

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.
For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 8.05, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 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.
Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, and 5.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, via Allentown at 5.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Loebel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 5.25, 6.40, 8.55 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.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,

GEO. F. ENSMINGER, 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.

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 THE-

Story of the Sewing Machine.

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving of the sewing machine, also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographic cover.

The Singer Manufacturing Co.,

Principal Office, 34 Union Square,

23 81y New York City, N. Y.

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL. Advertisement for a medicinal beverage with detailed text and a bottle illustration.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between Geo. A. Liggitt and G. J. Delancy, of Perry county, Pa., under the firm name of Liggitt & Delancy, expired on 15th April, 1881, by mutual consent.

GEO. J. DELANCY.

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.

DAVID T. STEEL, Administrator.

MOMIE Cloths and other Dress Goods in various styles.

F. MORTIMER.

FANCY Goods and Notions, Some new arrivals, Cheap.

F. MORTIMER.

OIL, CLOTHS for Floors, Carriages and Tables. Prices low.

F. MORTIMER.

THE BEAUTIFUL SINGER.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, Sweden's heroic king, was fond of music. The sweet voice of song, especially from the lips of childhood, often moved him to tears.

Once upon a time Gustavus Adolphus, after long and severe fighting, had conquered a strongly fortified town, in which were citizens who had been born within the limits of the Swedish rule, but had since found new homes.

But Gustavus felt that he had already granted enough. First—in the ruddy heat of his passion—he had consigned the whole tribe to death; but since then he had greatly modified the sentence, condemning to be shot only those of the former subjects of Sweden who had been taken with arms in their hands; and from this no power of persuasion or argument could move him.

At a late hour—it was past midnight—Gustavus Adolphus threw on his cloak and drew his slouched hat down over his eyes, and, staff in hand, wandered forth in the darkness.

"Who is that?" he asked of a sentinel who he chanced to meet a moment later. "It is one of the prisoners, sire. The wife and children of one of their chief men have had permission to spend the night with the husband and father."

The king nodded his thanks for his information, and moved on. Slowly he approached the tent from which the music issued, and as he drew near he heard the sound of weeping and wailing, for the song had ceased.

"Hush! Hush! Weep not. God will provide!" the voice said. The king looked in through the open seam in the cloth and saw a gray-haired man, with an imposing presence—a grand face and head, and a clear, flashing eye, surrounded by his wife and children, who clung to him with passionate tenderness.

"Hush!" he said. "Let us not make these precious moments darker than they need to be. It is but the fortune of war, my loved ones. Come, my Hermione—sing to me, once more, our dear old song of the Fatherland! For, though Gustavus will take my life, yet I love the land that gave me birth. God bless dear Sweden, now and evermore! Now, Hermione—sing! Come,—let thy voice give my poor heart cheer if it may be."

Presently thereafter a beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen summers, threw back the silken hood from her golden curls, and began to sing. Her song was the Swede's oldest and most cherished piece of music—the words full of love and devotion—love of home and of country,—and the melody was peculiarly sweet and touching. And never had the king heard it sung so grandly. The words fell upon his ears with a new meaning, and the music touched his spirit with a strangely awakening power.

After a time Gustavus lifted his head and looking once more through the aperture in the wall of the tent he saw the family upon their knee, and heard the voice of the old man raised in prayer. He listened for a few seconds, and then turned and strode away towards his quarters, where he found two of his attendants sitting up waiting for him.

"Colonel, I wish you to go to the prisoners' quarters, and in the large tent nearest to the river—it is at the extreme north-western corner of the camp—you will find the family of a prisoner named Hoven; and of that family is a girl named Hermione. Bring her to me. Assure her that no harm shall befall her."

And when the messengers had gone the king turned to his table, and having found the necessary materials he went to work at writing. He wrote rapidly and heavily, like one moved by ponderous ideas; and he had just finished his work when the colonel appeared with the gentle songstress in company.

"Fear not, my child," the king said, the maiden standing trembling before him, "I have sent for you because I

wish to repay you for a great good you unconsciously did me this night. Do you call to mind that you sang the dear old song of the Vasas—the hymn of the fatherland?"

"Yes, your majesty, I sang it for my father, who is to die on the morrow. Though no longer in Sweden, he dearly loves the memory of the land that gave him birth."

"Well, I chanced to hear you sing; and you shall ere long know how your song affected me. Here! Take this paper, and go with it to the officer commanding the camp of the prisoners. Colonel Forsby will go with you. And my child, the next time you sing that song, think of Gustavus Adolphus Vasas, and bear witness that his heart was not all hard, nor cold."

The girl looked up into the monarch's face, as he held forth the paper and when she saw the genial, kindly look that beamed upon her, she obeyed the impulse of the moment, and caught his hand and kissed it.

And when she went away she bore with her the royal order for the free pardon and instant release of all the prisoners. The old General to whom the order had been directed for promulgation and execution was one of those who had earnestly pleaded in behalf of the condemned; and we can readily imagine the joy with which he received it. He fairly caught the beautiful messengers in his arms, and kissed her upon the forehead, and blessed her; and he went with her to the tent where her father was held, and allowed her to publish the joyful tidings.

And with the dawn of day the prisoners—to the number of two hundred—were mustered into line, many of them believing their hour had come, to receive the intelligence of pardon and freedom!

What transpired beyond that can be imagined full as well as we can tell it.—We only add, that Gustavus Adolphus, by that act of mercy, secured the friendship which was to be of incalculable value to him in coming time.

And one other thing: In less than a year from that time Colonel Urie Forsby, of the King's staff, gained for a wife the beautiful singer whose sweet notes had melted the heart of Gustavus Adolphus, and given life and liberty and joy to suffering men.

Stale Smoke.

The Elmira "Gazette" tells a little story concerning an innocent young lady who had for a friend one Sam Harrison. The young lady and some other girls were talking of their likes and dislikes. One said she liked the smell of tobacco smoke so much; another said the same, and the whole crowd echoed the sentiment.

"Taste of it?" said another, "how taste of it? You don't smoke, I hope." "No," was the answer, "of course I don't smoke, but you know Sam does all the time, and it gets into his moustache and—and"—by this time the girls had recovered and looked at each other, and the speaker began to blush and the pressure was only relieved by some one asking if the church fair was an assured success.

They were sitting on the back steps keeping mosquitoes at a distance with the ill-flavored fumes of nicotine soaked clay pipes, and talking on the all-absorbing topic of the day. "I don't 'spose you'll believe it, but it's a fact, that when I was down ter Norfolk in '63 a shell burst right in front of me, and the contents lodged right plum in my stomach, 'n I'm alive now." "Same thing happened to me down on the wharf day before yesterday." The two friends gazed at each other as if to see which was the biggest liar. They were both telling the truth for this once. They had indulged in Virginia oysters "on the half."—New Haven Register.

An Unfortunate Family.

In President twp., Venango county, on Thursday, two children were bitten by a rattlesnake and died soon afterward. The mother ran to their assistance as soon as they were bitten, and while absent from the house another child upset a pot of boiling water and was scalded to death.

Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.—Advocate. 36

It is impossible for a woman after a faithful course of treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, to continue to suffer with a weakness of the uterus. Enclose a stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

About Bees and Bee-Trees, by a Hunter of Experience.

It will soon be time for those who love to make a business of hunting bee-trees to start out on their expeditions. Once this kind of business was quite lucrative. Bee-trees could be found after a little work almost anywhere in the woods.—They are usually well filled, and if a man could manage to discover one tree a week he would consider himself earning good wages. Now and then, while following a trail or bee-line, two trees have been traced out, but this is very rare. A gentleman last night, an old bee-hunter, told a story how he once took some honey out in the woods, warmed it on stones, and then left it there as a sort of a feeding place for the bees, and a day or two afterward noted the direction in which they went after loading themselves, and by following them some distance found there were two lines running parallel to each other. In about three hours he found one tree, marked it, and then again set out his honey. In a short time he took the other line for the other tree.

He hunted and hunted for a long time without success. Finally reaching a cliff of rocks, while trying to pick his way down, he accidentally slipped and slid to the bottom. Somewhat stunned he lay a few minutes, and looking up to see how far he had come, lo! and behold his experienced eye saw bees going in and out of a hole in a tree within a few feet of him. From those two trees he took eighty or ninety pounds of honey, with a considerable quantity of beeswax, and considered it one of the most successful hunts he had ever had. Besides honey, there is used in bee-hunting a strong flavor of young clover, as it is called, of which the bees, seemingly, are fonder than honey itself.—The proper way to trace bees is to heat a stone warm, drop honey on it, have the comb near by, and the heated honey will immediately draw the bees, who will then find the comb and proceed to load themselves with it and return to their homes. It requires a sharp eye to follow the line, but the term a bee line is well-known to be a line straight as an arrow, and all the bee hunter has to do is to get the course of the bee and follow it straight until he has reached the vicinity of the tree, as near as he can judge, after which he will try his honey again, and so tell whether he has not yet reached or gone by. Some hunters select a good lively bee, throw flour over him, and then by noting the time it requires for that bee to unload himself and return, get a good idea of the distance. There are a number old bee hunters living up town who can recite bee-tree yarns by the week.

What the Baby's Name was to be.

The wife of Jacob Squires, a resident of a distant "outport," where school-masters were scarce, applied to the parson for the baptism of her baby the tenth it turned out to be, for our fishermen, as a rule, are blessed with large or, as they expressively put it, "heavy" families. The good lady explained to the parson that her "skipper" had gone to the Labrador and had left express orders that on the arrival of No. 10, if a girl, she was to be christened by the name of "Hyena." The parson was startled and shocked at the idea of labeling an infant with such a dreadful name and told the mother that she must have made a mistake, and that it would never do to give the name of a beast of prey to a Christian child. Mrs. Squires persisted in saying that there was no mistake and that she dare not diverge from the order of her skipper. After much persuasion he induced her to defer the baptism till the skipper's return. On his arrival he called on the parson and said that his "old woman" had made a mistake and that he had directed the baby to be christened, not "Hyena" but "Joseph Hyena." The parson pondered a moment and then the mystery cleared up. "Oh! I see it; Josephine, you want to name your child." "That's it exactly, parson," said Jacob, "but you see we couldn't rightly get our tongues around it when we saw it in print. We can call her Josey, for short, bless her little heart, so Joseph-Hinney be it."

Curious Historical Facts.

During the first fifteen months of the Revolutionary war the people of the American colonies were mainly divided into two parties, the line of difference being upon the terms on which the connection with England should continue. The Whigs wished to remain colonists on condition that their rights should be guaranteed to them; the Tories were willing to so remain without such guarantee. The policy of permanent separation was an after-thought, notwithstanding the high-sounding words of the Declaration of Independence. Similarly, the secession ordinances of the Southern States in 1860-61 were not intended as finalities, but as threats meant to enforce compromises for the security of the institution of slavery. As hostilities proceeded the party of entire and perpetual disunion became dominant; but there was throughout the struggle a considerable faction who looked forward to an ultimate restoration of the Union upon the basis of the constitution.

SUNDAY READING.

Benefits of Deprivation.

"IF HE only had a pine knot!" said a father of a not-over-book-loving son. Here is a well-filled book-case, table piled with papers, a bright light and an easy chair. How much does he use them? He needs a pine knot and a log cabin to make a man of him. If he had to walk two miles in the mud to hunt a definition in the dictionary, or had access to one paper and that borrowed, he might have a fondness for reading.

Rather a sad view of the case, but much truth in it.

The young lady who has to walk a mile to practice on a hired piano, may appreciate her privilege of learning at all, while she who has everything ready to hand will very likely say,

"Must I take lessons? I just hate to practice!"

And so deprivation is more desirable than superfluity. The things we cannot get is what we most covet. Things far-fetched, dearly bought or hardly earned are prized most. How easily is the child surfeited with toys! If he makes them or has but few, how he uses them; but give him several at once or in close succession, and before night his discontent will express itself in a whining.

"Please hunt me something pretty!" How true it is that not what we possess, but what we use and enjoy, benefits and makes us happy!

When we have done without an article until we have earned it, then we will appreciate it. So children, if they have to help themselves to an education, will improve their time and talents; and those who start themselves in life and make a fortune, are they who know how to keep it. Perhaps there is no greater calamity that can befall a young man, than to have every want anticipated and gratified from infancy to manhood. How can one amount to anything with no necessity for developing his powers? Struggles strengthen the soul and body. We sometimes waste pity on poor families that have little visible means of support, while we have to confess that their children are fat, healthy and happy. It is the very absence of luxury, sweets and surfeiting that gives them the advantage, and who would not envy the keen relish with which they partake of their frugal fare?

Scarcity is often better than satiety, and the moderately poor enjoy their little, more than the rich their abundance. Who is more miserable than he who has nothing to wish for, whose every desire is gratified?

It is the planning, and working, and struggling, and hoping that gives zest to life. One must have appetite, desire.—Even in the Christian life, they that hunger and thirst for righteousness shall be filled. How intensely do we enjoy Church privileges when we have long been deprived of them! True, deprivation may result in disinclination and perchance, a habit of indifference, but when the heart is right, like David, it "lengtheneth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."

Doubtless there are degrees of delight in heaven. May not those be most happy there, whose earthly lot has been one of destitution and deprivation, among un congenial and distasteful surroundings; baptized with waters of sorrow? These are they which came out of great tribulation. They shall hunger no more, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Female Society.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease, in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations, with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened and their richness, like gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden like the character and armor of a giant, by studs and knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

Some only leave their sins when their sins leave them, but a reformation of life avails little unless there be a re-novation of heart.

It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.