

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, 8.35 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 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, 1.50, 8.20 p. 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, 6.15, 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, 4.50, 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, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 6.25, 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, 9.30 p. m. Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6.10, 7.40, 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. WOOTTEN, Gen. Manager, C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,

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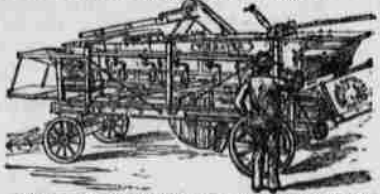
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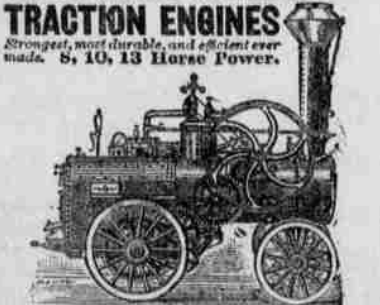
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STRANGELY RE-UNITED.

I WAS stationed at Agra during the Cabu disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful of British troops, left in charge of the wives, sisters and daughters of the actors in that most unhappy expedition. And a weary heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant Governor, who had prayed and besought the Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure, had the worst forebodings for its fate; and although he did all an able, kindly and well-mannered man could do to maintain the spirits of the circle, those who knew him could read too well what his fears were. Words could not describe—indeed it is painful for me even now to recall—the dreary wretchedness of that fatal month, during which no tidings came of the devoted army.—Evening after evening saw the roads crowded by anxious women, sitting there for hours that they might hear the first news of those who were dear to them, and evening after evening saw them return in despair. And when at last the news came that the sole survivor had staggered, half alive, back to his countrymen, with the tidings of the great disaster, the wail which ascended from those heartbroken creatures I shall never while I live forget.

There had been a captain in one of the native regiments, an old acquaintance of mine, of the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly, as he was called by every one. He was careful to explain to all his friends that his name was Jerome and not Jeremiah, although why he so unduly preferred the saint to the prophet I never understood. Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as strange and eccentric a creature as ever breathed.

He was a very good-looking fellow, and a first-rate officer, but a careless rollicking, half insane, madcap of a man, with an amazing flow of spirits, little education or culture, a great, almost miraculous, talent for languages, with a soft heart, and an easy temper.—It was impossible to make him angry; and in all circumstances, however unpleasant, he maintained a placid serenity which seemed to imply that he was on intimate terms with Fortune, and knew the very worst she could do.

Among the other tricks which the fickle goddess had played him, was that she had married him. Why he ever married as he did, no one could imagine. The lady was neither handsome, clever, nor rich. She was simply passable as to looks, with the liveliness of good health and youth—a quality not unapt to develop itself in vivacity of temper when those other attributes disappear. But, on some impulse, Jerry Donnelly had asked her the momentous question and had been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple they were. Jerry, from the first, neglected her—not intentionally, I believe, but simply because for the moment he forgot her existence. It never seemed to him necessary to alter his former bachelor round in any respect; and as the lady had no notion of being neglected, she resented his indifference, and chafed out a line for herself. It may be easily supposed that the one was not adverse to brandy and water, or the other to gossip and flirtation. They never quarreled outwardly, but were hardly ever together.

So stood the domestic circle, if such it could be called, of Captain Donnelly, when he was ordered on General Elphinstone's expedition. His wife would fain have remained at Calcutta, but as all wives were going to Agra, she for shame was obliged to go there also. On the rumors of disasters she was very indifferent—said she was sure Jerry would turn up at the most inconvenient time, and that if he was happy, she was.—When, however, the tidings were confirmed, and it was certain that Jerry had perished with his comrades a great change came over her. She shut herself up for months, saw no one, and went nowhere. And when at the end of nearly a year she began once more to look at the world, she was a grave thoughtful, softened woman. She went up to Calcutta after that, and I never saw her again until I came home on a furlough in 1857. She was then living in a pretty place in Somersetshire and was known as Mrs. Courtney, of Branley Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very glad to see me, and explained to me what I had not heard, that when she arrived at Calcutta she found that poor Jerry had, four months before he left Agra succeeded to this place of Branley Hall by the death of a distant relation.—He had previously made a will leaving her all his worldly goods, then slender enough, so that in the end this fine estate had come to her, and a new name with it. She asked me to come down and see her, which I did and learned more of her history.

Sorrow and prosperity greatly changed her for the better. Even her looks had improved, and she was pleasant, thoughtful, and agreeable woman. She remained four years in Calcutta before she returned but had at once assumed

the name of Courtney, which was a condition on which the bequest was made.

"You know, Colonel Hastings, I could not have lost the estate, for what would poor Jerry have said when he came back?"

"I thought the woman's head must have been affected by her troubles, and said nothing.

"I see you think me deranged, but I knew he was alive all the time."

"Why, what could have led you to think so?"

"I saw him, Colonel Hastings. It was in our old bungalow at Calcutta, about two years after I had gone back.—Late in the evening I heard a footstep outside which affected me strangely. I was lying half asleep, and starting up in a drowsy state, I heard a voice at the veranda, and, as I thought, inquiring of my stupid old native whether I lived there. The steps then turned away. I darted to the casement, and although the figure was clad in the extraordinary compound of European and Asiatic garments I am sure it was Jerry. I darted down stairs and rushed out, but the man had disappeared. The servant said he was a bad fakir, who wished to get into the bungalow, but could or would tell me nothing of what he had said. But I am quite sure it was Jerry. So I am certain he will come back—but you remember he never was punctual," she added with a faint smile.

I did not say to her that if Jerry was alive she must have heard of him in some other way; but I took leave of her and shortly afterwards returned to India.

In 1853, I was appointed to an embassy to Nepal, a very striking country governed by a powerful warlike race.—The first minister or vizier of the country met us, as in the Nepaulese fashion, outside the capital, and we had a very courteous and gratifying reception. He was a tall, handsome man, with a flowing black beard, and conversed with me in Persian, which I spoke fluently. After our interview, one of the attendants informed me that the vizier wished to see me alone, and he accordingly conducted me to an inner department. He ordered the attendants to withdraw, and then, in tones only too familiar, he exclaimed:

"Well Hastings old boy, how go the Plungers?"

It was Jerry Donnelly by all that was miraculous. I had observed him staring at me earnestly during the interview, and something in his gestures seemed not unfamiliar to me, but his flowing beard, solemn air, and Oriental dress, so much disguised him, that even when I heard the well remembered voice, I could scarcely realize his identity.

"But what on earth are you doing here, Jerry?" said I, "and why don't you go home to your wife, like a Christian?"

"My wife! well that's the whole affair. You see, she's somebody else's wife, so I'm better out of the way; it would be a pity that poor Sophy should commit bigamy."

"I assure you, you are entirely mistaken, Mrs. Donnelly has not married again."

"Hasn't she, though?" said he.—"Don't I know better? Didn't I go to my own bungalow and find out that she married that starched fool Courtney, when she knew I never could endure him?"

To his intense astonishment, I told him, how the truth was, and in return he related to his own adventures. He had been carried into Tartary, and there detained for three years, when he was allowed to accompany a caravan or body of pilgrims to Nepal. Being by that time proficient in the language he was taken notice of at court, but very strictly watched. He effected his escape, however, disguised as a fakir, and made his way to Calcutta, but finding, as he thought, his wife married to a man in his old regiment, he returned, was taken into favor and had risen to his present distinction.

"Well, I always was a blundering fool but I went home with a heart so soft to Sophy, and vowing that I never would vex her any more with my vagaries, that when I heard her called Mrs. Courtney I was turned to stone, and did not care a rap what became of me, not even to be vizier, which, I assure you is no joke in its way."

"Well, at all events, you must come home now, and enjoy your good fortune."

"I am not sure about that," said he.—"Recollect, she has grown accustomed to be mistress—I have grown accustomed to be vizier; she won't like to be contradicted, and it's a thing I never could bear, and what I never allowed on any account. Now if I went home, she would not be mistress, and, as sure as fate, she would contradict me. Maybe it is better as it is."

Next morning he sent for me again. "I have been thinking," he said, of all that strange story you told me. I

am all changed since we parted. I hardly know myself to be the same man I used to be, and I am not sure that I could treat Sophy well. But ask her to come out here, and then she can try.—If she likes me in this outlandish place, I will go home with her; if we quarrel here, no one will be a bit the wiser, and I can continue to be dead."

"But," said I, "have you no incumbrances? Perhaps she might object to the details of your establishment."

"Not a bit," said Jerry; "I have none of your Eastern prejudices; let her come, and she will find and nobody to disturb her."

So she did come, and after living in Nepal for two years she brought Jerry back in triumph to Branley Hall; and such is the true version of a tale which made some noise in the newspapers a few years ago.

How a Rebel Major Got His Pardon.

A few days after the war had been declared at an end, Major Drewry went to Washington, and, without the usual ceremony of sending in his name, lest he should be refused an interview, made way into the presence of Secretary Stanton.

"Mr. Secretary," said he, "I want my pardon as soon as possible. I've fought against you as long as I could, and I've been whipped; and now I want to go home and go to work. I've got hundreds of acres of land that have been lying idle for the last four years, and I want to get seed into every inch of it this spring, so I'll thank you to give me my pardon and let me go."

He talked so fast that Mr. Stanton couldn't get in a word; but being amused and rather pleased by Major Drewry's bluff manner, he asked at last:

"On what ground do you expect to get a pardon, sir?"

"On the ground, sir, that I showed you how to build a navy. You sent your fleet of old wooden ships up to Drewry's Bluff, and we knocked 'em all to pieces and showed you sir, that wooden ships weren't worth a d—. And then you went to work and got together a navy that was worth something, and it's on the ground that my men proved your needs to you that I want a pardon."

The Secretary laughed, and told the honest rebel to call the next day, as he would like to talk further with him.—Next day Major Drewry got his pardon and, in return, gave Mr. Stanton a great deal of valuable information concerning the South and its prospects. He went back to his pleasant home on the James, and has ever since been a wise, enterprising, prosperous citizen.

Old Time and New.

As a striking contrast between the travel of fifty years ago and now, we present the following notice from the United States Gazette of November 24, 1832:

"A most gratifying experiment was made yesterday on the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown railroad. The beautiful locomotive engine and tender, built by Mr. Baldwin, of this city, whose reputation as an ingenious machinist is well known, were for the first time placed on the road. The engine traveled about six miles, working with perfect accuracy and ease in all its parts, and with great velocity."

The Chronicle of the same date, speaking of the trial, said the engine weighed between four and five tons, was small of bulk and simple in its working machinery. It was then predicted that it would draw thirty tons gross at the rate of forty miles an hour. This was a very large guess, but it was at least partially verified, as the "Iron-sides," as the new motor was called, attained a speed of thirty miles an hour with the usual train attached. But the most interesting feature connected with this early locomotive was the following advertisement, which appeared in the Daily Advertiser:

NOTICE.—The locomotive engine (built by M. W. Baldwin of this city) will depart daily, when the weather is fair, with a train of passenger cars.—On rainy days horses will be attached.

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 pleasantest 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. 184

How to Get Sick.

Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

How to Get Well.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.—Express. 21 24

SUNDAY READING.

Died Poor.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker, "the saddest I have attended for many years.

"That of Edmondson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfillment."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian—and enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! He was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"Did he not succeed?" questioned one, who had spoken of his patience and endurance.

"No, sir. He died poor, just as I have stated. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments, and thought he died rich," said the other.

"No, he left nothing behind," was replied. The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate."

"He left a good name said one and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," said a third.

"Lessons of patience in suffering, of hopes in adversity, of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell on his bewildered path," was the testimony of another.

"And high truths, manly courage and heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich," was the emphatic declaration. "Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, miserable in all but gold. A sad funeral did you say? No, my friend, it was a triumphal procession.—Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonies attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed. Why his whole life was a series of successes, in every conflict he came of victor, and now the Victor's crown is on his head."

Matching Him.

On one occasion while visiting the poor, Dr. Guthrie, who was equal to any emergency, came to the door of an Irish Roman Catholic, who was determined that the Doctor should not enter his house.

"You must not come in here," said the Irishman; "you are not wanted."

"My friend," said the Doctor, "I'm going around my parish to become acquainted with the people, and have called on you only as a parishoner."

"It don't matter," said Paddy, "you shan't come in here," and lifting the poker, he said, "If yer come in here I'll knock yer down."

Most men would have retired, or tried to reason; the Doctor did neither, but drawing himself up to his full height, and looking the Irishman in the face, he said,

"Come now, that's too bad. Would you strike a man unarmed? Hand me the tongs, and then we shall be on equal terms."

The man looked at him in great amazement, and then said, "Och, sure, you're a square man for a minister! Come inside." And feeling rather ashamed of his conduct he laid down the poker.

The Doctor entered, and when he arose to go Pat shook his hand warmly, and said, "Be sure, sir, don't pass my door again without giving me a call."

Little Tangles.

Once there was a king who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and patterns were all given by the king. He told them that when any difficulty arose, they should send to him, and never to fear troubling him. Among men and women busy at their looms was one little child, whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work, cheerfully and patiently she labored. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures, the silks were tangled, and the weaving unlike the pattern, they gathered around the child and said: "Tell us how it is that you are so happy at your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver; "he told us that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning," "Ah," said the child, "but I send directly when I find I have a little tangle."

So let us take all our wants and troubles directly to the Lord in prayer. He invites us to do so, and promises to help us.