

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 8.30, 8.55 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 8.55, 9.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.
For Reading, at 8.20, 8.30, 8.55, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 8.20, 8.35, 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 Allentown, at 5.25, 8.00, 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, 8.20, 9.20 p. m., and 12.30 a. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.30, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, 7.50 and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 6.15 a. m., and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Allentown, at 6.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, 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 7.30 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 2.00 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5.25 p. m., and on Saturday only, 4.45, 9.10, 9.30 p. m.

Returning, 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 5.10, 8.30, 9.00 p. m.

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

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The Last Quarrel.

"THEN, Ralph, you think as I do, that we must never have a first quarrel?"

"Never, Rose, there is nothing easier than to live without it."

"Yet they do say that married people are always sure to quarrel some time."

"Yes, and they do say, my darling, that engaged people are sure to quarrel a great deal. But haven't we proved it false in our case?"

"Oh, Ralph, it is because we have loved each other too truly to even think of such a thing."

"Of course it is, little one," drawing the golden head down to his breast, "and that is just why we shall never quarrel. How could we ever speak a harsh word to each other, dearest?"

There was no audible answer, but a subdued sound, as of tender caressing, filled up the interval.

Ralph Maynard and Rose Clark were to be united for better or for worse on the morrow. As we have seen, they fondly believed that no cloud could ever overcast their wedding sky.

Three months after marriage, and the sun was setting upon as charming a little scene as could well be imagined. A pretty white cottage with low windows and romantic porticos overlooking a velvety green lawn; the windows of the dining-room stand open, and the fragrant breath of June roses from without was rivaled by the tasteful bouquets which stood in crystal vases upon the table; the snow-white damask, cut-glass and shining silver caught the last rays of the sun, as they now flitted over the dainty tea-table, now sparkling in the crimson heart of a jelly, now lingering in the golden meshes of Rose Maynard's hair, as she poured out a cup of fragrant tea for her young husband.

Three months, and all was perfect happiness. Rose was thinking this as she poured out the tea, with a little smile upon her lips.

"Rose!" She looked up quickly; surely there was a slight—just the slightest—shade of constraint or coldness in the tone.

"Rose," repeated her husband, evidently a little embarrassed, "as I rode down to the office this morning, I heard some comments upon your friend, Mrs. Elton, which didn't please me very well. I wish," in a lower tone, "that you would drop her acquaintance, my love."

"Why, Ralph, what can you mean?" with a deep flush rising to her cheek, "I would do anything for you, Ralph," she added, "but how terribly unjust it would be to drop my best friend because some people don't choose to like her."

"I am afraid they have good reasons for it, dear; in fact, I never liked her myself, though I did not like to tell you so. She is too much of a flirt for me to wish to see her the intimate friend of my wife."

"She is splendid, I don't care what people say, and I am ashamed of you, Ralph, for helping to abuse a woman's character—and that woman my best friend, too!"

And down dropped Rose's knife and fork, and up went the dainty handkerchief to the bright blue eyes, which had suddenly filled with tears. This was too much for Ralph. He came to her side and kissed away the first tears he had ever seen in his wife's pretty eyes.

"Come, come, darling! remember, we are never to quarrel. But I do hope, Rose, that you will think seriously over what I have said."

Rose said nothing, but clung to her husband as though they had just been snatched from a precipice and she could hardly realize their safety. To think that he, Ralph, had actually disapproved of her!

The evening passed lovingly, as usual, but poor Rose felt thoughtful almost sad. That she must either hurt the feelings of her dearest friend, without any good cause, as she believed, or displease her own darling husband, she saw was unavoidable; and to her loyal, loving nature to do either seemed impossible. She would do all she could, however, to please her husband without offending her friend.

Ah! little wife, what a difficult position to sustain!

But for a week she managed it. When the charming little woman dropped in to call, which she did unceremoniously at all times, Rose always contrived to be so busy that she could not possibly go out. Whether it was a handkerchief for Ralph, a pin-cushion for dear "mamma," or a new piece to practice, it was always sure to be too important to be neglected.

"Why, what has come over you, Rose?" cried Mrs. Elton one day, rather suspiciously; "you have not been out with me for a week. Are you going to keep this up forever?"

"I don't know I'm sure," replied Rose, laughing, and inwardly wondering how she could excuse herself much longer; but I really find so much to do. If your husband were at home, Maude, you

would not have so much leisure yourself."

"Then I'm heartily glad he isn't," said Mrs. Elton, pouting, "for I could never stay in as you do, little nun."

But when Ralph came home again that evening he again referred to the rumors concerning Mrs. Elton; she was carrying on a serious flirtation with a well known society man whose reputation was anything but pure.

"People are simply mistaken," said Rose, with dignity; "she no more flirts with him than she does with you. I have seen them together."

"Well, I shouldn't like you to amuse yourself in my absence as she does in the absence of her husband."

"Haven't you any confidence in your wife, Ralph?"

"Certainly; but who can tell what an influence she may acquire over you? At all events, darling," very gently, "you must find some way of discontinuing her acquaintance at once."

"Ralph! must?"

"Yes, my dear, must!" This time with quite a matrimonial air of firmness.

The bright blue eyes of his wife flashed in surprise and anger. That little word from Ralph's lips caused as much commotion in Rose's mind as the "big, big D—" from the captain of the Pinafore raised among his crew.

That evening was passed almost in silence, and there was no good night kiss.

In the morning Rose was already to forgive, but Ralph was cold and distant, and did not seem to wish it. Immediately after breakfast he went down town, after leaving the faintest possible kiss upon his wife's troubled brow.

He saw the trouble but pride was at work; so he went away, leaving his perplexed bride in just the right state of mind to fall an easy victim to the tempter. She was angry with her husband for daring to dislike her friend, and angry with that friend for being the cause of coldness between her and her husband.

But when that pretty, charming friend came running in early in the afternoon; all smiles and dimples, and finding Rose Maynard doing absolutely nothing but moping, insisted upon taking her for a drive—what could she do?

She had no excuse, and then Ralph's coldness of the morning came forcibly to her mind. So in desperation she donned her prettiest costume, and called up all her gayety to hide her aching heart.

But, to her astonishment, they had not gone far before Mrs. Elton picked up Mr. A., the gentleman with whose name her own was so disagreeably connected, who accompanied them during the whole drive. They met many of their friends, and Rose's cheek flushed as she noted their cool greetings and thought of the rumors afloat. A week ago she would have thought nothing of it; but, in the light of her husband's words, this chance meeting with Mr. A. looked like a studied appointment.

"Ralph is right," she decided, mentally, "and I will tell him so to-night."

The pretty tea table was awaiting Ralph's coming, and so was the sweet little wife, all smiles and happiness once more. She intended to meet him with the old, fond kiss, and confess that she had been wrong. How pleased Ralph would be! Instead of Ralph, however, came a brief note:

"Rose, I shall not be home to-night. I saw you driving with that precious pair who are this evening the talk of the whole town. And to think my wife's name is mixed up with it! I feel too hurt and angry to meet you just yet."

"RALPH."

There was only one thing in which a woman like Rose could do in such a case. She fainted. When at last she recovered consciousness she saw plainly in the face of the servant who had come to her assistance that she had read the note and was acquainted with her disgrace. Dismissing her, Rose left the untouched supper to its fate, and dragging herself up to her own room, threw herself upon the bed, and between her sobs, tried to form some plan of action. Oh, how bitterly she now thought of both friend and husband!

Only three months married and it had already come to this.

Proud and sensitive, she determined that she would no longer remain beneath his roof to bring discredit upon it; so when morning dawned, and Ralph, already repentant and remorseful for his cruelty, returned, he found no wife to give him welcome. Only a few words to tell him that she had gone forever.

Oh, the agony of that hour! How freely would he have forgiven a thousand offenses, only to hold that dear form in his arms once more!

He sat down and thought of the sweet face, the dear blue eyes, and golden hair, until thinking almost drove him wild. But it was too late.

Why tell of the fruitless search, the lonely days, the final settling down into an almost utter despair? He could only faintly try to keep up his hopes by thinking that she loved him too well to stay away from him forever.

But two years passed, and Rose Maynard had never visited their home.

Night in Chicago! Lights are blazing everywhere in the heart of the brilliant western city, and crowds are jostling each other in their haste to reach their various destinations.

A young man, tall and fine looking, has just stopped at the busiest corner of State street, undecided which way to turn next. He is handsome, but his face looks sad, and he has a way of glancing sharply into women's faces which seemed strangely out of keeping with his quiet, gentlemanly bearing.

As one of these gay groups passes him, he hears the name of "Lotta" mentioned as playing at McVicker's.

"Lotta!" he repeated to himself, a slight expression of interest flashing into his pale face. "It is a long time since I have seen her, and it will serve to brighten an hour or so of life at least. It is but a step," glancing at the blazing theatre so near him. "Yes," he added, "I may as well be in the theatre as in the street. I shall never find her."

A sigh escaped him as he turned down Madison and followed in the wake of the pleasure-seekers. He was just about to enter the theatre, standing in full radiance streaming from its open portals, when a low cry beside him made him quickly turn.

A woman had fallen, fainting, almost at his feet.

He lifted her in his arms, and the first glance into her white, still face almost caused him to drop his burden and sink down beside it.

"Rose! Rose! My God! Is she dead?" he muttered excitedly, under his breath, for the crowd was pressing around them.

He offered assistance, and carried her into the nearest place he could find, where she soon revived. Both being proud and sensitive, however, they succeeded in repressing their emotions until they were alone together in the carriage which Ralph had called.

Then the scene which followed can better be imagined than described.

Rose, with her golden head upon his shoulder, told how she had awaited his coming with blissful thoughts of reconciliation in her mind; how his note had made her feel that he thought that his wife had disgraced him, and how, wild with shame and anger at the thought she had flown to Chicago, where she supposed she had an uncle living.

Going to his old address, she found that he had removed, nor could she find any trace of him. Therefore, too proud to return to the home which she had deserted, she obtained employment as a seamstress, and was just returning late from her work when she caught sight of his face in the brilliant glare of the theatre. The sudden vision was too much, and she fell, dying, as she thought, at his feet.

"Would you never have come home if I had not found you, Rose?"

"I believe I never should; I thought myself disgraced, and the more so after I had reflected upon what people might say of my flight."

"They all knew that I was nearly heart-broken at your loss," said Ralph, with grave tenderness; then after a little pause he added: "Have you ever heard of Maude Elton since you left?"

"Never," with a slight shudder; "what became of her?"

"She eloped with A. only a week after you eloped with yourself," said Ralph with a little attempt at playfulness.

"Their doubtful relations were on every tongue that very day you were out with them, and that is why—"

"Yes," said Rose, putting her hand over his lips, "but don't say it; I want to forget that day forever."

"And so you shall, my darling."

"And to think, Ralph, how firmly we believed ourselves to be the only married couple in the world who could live without a first quarrel."

"I think it was a blessing in disguise, though, darling, for it proved so terrible it will certainly be our last."

And so it was.

Why is Man, and Where is He?

Man that is married to a woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary and in the evening behold it is all gone. It is a tale that is told, it vaniseth and no one knoweth whither it goeth. He riseth up clothed in the chilly garments of the night and seeketh the somnolent paregoric wherewith to heal the colicky bowels of his infant offspring. He imitateth the horse or ox and draweth the chariot of his posterity. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen and purple to cover the bosom of his family, yet he himself is seen at the gates of the city with one suspender. He cometh forth for a flower and is cut down. There is hope of a tree when it is cut down that the tender shoots thereof will sprout again, but man goeth to his home, and what is he then? Yea, he is altogether wretched.

SUNDAY READING.

"I DIDN'T ASK TO BE SAVED."

JOHN HAYNE was a young man much given to the use of profane and reckless speeches, and when the village pastor was talking to him about his soul's welfare one day, and asked him if he was not grateful for the offer of salvation, he said:

"No, why should I be? I didn't ask to be saved."

"Well, you will have to ask, or you will not share in the unspeakable blessing," replied the minister, and noticing a look of surprise now stealing over the young man's bold face, he continued,

"A young relative of mine was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and for hours was in a state verging upon unconsciousness. After lying a long time on the damp ground he became aware that there were voices near him, and although he could not move as much as one of his fingers or his eyelids even, he thought he felt a hand softly placed upon his heart. Then he became aware that a nurse, he knew that it was a woman by her voice, was pleading with the regimental surgeon, who was on the field, to make one more effort to save some poor fellow's life. Presently he realized that he was the object of her solicitude.

"He is so fine looking and so strongly built," said the nurse. "His natural vitality must be great; besides, sir," she continued in a reverent tone, "he may have a wife, or a mother, or a sister praying for his safety now."

"It's no use to spend time over him," said the surgeon gruffly, "but if you wish to stay by him you can. I can do nothing for him, and must move on. Remember, if you remain you will run the risk of being left alone here in the night on the field."

"Very well," replied the nurse bravely, "I will take the risk, and shall do all in my power to resuscitate and save this poor fellow, and only immediate attention can avail now."

"Presently the soldier became conscious that his jaws were being gently forced open, and that some powerful stimulant had been given him. It was not long before he revived sufficiently to be carried to the hospital, and in good time he entirely recovered. His life had been saved through the prompt and faithful efforts of that devoted nurse.

"Now what if I should tell you," continued the pastor, as he earnestly looked into the face of the young man who had just made the coarse and flippant speech, but who was all attention now—"what if I should tell you that that young man was ashamed of the noble young woman who risked so much to save his life—that he subsequently went about bragging that he had never asked her to save him—that he had not the least acquaintance with her—that he refused to acknowledge even that she had been of any service to him, and never mentioned her name except in a slighting, reviling way?"

"I should say he was a mean, contemptible ingrate," replied John Hayne impulsively. "He was not fit to live; his life was not worth saving."

"Very well," said the pastor, "but this nurse only by a little temporary sacrifice of comfort on her part, at the same time being in the pay of the government, was the means of prolonging the soldier's paltry life for a few brief years in this world of care and sorrow. Jesus Christ, the divine Lord, suffered on the cross and died for you to redeem you from sin, and now offers to make you an heir of eternal life. And yet I have never known you to speak of him, or of those who love and try to follow him, with common respect even."

"My dear sir," replied John Hayne, "I have never looked at this thing in that light before. Of course an ungrateful person is the meanest person living. I promise as much as this now; I will never use the Lord's name lightly again."

The pastor did not press the subject any further at that time. He had set the young man to thinking. Not long afterwards John Hayne was converted, and he says that little lesson on ingratitude brought him to a saving knowledge of Christ.

A sympathy with that which is pure implies a repulsion of that which is impure. Hatred of evil is in proportion to the strength of love for good. To love good intensely is to hate evil intensely.

How Long Would it Take to Count Two Millions?

Over two million volumes of the revised edition of the New Testament, were sold on the first day of its issue. These figures can only be equaled by the enormous sale of Swayne's Ointment for Itching Piles, which is universally used as a standard remedy for stopping the itching at night, when one thinks that pin worms are crawling about the rectum. To calculate the extent of its sale in actual figures, would involve the labor of a life-time. Will you be pestered longer from the aggravating Piles 742-45