

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 28th, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS: For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.30, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m. and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 p. m. and 7.55 p. m. trains have through cars for New York. The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 2.00 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.40 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m. 3.40, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.15, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.05 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.25 a. m., 12.15 4.30 and 9.00 p. m. The 2.30 a. m. train from Allentown and the 4.40 a. m. train from Reading do not run on Mondays.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, 2.30 a. m. and 9.00 p. m. \*Via Morris and Essex Rail Road.

J. E. WOOLLEN, General Superintendent.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876. Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST.

Mifflintown Acc. 7.15 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Express 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 10.02 p. m., flag—daily.

WEST.

Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.38 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 p. m., daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 p. m., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.10 a. m., daily (flag). Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 35 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time. J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, trains will leave Duncannon as follows:

EASTWARD.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 7.53 a. m. Johnstown Express 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.04 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m. W. M. C. KING Agent.

CALIFORNIA.

THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY Embraces under one management the great Trunk Railway Lines of the WEST and NORTH-WEST, and, with its numerous branches and connections, forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California and the Western Territories. Its

Omaha and California Line

Is the shortest and best route for all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan, Australia, etc.

CHICAGO, MADISON AND ST. PAUL LINE

Is the short line for Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and all points in the Great Northwest. Its

WINONA AND ST. PETER LINE

Is the only route for Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its

GREEN BAY AND MARQUETTE LINE

Is the only line for Janesville, Watertown, Fond Du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock and the Lake Superior Country. Its

FREEPORT AND DUBUQUE LINE

Is the only route for Elgin, Rockford, Freeport, and all points via Freeport. Its

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE LINE

Is the old Lake Shore Route, and is the only one passing through Evanston, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha to Milwaukee.

Pullman Palace Cars

are run on all through trains of this road. This is the ONLY LINE running these cars between Chicago and St. Paul, Chicago and Milwaukee, or Chicago and Winona.

At Omaha our Sleepers connect with the Overland Sleepers on the Union Pacific Railroad for points West of the Missouri River.

On the arrival of trains from the East or South, the trains of the Chicago & North-Western Railway LEAVE CHICAGO as follows:

For Council Bluffs, Omaha and California, Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars through to Council Bluffs.

For St. Paul and Minneapolis, Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Palace Cars attached and running through to Marquette.

For Milwaukee, Four through Trains daily, Pullman Cars on night trains, Parlor Chair Cars on day trains.

For Sparta and Winona and points in Minnesota, One through train daily, with Pullman Sleepers to Winona.

For Dubuque, via Freeport, Two through trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night trains.

For Dubuque and LaCrosse, via Clinton, Two Through Trains daily, with Pullman Cars on night train to McGregor, Iowa.

For Sioux City and Yankton, Two Trains daily, Pullman Cars to Missouri Valley Junction.

For Lake Geneva, Four Trains daily.

For Rockford, Sterling, Kenosha, Janesville, and other points, you can have from two to ten trains daily.

New York Office, No. 415 Broadway; Boston Office, No. 5, State Street; Omaha Office, 2/3 Farnham Street; San Francisco Office, 121 Montgomery Street; Chicago Ticket Offices: 82 Clark Street, under Sherman House; Corner Canal and Madison Streets; Kinzie Street Depot, corner W. Kinzie and Canal Streets; Wells Street Depot, corner Wells and Kinzie Streets.

For rates or information not attainable from your home ticket agent, apply to

MARVIN HUGHETT, Gen. Sup't. Chicago, W. B. SERNETT, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Chicago. [4]

Stage Line Between Newport and New Germantown.

STAGES leave New Germantown daily at four o'clock a. m. Landsburg at 7.30 a. m. Green Park at 8 a. m. New Bloomfield at 9 1/4 a. m. Arriving at Newport to connect with the Accommodation train East.

Returning leaves Newport on the arrival of the Mail Train from Philadelphia, at 2.30 p. m.

Z. KICE, Proprietor.

LADIES AND CHILDREN will find a splendid assortment of shoes at these price stores of P. Mortimer

A WOMAN'S TESTIMONY.

IT WAS an unpopular case to defend. The crime charged against my client was one of shocking atrocity, the murder of his own child. The popular verdict had already condemned him, and there was little doubt but that of the jury would go the same way.

Arthur Berkley, the prisoner, had married Edith Granger, a wealthy heiress whose father had died, leaving her his whole fortune, to the exclusion of a profligate son whom he had disinherited and driven from his home.

Mrs. Berkley died within a year after marriage, leaving an infant a few weeks old, a feeble little creature, requiring constant and assiduous care. Indeed, Dr. Baldwin almost took up his quarters in the house, often passing the night there, that he might be at hand in case of need.

One of these nights, the doctor, as he afterwards stated in his evidence, after retiring to bed, feeling solicitous about his little charge, got up and stole softly to the nursery to see that everything was right.

He found the door ajar and a dim light burning within. As he advanced, he distinctly saw Arthur Berkley standing by the table, holding to the child's mouth the bottle from which it was accustomed to receive its food. At the sound of the doctor's footsteps, he quickly put down the bottle, and stealthily left the apartment by a side entrance.

Not a little surprised at these movements, the doctor approached and laid his hand upon the child's face, which he found in violent convulsions, which were followed, in a few seconds, by the stillness of death.

A post mortem examination, and analysis of the contents of the stomach, placed it beyond doubt that prussic acid had been administered. And an examination of the bottle, found where Berkley had left it, proved that the milk in it contained a large quantity of the same deadly poison.

On this evidence Berkley was arrested and indicted for murder; and there was not a dissenting voice to his guilt. An incentive to the crime was found in the fact that, as heir to his child, he would inherit the fortune which had descended to the latter through the death of its mother. No wonder a deed so monstrous, actuated by motives so mercenary, should excite the deepest indignation.

Berkley's previous character had been good. He had appeared gentle and kind; had been a devoted husband; and during the brief period of its life, had shown the tenderest attachment to his child.

In my conference with him, he seemed overwhelmed with grief, but strenuously denied all imputations of guilt, asserting that he had not gone to the nursery after retiring that night, till called by the alarm of the child's death.

Of course, his statements, in the face of proofs so damaging, weighed but little. I had no confidence in them myself. Still, it was my professional duty to see that a man on trial for his life, who had entrusted me with his cause, had every right the law accorded him. This duty performed, my conscience would be clear whatever the result.

It would be tedious to dwell on the steps preceding the trial. I interposed no obstacles in its coming on speedily. My aim was not to thwart the ends of justice, but to see it fairly meted out.

Dr. Baldwin was the first and chief witness. He told his story clearly and methodically; and it was easy to see it carried conviction to the jury. My rigid cross-examination only served to bring out his evidence with more distinctness of detail. I elicited the fact, for instance, that the child's nurse lay in the same room; that she was asleep when the doctor entered, and that it was to her he first announced the child's death. I also examined fully as to the prisoner's acts at the time the alarm was given, endeavoring to show that he came from the direction of his own chamber, appearing to have been just aroused from sleep. But I made nothing of this, the witness stating that his agitation had distracted his attention from these points.

The doctor had only recently settled among us, but his conduct had been so exemplary that he had made many friends. He had especially won the confidence of the prisoner. I interrogated him as to his past career, but brought out nothing to his discredit.

The evidence of the chemist who made the analysis was next put in, and the State's attorney "rested."

"I have brought the nurse here," he said, "but as she was asleep when the prisoner entered, her evidence is unimportant. I thought it my duty to have her here, however, to afford the other side the opportunity to call her if they desire."

"Nothing could render the prisoner's case more hopeless than it was already, while something might come out to his advantage.

"I will call the witness," I said.

She was a middle-aged woman, of not unprepossessing appearance. Her agitation was visible; and I noticed that, in taking the oath, she laid her hand beside the book and not upon it.

"I ask that the witness be sworn with her hand on the book," I said, calling attention to the omission.

The judge so ordered; and the witness's hand shook violently as she reluctantly obeyed the direction, and the oath was re-administered.

After a few preliminary questions as to the hour of her retiring, her falling asleep, &c.

"What is the next thing you remember?" I asked.

The witness hesitated.

"Answer the question," said His Honor.

"I—I heard a noise as of some one coming into the room," she faltered.

"Did you see any one enter?"

Another pause.

I repeated the inquiry.

"I did," was the answer.

"What did the person do?"

The woman's face grew paler, and it was with difficulty she found utterance.

"He came to the side of the cradle," she said, "with the bottle of milk in his hand, and put it to the baby's mouth."

The judge and State's attorney both bent forward in eager attention. The latter it was evident, had not expected this testimony.

I felt that my questions, thus far, had only served to draw the halter closer about my client's neck. But I had gone too far to retreat.

My voice trembled almost as much as that of the witness as I proceeded.

"Did you recognize that person?"

"I did," was the answer, scarcely audible.

My client's life hung on the answer to the next question! The silence of the court-room was death-like. I dreaded to break it. The sound of my voice startled me when I spoke.

Who was it?" I asked.

Her lips moved, but no sound came.

"By the solemn oath you have taken on that sacred book, and by your hopes of salvation hereafter, I adjure you to tell the truth!" I said, earnestly.

Her agitation was fearful to witness. She shook from head to foot. A deadly pallor overspread her face. Slowly raising her trembling hand, and pointing at Dr. Baldwin.

"That is the man!" she almost shrieked.

Then, in quick, wild accents she went on to tell that on finding himself discovered by reason of her waking, the culprit, who was no other than George Granger, Mrs. Berkley's profligate brother, had disclosed to her that his purpose was to regain his lost inheritance by putting out of the way those who stood between him and it, promising the witness to provide for her handsomely, if she kept his secret; but, when put to the test, she had found herself unable to violate her solemn oath.

George Granger, alias Dr. Baldwin, would have left the court-room, but an officer was ordered to detain him; and when his disguise was removed, though he had been absent many years, there were many present who could testify to his identity.

My client was acquitted on the spot; and his cell in the prison was that night occupied by his false accuser.

ANECDOTE OF JEFFERSON.

MANY amusing anecdotes are handed down to us of Thomas Jefferson, and of those who were politically opposed to him. Here is one worth relating:

Mr. Jefferson was in the habit of driving himself in a gig, when he made his visit to his country seat, Monticello, at Charlottesville, Virginia. He preferred this mode of traveling to the stage-coach, and of railways there were none then between Washington and his rural residence. On one of his trips he saw a boy poorly clad, trudging along the road side, and accosted him, asking him if he would like a ride. The boy promptly and frankly accepted the invitation, and soon charmed his unknown friend by his ingenious, boyish conversation. After a time Mr. Jefferson asked his companion if he had ever heard of Tom Jefferson?

"O, yes," was the quick response. "My dad says he's the biggest rascal ever lived."

Nothing daunted by this unexpected answer, the President continued the conversation; and when in reply to allusions purposely made to Jefferson, the lad would exclaim that "dad said he was a traitor to his country," he would say, in explanation, "Oh, perhaps you would not find him such a bad fellow after all." When he reached the point where his companion must leave him, Mr. Jefferson said, as he lightly leaped to the ground:

"You can tell your dad you had a ride with Tom Jefferson, and he is not such a bad fellow."

"Dogged if I do!" exclaimed the youth. "Dad would give me the worst

licking I ever had if he knew I had been riding with you."

Still amused at the youth's persistence, Mr. Jefferson said in a kindly tone:

"Now, my little fellow, I want you to come and see me at the White House, in Washington; and you'll find that I'm not quite as bad as your dad thinks me."

The boy, with a bare acknowledgment of the friendly invitation, ran off toward his house. He was however, sufficiently engrossed to tell "dad" that he was asked to go and see the President at the White House, and meant to go.

"Nonsense!" sneered the parent; "when you go there he will ask you who in the world you are."

"No he won't," persisted the lad, "and I'm a going."

He was as good as his word. His fall supplies, a homespun suit and a change of underclothing, had just been completed; and one morning, donning the new suit and a new shirt, and putting the remainder of his personal effects in a handkerchief he twisted a stick through his baggage, slung it over his shoulder, and started briskly off to walk to Washington to see his friend.

In due time the brave youngster reached the capital city, and inquiring the way to the White House, he soon found himself at the entrance. To the servant who appeared in response to his vigorous blows on the panel of the door, he boldly demanded to see Tom Jefferson.

"He's at dinner and has company," replied the attendant, not a little astonished at the travel-soiled boy with his bundle.

"That's nothing," promptly the adventurer answered, "he told me to come here to see him, and I've come and I ain't going off without seeing him either."

There was no choice but to obey, so the servant went to the dining-room and told his master that a boy was outside who said he must see the President, as he had been told to come. Mr. Jefferson at once ordered the intruder to be brought in; and the shabby youth, with his bundle still over his shoulder, found himself in the midst of a state dinner party. But nothing daunted by his strange position, when the President in genuine astonishment exclaimed, "Who under the sun are you?" the youngster ejaculated:

"Now that's just what dad said you'd say if I came here. I'm Charles Morgan, and you axed me to come when I was riding with you t'other day."

"So I did," replied the President, his recollection of the incident reviving; "and now you are here, sit down with us and take some dinner."

Another plate was ordered to be placed on the table; and Charles Morgan took a seat with undiminished assurance among the fine ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Jefferson directed the dusty bundle, to which the lad clung to the last, to be taken to a spare bed-room, and announced his intention of keeping the owner thereof as his guest.

After a few days, during which the President had greatly enjoyed the outspoken frankness and fearless nature of the acquaintance picked up by the wayside, he enquired of young Morgan what he could do for him.

"What would you like to be when you are a man, my fine fellow?" he asked.

"I want to be a colonel," was the answer, in which Charley persisted in reply to the question, whenever put to him, until one day a play-fellow was brought to him in the shape of a young midshipman. When, after enjoying the society of his new acquaintance for a short time, the President once more questioned him as to his wishes in regard to his future, he made up his mind with his customary decision that nothing but the navy would meet his desires.

To his great delight, Mr. Jefferson told him that his wishes in this respect could be gratified. The sequel to the story is easy told. The boy entered the navy, and served his country nobly during the rest of his life. And Commodore Morgan I am told by those who knew him best always preserved the honest simplicity of character and fearlessness which so attracted "Tom" Jefferson when he met the outspoken Charley Morgan on the Virginia highway.

Doing a Cabman.

DOCTOR Tim Swinney was one of the best fellows in his time on this planet, which, unfortunately, owing to an ardent temperament and taste for the ardent generally, was but brief. He was a medical student at the Baltimore University, pulled through somehow, and graduated. Then he began to practice; but it was practice similar to Mr. Bob Sawyer's in the novel—chiefly on the medical drinking glasses. Tim had hosts of friends, legions of creditors, and seldom a dollar; but the absence of the last made little difference with him, as he paid on the principle of good government—altogether in promises. His tricks in financiering were sometimes most amusing, and one of the best as follows:

On a certain Saturday night Tim was out late having a good time with three friends, and about midnight they found locomotion somewhat difficult. One of them suggested a carriage; but the whole four could not muster a fourth of the sum to pay for it. "Never mind," said Tim. "I'll fix it." He hailed a hack, all got in and were deposited one after another each at his place of residence, leaving Tim to settle with the cabman.

At length his boarding house also was reached, and cabby got down and opened the carriage door. He found Tim, apparently very drunk, on his knees searching the floor of the vehicle. "I shay," he stammered tipsily, "I've dropped a twenty-dollar note—hic—on the floor. Help me to search for it." "Are you sure you dropped it in the carriage?" inquired cabby.

"Course I am, cos I drop—dropped my pocket-book too. Help me to find it, can't you?" Cabby suggested they had better get a light. "You go in and get one."

Cabby suggested that he was a stranger, and would probably be taken for a burglar if he made entrance at that unseemly hour; but he offered to help Tim to the door and to stand there till he returned with a lamp. Tim finally consented, and was assisted with great difficulty up the front steps; the door was opened with his latch key, and he staggered in, Cabby immediately darted to the box and rattled away. "Stop thief!" shouted Tim; but with a loud laugh the hackman whipped up his horse, whirled round the corner and disappeared. I don't think he has found that pocket-book yet.

How One Word Changed The Reading.

Highlanders have the habit, when talking their English, as it is, of interjecting the personal pronoun "he" where not required, such as "The king he has come," instead of "The king has come." Often in consequence, a sentence or expression is rendered sufficiently ludicrous, as the sequel with show. A gentleman says he has had the pleasure of listening to a clever man, the Rev. M——, let his locality be a secret, and recently he began his discourse thus: "My friends you'll find the subject of discourse this afternoon in the first epistle general of the Apostle Peter, chapter 5th and verse 8th, in the words, 'The devil he goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' Now, my friends, we will divide the subject of our text into four heads. Firstly, we shall endeavor to ascertain, 'Who the devil he was?' Secondly, we shall inquire into the geographical position—namely, 'Where the devil he was going?' Thirdly, and this is of a personal character—'Who the devil he was seeking?' And fourthly and lastly, we shall endeavor to solve a question which has never been solved yet—'What the devil he was roaring about?'"

A Sensible Dog.

Here is an anecdote with a sharp moral that comes to us all the way from Australia: Sixty years ago, when I was a teacher in Kilmaculm parish, says John Fraser, I was using whiskey biters for my stomach's sake. One day I dipped a piece of cake in it and gave it to the dog. He grudgingly ate it, curling up his lips to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and unannaturally looked up in my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes were extraordinary. He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever afterward I went to the dresser for the bottle he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being shut, he sprung at one bolt through a pane of glass, to get outside. So much for the wisdom of the dog—infinity surpassing that of foolish drinking men.

A lady in the Christian Union takes Dr. Tyng to task for saying that if all the women in his congregation would give up "three-buttoned gloves" and wear one-buttoned, the saving would be enough to secure a support for his orphan house, and she asks "Why, if there is self-denial to be done, is it always required of women?" She concludes: "If Mr. Tyng does not succeed with his gloves, let him try upon cigars; there would be more than the saving in gloves. He would gain by it, and the men of his congregation would be cleaner and live longer."

Sheridan, being on a Parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all of the members were seated and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed and looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?"

A widower was recently rejected by a damsel who didn't want affections that had been "warned over."

Difficult Punctuation—Putting a stop to a gossip's tongue.