

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS November 6th, 1881.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as follows: For New York via Allentown, at 8.05 a. m., 1.15 and 4.05 p. m. For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," 6.30, 8.15 a. m., and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 6.55, 8.40, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.05 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 6.30, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 5.00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 6.20, 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 Allentown, at 5.20, 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, at 9.00 a. m., 1.00 and 6.30 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, 7.50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9.10 a. m., and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.20, 7.30, 11.30 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 9.00, 9.50 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, 6.10, 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, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

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

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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. 11

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AUCTIONEERS.

JAMES CLELAND Auctioneer, Offers his services to the citizens of Perry and Cumberland counties. Post office address, Shermansdale, Perry Co., Pa.

HENRY KELL, AUCTIONEER. Would respectfully inform the citizens of Perry County that he will try sales at short notice, and at reasonable rates. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address HENRY KELL, Ickesburg, Pa.

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Auctioneer.—The undersigned given notice that he will try sales at any point in Perry or Dauphin counties. Orders are solicited and prompt attention will be given. R. D. WELLS, New Buffalo, Perry Co., Pa.

The Jokers' Joke.

TWO or three lady clerks were grouped together in one of the large establishments of the brisk, bustling city, when the tall, good-looking cashier walked down the store on the way to his desk.

"Oh, isn't he handsome?" whispered Lucy Clark, as he passed the group. "I declare I'm falling deeper in love with him every day."

"It won't do you any good; I've set my cap for him," laughed Hettie Morris. "I'm bound to get him, so you can just give it up, Lu."

"No, I won't. All's fair in love and war, you know, and I've got as good a chance in the field as you," retorted Miss Lucy. "Come, Anna, why don't you say something?" to the third one of the group, a brown haired little body with a face as fresh and sweet as a spring daisy.

"I haven't anything to say; and there's somebody at the counter, too." So the little lady hastened away, but not before the two who were left had noted the quick, shy glance at the cashier's desk, and the bright, rose-blush which swept over her face as she tripped up stairs.

"I declare, I believe she does like him!" cried Hetty. "Oh, I've known that this long time," said Lucy. "She colors up worse than that every time he passes her, and I've seen her tremble when she had to go to his desk; and she's such a shy, quiet little piece, he hardly ever notices her, either."

"I don't think he favors any one of us with over and above much notice," laughed Hetty. "Oh, Lu, I've thought of something so funny!"

"Well, tell it quick; we musn't stand here talking much longer, if it is any yet."

"You know next Tuesday is the first of April—All Fool's Day."

"Of course; what of it?"

"Let's play a joke on these two. It will be such fun!"

"How do you mean?"

"Let's write Ann Grigg a love letter, as if it came from our handsome cashier, Fred Hunter, and get her to give the answer to him."

"Agreed. That will be fun! Won't they feel cheap when they find out how they're sold?"

"Won't they, though? But, I tell you, we must work cute and keep dark so no one will suspect us."

"Yes; and when Miss Anna finds out that his lordship don't want her, one of us will step in and win him off hand."

"Agreed to that, too; but I don't intend you shall get him, I warn you."

"We'll see about it. Wait for me at noon, and we'll plan it all out as we walk up to dinner."

Then these thoughtless girls went to their work without a reflection of how poor little Annie Grigg's feelings would suffer at finding herself a victim of such deception, or in what an unpleasant position they were going to throw Mr. Hunter.

But Satan helps his own, you know. Their plans prospered famously. By some little ingenious wire workings they managed to get several specimens of Fred Hunter's chirography from his desk, and after a little practice Miss Hetty felt herself able to imitate his hand-writing tolerably well.

In order to carry out their joke nicely they must have Anna to answer the letter in such a way that they might know it, and as they stayed down stairs, while Anna Grigg's place was in one of the departments on the second floor, they had to plan a good many ways before they arranged one to suit them.

The first of April came duly, and little Anna Grigg, never thinking what day it was, came early to the store, to finish some promised work.

As she passed the cashier's desk on her way up stairs, Mr. Hunter looked up and wished her good morning, and thought to himself what a sweet face she had, and how neat and fresh she always looked, but he was not conscious of having any special fancy for her or anybody else.

Hastening up stairs, Anna found she was the first one to come in, and hastily putting away her pretty hat and sash, she sat down to her work.

Opening the box where she had left her trimmings the night before, the first thing she saw was a fresh, white envelope, addressed with her own name in a plain, bold hand.

Wondering who had placed it there, she took it up, unfolded the white sheet within, and with bated breath and swift-beating heart, she read:

"TUESDAY, April 1, 18—." "DEAR MISS ANNA: I have come to the resolution to tell you something which has long been in my mind, and which you would have known long since had I not been doubtful as to how you would receive it. In a few words, Anna, I love you; and my brightest dreams are of a dear little home which you will make happy. Will you, Anna, and as my anxiety is great, will you relieve it at once? I have tried to let this reach you through no hands but my own. Will you do as much for me? You will find writing materials where you found

this. Will you write your answer in a few words and bring it to my desk with your own dear little hands this morning? and then, whatever you may reply, I shall bless you for the consideration thus shown one who hopes one day to sign himself

"Your devoted husband," "FRED HUNTER.

With no suspicion of the cruel joke which had been played, lonely, loving little Anna Grigg, with no home but a tiny, six-by-nine room in a noisy boarding-house, let the letter slip to her feet, and covered her burning face with her slender hands, in a sudden burst of thankful happiness.

For, close hidden as it had been, Lucy had guessed right; there was a sweet little secret about the handsome cashier nestled down in the very depths of her innocent girl's heart which made this cruel letter very welcome and very precious.

Only a minute did she yield, the letter was quickly picked up and concealed in her pocket, and a second glance given into her trimming box. Another tiny sheet and envelope, fresh and unused, lay there; and Anna's sweet face flushed anew at this little proof of her lover's thoughtfulness for her.

The other girls were coming in now, and slipping the little sheet under her velvets, Anna began with her deft, sweet fingers to finish her work, a happy light beaming in her soft, brown eyes.

It did not occupy a great while to complete her task. Then Anna took her box to the farther end of her counter, drew her pencil from her pocket, and hastily wrote these words:

"MR. HUNTER:—I did not, indeed, guess before at what your kind letter has just told me, but I have been so lonely it makes me very happy to know that any one loves me; and if you are really in earnest—but I know you are too noble to trifle with any one's heart—since you are in earnest, in saying that I can make your home happy, I am willing to try, and I do not fear to give my happiness into your hands. As you request in your letter, I will hand you this answer at your own desk with my own hands. I don't think I am worthy, a plain girl like me, to be your wife, Mr. Hunter, but since you choose me, I am very glad. Yours, earnestly,

"ANNA."

She folded her note, slipped it into an envelope and addressed it just as Lucy Clark came up stairs, under pretense of matching some lace. Anna hastily hid her note under some velvets, but Lucy had managed to see it first.

The lace, of course, was not to be matched, and Lucy hurried down stairs to report to Hetty, in great glee.

"She's got it, and she's just written the answer; I knew the envelope in a minute, and besides, I saw the address—'Fred Hunter'—as plain as could be."

Neither Hetty nor Lucy noticed that at that minute Fred Hunter himself passed close to where they stood, or knew that he caught Miss Lucy's last words. He did not understand them then, but after a while a clew was placed in his hands.

The two plotters kept as near the cashier's desk as they could, and before very long, as was often the case, Anna Grigg came down to bring some bills to Mr. Hunter.

They could scarcely conceal their merriment as they plainly saw her, watching as closely as they did, lay a little white envelope on the desk with the bills. Fred saw it, too, and his eye glanced up in surprise and followed Anna's trim figure, in her neat black alpaca dress, snowy collar and neat little scarlet necktie, as she tripped so hastily back up stairs.

As Fred's keen eye wandered back to his desk he caught sight of the two girls, who were evidently watching him. Taking up the little note Anna had laid down, he read it through, turned it over, glanced at the envelope, and read it again.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked himself. "Some one has proposed to the girl and she has made a mistake. No, here is my name, outside and in! Heaven, I don't understand. What can it mean?"

He looked carefully at the note again and caught the date, April 1.

"Does she mean to play a joke on me?" he thought. "No, that pretty, modest little girl could not do so bold and unlady like a thing besides, this is an answer to some other letter. By Jove, I see it now! Some one has played a cruel joke on her, and sent her a letter from me, and she has answered in good faith. What a cruel thing! Who on earth could have done it? and how can I explain it to her?"

Mr. Hunter glanced up again and keenly around the store. Lucy and Hetty, he saw were still observing him closely, and the words he had overheard came back to his mind, a suspicion came, too, and without seeming to do so, he watched them a little while.

There was certainly some understanding between them, and they were enjoying it hugely.

"Ah! I'm satisfied now," said Fred to himself. "I'd give the world to see the letter Anna Grigg received and I did not

write; but I guess at the authors, and now what am I to do? Tell that poor, little, fluttering thing she had been 'April fooled?' No, I can't violate a lady's feelings so! Who knows but this is the hand of Fate, leading me to a wiser choice! Why not take it? I'm lonely, too, and I should like the 'happy home' this dear little girl speaks of. I'm sure she is worth loving, and I wonder I did not love her before; and it seems she loves me!"

Fred felt his heart warm and glow beneath this idea, for some how it seemed a very happy one; and the more he thought of it the better he liked it. He pondered the whole thing deeply until noon, and then Mr. Fred wrote a few words on a slip of paper; and he wrote just this:

"MY DARLING ANNA:—You have made me very happy, and to-night I am coming to your home to say so."

And then, folding the paper, he called one of the cash boys, and, as Hetty Morris came up to his desk, he said, quite loud enough for her to hear:

"Take this up stairs to Miss Grigg, and say Mr. Hunter sent it."

Hetty very soon made an errand up stairs for herself to enjoy Anna's discomfort, but she came down mystified, for Anna's face was beaming with happy light instead of clouded with mortification and disappointment, and the plotters tried to fear their joke had failed.

Fred went to see Anna Grigg that night, and he saw the letter she had received, telling her he wanted to see what nonsense he did write, for he had been so anxious he really couldn't tell what he said.

With Anna's brown head nestled on his broad shoulder he read it, and recognized it as an imitation of his own hand. It only verified his suspicions, for he knew already that copying handwriting was a little art Miss Hetty Morris was pretty clever at, and he did not doubt this was her work.

He never undecieved Anna, for to him it was proving a happy joke; and when he kissed her good night, as he had a right to do, he felt like blessing the first of April forever.

The next morning, as Mr. Hunter walked down the store to his desk, Miss Morris and Miss Clark were in deep consultation together. Mr. Hunter paused and dropped a card between them, on which they read, in his own genuine hand:

"TO MISSES MORRIS AND CLARK:—Ladies—Allow me to thank you for the kindness with which, yesterday, you assisted me to win my betrothed wife, Miss Grigg. The wedding will take place very soon, and we will not forget to send you cards of invitation.

"Gratefully, F. H."

Hetty and Lucy, even though they received the cards, will hardly attend the wedding so soon to be celebrated. Nor, though this joke hurt nobody, will they be likely to attempt another when April comes around again, for their first was only too good a success.

A REMARKABLE FEAT.

W. L. ROSERKRAANS, of Albany, while on a trip not long ago, performed the remarkable feat of being in three counties at one time. He sat on a stone in Fulton County and rested his right foot in Saratoga County and the left foot in Montgomery County.

Remarkable as the above may seem, a feat still more remarkable can be performed by any person who will take the trouble to ascend the mountain which separates the towns of Pownal, Vt., and Petersburg in this county. On the top of this mountain there is a stone which marks the spot where the States of Vermont, Massachusetts and New York come together. A person can stand on the top of the stone with one foot, being not only in three counties at the same time, but in three states as well. During the time when the prohibition law was not a dead letter in Vermont and Massachusetts, the people of those States who resided along the York State line were in the habit of crossing over on this side to purchase their alcoholic beverages. An enterprising resident of Petersburg, to meet the wants of his neighbors across the mountains, leased a small strip of ground from the owner of the land which cornered at the stone spoken of, and erected a three cornered shanty thereon, the stone being in the center of the building. He then put up a bar in the shape of a triangle, one side of which was in Vermont, another in Massachusetts, and the third in the State of New York. To save expense, he took out no license in this State, but laid in a good supply of liquors, which he sold by the drink or jugful, according to demand. The fact that he was violating the laws of the Commonwealth of the old Bay State was reported to the authorities in due time, and a constable, armed with a warrant and a pair of hand-cuffs, was sent out from Williams-town to arrest him. When the officer arrived at the shanty, he found a number of the residents of Massachusetts standing at the bar on their side of the line, treating each other in true Yankee

style. The constable stepped up to the bar, and pulling out his legal document hurriedly read the contents to the dispenser of corn juice, and added:

"I arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and by virtue of this warrant."

The bartender, pointing to the corner-stone which stood inside the counter, laughed in the face of the New England peace preserver, and replied:

"That's all very fine, old man; but it strikes me that your warrant doesn't reach a man in the State of Vermont, and I call your attention to that official certificate that I am out of your jurisdiction."

A few days after the bartender received an official visit from a Vermont constable, armed with a warrant for his arrest for selling liquor in that State. But the same tactics were employed as on the occasion of the first constable's visit. The two constables not long after the first visit happened to meet, and a plan was agreed upon for the capture of the defiant rum-seller. The Vermont officer appeared at the mountain top in disguise and remained about the shanty during the forenoon, drinking now and then with those who came in to replenish their jugs. About noon the Massachusetts constable arrived, and proceeded to again read his warrant and reach over the bar for his man. The latter stepped into the Vermont corner of his domicile, and just as he did so, he was seized by the constable from that State, but while the latter was pulling out his warrant and handcuffs, the New Yorker broke away from him and got over into the State of New York, where he was beyond the jurisdiction of both. After a time, however, it came to the knowledge of the authorities on this side of the line that a man was selling liquor without a license, and a warrant was obtained for his arrest for violating the laws of the great Empire State. When the Petersburg constable appeared upon the scene, he found that the man had removed his stock to the Vermont side of his house, and was retailing drinks to the State of Massachusetts. Of course the officer was powerless to go across the line to arrest him, and he again escaped. The affair was the talk of the country for miles around, but finally the officers of the three States moved upon the shanty at one and the same time, and the defiant rum-seller was now in hot water. He carried out the "joke" to the end, however; for, getting on top of the stone, which stands partly in three States, he shouted: "Come on and divide me into three parts, but I'll make it hot for him that takes the two-thirds of me that don't belong to him." He had, however, taken too large a quantity of his own medicine to enable him to preserve his equilibrium on top of the stone, and while still defying the constables he fell off and rolled into the State of Massachusetts, where he was secured by the officer from that State and taken to Williamstown in triumph. The other two constables concluded that the liquor was partly in the State of Vermont and partly in the State of New York, and they made an equal division, each confining one-half of the stock in trade in the name of his State.—Troy N. Y. Times.

No man attacks the reputation of a youth as a woman attack that of a girl. The man who should come into his club and whisper about damning stories of his friend's young son, who should accuse him of dishonorable doings such as would ruin the lad's character as thoroughly as the charge of immodesty, flirting with married men and the like would ruin that of a girl, would soon have the room to himself. But women, over the tea-table gather up the crumbs of scandal with relish and appreciation, and even the mothers of the girls are not ashamed to believe and repeat stories against their dear friend's daughter which may have no foundation in fact, and which, even if true, they have no means of proving and testing.

The unfaithful man is more untrue to himself than to any one else. Every promise which he breaks, every trust which he dishonors, every responsibility which he throws off, every rightful labor which he shirks, weakens the force of the inner law, destroys his firmness, impairs his energy, hardens his conscience and renders him not a free man, but a slave. In being unfaithful to others, he is still more unfaithful to his own nature; in trying to secure some paltry gratification, he has lost the richest treasure of his being.

The wear and tear of life comes chiefly from straining after the impossible. Nervous excitement, alternate hopes and disappointments, unavailing struggles, feverish anxieties, bitter failures—these are the worst enemies of health and happiness, the most fatal destroyers of peace and prosperity. They come for the most part from taking up needless burdens.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet.