

RAILROADS.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Nov. 12th, 1871, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Mail, 6:05 a. m., daily except Sunday...

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12th, 1871, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: WESTWARD. Cincinnati Express (flag) 11:05 p. m. Daily...

Northern Central Railway.

Through and Direct Route to and from Washington, Baltimore, Elkhart, Erie, Buffalo, Rochester and Niagara Falls.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY November 12th 1871, the trains on the Northern Central Railway will run as follows:

NORTHWARD. MAIL TRAIN. Leaves Baltimore, 8:30 a. m. | Harrisburg, 1:45 p. m. Williamsport 7:00 p. m., and arr. at Elmira, 10:45 a. m.

BUFFALO EXPRESS. Leaves Baltimore, 7:30 p. m. | Harrisburg, 10:40 p. m. Williamsport, 2:25 a. m. | Elmira, 5:30 a. m.

WESTERN EXPRESS. Leaves Baltimore, 10:05 p. m. | Harrisburg, 12:50 a. m. Niagara Express. Lvs. Baltimore, 8:00 a. m. | Harrisburg, 10:55 a. m.

SOUTHWARD. MAIL TRAIN. Leaves Elmira, 5:40 a. m. | Williamsport, 9:15 a. m. Harrisburg, 2:10 p. m. | Baltimore, 6:50 p. m.

For further information apply at the Ticket office, Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, ALFRED R. FISKE, General Superintendent.

READING RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Monday, Nov. 13th, 1871.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH AND NORTH-WEST for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.

Trans leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 2:45, 8:10, A. M., and 2:50, P. M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad...

East Penna. Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 4:34, 10:40 a. m. and 4:05 p. m. Returning leave New York at 9:00 a. m., 12:30 noon and 5:00 p. m.

Reading Accommodation Train: leaves Pottsville at 5:40 a. m., passing Reading at 7:30 a. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 10:20 a. m.

Reading Accommodation Train: leaves Pottsville at 7:30 a. m., passing Reading at 9:20 a. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 12:10 p. m.

Reading Accommodation Train: leaves Pottsville at 11:15 a. m., passing Reading at 1:05 p. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 4:00 p. m.

Reading Accommodation Train: leaves Pottsville at 3:00 p. m., passing Reading at 4:50 p. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 7:40 p. m.

Reading Accommodation Train: leaves Pottsville at 5:30 p. m., passing Reading at 7:20 p. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 10:10 p. m.

Reading Accommodation Train: leaves Pottsville at 8:00 p. m., passing Reading at 9:50 p. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 12:40 p. m.

Reading Accommodation Train: leaves Pottsville at 10:30 p. m., passing Reading at 12:20 p. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 3:10 a. m.

Reading Accommodation Train: leaves Pottsville at 1:00 a. m., passing Reading at 2:50 a. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 5:40 a. m.

Reading Accommodation Train: leaves Pottsville at 3:30 a. m., passing Reading at 5:20 a. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 8:10 a. m.

CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad yet sweet to listen To the soft wind's gentle swell, And think we hear the music Our childhood loved so well;

There are many dreams of gladness That cling around the past, And from the tomb of feeling, Old thoughts come thronging fast:

Those bright and gentle maidens, Who seemed so formed for bliss, Too glorious and too heavenly For such a world as this!

Like the brightest buds of summer, They have fallen from the stem, Yet, oh! it is a lovely dream, To fade from earth like them.

And yet the thought is saddening, To muse on such as they, And feel that all the beautiful Are passing swift away!

That the fair ones whom we love Grow to each loving breast, Like tendrils of the clinging vine, And perish when they rest.

Why Old Dick Was not up to Time. IN the early days in Kentucky, the settlers were put to great trouble with wolves. The baryard suffered to a great extent in the way of pigs, calves, etc., from their depredations, which frequently, in mid-winter were even carried to the audacious extreme of attacking human beings.

He was "a good-for-nothing old darkey," as the world went in the neighborhood, whose sole merit consisted in his fiddling; but by-the-way—singular as this merit was—it in reality constituted him by far the most important gentleman of color within forty miles around.

On the occasion of a grand wedding on a neighboring plantation, some six miles distant, old Dick was, of course, expected to officiate as master of the ceremonies.

The moon was out, and the stars twinkled merrily overhead, as the spry old man trudged away over the crisp and creaking snow. The path, which was a narrow one, led, for the greater part of the way, through the dark shadow of a heavy bottom forest, which yet remained as wild as when the Indians roamed it, and was untraversed by a wagon-road for many miles.

On he dashed with unrelaxing energy, heedless of the black shadows and hideous night-cries in the deep forest. Wolves were howling around him in every direction, but he paid no attention to sounds that were so common.

However, he was soon compelled to give more heed to those animals than was by any means pleasing or expected. He had now made nearly half of his journey and the light opening ahead through the trees showed him the "old clearing," as it was called, through which his path led.

Wolves are cautious about attacking a human being at once, but usually require some little time to work themselves up to the point. That such was the case now proved most lucky for poor old Dick, who began to realize the horrible danger, as a dark object would brush past his legs every few moments, with a snapping sound like the ring of a steel trap; while the yells and patter of the gathering wolves increased with terrible rapidity.

Suppose you were to see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?" said a teacher to a plow boy pupil, whom he was examining on miracles. "The moon, please, sir!" "But suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night, what would you think?" "Please, sir, I should think it was time to get up."

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A Floating City.

ONE of the most wonderful cities in the world is Bangkok. It is the capital of Siam, and is situated on—or rather in—the great river Meinam. The following graphic account is from a volume of travels:—

"The capital of Siam! Did you ever witness such a sight in your life? On either side of the wide, majestic stream, moored in regular streets, and alleys, and extending as far as the eye can reach, are upwards of seventy thousand neat little wooden houses; each house floating on a compact raft of bamboos, and the whole intermediate space of the river presents to our astonished gaze one dense mass of ships, junks and boats of every conceivable shape, color and size.

Luckily the old man reached the hut just as they were at his heels, and slamming the rickety door behind him, he had time to climb upon the roof, where he was comparatively out of danger.

The wolves, throug the interior, leaped at him with wild yells of gnashing rage. Poor old Dick had managed to cling to his fiddle through it all, and remembering that it had saved him in the woods, he now, with the sheer energy of desperation, drew his bow shrieking across the strings, with a sound that rose high above their deafening yells, while, with his feet kicking out into the air, he endeavored to avoid their steel-like fangs.

When the head of a great wolf was thrust up between the boards of the roof within a few inches of where he sat, he gave himself up for a gone darkey, and went to fiddling "Yankee Doodle" with all his might. With the first notes of the air silence commenced; the brutes owned the subduing spell, and the terror-stricken fiddler, when he came to himself—astonished at the sudden cessation of hostilities—saw he was surrounded by the most attentive and certainly appreciative audience he had ever played before.

For the moment there was the slightest cessation of the music, every listener sprang forward to renew the battle, and set his pipe-stem legs to flying about in the air again.

But he had now learned the spell, and as long as he continued to play with tolerable correctness he was comparatively safe. The old fiddler forgot his terror in professional pride, for he was decidedly flattered by such intense appreciation; and entering into the spirit of the thing, played with a gusto and effect such as he thought he had never before surpassed or even equalled.

But as time progressed, he began to give way under cold fatigue, and exhaustion. But he could not stop a moment before they were at him again, and there they persistently sat, that shaggy troop of connoisseurs, sidgiting on their haunches, with lolling tongues and pricked ears, listening to their compulsory charmer, for several weary hours until the negroes at the wedding, becoming impatient or alarmed about the old man, came out to look for him, and found him thus perched upon the roof of the tottering hut, sawing away for dear life. They rescued the old man from his comfortless position, while the lingering forms of his late audience told that they most unwillingly surrendered the fruition of their unwanted feast.

It became necessary last week in the Criminal Court at Newport, Ky., in order to render a boy witness competent, to prove that he had reached the age of ten years, and his mother, an Irish woman, was called for that purpose.

"How old is your son John?" quoth the lawyer. "Indade, sir, I dunno, but I think he's not tin yet," was the reply.

"Did you make no record of his birth?" "The priest did, in the ould country, where he was born."

"How long after your marriage was that?" "About a year; may be less."

"When were you married?" "Dade, sir, I dunno."

"Did you not bring a certificate of your marriage with you from the old country?" "Hey, sir? and what should I made wid a certificate whin I had the ould mon himself along wid me?"

No further questions were asked.

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ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Poetical Enigma.

There is a word of plural number A foe to peace and human slumber Now any word you chance to take By adding a you plural make;

Problem. Can any one send an answer to the following problem? Two men A and B are on a straight road on opposite sides of a gate, and distant from it, A 308 yards, and B 277 yards, and travel towards each other. At what time will each be at the same distance from the original station of the other, B traveling 3 yards and A 2 1/8 yards each second?

Answer to Enigma in the TIMES of the 2nd Inst. "SLEEP."

A Shawl Factory in Cashmere.

JOHN B. Ireland, who travelled a long time in India and Cashmere, gives some curious facts about the manufacture and cost of a real Cashmere scarf or shawl. While in Cashmere he visited Mooki Shah, who is the best and the greatest manufacturer of shawls in that city.

The traveler bought a shawl which took fifteen men seven months to make; the workmen received four and three-fourths cents a day! Mr. I. says he cannot imagine where all the one, two and three hundred dollar shawls come from—certainly not from Cashmere. Mooki Shah makes none that could be brought in London or New York for less than eight or nine hundred dollars.

Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly at a hundred miles an hour without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us.

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ADROIT ROGUES.

A hat and fur dealer in Boston was recently victimized by two rogues. The fellow were in the store at the same time, and while one was negotiating with the man in attendance for the purchase of a hat, the other seized a Russian sable cape, worth about \$75, and left with it.

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