

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 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 8:30, 8:05, 9:50 a. m., 1:45 and 4:00 p. m.
For Reading, at 8:20, 6:30, 8:05, 9:00 a. m., 1:45, 4:00, and 8:00 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 8:20, 8:05, 9:50 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, at 7:45 a. m. For Auburn, at 8:10 a. m. For Allentown, at 8:20, 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 8:20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1:45 p. m.

Trains leave for Harrisburg as follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, at 8:45 a. m., 1:00 and 6:30 p. m.
Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7:45 a. m., 1:30, 4:00, and 8:30 p. m. arriving at Harrisburg, 1:30, 8:20, 9:20 p. m., and 12:35 a. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9:45 a. m., 4:00, 7:50 and 1:45 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, at 9:00, 9:10 a. m. and 4:40 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4:30, 7:30, 11:30 a. m., 1:30, 6:15, 7:40 and 10:30 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, at 8:15 a. m. and 4:40 p. m.
Leave Allentown, at 6:00, 6:30 a. m., 12:10, 4:30, and 9:05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5:30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7:45 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 7:30 p. m. and 10:35 p. m.
Leave Allentown, at 9:05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lechler and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 6:25, 9:40, 3:35 a. m., and 2:00 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 6:35 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., 2:30 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 9:10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5:10, 6:30, 9:50 p. m.

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

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

HAVING leased this property and furnished it to 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.
A careful waiter always in attendance.
April 9, 1878. It

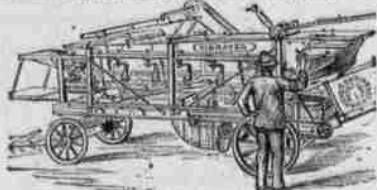
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Battle Creek, Michigan,
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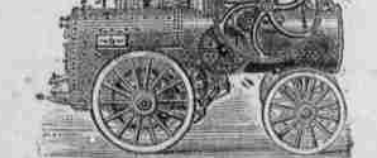
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HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, RUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidney, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and especially Female Complaints.

\$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything they injure or injure found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
D. J. C. is an absolute and irrefragable cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

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Wanted.

Cavassers in every county in this State to take orders for Nursery Stock. Steady and desirable Employment at Good Wages. Experience in the business not required. No salaries.
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Van Dusen Nurseries, established 1838. Also Stock at Wholesale.

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

A Neat Patch.

"AN old bachelor!" said Honora Maywood.
"That's what he told me, just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the threshold of her best room with her head tied up in a pocket-handkerchief and a hair broom in her hand, wherewith she gesticulated, after a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a water-lily, stood in the hall, with a roll of music under her arm, and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby black shawl.

"And he's willing to pay my price, cash down, every Saturday night; never attempted to beat me down a penny, if you'll believe it, my dear."
"Why should he?" said Honora.
"Most people do, my dear," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "A wrinkled old widow woman like who has her living to earn, is most fair game for everybody. But he never objected to my terms. A real gentleman, my dear, every inch of him. But he's a little particular, I'm afraid."

"I suppose most bachelors are," said Miss Maywood, smiling.
"Yes, my dear, yes," nodded Mrs. Pennypacker. "But this gentleman is beyond the average, I think."
"And if he is?"
"Nothing," said Mrs. Pennypacker, making a dab with her broom-handle at a stray moth-miller that was fluttering against the garnet damask window curtains; "nothing—except that one don't know quite where to have him. He drinks only English breakfast tea, and he wants his pie-crust made with the best Alderney butter instead of lard, as is good enough for other people, and he must have ventilation to all the windows, and an open grate instead of a base-burning stove, and—I hope you'll not be offended, my dear, but he particularly dislikes a piano."

"Dislikes a piano?" said the little music teacher, reddening in spite of herself.
"And he says, says he 'I hope, Mrs. Pennypacker, that there's no piano in the house. 'A piano,' says he, 'plays the deuce with my nervous system, with its everlasting tum, tum!' Those were his very words, my dear. So I courted, and says I, 'You'll not be troubled with one here, sir.' And so, my dear, I'll be grateful if you won't mind doing your practicin' until he's out for his daily walk—from one till three, just as regular as the clock."

Miss Maywood looked piteously up in the old landlady's face.
"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs. Pennypacker," she said, earnestly; "I haven't forgotten how much I am indebted to you, both in actual money and in kindness, which money can never repay."

And her soft blue eyes filled with tears as she spoke.
"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Pennypacker, hastily. "You've been sick, and you've got a little behind hand, and it's quite natural that you should be a little low spirited now and then, but you musn't get discouraged. Things will look up after a while. And you're quite welcome to stay on here until you're able to settle up your little account."

Honora Maywood sighed, as she remembered how often her little advertisement had been inserted in the daily newspapers, without attracting the least notice from the world of patrons and pupils. There were so many capable music teachers to give lessons at moderate prices now-a-days, and how was any one to know how sorely she needed the money?

And, as the time crept on and no pupils came, Honora began seriously to ask herself whether she should go out in some menial capacity or stay genteelly at home and starve.
"Clothes, ma'am!"
Honora started from her reverie as the washerwoman's little girl banged herself, like a human battering ram, up against the door with a preposterously big basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put them down, Sally. But I—I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother to-day."
"Mother didn't say nothin' 'bout the pay," said Sally, wiping her forehead with a whisk of her arm, and sniffling herself well nigh off her feet. "I was to leave the clothes with her 'umble duty, and she 'oped they'd suit; but it was that damp and muggy on Monday and Tuesday as starch wouldn't stick.—And she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes as they'll be done better next time."
"I dare say they are quite right," said Honora, with a little sigh, as she marvelled at this unexpected access of courtesy on the part of her Milesian landlady.

But when Sally had stumped off down stairs, her flapping slippers beating a sort of tattoo as she went, and Miss Maywood took off the fringed towel that covered the basket of clothes, she gave a little start.

"Shirts," said Honora, "and socks and turn-over collars, number sixteen, and great big pocket-handkerchiefs, like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and—goodness me, what does it mean? Mrs. Mulvey has sent some gentleman's wardrobe by mistake. I must send these back at once."

But then Miss Maywood looked at the articles in grave consideration.
"I never had a brother," mused Miss Maywood; "and I can't remember my father; but of this I am quite certain, if I had either one or the other, I should thank any girl to mend their dilapidated wardrobes, if they looked like this.—And Mrs. Mulvey can't send before night, and unfortunately I've nothing to do, so I'll just mend this poor fellow's clothes, whoever he may be. A half-starved theological student, perhaps a newspaper reporter, or a pale clerk, under the dazzling skylight of some dry goods palace. At all events he is worse off than I am, for he can't mend his own clothes and I can."

And the smiles dimpled around Honora Maywood's little rosebud of a mouth, as she sat down to darn holes, sew on tapes, and insert patches.
"He'll never know who did it," said Honora to herself; "but I dare say he'll be thankful; and if one can get a chance to do a little good in this world one ought not to grudge one's time and trouble."

And as Honora stitched away she mused sadly whether or not she ought to accept the position which had offered itself of assistant matron in an orphan asylum, where the work would be most unendurable, and the pay next to nothing with no Sundays nor holidays, and a ladies' committee of three starched old maids to "sit" upon her the first Friday of every month.

"I almost think I'd rather starve," said Honora. "But, dear me! dear me! starving is a serious business when one comes to consider it face to face."
Sally Mulvey came back puffing and blowing like a human whale, in about two hours.
"Mother says she sent the wrong basket," said she breathlessly.
"I thought it very probable, Sally," said Miss Maywood.
"And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things any longer, Miss Maywood, 'cause she does a cash business, and there ain't nothing been paid on your account since last June."

Honora felt herself turning scarlet.
"I am very sorry, Sally," said she; "tell your mother I will settle the bill as soon as I possibly can."
Sally flounced out of the room red and indignant, like an overcharged thunder cloud; and poor little Honora, dropping her head in her hands, burst into tears.

"Pretty girl, that—very pretty," said Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor to his landlady.
"Do you mean—"
"I mean the young lady boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then," said Mr. Broderick. "Nice figure—big soft eyes like a gazelle. Didn't some one tell me that she was a music teacher?"

"That's her profession," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "But there ain't many pupils as wants tuition, and poor little dear, she has but a hard time of it."
"Humph!" grunted Mr. Broderick. "What fools women are, not to have a regular profession! If I had a daughter I'd bring her up a self-supporting institution."

And Mr. Broderick disappeared into his room in the midst whereof stood a girl, with flapping slippers, a pretentious shawl and bonnet which had originally been manufactured for a woman twice her size.
"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Broderick.
"Please, sir, I'm Sally—the washerwoman's Sally," was the response.
"And what do you want here?" said Mr. Broderick.
"Please, sir, I've come to bring your things," chattering off her lesson like a parrot. "And, please, sir, her 'umble duty, and she 'opes they'll suit, but it was that damp and muggy Monday and Tuesday, as starch wouldn't stick; and 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes—as they shall be done better next time, sir—please sir."

"Who mended 'em?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk-eye had already caught sight of the dainty needlework upon his garments.
"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally.—"And mother says it is easy to see as the new gent is a bachelor, on account of the holes in his heels and toes and the strings off his dickeys."

"I can tell you who mended 'em," said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I see her at it, the pretty dear—Miss Maywood! And says she, 'I don't know who they are, Mrs. Pennypacker, but,' says she, 'they needs mending, and a kind action never comes amiss.' No more it does, sir, Lord bless her."

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick; "she's a regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch, Mrs. Pennypacker! 'Euclid's

Geometry' couldn't produce a straighter line or truer angles. See the toe of that stocking! It's like a piece of Gobelins tapestry. That's the way I like to see things done."

And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formally introduced to Honora Maywood, and had thanked her with equal formality for the good offices she had unwittingly rendered him.

It was a golden October evening that Honora came down in the kitchen, where Mrs. Pennypacker was baking pies for her eccentric boarder, with the crusts made of the best Alderney butter instead of lard.

"Oh, dear! oh dear!" said Mrs. Pennypacker. "What a thing it is to be an old bachelor!"
"He won't be an old bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and coloring, as she laid her cheek on the good landlady's cushioning shoulder.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Pennypacker.
"He has asked me to marry him," said Honora, after only two weeks acquaintance. He says that a girl who can mend stockings as I do, needs no other test. And he says he loves me; and—and—"
"Well?"
"I almost think I love him," whispered Miss Maywood.

And so the problem of Honora's solitary life was solved, all through the magic influence of a "Neat Patch."

Benevolent Mr. Wixham.

At a meeting of the Detroit Ladies' Benevolent Society, held the other day, it was resolved that a committee of four ladies be appointed to canvass for donations, and in the course of their perambulations this committee dropped into Mr. Wixham's office. He received them as a gentleman should and after the usual formalities one of them began:

"Mr. Wixham, we are asking aid for benevolent purposes."
"Ah, yes. Benevolence is a bump which should be cultivated. Are you looking after poor folk?"
"We are."
"Very proper—very proper. You've all got children of your own?"
"Oh, yes."
"All of them are well fed, well clothed, and well cared for, are they?"
"Yes, sir."
"That's very proper. I presume their stockings are properly darned, buttons in their places, and they say their prayers when they go to bed? Tell me if I am correct?"

The women looked at each other in a sheepish way, and then at him, and one of them said:
"We shall be thankful for any contribution."
"Yes'm, yes'm. You don't want this contribution for your own families, do you?"
"No, sir!" answered four voices in chorus.

"Well, I'm somewhat inclined to benevolence. Hardly a day passes that I don't do something for charity. Here's an old account against Mr. B. I know he's hard up and having a close time to get along, and yesterday I canceled the debt."
One of the canvassers turned red, white and blue, and looked out of the window. That was her husband, but Wixham did not know it.

"And yesterday I found a poor, forlorn looking little boy out here crying with hunger and cold. He said his name was Tommy —, and he lived at 33—street. He hadn't been washed or combed for a week, and I felt sad for him.—I was going to take him home and feed him but he slipped away."

Another woman suddenly looked out of the window, and her pulse ran up to one hundred and twenty a minute, but Wixham was as innocent as a lamb of any knowledge that it was her boy.
"Then you won't aid us?" queried the spokeswoman.
"Oh, yes, certainly I will. I was simply figuring to see how much I could spare. I signed a note with Mr. C. last Fall, and I had to pay it yesterday. That makes me feel rather poor."

The third woman didn't turn red, but green, but Wixham couldn't have possibly known that it was her husband, you know.
"Let's see. I want to give you all I can spare. Mr. D. on — street, owes me four months' Louse rent, and I'll give you an order on him for about twenty dollars."
The four women rose up. They rushed in a solid body for the door. They went out in a heap. Some were red and some were pale, and all were mad.—They tried to speak, but they couldn't, and as they hastened to get away from each other, Wixham held up the half-written order and gasped:
"How very, very singular! Perhaps they thought they couldn't collect the money."

"Lives of great men all remind us" that it is harder to keep a good reputation than to be successful.

SUNDAY READING.

The Story of Steries.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, a missionary in Persia, has recently communicated the following remarkable incident from his own experience:

"I wish I could take you to a scene in the kingdom of Hyderabad, fourteen years ago. There, in a city, a walled town of 18,000 inhabitants, the people had risen in a mob to drive us out, because we tried to speak of another God than theirs. We had gone to the market place, and I had endeavored to preach to them of Christ and his salvation; but they would not have it.

They ordered us to leave the city at once; but I had declined to leave until I had delivered to them my message. The throng was filling the streets. They told me if I tried to utter another word I should be killed! There was no rescue; they would have the city gates closed, and there should never any news go forth of what was done. I must leave at once, or never leave the city alive! I had seen them tear up the paving stones, and fill their arms with them, to be ready; and one was saying to another, 'You throw the first stone, and I will throw the next.'

"In a way I need not stop now to detail, I succeeded in getting permission to tell them a story before they stoned me, and then they might stone me if they wished. They were standing around me ready to throw stones, while I told them the story of all stories—the love of the Divine Father that had made us of one blood; who 'so loved the world that he gave his 'only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.' I told them that story of the life in the manger at Bethlehem; of that wonderful childhood; of that marvellous life; of those miraculous deeds; of the gracious words that he spoke. I told them the story of the cross, and pictured, in the graphic words that the Master gave me that day, the story of our Saviour nailed to the cross, for them, for me, for all the world, when he cried in agony, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

"When I told them that, I saw the men go and throw their stones into the gutter, and come back; and down the cheeks of the very men that had been clamoring the loudest for my blood, I saw the tears running and dropping upon the pavement they had torn up.—And when I told them how he had been laid in the grave, and how after three days he had come forth triumphant, and had ascended again to heaven, and that there he ever lives to make intercession for them, for us, and for all the world; and that through his merit every one of them there might receive remission of sins and eternal life, I told them I had finished my story, and they might stone me now. 'But, no! they did not want to stone me now; they had not known what a wonderful story I had come there to tell them. They came forward and bought Scriptures, and Gospels, and tracts, and paid the money for them; for they wanted to know more of the wonderful Saviour.'

It Makes it all Wrong.

"Please, father, is it wrong to go pleasuring on the Lord's day? My teacher says it is."
"Why, child, perhaps it is not exactly right."
"Then it is wrong, is it not, father?"
"O, I don't quite know that; if it is only once in a while."
"Father, you know how fond I am of sums?"
"Yes, John, I'm glad you are; I want you to do them well, and be quick and clever at figures; but why do you talk of sums just now?"
"Because, father, if there's one little figure put wrong in a sum, it makes it all wrong, however large the amount is."
"To be sure, child, it does."
"Then please, father, don't you think if God's day is put wrong, now and then, it makes it all wrong?"
"Put wrong, child—how?"
"I mean, father, put to a wrong use."
"That brings it very close," said the father as if speaking to himself; and then added, "John it is wrong to break God's holy Sabbath. He has forbidden it and your teacher was quite right."
"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

"In the man whose childhood has known caresses there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues."

"In life two men have failed from defect in morals where one has failed from defect in intellect."

Every man must work at something. The moment he stops working for God and humanity, the devil employs him.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still.