RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

May 29th, 1881.

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." 8,35 a. m. and 1,45 p. m.

For Philadelphia, at 6,35 a. m. and 1,45 p. m.

For Philadelphia, at 6,35 a. 8,05 a. m., 1,45 and 4,00 p. m.

For Reading, at 5,20, 8,05 a. m. and 4,00 p. m. and 8,00 p. m.

For Pottsville, at 7,20 a. 8,05 a. m. and 4,00 p. m. and via Schupkiii and Susquelianna Branch at 2,40 p. m. For Auburn, at 8,10 a. m.

For Allentown, at 5,20, 8,05, 9,50 a. m., 1,45 and 4,00 p. m.

1.00 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 5 20 a. m. Kor Reading, Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m. Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows:

Leave NewYork via Allentown, 8 45 a. m., 1,00 and 5.30 p. m. and 5.30 p. m. Leave Kaw York via "Bound Brook Route." and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, and 5.30 p. m. arriving at Harrisburg, 1.30, 8.29, 6.20 p. m., and 12.35 a. m.

12.35 a.m. Leave Philodelphia, at 9.45 a.m., 4.00 .7:50 and 7.45 p.m. Leave Poilsville, 6.00, 9.10 a.m. and 4.40 p.m. Leave reading, at 4.50, 7.30, 11.50 a.m., 1.30, 6.15, 50 and 10.55 p.m.

7.50 and 10.35 p. m. 1.30, r.39, 11.50 a. 18., 1.30, 6.35, Leave Potential via Schuytkiirand Susquehanna Branch, 8.15 a. m., and 4.45 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 8.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 p. m. SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5 20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7,45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7 8 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 5.23, 6.40, 9.35 a.m., and 2.09 p. m.; dally, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5.35 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 9.30 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except unday, at 6.10, 7.00, 10.00 a. m., 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 8.10 p. m., and on aturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.30 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 a comfortable manner. I ask a share of the ublic patronage, and assure my friends who stop rith me that every exertion will be made to ender their staypleasant.

8 A careful hostler always in attendance.
April 9, 1878. tf

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The Forged Bank Note.

ff T OOK here, my dear boy; I am La going to give you a piece of advice. When you cashed that check in the bank just now, you scarcely looked at the notes before thrusting them into your breast pocket. Now, I dare-say you think it looks very fine to shove away a lot of bank notes into your pocket as if you were accustomed to carry about large sums. But listen to me: Mr. Renshaw was an old and esteem-

ed friend of my father's. He had come into Bosanquet's Bank as I was cashing a small check; and as we walked down Lombard Street, he administered this little reproof; not, however, with the least sarcasm, but with a kind fatherly manner which could not offend the most touchy, especially proceeding from an old to a young man. I had known him as long as I could remember, he having been connected with my father in many business transactions, and thus entertaining for each other a feeling of mutual esteem. He was a man of good standing in the "city," and had been always remarkable for his great punctually and correctness in business matters. For fifty years he had worked in the firm, from which he had lately retired, having been chief partner for more than half that period. His motto in business had always been method; and he certainly carried out his principle in every action; not, however, like some methodical people, who think that every one else should go out of the way that their regulated routine may not be interrupted. On the contrary, in his ordinary life-although every hour of the day had its appointed purpose-he readily lent himself to aid in the pleasures of business of his friends; nor did he look harshly on those whose habits were not just so exact as his own. His mind was large enough to see that It would be impossible, indeed not desirable, that all men should think like him : and that a sound intellect and good moral worth are to be found among the apparently light and careless, as well as among the methodical and steady. At the same time, in his own immediate business concerns, he insisted on a methodical system being strictly adhered to. "Gentlemen," he was wont to say to his clerks, "out of the office you may be skyrockets if you please; in the office, chronometers."

"I daresay, John," he continued to me, "you think that I am a sort of old moral parallel-ruler, and that I never can get beyond making one line run straight alongside of another; but believe me, as your father's old friend, and yours too, my boy, that there is nothing like method. From the smallest to the greatest transaction do everything as if you were easting up accounts-for you know how soon a little error multiplies -and beware of trusting to your memory anything that should be put down in black and white. There now; I have given you a lecture, and I hope you are not vexed ?"

"Not a bit sir," I replied. "I daresay-I'm sure you are right; and indeed I never looked on you in the light of a parallel-ruler; though I should not object bearing a little resemblance myself to that respectable instrument. And yet, I fear I should never be able to bring myself to keep account of the number of every note I received."

" And yet," my companion replied, "they think it worth while to do so at the bank you get them from. How about if you lost them ?"

"That's true," said I; "but it's not very likely. I always keep my wits about me."

"Just like you-just like you, young men; you're are all so sharp. Never mind, my dear boy. Come up this evening-I dine at six-and I'll tell you a story in which the honor and credit of a young man depended on the number of a bank note."

"Six o'clock with Mr. Renshaw meant six o'clock; and I am sure by his hearty welcome, he felt a little flattered at my remembrance of his hobby as I entered the drawing-room just five minutes before the hour. The dinnerparty was a quiet family one, comprising besides ourselves Mrs. Renshaw and their two daughters. I could not help observing during dinner how quietly regular everything was conducted, yet without the slightest stiffness. Everything that was needed was at hand; and the courses were noiselessly removed or replaced without any ringing of bells or other interruption to the cheerful con-

versation which was being carried on. "Now, John," said my host, when the ladies had left the room, and we had drawn up our chairs near the fire, and had placed the decanters within reach, "fill your glass; and don't mind me-old method you seewhile I tell you my story. But I must first fetch the documents from my study."

Following my friend's advice, I filled my glass and cracked a few filberts; and in a few minutes Mr. Renshaw returned bringing with him three newspapers, which he laid beside him on the table.-

He then drew from his cost a pocketbook of the usual shape that "city" men carry about with them, but differing from those in ordinary use in being a bright blue color. "Another of my whims, John. I had my memorandumbook made of an unusual color, that it might be more easily traced, if lost; and now," he continued, placing the book beside the papers, " my memoranda are all in order, and I only ask your attention."

"I daresay you have heard your father speak of a Mr. Brierly-though perhaps not, as I now remember he must have died when you were quite a child. However, your father knew him well, and I also knew him, but not very intimately, although I have at different times transacted business for him. He knew little about such matters himself, and always left everything connected with his property in the hands of an agent-not that I ever acted as such, my connection with him being casual. He was possessed of a little landed property; but the bulk of his money was invested in stock of different kinds. He dabbled, however, very little in the share-market; for though his man of business was willing enough to speculate, yet old Mr. Brierly said that he had enough and to spare; and whenever he knew his money was safely invested, then he let it stay; so that his agent had little to do, and his pickings were proportionately small.

" Little or nothing was known of Mr. Brierly before he came to settle near Hanwell, where he bought himself a pretty place, and lived in strict retirement with his only daughter and sole companion, a child about eleven years old. Different stories were of course in circulation as to who he was and where he came from. Some hinted at a deserted wife; others, that he was a widower. The latter I have reason to believe was correct. But as far as he was concerned he never satisfied the curiosity of his neighbors, but lived quietly on, having apparently no thought or pleasure beyoud his child. As I told you, he was nothing of a business man; and like many such, he placed entire trust in his agent, or more correctly agents; for the management of his estate was confided to the hands of Dibden, Knollys & Dibden solicitors and conveyancers of Bellyard, Doctors' Commons. The firm used to be Dibden & Knollys, until Dibden's only son Stephen joined it, when his name was added; shortly after which event Knollys died; but the name was retained by the firm; so that at the time I speak of the whole business belonged to the two Dibdens, father and son .-Why Mr. Brierly should ever have selected such agents, or how he met them, I never found out: but he placed in them the most implicit confidence, and used constantly to send for the elder Dibden to his house, especially during the last two years before his death, when his health was failing, and he disliked the trouble and fatigue of going up

"Whether it was Dibden's cleverness as a man of business that he was taken with or whether he was managed by cunning, I know not, but he certainly let him obtain a great deal of influence over him; and at his death, which took place when his child was only fifteen years of age, his will directed that she should be under the guardianship of Dibden; who, during her minority, or as long as she remained with him, was to receive five hundred pounds a year for his charge. It, moreover, directed that she was not to marry before she was legally of age, and then only with Dibden's consent, until after her twenty-fifth birthday, when she was free to do as she liked. The curious part of the will-and it evidently shows that whatever influence Dibden exerted over the old man was not sufficient to attach a permanent penalty on his child if she disobeyed his wishes-was that, in the event of her not complying with the terms of the will, she should have only an allowance of five hundred pounds a year during her life; but that the property should be settled on her children, to be enjoyed by them after her death .-Hard as this arrangement was for a loved and only child, to be excluded from being mistress of her property for four years after she became of age, unless she married with her guardian's consent in the meantime, I am certain myself that it would have been harder if Dibden could have managed it; but he was evidently not able to convince the father that after twenty-five years of age a woman's fortune might not be safely left to her own discretion. Everybody was of course surprised at the will; but as there was no relatives to interfere, no question was raised; and as soon as the funeral was over. Dibden took the child home with him.

" I must now pass over a space of five years. The child of fifteen had grown into a beautiful girl of twenty; and a sweeter and kinder never breathed .-Now John, if you won't laugh at an old man getting enthusiastic about a girl young enough to be his grandchild, I will describe her to you. She had a clear frank open face—a face that to

look at once was sufficient to read truth and trust written on it. Her fair golden hair sometimes seemed like a glory round it, as the rays of the sun danced on its luxuriant folds; and the pleasant smile that she greeted one with made one feel that if the term angel could be applied to mortal, it might be her. Her nose was straight and small; and her eyes-John, I never saw such colored eyes on a fair person-they were dark violet, with long lashes. There! you're laughing at me; I shall tell you no more about her, except to say she was as good as she was beautiful. To do Dibden justice, he dealt very fairly with her as far as education went. No expense was spared; she had the best masters for everything. But she was never permitted to go into society. To be sure, he used to have some female relatives of his own of Mrs. Dibden's from time to time to stay at his little villa in Brixton; but as neither he nor his wife was very well connected, it is doubtful whether their society was any advantage to his ward. One of the few young men she ever saw was Dibden's son, now about thirty years of age, and as ill-favored a fellow as one might meet between Charing Cross and the Bank, and as rude and coarse in manner as he was uppleasant in countenance. Nor had he even the clevernes of his father to make up for his moral and personal deficiencies .-When I say he was about the only acquaintance of the male sex that she had I mean he was the only one openly acknowledged; for she had-wonderful how nature asserts her prerogativeanother that no one knew of but herself and him, to whom she had surrendered all the affection of a pure and loving heart-and no blame to her poor girl .-As she grew from childhood to womanhood she began to feel the irksomeness of her position, and she naturally enough attached herself to the first friend she met who had tastes and feelings in common with her.

"Year after year she felt a growing dislike to her guradian and his family, who continually reminded her of the legal authority he possessed. However, she remained very passive until the twenty-first anniversary of her birthday, when she surprised her guardian by demanding to hear her father's will. At first he refused; but she insisted 'I am of age to day, Mr. Dibden,' she said, and my own mistress. You are now only guardian of my money. I require to hear the contents of my father's will; I know you have a copy."

"On hearing it she only said: 'Four years more,' and walked out of the

" About this time young Dibden commenced annoying her with his attentions, proving to her what she had already suspected, that to secure her hand and fortune for Stephen had been the plot of the worthy pair. She did not however, feel any uneasiness; but from time to time she was subjected to much that was trying and vexatious; until at last matters were brought to a crisis by Stephen Dibden offering marriage-telling her at the same time he hoped to be able to get his father's consent. She stared at him some seconds before she replied, and then said: "Marry you !-Get your father's consent! Are you mad, Mr. Dibden? You forget your place ;'

and she walked calmly out of the room. "At this time she had not actually engaged herself, but doubtless this circumstance precipitated matters; for, the first time after this that she met George Hamilton, she told him of her annoyance, and then burst into tears. Now, John if a nice girl to whom you had paid a little regular attention, but of whose mind you were not quite certain, suddenly burst into tears as she tells you of her troubles, and, so to speak, throws herself on your protection, what do you think you would do? Why, ten to one,I'll be bound you would do exactly what George Hamilton did-offer her your hand on the spot; and the same odds that, like him you would be accepted. So George Hamilton went back to his lodgings that evening happy as a king, the ufflanced husband of Clara Brierly.

"But I have not told you who George Hamilton was. Well, he was Dibden's head clerk; and a first-rate one he was. He had been bound as an articled pupil in another house; but just as his apprenticeship was up his father died; and he had not the means to prosecute his profession, and was indeed thrown on his own resources. London is not, as you know, a place for an honest man to live without the means of paying his way, and so Hamilton found; and accordingly he took the first clerkship that offered, which was in the office of Dibden, Knollys and Dibden, at the munificent salary of ninety pounds a year. However, they soon found that they had a man above the common; and in order not to lose him, they gave him a progressive sainry, which at this time had reached one hundred and twenty pounds a year. George Hamilton was a gentleman in every sense of the wordthe son of a retired officer, who had nothing to leave him but gentle blood,

an honorable name, and bis blessing. At the time of his engagement he wa about twenty-five years of age, and a five handsome young fellow. It was by the merest chance that he had ever met Clara Brierly, and the Illbdens naturally took good care that such a formidable rival to Stephen should be kept out of the way. However, his introduction to the girl happened in this wise. One day old Dibden was unwell, and Stephen had gone out of town, when a letter was brought to the office requiring immedia ate attention—the contents of which Hamilton did not feel justified in deal ing with without seeing his principal; and for this purpose, he repaired to Dill. den's private residence. He was about to ring the bell, when the door was opened by Miss Brierly, who was just going out. Hamilton drew back, to let her pass, at first supposing she was a visitor leaving the house, wondering at the same time that the Dibdens should have an acquaintance of so elegant and aristocratic an appearance. He was not, therefore, a little surprised when he was asked by a soft sweet voice, if he was being attended to; which was in nowise abated when she asked him in, and said she would send a servant to attend to him.

"Charming girl!" ha said to himself as she went away. And then a sudden

thought struck him. The ward! "Now, if George had been a commi place young man, she would have per ed through the hall and gone out out minding him; such however was no means the case; and as the girl gave range to her thoughts she was fain to admit that she had never seen any one who impressed her so much at first sight. Yes; Clara Brierly was in lovehad fallen in love at a glance. Not that she acknowledged such a state of things to herself; she only kept thinking and thinking about him day after day the was such a contrast to Stephen Diblen.

"As for George Hamilton, he did not wait to analyze his feelings; that first slight encounter did it; and before he got back to the office he had built bice self a castle, wherein he had worked himself into Dibden's favor and become a partner, and won the hand of his lovely charge.

"Now, John, I am not going to enter into the details of a romantic love affair -you know what love can do-they met and met again, and learned each other's history; and at last as I told you before, exchanged vows of eternal love.

" I must take another jump over time Miss Briely is now in her twenty-fifth year, and George Hamilton just twentynine. They had kept their secret; and it wanted but a few months when all the world would know it. Their course of true love had run smooth enough as far as they were concerned themselves; for though they saw but little of each other, the thought of her future happiness comforted Clara under every vexation and annoyance. 'A few more months, she would say-'a few more months, and I am free of my tyrant."-Concluded next week.

Bolling His Food.

CAM SLICK tells us the story of the Honorable Alden Gobbel, Secretary of Legation in England, who was dyspeptic, so he goes to Abernethy, the great English physician, for advice. "What's the matter with you?" says

the Doctor.

"Why," says Alden, "I resume have the dyspepsy." "Ah! I see-a Yankee, swallowed

more dollars than you can digest." "I am an American citizen, I am Secretary to our Legation at the Court of St. James."

"The dickens you are! then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy."

"I don't see that inference."

"But I tell you it does follow," says the Doctor, " for in the company you'll have to keep you'll have to eat like a Christian." It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one moon-distracted mad; "I'll be hanged," saye he, "If ever I saw an American that didn't bolt his food whole like a boa-constrictor. How can you expect to digest food that you neither take the trouble to dissect nor time to masticate? It's no wonder won. lose your teeth, for you never use then nor your digestion, for you overload? nor your saliva, for you expend it is the carpets. You Yankees load y stomachs as a Devonshire man does cart, as full as it can hold and as fast he can pitch it in with a fork, an off. And then you complain that so a load is too heavy for you."

Renew Your Lease.

There are times in every ones when energy falls and a miserable ing comes over them, often misfal for laziness. Danger lurks in ti for laziness. Danger lurks in the symptoms, as they arise from lury blood or diseased organs. Medical vice is expensive and often unsatisfactry. Parker's Ginger Tonic will renyour lease of health and comfort been it restores perfect activity to the Sunach, Liver and Kidneys, and part the blood, as men and women restores.