

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

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, at 8.30, 8.55 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 8.31, 8.55, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 8.20, 8.30, 8.55, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 8.20, 8.30, 8.55, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 8.10 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 5.30 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, 4.00, and 8.10 p. m. arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20, 9.20 p. m., and 12.30 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 7.50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 9.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.30, 11.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.15, 7.50 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.15 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 8.05, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 8.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.30 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 5.35 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 8.30 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, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only, 6.10, 6.30, 9.20 p. m.

J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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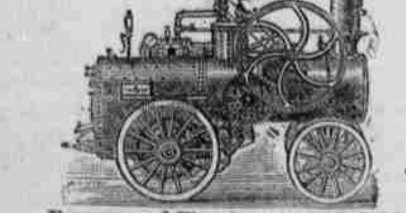
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FANCY Goods and Notions, Some new and rivals, Cheap. F. MORTIMER.

Lincoln's First Love.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Inter-Ocean tells the following story of how the marriage engagement between Abraham Lincoln and Annie Owens was broken off:

"It was this way," said Mr. Green,—"My cousin, Nancy Green, had a great strapping baby that she was in the habit of lugging about with her wherever she went. Possibly Lincoln didn't have a passion for babies; at any rate, he was not in love with this one, and I remember very well that when his own son Bob was in the cradle Lincoln used to lie on the floor reading, and let the future Secretary of War split his lungs yelling to be carried about the house.—If Mrs. Lincoln happened to arrive home about this time there was trouble in the family for a few minutes, but no remonstrances or appeals could ever make him a good nurse. He would read, and so far as appearances went, was deaf to all the infantile cries that came from his hopeful heirs. When the babies grew up a bit, and knew something they found in their father a companion and a friend, but they had to look elsewhere for a nurse.

"Well, at the time I mention, Lincoln had grown very fond of Annie Owens, and she seemed to take quite a fancy to him. They were together a good deal, and finally, as was understood, became engaged. One day Annie and Nancy Green were going a mile or so to a neighbor's and Lincoln went with them. As usual, Nancy took the baby and trudged along with it, although it was a heavy weight for her. Perhaps she expected that Lincoln would offer to shoulder the boy himself for part of the distance, and so relieve her, but if she had such expectations they were not realized for he put his hands in his pockets and and leisurely sauntered by the side of Annie Owens without a glance toward the baby.

"Pretty soon Annie became cold, and answered Lincoln with short and curt sentences. Then she refused to talk with him at all, and by the time the end of the journey was reached she fairly withered him with her glances. Lincoln did not know, or seemed not to know, what the matter was, and at last asked an explanation.

"What's up Annie?" said he. "You seem to be in bad humor."

"Oh, no," she replied, mockingly, "I'm ez purring and good-natured as a kitten. What is there to ruffle a body, my gracious!"

"It's something I've done, I suppose," said Lincoln.

"No," replied Annie, tartly, "it's nothing you've done. It's what you hain't done, and that's what's the matter."

"Well, what is it?" said Lincoln.

"You don't know, of course," responded Annie, disdainfully.

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," said Lincoln.

"Wall I'll tell you," said Annie.—"You have walked yer for more'n a mile with us—a great, strong feller like you—and let that woman carry a baby that weighs nigh unto forty pounds, and never so much as lifted yer finger to help her. That's what ails me."

"Why, she never asked me," said Lincoln.

"Oh, she didn't! And you hadn't politeness enough to offer to help, but must wait to be asked."

"Why, I never thought of it," returned Lincoln. "I always supposed she would be afraid to let a fellow like me touch the baby for fear he might break it or something. I'd carry a bushel of 'em for you, Annie."

"Yes, now," said Annie, bitterly.

"Any time," said Lincoln.

"If I asked you?" responded Annie.

"Well, I reckon you could ask me if you wanted them carried," retorted Lincoln.

that could struggle through mud roads and swim over deep, rapid streams.

During the court session, a lawyer bargained for a pony for twenty-five dollars, on a credit of six months. The next day the owner brought the pony, but required security for the payment of the price. The lawyer drew a note at the top of a sheet of foolscap and signed it. His brother lawyers, some twenty in number, signed it, and then the court—three judges—wrote down their names.

The lawyer presented the thoroughly signed note to the man and was surprised to hear him say: "Do you think I am a fool, to let you get the court and all the lawyers on your side? I see you mean to cheat me out of my pony."

Up jumped the alarmed man, ran out of the court, mounted the pony and galloped for home as fast as the horse could carry him.

Not a Supposable Case.

"NOW, if I was President," began Mr. Butterby, the other morning as he passed his cup over for a third cup of coffee—"if I was President of the United States—"

"Which you aren't, you know, broke in Mrs. B., in an argumentative and confident tone.

"And not likely to be," added Mrs. B.'s mother with a contemptuous toss of her head.

"No," assented Mr. B., pleasantly, "but I was just supposing the case—"

"Then suppose something in reason," retorted Mrs. B., snappishly. "You had as well suppose you were the man in the moon or that you were the Man in the Iron Mask—"

"So I might, my dear, so I might," agreed Mr. B., still pleasantly smiling—"but that has nothing to do with it, you know. I was merely going to say that if I was President of the United States, I'd—"

"My!" burst in Miss Gertrude, aged eighteen, "wouldn't it be splendid if you was, pa! Just to think how those Wheeltop girls would change their tune when I met them, instead of throwing out their insinuations about people who consider it christian-like to turn their last season's silk so that they may have more to give to charity! But they might turn green with envy before I'd ever—"

"Yes, and wouldn't I warm it to Sammy Dugan, just," chirped in Master Tommy aged twelve, "I'd just go up to him 'fore he knowed where he was, an' he dassent hit me back again 'cause it 'ud be treason and they'd hang him; an' I'd slide on the sidewalk an' shy snow-balls at the p'ecemen, an' sass Miss Ferule, an' play hookey every day when it didn't rain, an' I'd—"

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. B., catching the infection from her enthusiastic progeny, "and then I'd be the first lady in land, let the next be who she would; and the Senators' and Governors' wives would beg to be introduced to me, and I'd have balls twice a week and banquets every day, and—"

"And I'd have the management of the White House and run things," remarked Mrs. B.'s mother, her eyes sparkling with the prospect.

"Not much you wouldn't!"—from Miss Gertrude—"not if I kept my health and knew myself, you wouldn't; not as long as I was the President's daughter and—"

"Yah!" ejaculated Master Thomas, "I guess the President's son would be the biggest plum in the dish! Wouldn't I be the Prince of Wales, then, say?—What 'ud you know 'bout—"

"Shut up—all of you!" commanded Mrs. B. "I guess the President's wife is the highest authority in the land!—At all events there'd be a dusty old time if anybody questioned it, and I bet when the exercises were over the survivors would not want any electoral commission to decide the thing. My, I'd like to see anybody—but by the way, Mr. Butterby, what was you going to say you would do if you was President of the United States?"

"Resign as soon as the Lord would let me!" said Mr. Butterby, calmly but with terrific firmness.

And then a meditative silence fell upon the family and remained there for a little season.

Pass On or Slet Up.

A COLORED man living on Illinois street hung out a sign on his house reading: "For Sail." He happened to be at the gate when a white man came along and said:

"You'll never get any offer for your house with any such spelling as that."

The owner of the place was greatly puzzled to improve the orthography, but finally took his wife's advice and made it read: "For sell."

This seemed to be all right for a day or two, and then a school-boy halted and said:

"If you don't fix that sign all the school children will be laughing at you."

There was another convention of the

family to see where the mistake came in, and the sign was made to read "For Sail." It hadn't been up an hour when an old colored man came along and queried:

"Does you mean dat dis place am fur Sally? What yer gwine to gib de place to Sally fur?"

"Am you findin' fault wid dat sign?" asked the other.

"Well, I doan' quite coteh on to de spellin'."

"You doan', eh? Has you got \$700 to pay cash down fur dis place?"

"No, sah."

"Den you pass on and slet up! Maybe I doan' spell jist de same as you do, but I'ze got prospects of handlin' \$700 while you has got boaf knees out to de weather. I doan' ker to use high-flown language an' have to w'ar a shoe on one fut an' a bute on de odder. Go 'long, ole man—you am too fly on gog'aphy!"

Not Very Good Spellers.

The Franklin county Superintendent of Schools in overhauling the teachers of that county as to their educational qualifications found that some of the young ladies who were applicants for positions were decidedly unfit for their work. The teachers were requested to write the following words, with their definitions: Vacillation, hieroglyphics, antediluvian, aphorism, bivouac, codicil, hallucination, inveigle, periphery.

One of the young ladies spelled and defined them as follows: "Vassilation, the act of being vassel; hieroglyphics, (correct definition); antediluvian, the act of loosening down before, as it were; aphorism, a rising beforehead; bivouac, (was unable to define); codicil, relating to a code, law or rule; hallucination, a strange loosening or separation, as it were; inveigle, somewhat strange; periphery, unnatural."

Several others who were examined spelled and defined some of the words as follows: "Superannuated, the state of being over-exerted; bivouac, excitement, gayety; codicil, (couldn't define); periphery, (couldn't define); hallucination, act of rejoicing or blessing; inveigle, American bush-fighting."

One of the young ladies, who received seven and one-half per cent., defined hallucination as "the condition of being made clear."

An Arkansas Parson.

"Needn't tell me anything about gettin' preachers drunk," said Isaac Hill, Manipulator-General of the House of Representatives, "leastwise if they ever come to Congress. They're the hardest hands to tackle in the whole business."

State your experience Isaac," was the patient listener's request.

"Well, about two years ago a preacher fellow from Arkansas came up here to try and pry himself into Slemmons's seat. I believe his name was Bradley. Things were getting a little bit lively like, and so Slemmons he came to me one day and put a ten-dollar bill in my hand, and said, Ike, I want you to get Bradley drunk."

"Right," says I, "for if there's any boy can do that sort of job it's me."

"I hunted the parson up, and finally got him under my wing. He was a quiet sort o' man, gentlemanly like, and I was calculatin' how many minutes it would take to spike his guns. I started him off at Sanderson's, up on the hill, and he took his five fingers of raw juice like an old recruit. Then I headed straight for the Avenue. We stopped at every place right on up till we got to the Riggs House, the preacher all the time hangin' on his jigger full of raw.—When we got to that point I just kind o' happened to recall the fact that I roomed only a few doors off, and I thought I'd drop around to see that no robbers had been on hand. So I left the parson, feeling solemn and right end up, and I didn't know nothin' till about 11 o'clock the next day.

"As I was comin' down the avenue I dipped into the National for a backbone restorer, and what do you think I seed? Well, sir, there was the preacher, a takin' his same old raw, and a couple of the Arkansas delegation. I heard they'd had a meetin' the night before and resolved to get the old man drunk by squads. The last I heard of that Arkansas delegation it was laid up for repairs by a body, and the parson was p'adin' his case before the Committee on Elections. I've tackled my last preacher from that part of the country, hear me!"

Set Back 42 Years.

"I was troubled for years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old worn out man all over; could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do us well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father.)—Sunday Mercury. 25 2t

SUNDAY READING.

Clean Money.

As a godly merchant lay upon his dying bed, he spoke to his children of the little property which he had acquired and was leaving behind him.

"It is not much, but there is not a dirty shilling in it."

There is such a thing as clean money. It may be earned by diligence in business, by honest labor of hand or mind, or by the severest occupations which are not esteemed as either easy or genteel, but there is money even in the coffers and purses of many who profess to be followers of Christ, which all the waters of Jordan could not make clean. There are the wages of unrighteousness, the gains of ungodliness, the hoarded spoils wrung from the thin hauds of the poor and the needy; there are revenues from the traffic in strong drink; there are rents paid to church members for places that are used as traps and pitfalls to ensnare unwary men; there are gains acquired in a thousand ways which are blackened with the stain of sin and with the curse of God. Thousands on thousands have thus laid up wealth, which shall curse them in life and death; which shall ensnare their children and beguile them to their ruin; and which shall finally eat their flesh as it were fire, when the Judge who standeth before the door shall come to make inquisition for blood, and to punish the ungodly in the last great day.

O man of earth, as you look upon your gains and treasures, as you count your hoards and estimate your possessions, ask yourself the question, *Is this clean money?* and decide, that as God shall give you grace and help, nothing which you possess shall deserve the curse that follows the wages of unrighteousness, the gains of those who know not and fear not God.

The whirligig of time seldom works a greater change in the outward life, at least, of an individual than in the case of "Senator" Bob Hart, the burnt cork orator of a minstrel show not many years ago. Whilst thus occupied, Hart who in private life was known as J. M. Sutherland, became a victim of strong drink, he lost his position as a senatorial orator, and was going to the bad rapidly. He reformed imperfectly several times, but finally, under influence of the Gospel temperance meetings in New York, he was induced to sign the pledge, which he has since kept. Mr. Hart also professed religion, studied for the ministry, and on Sunday last was installed as assistant pastor of the Laight Street Baptist Church, of New York city, at a salary of \$1,000 per year. Mr. Hart preached a sermon on the occasion, in which he depicted the ups and downs of his life, including his experience as a minstrel.

Attention to Small Things.

In all the affairs in life it is the stitch in time that saves us trouble. Some of us seem to find it impossible to take it; we are delayed in repairing the roof, for want of material, till dampness cracks the plaster, and peels off the wall paper, and gives us bronchitis; we would take such pleasure in settling our bills before the interest doubles them as only he who owes them knows; we realize the necessity of a stitch in time in our affairs, but have no thread and needle, so to speak; or we fancy that we will attend to them to-morrow, or next week, or after we have gotten through with the work in hand, and then they are beyond mending. Sometimes it is our friendships that show a break, when a word is spoken in season, how good it is! What tears and regrets it saves us! Many a heart-ache could be spared us by a reasonable adjustment of difficulties.

Avoid Slander.

None of us are perfect, and we have no right therefore to expect perfection in others. So if you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practice kindness, even if it be but to speak one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face. This habit of reticence, besides being a kindly one, is safe. Many a bitter harvest has been reaped from thoughtless words of censure.

Our best actions are often those of which we are unconscious; but this can never be unless we are always yearning to do good.

For the delicate and complicated difficulties peculiar to the female constitution, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the sovereign remedy. It aims at the cause, and produces lasting results. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets. 23 2t