

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 8:15 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.
 For Philadelphia, at 6:35, 8:05, 9:50 a. m., 1:45 and 4:00 p. m.
 For Reading, at 8:20, 8:30, 8:05, 9:50 a. m., 1:45, 4:00, and 5:00 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 8:40 p. m. For Allentown, at 8:19 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 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, 1:50, 5:20, 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, 6:00, 9:10 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4:00, 7:30, 11:50 a. m., 1:30, 6:15, 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, 4:20, and 9:05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, via Allentown at 5:30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7:45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7:31 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 2:30 p. m. daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5:35 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4:45, 6:10, 9:30 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 6:10, 7:50, 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, 9:30 p. m.

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

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 A careful hostler always in attendance.
 April 9, 1878. H

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Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between Geo. A. Liggitt and G. J. Delancey, of Perry county, Pa., under the firm name of Liggitt & Delancey, expired on 15th April, 1881, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by said Geo. A. Liggitt, and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to him for payment, until the 20th 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. DELANCEY.
 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 to present them duly authenticated to settlement to
 DAVID T. STEEL,
 Administrator.
 May 11, 1881.

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REMNANTS OF PRINTS—of these we have a large quantity in good styles. In addition to the above goods we have a nice assortment of Ladies Neckties, Corsets, German-town Yarn, Zephyrs, Shoes for Ladies and Children, and thousands of other articles.
 F. MORTIMER
 New Bloomfield, Pa.

A WOMAN FOILED.

ALL was excitement in the great house on the hill, for so Chalmers hall was known for miles around. I had not served the family, boy and man, for thirty years, without sharing it to a certain degree not incompatible with my butler's dignity, and all evidence which I strove sedulously to conceal.

It was occasioned by no less an event than the return of the young lady of the house—the only daughter and sole heiress of all these broad acres—from the finishing school in Paris, to make her formal debut in society.

The suite of rooms assigned to her had been thoroughly renovated, and refurnished in a manner widely different from the solid English comfort which prevailed elsewhere throughout the house; but to look through them was like a sudden glimpse into the nest of some humming bird, which had imparted all its own brilliancy to its belongings.

Only a few days before the expected arrival came a letter, begging permission to bring with her her dearest friend, a young lady whose father was an East Indian officer, and whose return had been unexpectedly postponed a couple of months.

Of course the petted daughter's wish was law, and though the fond father, reading aloud the letter preferring this request at the breakfast table, exchanged a glance of disappointment with his wife that so soon the privacy of their little circle must be disturbed, a formal invitation to Miss Aline Revere to the hospitalities of Chalmers hall was dispatched that very day.

I shall never forget the evening of Miss Chalmers' return. Her cheery, "How do you do, Peter?" thrilled my old bones as did the touch of the little hand she kindly offered me, in memory perhaps of my long services and the many rides up and down the broad hall's she had on my shoulder, screaming the while with glee.

She flitted about all the evening, like a bee, from flower to flower, and it was as though a burst of sudden sunshine had illumined the old house. She was a fair, sweet English girl; but, as all were seated about the dinner table, I could not but acknowledge the palm of beauty must be awarded to her friend. I had never seen a more exquisite face. It fairly haunted me; it held in it the fire of the tropics, the ice of the Arctic, the light of the heavens, the shadow of the night—each expression in contradiction of the other, each tending to produce harmonious welfare.

I did not think all this out myself, but some one, long after, in describing Miss Revere's face, thus worded it, and I knew then they had made clear the enigma my old brain had so long tried to solve. I would even then have been envious, for Miss Chalmers' sake, but that she seemed so fond, so devoted to her friend, that her very gladness was an unconscious rebuke to me.

It was not long before the house was filled with guests—ladies and ladies' maids, gentlemen and their valets, coming and going, filling the place with gaiety and excitement. Then came the announcement of a grand ball. Glad enough I was when the evening announced for it actually arrived, and I could feel that the bustle of anticipation was at an end.

On her way down to the drawing room Miss Flo peeped in to see the tables, and I thought for that once we might compare her with Miss Aline. She was dressed in white, her neck and arms bare, but glittering with precious stones. Some of the family jewels her father had had reset, and presented to her that very morning at the breakfast table. I was not likely to forget the circumstance, for the old feeling of half dislike with which I had at first regarded Miss Aline swept over me as I fancied an envious glitter sparkled in the great black eyes as they rested on the white, glittering gems.

"Will I do, Peter?" asked my young mistress, sweeping me a mock courtesy, as she had done when a tiny girl; and I half believe instead of answering her I brushed away a tear.

The ball was a grand success, and the sun had risen before sound of the wheels of the last carriage filled with departing guests had died away.

There had been many made welcome that night, but none, I well knew, received a warmer one than young Mr. Earle, who had returned home from a year's absence in foreign countries only twenty-four hours before.

I caught a glimpse of him once, as he was dancing with Miss Flo. Even in that fleeting moment, I saw how tenderly his strong arm clasped her—how proudly his handsome eyes looked down upon her—how flushed with happiness was her own fair face, half hidden on his shoulder; and my heart gave a glad, exultant leap that so joyous a future was assured her.

I well knew what was the unexpressed family wish, for young Mr. Earle's estates adjoined our own. They were un-

fettered, unencumbered and in every way a splendid patrimony.

I had turned away from this fleeting glimpse among the great folks, my old brain filled with the idle dreams of the future, when my eyes chanced to fall upon one who, like myself, was engrossed in the animated scene beyond us. It was Miss Flo's friend, but oh, how changed!

The mask had fallen from her beautiful face. The great black eyes, fairly scintillating with suppressed feeling, were fixed upon the two who moved in such perfect harmony with the music. A drop of blood was on her scarlet lip, where her little white teeth had rested. One small hand was involuntarily clenched. Her mouth moved, but no sound issued from it.

I stood transfixed, a cold shiver running through me. It was this very woman whom Miss Flo, gentle and unassuming, regarded as her dearest friend.

Of what stuff might be made her dearest foe? I remembered then the look I had seen these same eyes fix upon the jewels. Was she envious of my young lady's fortune? What danger might not threaten from this beautiful panther? And yet how dared I, an humble servant, utter a word of warning.

Even with these thoughts passing in quick succession through my mind, there was so sudden and instantaneous a change swept over Miss Revere's expression that I could scarce recall the other, except as the result of some hideous conjuring of my own fancy.

Miss Flo was coming toward her, leaning on Mr. Earle's arm.

I returned to my duties with a heavy heart. I felt a shadow of ill pending over us, yet I almost forgot it next day, when my lady's formal engagement to Mr. Earle was announced. So loved and protected, what possible harm could come to her, even through a woman's malice?

Ah, my unspoken question remained not long unanswered! It had been all too natural for these two young hearts to flow toward each other, obeying the life impulse of both. They had loved each other as children; they knew each other as though the bond of brotherhood and sisterhood united them; their memories circled around the same spot, were haunted by the same objects.

It was the natural sequence, which all had anticipated. Therefore, save Mr. Earle was with us more constantly than as old, and that there was a new flush on Miss Flo's cheek, a softer, tenderer light in her blue eyes, it was hard to realize any change. But one was impending less difficult of realization. The lovers had a constant companion in the person of my young lady's friend. At first Mr. Earle seemed to dislike her; but Miss Flo's sweet influence and his own courtesy led him first to conceal this, and later to overcome it.

Miss Flo's sweet influence and his own courtesy, I have said; but there was a more potent reason still in Miss Revere's marvelous fascination. There was not one in the whole household escaped, save myself, and even I had to pull myself up with a sharp turn lest I, too, should be blinded by its glamour. But it was not my old eyes with which she had to deal.

Miss Flo, all trusting and unsuspecting, threw the two she loved constantly together.

"You must like each other for my sake," she would say.

Is danger ever so threatening as when it falls on those who dream not it is near? The sorceress had the young master tightly in her coil before he dreamed that even a silken thread fettered him. He struggled then to be free. The full horror of it all overwhelmed him. He grew pale and haggard.

But tighter and tighter she drew the bonds, and, like a bird fascinated by the serpent, step by step he approached the magic influence of her sway.

Sometimes she would flash a sudden, bewildering smile into her eyes; sometimes she would assume a pensive coyness; sometimes a strange thrill of passionate grief would seem to sway her.

One of the most wonderful attractions was her voice. Even speaking one seemed to listen to low music, but in singing it ranged the gamut of human emotion.

One evening—it was in the twilight—Miss Flo and Mr. Earle were sitting together on the broad piazza outside the long French windows leading into the drawing room, when just within from the music room beyond, arose the words of an impassioned song.

From the dining room across the hall I could hear the measure, in its wonderful melody, and knew that she who sang it was singing to but one, who could not be deaf to the appeal the words conveyed.

Higher and higher rose the exquisite voice, trembling with its weight of passion; and he, for whose ear alone it was intended, sat without, a girl's fair hand clasped in his—a girl's light heart resting on his shoulder—a girl's light heart filled with his image.

However that might be, when left alone, with slow, reluctant movement he rose, and passing through the open window, walk with uncertain step to the room beyond. The singer sang on.

Did she see that figure standing still and silent just beyond the threshold? Perhaps the evening shadows hid him, as her voice suddenly died away in a choking sob, and her head bent forward on the keys.

Instantly he was by her side. Instantly he had raised her head to his breast, with his long faithless arms clasped about her.

"Aline," he said, "my love, my love!" And then uplifting the crimson lips to his, bent and kissed them.

I was busy with my silver, knowing naught of this, but wondering how I might unfold to my young mistress my suspicions, when I heard close beside me a low startled cry. I glanced up. Miss Flo was standing on the threshold of the music room. She had seen all. She would have fallen, but that, springing forward, I caught her in my old arms, as Mr. Earle came hastily toward us.

I forgot his rank and my position, as I waved him off; but even in my bitter indignation against him, I felt for what he suffered when I saw the white look of misery on his young, handsome face.

Up the broad stairs I carried my young lady to her room and laid her on her couch. Then her mother came and I left her, but as I passed through the room beyond I saw lying in the empty grate some torn scraps of paper. Mechanically, with a servant's orderly instinct, I stooped and picked them up, when my eye was caught by the meaning of a single sentence. "The heir of the adjoining estate—"

Of course a "gentleman" would have gone no further, but I was but a mere servant, with the interests of the family whom I had served more than two score years over and beyond all else.

I carefully carried the little handful of papers up to my room, and there, bit by bit, with hard work and infinite spelling, I made them almost a perfect whole.

"Delay your coming a little longer, dear father," wrote the traitress. "The fish is already in my net. I could laugh at his weakness were there not such a stake. He is the heir to the adjoining estate, acres on acres of which I can see from my window as I write. I shall be a grand English lady yet, and then who will taunt me of being the daughter of a circus rider? We will wipe out that stain then on my mother's side, and you shall have your reward for all the sacrifices you have made for me."

Had I discovered a vein of gold I could not have gloated more than over these few words.

Ah, now indeed, I could avenge my young lady, and punish her recreant lover! But the time was not yet ripe; I would wait until he had given her his old and honored name, and then I would unmask her before she had reaped the glory, and too late for him to retrieve the shame.

With this determination, I went back to my duties, but, passing through the hall, Mr. Earle's voice, low and yet excited, caught her ear.

"I have been made mad," he said. "Aline, forgive me for the wrong I have done you; but you must hear the truth. I know now that my feeling toward you has been the intoxication of your fascination. Never can I wipe from my memory my darling's white, unconscious face! I felt as though I had stabbed her to the heart, and I knew that my soul had never wavered in its allegiance, though your beauty and your marvelous power had turned my brain. Aline, say that you do not love me! Do not make me feel that I have marred your life, too."

A stifled voice replied, choked with feeling:

"I cannot, Arthur—I cannot! Oh, do not turn from me! I am doubly helpless now! Flo never will care for you. Let me teach you the lesson of love for me, if, indeed, you have not already learned."

It was not my place—I know that, but I forgot my anger against him in listening to the few manly words which assured me his heart was with Flo, and I strode into the room and put the paper in his hands.

"Read this, Mr. Arthur," I said, boldly, "before you answer her."

There is little more to be told. I myself closed the hall door next morning bright and early as the carriage bore Miss Aline Revere on the first stage of her journey Londonward. We never saw or heard from her again.

For long weeks Miss Flo refused even to see Mr. Arthur Earle—for months to look upon him as a friend. Poor fellow! We were all sorry for him during this time; for he had spoken truly—his love had never wavered.

But at last there came a day when Miss Flo learned to do this, and then—ah, then light stole back into her eyes, and the color to her cheeks!

She's been a happy wife this many a year now, and old Peter is growing almost useless, save to ride her children,

as he once rode her, through the old halls upon his old shoulders, to the echo of their childish laughter, which keeps his old heart young.

SUNDAY READING.

Look Out for the Rocks.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah, half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering right for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes up one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

Womanly Modesty.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky and the full-blown rose leave him unmoved; but a violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when emerging behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to painting—it gives boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty. It sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rose hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virtue should use. It is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, diffusing an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance.—Beauty passes like the flowers of the Albie, which bloom and die in a few hours, but modesty gives the female charms which supply the place for transitory freshness of youth.

What We May Do.

No human being can be isolated and self sustained. The strongest and bravest and most helpful have yet, acknowledged or unacknowledged to themselves, moments of hungry soul-yearnings for companionship and sympathy. For the want of this, what wrecks of humanity lie strewn about us!—youth wasted for mocking semblance of friendship; adrift at the mercy of chance for the grasp of a firm hand, and a kindly, loving heart to counsel. It is affecting to see how strong is this yearning, so fatal to its possessor if not guided rightly, such a life anchor if safely placed. "Friendless!" What tragedy there may be hidden in that one little word! None to labor for; none to weep or smile with; none to care whether we lose or win in life's struggle! A kind word or smile, coming to such a one unexpectedly at such a crisis of life, how often has it been like the plank to the drowning man!—lacking which he must surely have perished. These, surely, we may bestow as we pass those less favored than ourselves, whose souls are waiting for our sympathetic recognition.

Luck and Labor.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance. Labor on character.

Things Not to be Sorry For.

You will not be sorry for hearing before judging, for thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue, for stopping the ears of a tale-bearer, for disbelieving most of all the ill reports, for being kind to the distressed, for being patient toward everybody, for doing good to all men, for asking pardon for all wrongs, for speaking evil of no one, for being courteous to all.

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