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," 8.3 * 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 9.3 , 8.05, 8.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.90 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 0.3), 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, and 4.00 p. m.

For Reading, at 0.20, 6.30, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.05, and 8.09 b. m.

For Pottsville, at 7.20, 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 8.10 a. m.

For Alleutowu, at 7.20, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. trains have

For Allentown, at 1.25.
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 20 a. m. For Reading, Phildelaphia, and Way stations.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows: Leave NewYork via Allentown, 5 45 a. m . 1.00

and 5 30 p. m. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7, 35 a. m., 1.39, 4.05, and 5 30 p. m. arriving at diarrisburg, 1.50, 8.20, 9 20 p. m., and 12,35 a. m. 12.30 A. m. Leave Puilt delphin, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 c. co and 1.45 p. m. Leave Polisville, 5.00, 3,10 n. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave deading at 4.50, 7.30, 11.50 a. m., 1.3 (6.15).

7.50 and lo.35 p. m., Leave of tsvitte v a schuythill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.15 a. m., and 4 kep. m. Leave Allentown at 0.06, 9.09 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5 30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7 45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7 30 n. m. and 10 35 p. m. Leave Allentown at 2.05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH. Lenve HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Stockton 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, 9.30 p. m.

Beturning, 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 3.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

J. E. WOOTTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. Hancock, General Passenger and Ticket

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,

GEO. F. ENSMINGER. Preprietor.

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 hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878. tf

NICHOLS SHEPARD & CO Battle Creek, Michigan,

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Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse

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Farmers and Threshermen are in NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.

of Kidney Bitters. HopEltters ESPERATE AND PARTY. HOP blood. You will be cared if you use Hop Bitters NEVER BOT BITTERS Bird co.

Wanted Canvassers in every county in this State to take orders for Nursery stock. Steady and desirable Employment at Good Wazer. Experience in the birs'ness not required. Nurseries O. L. VAN DUSEN Geneva. N. Y. Van Dusen Nurseries, established 1838. Absoluted at Whelesalo.

FANCY Goods and Notions, Some new ar F. MORTIMER.

THE LITTLE REBEL.

Four heroine Cynthia Smith, walked the earth to day, she would be a greatgreat-grandmother. But at the time of this story, 1780, she was only a small girl, who lived on a plantation near the Santee river, South Carolina. She was twelve years old, four feet and two inches high, and, for so young and so small a person, she was as staunch a rebel as you could have found in all America; for the war of independence had been raging ever since Cynthia could remember.

When she was only five years old, her little heart had beaten hard at the story of the famous " Boston Tea party," at which a whole ship-load of tea had been emptied into the harbor because stupid George III, insisted on a "threepenny tax."

"And New York and Philadelphia would 'a done the same, but for the ships turning tail, and going where they came from. They've burned the stuff in Annapolis, and it's spoiling in the Charlestown cellars, bless the Lord!" said Mr. Smith, striking his heavy hand on his knee.

"Hurray!" shouted John and Jack and William and Ebenezer, Cynthia's brothers. "Hurrah!" echoed Cynthia, as if she understood all about it.

The following year, when England shut up Boston harbor with her "Stamp Act," never a bit of rice did Cynthia get to eat, for her father sent his whole harvest North, as did many another Southerner.

After that John went to Massachusetts to visit Uuncle Hezekiah, and the next June they heard that he had been shot dead at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Cynthia wept hot tears on her course homespun apron; but she dried them in a sort of strange delight when Jack, all on fire to take John's place, insisted on joining the Virginia Riflemen, and following a certain George Washington to the war.

"It's 'Liberty or Death' we have marked on our shirts, and it's 'Liberty or Death' we have burned into our hearts,' Jack wrote home; at which his mother wrung her hands, and his father smiled grimly.

"Just wait you two other boys," said the latter; "we'll have it hot and heavy at our own doors before we're through."

That was because Will and Ebenezer wished to follow in Jack's footsteps .-Cynthia longed to be a boy, that she might indulge in a private skirmish with the" Britishers" on her own account.

But she had little time for even patriotic dreamings and yearnings. There was a deal of work to be done in those days.

Cynthia helped to weave cloth for the family gowns and trousers, and to spin and knit yarn for the paternal and fraternal stockings. This kept her very busy until 1776, when two great events took place.

One was the signing of the Declaration of Independence: the other was the birth of a red and white calf in Mr. Smith's barn. Which was of the most Importance to Cynthia it is hard to say.

"To be sure, she tingled from head to foot at her father's ringing tones, as he read from a sheet of paper some one had given him, " All men are born free and equal" but she also went wild with joy when her father said : "You may keep that bossy for your own, if you'll agree to raise her, Cynthy."

Cynthy took the calf into her inmost heart, and she named her "Free-'n'equal." That was the way the words sounded to her.

If ever an animal deserved such a name this was the one. She scorned all authority, kicked up her hind legs, and went careering round the plantation at her own sweet will, only coming to the barn when Cynthy's call was heard.

Free-'n'-equal was Cynthy's only playmate, for no children lived within six miles. As the calf grew into a cow, the more intimate and loving were the two. To Free-'n' equal did Cynthy confide all her secrets and chiefly did she inform her of her sentiments in regard to the war. She even consulted her as to the number of stitches to be put on a pair of wristlets for Jack, who in the winter of 1777-78 had gone with General Washington to Pennsylvania. Alas! Jack never wore those wristlets. He was one of the many who lay down to die of cold and hunger in that awful Valley Forge. Cynthy believed that Free-'n'-equal understood all the sorrow of her heart when she told her the pitiful news.

Quite as much did she share her joy when Cynthy came flying to the barn with the joyful tidings that British Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga.

Again the joy vanished, and Cynthy sobbed her woe into Free-'n'-equal's sympathizing ear when Sir Henry Clinton captured Charleston, only twenty

miles away. But she sobbed even more a few months later.

"For General Gates has come down to South Carolina, Free-'n'-equal, and laughed a good-natured, hearty

father and Will and Ebenezer have gone to fight in his army,"

Free 'n' equal shook her head solemnly at that, and her long, low, "Moo.o" said plainly enough: "What is to be. come of the rest of us, my poor little mistress 21

Cynthy brushed away her tears in a twinkling.

"We'll take care of ourselves, that's what we'll do. Mother and I'll hoe the rice. And, Free-'n'-equal, you've got to toe the mark, and give more milk than ever to keep us strong and well." "Trust me for that," said Free.'n'-

equal's eyes. And she kept her promise. Rich, yellow milk did she give, pailful after

paliful. Cynthy and her mother work-

ed like men and fed on the cream. Those were dangerous days all along the Santee River, for Lord Cornwallis' troops were roaming over the land, and laying waste the country. But Cynthy was not afraid-no, not even when Lord Cornwallis came within three miles of the plantation. She said her

rusty gun behind the kitchen door. "Just let those soldiers touch anything of ours and see what they'll get!"

prayers every day and believed firmly

in the guardian angels, and a certain

Free-'n'-equal was perfectly sure Cynthis could manage the whole British army, if need were, and munched her cud in blissful serenity.

Oh no, Cynthia had no fear, even when a red-coad did sometimes rise above the horizon like a morning-cloud. She would regard bim no more than she would a scarlet-breasted bird whichsung above her head when she went into the forest hard by to gather sticks.

So, no wonder that she was taken mighty aback when, one afternoon as she came home with her bundles of sticks, her mother met her with wide open eyes and a pale face.

"Cynthia, they've been here and carried off Free 'n' equal."

"They!" gasped Cynthia. "Who?" "The British soldiers. They tied a rope round her horns. She kicked well, but they jerked her along. Cynthy, Cynthy, what shall we do?'

Cynthia uttered a sound between a groan and a war whoop, and darted out of the door. Along the dusty road she ran, on and on. Her yellow sun bonnet fell back on her shoulders, and her brown curls were covered with dust .-One mile, two miles, three miles-on and on. At last she reached a small house, which was Lord Cornwallis' headquarters. Not a moment did Cynthia pause. The sentinels challenged her in vain. She marched majestically past them. Into the house-into the parlor-walked she.

There sat Lord Cornwallis and some six of his officers, eating and drinking at a big table.

Cynthia stopped at the threshold and dropped a courtesy.

Lord Cornwallis glanced up and saw Miss Cynthia dropped another courte-

sy, opened her lips and spake: "I am Cynthia Smith," said she, gravely, "and your men have taken

my cow, Free-'n'-equal Smith, and I've come to fetch her home, if you please." "Your cow?" questioned Lord Cornwallis, pausing, with a wine glass in his

hand. "They carried her off by a rope," said Cynthia. "Where do you live?" asked the

British general. "Three miles away, along with my

mother. " Have you no father ?"

"One, and four brothers."

"Where is your father ?" "In General Gates' army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis.

"Oh, he's a rebel, is he ?" "Yes, sir," said Miss Cynthia, proudly

erect. "And where are your brothers?" Cynthia paused. "John he went to heaven along with General Warren,

with a trembling lip. One of the younger officers smiled, but he stopped in a hurry as Lord Cornwallis' eyes flashed at him.

from the top of Bunker Hill," said she,

" And Jack went to heaven," proceeded Cynthia, softly, "out of Valley Forge where he was helping General Washing-

"Where are the other two?" " In the army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis." Cynthia's head was erect again.

"Rank rebels." "Yes, they are." "Hum! And you're a bit of a rebel

too, I'm thinking, if the truth were told." Miss Cynthia nodded with emphasis.

"And yet you come here for your cow," said Lord Cornwallis. "I'll be bound she's rebel beef herself." Cynthia meditated. "I think she would be if she had two less legs, and

not quite so much horn. That is, she'd be a rebel, maybe they wouldn't call her beef then. Lord Cornwallis threw back his head

laugh that made the room ring. All his officers laughed too, including the miserable red coat who had smiled over John's fate.

Miss Cyathia wondered what the fun might be; but in no wise abashed she stood firm on her two little feet, and walted until, the merriment over, they might see fit to return to the cow in hand, which was certainly worth any two in the camp.

At last her face began to flush a little. What if these fine gentlemen were making game of her, after all.

Lord Cornwallis saw the red blood mount her cheeks, and just because he was a real gentleman, he became sober instantly. "I will myself see to it that your cow-"

"Free-'n'-equal," suggested Cynthia. "That Free 'n' equal," repeated Lord Cornwallis, courteously, "is safe in your barn to morrow morning. And perhaps," he added, unfastening a pair of silver knee-buckles which he wore, "you will accept these as a gift from one who certainly wishes no harm to these rebels. And that his mejesty himself knows.72

Then he rose and held his wine glass above his head; so did every officer in the room.

" Here's to the health of as fair a little rebel as we shall meet, and God bless her !" said he.

She dropped her final courtesy, clasped the shining buckles, and out of the room she vanished, sure in her mind that Free-'n'-equal was all her own

As for those buckles, children dear, they are this very day in the hands of one of Cynthia's descendants. For there was a real cow and a real Miss Cynthia, as well as a real Lord Cornwailis.

Didn't Understand.

ONE of the American humorists feels grieved that he cannot make himself understood. Scenes like the following not unfrequently occur, he says, when we want to buy anything with an uncommon name:

I went into a Philadelphia book-store the other day for the purpose of procuring a copy of Christopher North's well known "Noctes Ambrosiance,"-The first person I encountered was a red-haired clerk, to whom I said:

" Have you 'Noctes Ambrosiance?"" "Wh-wh-what'd you say?" he asked, with mouth and eyes wide open. "I called to ascertain if you have Noctes Ambrosiante ?' "

"I don't exactly-that is, I don't under-knocked his-what did you say?" "I said that I understand that you had 'Noctes Ambrosianse." If you havn't why don't you say so at once?"

"I don't know what you mean. I never did such a thing in my life." " Perhaps you don't understand me.

I wish to see if you have Noctes Ambrosiane." Christopher North's 'Noctes Ambrosianse, 1 15

"Oh, he has-has he? He's knocked his, what you call it, has he! Well, I don't care a cent if he has. You've come to the wrong shop. You must be crazy. Your mind seems to be unhinged. You havn't-" breaking off suddenly and addressing a clerk in the rear end of the store. "Say, Bill, here's a feller that's foolin' around here, wantin' to knock somebody. Get a policeman, quick!"

Than I left and hunted up another emporium of learning.

A Business Dog.

There is a sagacious Newfoundland dog in Norwich. He will take the basket, in which is a note, and go to market, get meat, vegetables, or whatever the note calls for, and carry it safely home. But he has a daily task assigned him which he performs, rain or shine, and that is to carry his mistress her dinner. She keeps a millinery establishment and does not go home to her noonday meal. Regularly as the day comes around the dog may be seen trotting along Main street at about 11:30 with a basket in his mouth looking neither to the right nor left, but going straight to the store, where he sets it down and watches it until his mistress comes for it. And he is so well known, too, among the Norwich dogs that he is never mo. lested. But on Monday a strange dog undertook to have a little racket with him while he was loaded down with his commissary stores. He hung to the basket, but stopped long enough to get a good look at the cowardly cur that had interfered with him, and then started off on a run to the store, where he dropped the basket and immediately returned to the street and began to search for his assallant. He found him on Franklin avenue and proceeded to chastise him in true canine style. In about half a minute he sat down and watched that cur put in his best jumps for the hill-tops of Voluntown, giving a ki-hi at every leap. -Hartford (Conn) Courant.

What you cannot avoid, learn to

SUNDAY READING.

The Little Builders

John Brown and Jemmy Atkins. were great friends. At school, at play, everywhere, they were together, and when one learned anything knew it was not long before the other new it also. Now they were watching the masons, who were building a fine house.

" Ind you know that we are builders, John," said Jemmy, as he watched the men putting brick after brick upon the wall.

"No, we are not; we're only boys," said John.

"But we are; we are building a house which is to last forever and ever," said Jemmy, earnestly.

" Pooh! now you are not in earnest, said John. "Nothing in the world lasts forever and ever. That old Morgan House is a hundred years old, and it won't last a hundred more."

"I can't help that," said Jemmy. " Mother told me our souls would live forever, and we were building houses for

them to live in." " How is that? said John, soberly.

"Well, she said that we build our characters day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing. And if we build well, we shall be glad forever and ever; and if we build badly-if we use shaky bricks, or otten wood or stubble -we shall ever after be sorry."

"That is strange. We ought to be pretty careful, then" said John. "But your mother is such a good woman, she she must know."

" I think it is nice to be builders, don't you? sald Jemmy. "Yes, if we build right. But let's

see; what kind of bricks had we better use ? "Always tell the truth, that's one. Be honest; that's another," said Jem-

my. "Good! cried John. " Mind your

mother; there is another." "Yes, and father and teachers, too, said Jemmy. "There's a big beam of temperance in my building. Mother says that's a good beam, and keeps the

frame steady." "Be courteous; there's a brick," said John, "And don't covet; there's

another." "And don't speak against anybody, and don't say any bad words," interrupted Jemmy. " And we shall go on building as long as we live, mother says : and every single day we add something

to our house." The gentleman who owned the new building stood close beside the boys, hidden from their sight by a high wall. He listened to their talk intently, and then he stepped round beside them and said: "Pretty good work, my boys; only

build on the sure foundation." They looked a little frightened, but he smiled so pleasantly upon them that they soon felt at ease, and listened while

he said : "Believe on the Lord Josus Christ. Give your young hearts to God, my boys: He is the great Master Bullder. He will teach you to build so that He will say, "Well done," Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things else will be added unto you." Then he added: "I wish everybody would build as you plan, dear boys. May God help you to keep His

The Man is as the Wife is.

commandments."

A Judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to woman. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no cating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off-the little shoots pared away-in married men. Wives have generally more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice Wives have generally more sense is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

Almost Young Again.

My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family.—A lady in Provi-dence, R. I.—Journal.