wedding, of course.—She was married yesterday to you by Mr. Young, and we are now living at your house with our new little brothers and sisters."

The bishop sat down on the pavement and asked:

"Who was your father?" "Mr. Simpson," said the crowd, "and he died on Tuesday."

"And how many of his infernal old widows—I mean how many of your mothers are there in the house?"

"Only twenty-seven," replied the children, "and there are only sixty-four of us, we're awful glad you have come."

The bishop didn't seem unusually glad; he failed somehow to enter into the enthusiasm of the occasion. There appeared to be in a certain sense, too much sameness about these surprises, so he sat there with his hat pulled over his eyes and considered the situation. Finally seeing there was no help for it, he rushed up to the house, and forty-eight of the Mrs. Potts rushed up to him, and told him how the prophet had had another vision, in which he was commanded to seal Simpson's widow to Potts.

Then the poor bishop stumbled around among cradles to his writing desk, where he felt among the gum rings and rattles for his writing paper, and then addressed a note to Brigham, asking him as a personal favor to keep a awake until after Christmas.

"The man must take me for a founding hospital."

The bishop saw clearly enough, that if he gave presents to the other children and not to the late Simpson's the bride relief of Simpson would probably souse down upon him. So repacking his carpet-bag, he started again for San Francisco for sixty-four more mouth-organs while Mrs. Potts gradually took leave of him in the entry—all but the red-haired woman, who was upstairs, and who had to be satisfied with screeching good by at the top of her voice.

On his way home, after his last visit to San Francisco, the bishop sat in the car by the side of a man who had left Salt Lake the day before. The stranger was communicative. In the course of the conversation he remarked to the bishop:

"That was a lively little affair up there in the city on Monday."

"What affair?" asked Potts. "Why the wedding; McGrath's widow you know—married by proxy."

"You don't say," replied the bishop. "I did not know McGrath was dead."

"Yes; he died on Sunday, and that night Brigham had a vision in which he was ordered to seal her to the bishop."

"Bishop!" exclaimed Potts. "Bishop! wh-what bishop?" "Well you see, there were fifteen of Mrs. McGrath and eighty-two children, and they shoved the whole lot on old Potts. Perhaps you know him."

took the first steamer for Peru, where he entered the monastery and became a cellmate.

His carpet-bag was sent to his family. It contained the balance of the mouth-organs. On Christmas morning they were distributed among them, and in less than two hours the entire two hundred and eight children were sick from sucking the paint off them. A doctor was called in and he seemed so much interested in the family that Brigham divorced the whole concern from old Potts and annexed it to the doctor, who immediately lost his reason and would have butchered the entire family if the red-haired woman and the oldest boy had not marched him off to an insane asylum, where he spent his time trying to arrive at an estimate of the number of his children by cyphering with an impossible combination of the multiplication table and algebra.

Not So Strange.

An exchange tells the following:—A curious story is told of the Rev. Mr. Williams, an old time minister, at Dudley, Mass. It is related that when midway in his sermon on a sultry Sunday he heard the sound of distant thunder; he glanced out the window once or twice, stopped preaching and remarked:—"Brethren, I observe that your brother Crosby is not prepared for the rain. I think it is our duty to help our brother Crosby get his hay in before the shower." Stepping down from the pulpit he went with several of the brethren to the hay field, and worked there for half an hour, when the hay was housed. Then, returning to the church, he took up the thread of his sermon where he had left it, and preached straight through "fifteenthly" and "finally" without omission.

There is nothing so very strange about the above. It was always a New England custom, and the editor of this paper has been taken home in a hurry from church to take in hay threatened by a storm, on several occasions when he was a boy and on one occasion while living with an elder of the church was taken home by him in the middle of the sermon for the same purpose.

Why it Pays to Read.

One's physical frame—his body, his muscles, his feet, his hands—is only a living machine. It is his mind controlling and directing that machine, that gives it power and efficacy. The successful use of the body depends wholly upon the mind—upon its ability to direct the will. If one ties his arm in a sling it becomes weak and finally powerless. Keep it in active exercise, and it acquires vigor and strength, and is disciplined to use this strength as desired, just as one's mind, by active exercise in thinking, reasoning, studying, observing, acquires vigor, strength, power of concentration and direction.—Plainly, then, the man who exercises his mind in reading and thinking gives it greater power and efficiency, and greater ability to direct the efforts of the physical frame—his work—to better results than he can who merely or mainly uses his muscles. If a man reads a book or paper, even one he reads with error, it helps him by the effort to combat the errors. The combat invigorates his mind.

Of all men, the farmer, the cultivator, needs to read more to strengthen the reasoning powers, so that they will help out and make more effective his hard toil.

A Good use for Torpedoes.

It is reported that a party of body snatchers met with an unexpectedly warm reception in Plain City, Ohio, on Sunday night a week. Not long ago a daughter of Russel O'Harrell died and was buried in the cemetery of that place, and a torpedo was placed in the grave for the purpose of interfering with any attempt to remove the remains. On Sunday night some scoundrels or devotees of medical science as they would probably prefer to be called, were endeavoring to steal the body, when the torpedo exploded. The ground for a considerable distance around the grave was torn up, and the indications are that the desecrators were injured by the explosion, one of them perhaps fatally. A few more experiences of this kind would probably convince the men engaged in this devilish business that the science of anatomy can get along without robbing graveyards.

Worth Remembering.

Now that good times are again upon us, before indulging in extravagant show, it is worth remembering that no one can enjoy the pleasant surroundings if in bad health. There are hundreds of miserable people going about to-day with disordered stomach, liver or kidneys, or a dry, hacking cough, and one foot in the grave, when a 50 ct. bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the expensive doctors and quack medicines they have ever tried. It always makes the blood pure and rich, and will build you up and give you good health at little cost. Read of it in another column. 1844

SUNDAY READING.

A Good Recommendation.

"Please, sir, don't you want a cabin boy?"

"I do want a cabin boy, my lad; but what's that to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the berth."

"Oh, sir, I'm real strong. I can do a good deal, if ain't so very old."

"But what are you here for? You don't look like a city boy. Run away from home, hey?"

"Oh, no, indeed, sir; my father died, and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come."

"Well, sonny, where are your letters of recommendation? Can't take anybody without those."

Here was a damper. Willie had never thought of it being necessary to have letters from his minister, or from some other proper person to prove to strangers that he was an honest, good boy. Now what should he do? He stood in deep thought the captain meanwhile curiously watching the workings of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom and drew out his little Bible, and without saying a word, put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened to the blank leaf and read.

"Willie Graham, presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath school, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere.

Captain M'Leod could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child, standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday school teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie on shoulder, he said:

"You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me, and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you get back to your good mother."

Conundrums Answered by Bible Names.

- 1. A knot of ribbon and a conjunction.
2. A serpentine and a pronoun.
3. An article belonging to a gentleman's outfit.
4. A plant and the Scotch name for mountain.
5. A fish and an implement of torture.
6. A German coin.
7. A bird and a convulsion.
8. What an old man said when he wanted his son to escort some young ladies home.
9. An article and a bank to confine water.
10. Bodies of salt water and a part of an irregular verb.
11. A heavenly body, an exclamation, and the highest order of animals.
12. A time of day.
13. A pronoun and the opposite of even.
14. The capital of a country in Europe.
15. A Latin adjective.
16. One who subdues animals.
17. A kind of grass.
18. An article used for the dead.
19. A boy's name and a latin preposition.
20. An expression of care and the Scotch name for a girl.
21. The French name for a thoroughfare and a commotion.
22. A piece of ground.
23. What a man says to an ox and to chop a tree.
24. The name of a Confederate general and an exclamation.
25. A negative and the two.
26. A kind of gambling.
27. A cooking utensil, a pronoun and a long distance.
28. What horses have to do when they have a heavy load.
29. What a girl is sometimes called and an epoch.
30. A man's nickname and a male child.
31. A pronoun, a kind of grain and an exclamation.
32. The top of a mountain and an exclamation.
33. An article, a firm hold and your paternal ancestor.

The Soldier Monk.

In the Carthusian Monastery of Montreuil-sur-Mer is a monk who was formerly a Russian general. Before embracing the religious life, the general was received in private audience by the Russian Czar, and thus addressed his Czarship:

"Sire, I come to bring my dismissal."

"At your age," said the Emperor, "and what is the reason?"

"Because, having served your majesty for a number of years, I wish now to devote my life to the service of another sovereign."

"What is this! You wish to serve somebody else than me? Who is it?" "God, sire." "Oh, that is another thing! I cannot but highly approve of it, and you will receive your full pay as a general." And for a number of years the pay of a general was sent annually from the Imperial Exchequer of Russia to the Carthusian convent as Montreuil. The prior of this convent was himself formerly a captain in the French artillery.