

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS
June 27th, 1881.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:
For New York via Allentown, at 8.05 a. m. 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 8.31, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 6.31, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS:
For Allentown and Way Stations, at 5.20 a. m.
For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows:
Leave New York via Allentown, 5.10 and 9.00 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 5.30 p. m.
Arriving at Harrisburg, 1.30, 8.20, 9.20 p. m., and 12.30 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 7.50 and 1.45 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, 8.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.30, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 5.15, 7.50 and 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAYS:
Leave New York, via Allentown, 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, Leobell and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 9.05 a. m. and 2.00 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 8.35 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 6.10, 8.30 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 10.40, 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. WOOLLEN, Gen. Manager
C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

THE MANSION HOUSE,
New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,
GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

HAVING leased this property and furnished it in 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. If

FREE TO EVERYBODY!
A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO., (or by postal card if at a distance) any adult person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED,
—OR—
Story of the Sewing Machine.

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographic cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.
The Singer Manufacturing Co.,
Principal Office, 31 Union Square,
23 1/2 New York City, N. Y.

Dissolution of Partnership.
NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between Geo. A. Liggett and G. J. Delaney, of Perry county, Pa., under the firm name of Liggett & Delaney, expired on 15th April, 1881, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by said Geo. A. Liggett, and all demands said partnership are to be presented to him for payment, until the 25th of June, 1881, and after that day the accounts of the firm will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

GEO. J. DELANEY,
June 7, 1881.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Susanna Steel, late of New Buffalo borough, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in same place.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against them duly authenticated or settlement to
DAVID T. STEEL,
Administrator,
May 7, 1881.

MORMIE Cloths and other Dress Goods in various styles.
F. MORTIMER.

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

A Man Who Lived With His Widow.

It was in the autumn, just before the opening of the railroad between Tanagerok and Charkoff, and I had to make the tedious journey with post horses. For the first two days weather was pleasant, but on the third morning the heavens were covered with heavy, grey clouds, a northwest wind blew furiously; thunder, lightning, and snow flakes followed—such a storm as can only be found in Southern Russia. In half an hour the roads were impassable with black mud, and as we reached the post station Donski we found there was no more progress for that day. As I entered the station I was met by a tall, fine-looking, grey-haired man, whose black velvet coat with backward Grecian sleeves made me judge him as holding some military or official position. Behind him came a handsome Cossack woman about his age, and both greeted me kindly. In reply to my request for a cup of tea, the woman said, "Husband, ask the gentleman if he would not like a roast chicken with his tea. It will be a long time before he can mount his troika and continue his journey and he will find the chicken tender."

As she said this she glanced lovingly at the man, and then left the room, not before he had waved a kiss to her as she closed the door.
"Who has the post at Donski?" I inquired, crossing myself under my long military cloak.
"A widow," was the reply.
"Who was she?" I asked.
"Who held it fourteen years ago?"

"In eighteen hours I was there. I knew the two old men who unharassed my horses. They were former servants of mine. But they did not know me in my uniform. I hastened to the entrance of this house, then into the office. Olga sat at the desk writing and seemed unchanged to me. True, her face was more sad, and in her beautiful black hair I saw a few silver threads, yet she was still beautiful.
"Who is Olga, dearest?" I whispered, and sank on my knees before her. She didn't look at me, but threw her arms in the air; her head fell upon the desk heavily. She had fainted. I sprang to her, took her in my arms, while I told my story and begged her forgiveness, and the angel forgave me.—That was sixteen years ago, sir, and the years passed like spring days. We have been always so happy.
After a pause the delightful old man continued:

"But what do you think the stupid government at St. Petersburg insists upon? That I am dead, sir, and the Donski post-station must remain in the hands of my widow; or else the guardsman of the Cuirassiers must be dead, and lose his pension. My widow laughs over the dilemma. She keeps the books, signs the receipts, and pays the taxes.—I draw my very liberal pension under the name by which I enlisted, but as the former postmaster of Donski I am a dead man. This is my history, sir.—There may be some who don't believe it, but we and our neighbors know better.
I thanked the good man for his interesting story. And his wife, soon entering, took his hand, saying:

"Ah, my husband, I fear you have wearied the gentleman with your oft repeated story. Come with me that I may scold you," and they went off laughing together, he with a look of love in his eyes that showed plainly how much he valued wife and widow.
Curious and Comical Errors.
A COLLECTION of errors of the press of the malignant type would be one of the most entertaining chapters in the "Curiosities of Literature."—Some years ago the London Times, in speaking of a discussion before the Council of Ministers, when Lord Brougham was Chancellor, stated "the chandler had thrown an extraordinary light on the question." In one of the editions of Davidson's Popular English Grammar the principal parts of the verb to chide were given as follows: "Present infinitive—to chide; past finite—I chide; past infinitive—to have children." In the London Courier, some fifty years ago, His Majesty George the Fourth was said to have a fit of the goat at Brighton. Another journal advertised a sermon, by a celebrated divine, on the Immorality of the Soul, and also the Lies of the Poets, a work, no doubt, of many volumes. The London Globe once gave an extract from the Registrar-General's return, in which it was stated that the inhabitants of London were suffering at that time "from a high rate of morality." A letter more, or a letter less, makes a strange havoc of a sentence. What is treason, once asked a wag, but reason to a t? which t an accident of the press may displace with the most awkward effect. On the other hand, a printer who omitted the first letter of Mr. Haswell's name might have pleaded that it was as well without the H. A ludicrous effect was produced by the change of a letter in an article in the Revue des Deux Mondes. The writer, being at Venice, quoted the first line of the fourth canto of Byron's Childe Harold, which the printer rendered thus:
"J stood at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs."

In the war with Turkey—and later the Crimea—my time was up, and I was seized with a most terrible homesickness, for of late years I had learned to love my wife passionately, and to see her again, even though she were the wife of another, was my one thought. I wondered if she had changed in all these years; if she had grown stout as a beer cask or as thin as a corkscrew. I was offered many advantages if I would remain in the army, but I refused them all, was honorably discharged, with a good pension, and the same day started for the south, my heart beating wildly between hope and fear. I reached Charkoff, and found that my old friend, the postmaster, was dead. My heart faint-ed with the thought that Olga too might be dead.
"Who has the post at Donski?" I inquired, crossing myself under my long military cloak.
"A widow," was the reply.
"Who was she?" I asked.
"Who held it fourteen years ago?"

"In eighteen hours I was there. I knew the two old men who unharassed my horses. They were former servants of mine. But they did not know me in my uniform. I hastened to the entrance of this house, then into the office. Olga sat at the desk writing and seemed unchanged to me. True, her face was more sad, and in her beautiful black hair I saw a few silver threads, yet she was still beautiful.
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an explanation, which was given, and a correction promised in the next day's paper. Judge of the editor's feelings on the morrow, when, as if to heap horrors upon horror's head, he found the general styled, in the revised paragraph, "that bottle-scarred veteran!" This was less excusable than the blunder of an English journal, which stated that the Russian general Backinoffkowsky was "found dead with a long word in his mouth;" for no compositor could be blamed for leaving out a letter in a sentence after setting up such a name correctly. Many years ago, in an article on the subject of literature for children, we wrote: "It is true they will devour the most indigestible pabulum, for want of better." The last word of this sentence was transformed by the typographical imp into butter. Perhaps the most fearful error of the press that ever occurred was caused by the letter c dropping out of the following passage in a "form" of the Common Prayer: "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye." When the book appeared, the passage, to the horror of the devout reader, was thus printed: "We shall all be hang-ed in the twinkling of an eye." Some years ago the editor of the Portland (Me.) Argus undertook to compliment an eminent citizen as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native state;" but the neatly turned compliment came from the compositor's hands "a nobby old burglar, prowling round in a naked state." This is almost matched by a telegraphic blunder of which Rev. Joseph Cook tells. Not long ago Ernest Renan had occasion to telegraph across the British Channel the subject of a proposed lecture by him in Westminster Abbey. The subject as written by him, was "The Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity." It was announced in England as "The Influence of Rum on the Digestion of Humanity."

Mary's Lesson on Tariff.
"Father, what does tariff mean? I heard brother Charles say he had been discussing the tariff at his debating society last night."

"Well, Mary," answered the gentleman, addressed "if you will take the pains to get down the dictionary and the atlas, I will help you to find out the history and the mystery of the word tariff."

"The atlas, father?" said Mary in surprise; "why that is where I look for places—straits and gulfs and rivers and towns,—but I never should think of looking into an atlas for the meaning of a word."

"Well, we shall see, daughter," replied her father; and if the readers of this will do as Mary was directed to do, they will be likely to remember the meaning of the word tariff and perhaps to learn something. "Tariff means a list of duties imposed by a government upon goods imported into its territory from other countries. For instance, when silk goods are brought from Europe to this country, the United States Government collects at the port of entry from those to whom the goods are sent a certain fixed proportion of their value in money, and this amount is called the customs duty. All money so received goes into the National Treasury."

The levy thus made was known as "tariff," or "tarif," and thus, Trench tells us, we have acquired the word. After all, with due respect to her brother's debating society, Mary thought that the most interesting feature about the tariff was the derivation of its name.

An Emphatic Lesson.
It was a lesson that a poor laboring man gave to a gentleman for whom he sometimes worked.

John had an unfortunate appetite—so some called it—for strong drink; and though he never drank to intoxication, yet he spent much money for spirits which ought to have been expended for the comfort of his family.

One day while John was at work at the parsonage, the parson took occasion to chide him for his habit of drinking; and he did it rather dictatorially. Said he:
"Who ought to know better, John—Or, knowing better, you ought to do better. I am ashamed of you. Your nose is fairly blossomed with the toddy you have drank."

Crinoline Booming Once Again.
The effect of fashion upon business is shown by the fact that enough crinoline cannot now be obtained to supply the renewed demand. A few years ago, millions of dollars were invested in its manufacture. thousands of hands were employed; inventors puzzled their brains for improvements in the hoops or skirts. The fashion changed, and all this industry ceased as if by magic, and hoop-skirts, banished from polite society, served as chicken coops in the country. Now, when the fashion has revived, the manufactories will have to be built up again. But, as Colonel Sellers observes, "there's millions in it." Within a year, all the old patents, all the old jokes, all the old cuts and all the old caricatures upon crinoline will be again available, and every belle will be hooped up, like a barrel or a fancy stock.

A Cow that Carried a Watch.
Eber Lewis, butcher, on the West Chester Pike, near the Eagle hotel, in Haverford, Delaware county, killed a cow a short time since, and found in the cow's abdomen a lady's gold watch and chain in excellent condition. Joseph Pritchard, who sold the cow to Mr. Lewis for \$45, bought the watch and chain for \$30, hence the cow cost Mr. Lewis but \$15 all told.—Lancaster Intelligencer.

In Mrs. Mary Ann Beaumont Campbell's suit against her husband to recover \$55,000 damages for his alleged wrongful conversion of 200 shares of Rock Island Railroad stock, Judge Donohue, in the Supreme Court Chambers, has denied the motion to vacate the attachment upon \$14,500 of the proceeds of the sale of the stock which Mr. Campbell had placed in a safe deposit company. "The present issues," Judge Donohue says, "are for a jury to try, and it would be improper on such disputed statements as appear in the case to dissolve the attachment."

The notion of wearing stockings of different colors seems to become general in London, says "Trifer" in Sunday Times, of that city. "An old friend told me he saw a short petticoated lassie of thirteen the other day in a white dress and blue ribbons. Moreover, the damsel wore one blue stocking and one white, a blue rosette on one shoe and a white one on the other. He says that the costume was admirably designed and the effect was altogether charming. I should not be at all surprised to hear that this new idea had become fashionable.

One Experience from Many.
"I had been sick and miserable so long and caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely desheartened and discouraged.—In this condition of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said 'Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy.'—The Mother.—Home Journal.