

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 25th, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS:

For New York, at 5.30, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.10 and 5.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.30, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m. and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.30, 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 5.30 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 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., 1.50, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 8.15, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 6.05 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 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 7.20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.35 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. WOOTTEN, 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. 7.19 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Express 12.32 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, 2.58 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. 5.55 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 15 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time.

J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANSON STATION.

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

EASTWARD.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 7.53 A. M. Johnstown Express 12.32 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express 10.02 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 5.16 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M.

W. M. C. KING Agent.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

THE "SINGER" SEWING MACHINE.

SINGER MACHINE. SINGER MACHINE. SINGER MACHINE. SINGER MACHINE. SINGER MACHINE. SINGER MACHINE. SINGER MACHINE. SINGER MACHINE. SINGER MACHINE. SINGER MACHINE.

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE is so well known that it is not necessary to mention its many good qualities.

Every one who has any knowledge of Sewing Machines knows that it will do EVERY KIND OF WORK.

In a Superior Manner. The Machine is easily kept in order; easily operated, and is acknowledged by all, to be the

The Best Machine in the World. Persons wanting a Sewing Machine should examine the Singer, before purchasing. They can be bought on the

Most Liberal Terms OF F. MORTIMER, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

General Agent for Perry Co. Or of the following Local Agents on the same terms: A. F. KEIM, Newport, Pa. JAS. P. LONG, Duncanson, Pa.

REMOVAL. The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Pennsylvania Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at REDUCED PRICES, all kinds of leather and harness goods. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest wholesale prices, I fear no competition. Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a specialty. JOR. M. HAWLEY, Duncanson, July 19, 1876—17

A Sudden Proposal.

NO, there's no use hunting for a husband. When your time has come you'll die; and when your time has come, you'll marry. Some is marked out for it, some isn't. Now there was Fenella Jackson; you'd have thought if ever a gal was cut out to match, she was.

And there's Jane Jones, that hain't but one eye, and went out a dress making for a liven', and she's got the richest man in town. There is no telling, and you can't fix things—they fix themselves.

Didn't I ever tell you about my cousin, Neptany Ann Camberling? Sho! why, I thought I had. Well, I'll tell you now, for it's considerable curious.

Neptany Ann, she was a widder, and she wasn't left very well off, and was sort of good lookin' and not mor'n thirty; so she says right out and out, soon as her mourning was off: "I mean to marry again." And her relations they all thought 'twas quite sensible, and the most of them being married themselves, they gave her all the chance they could; but nobody proposed.

Then Neptany went to see her friends in Boston, and her friends in New York and there it was the same thing. She did her best, too, I must say. No one could do better; but all the same the years rolled on and on, and Neptany got to be forty; and folks began to say it wasn't any use for trying any more, and she began to think so herself, and she went home to her own house and didn't board nor visit any more, and stopped dressing up. She was good looking yet, too, mind you; and one day when I was over there taking tea, she just ups and outs with it:

"I declare, Aunt Millikin," said she, "it's just the funniest thing to me that I've got to set down and take care of myself when folks that ain't no better than I be anyway, step off and settle down. There's Mrs. Flint—lean as a guide post, married to 'Squire Becker; and Fanny Jones, with her little turned up nose—a real old maid, too—she making her weddin' dress; and lots of others are going and gone, and here am I—and you know I'm handsome—and not an offer. What does it mean?"

"It means your time hasn't come," says I. "Now, if I was single, I s'pose I should like to step off as well as any one, but I wouldn't try. If he's a coming he'll come if you go and sit on the top of a mountain. You may hunt the world over for him and just when you make up your mind you can't find him he will come a flying in at the window."

"He'll have to hurry if he's coming here," says Neptany, laughing; just then smash-bang-crash something came flying through the big bow window; and first we jumped up and shrieked and ran away and then we came running back; for what had come through the bow window was an elderly man with a bald head.

He'd had his hat on when he come through, and when we'd picked him up we found he wasn't as much hurt as we should have expected.

Neptany was a master hand to fix up folks that were sick or anything, and she bandaged beautifully, and I made him a big bowl of bone set tea right off, and what's more, made him drink it.—And then, and not till then Neptany says to him:

"And now, sir, may I ask you how it was you came flying through my window instead of knocking at my door?" "I didn't fly, I was thrown," says he. "In fact, I'm not much of a horseman anyhow, and the first thing I knew I was over his head."

"Might have killed you," says Neptany.

"Well," says he, "that wouldn't have made much difference to this world. I'm only a miserable old bachelor. What good is a bachelor, lonely, unloved, uncared for;" and then he groaned, and then I gave him another swig of bone set tea.

"Well," says Neptany Ann, "I've heard old bachelors complainin' before, but I never pity them. It's all their own fault. Why haven't you proposed to some nice, sensible girl and settled down with a wife? Any man can get married. It's all in his own hands."

When she said that the old bachelor sat up on the sofa and brought his fist down on the table with a bang that made the new bowl of bone set tea I'd just made slop over.

"It isn't," says he. "I know people think so, but there's many and many a man that wants to get married and can't. There's a fate against it. Madam, I give you my word of honor that every girl I ever proposed to has refused me."

"More fools they," cried I. "I think so, too," said he. "I'm not a bad-looking man, I'm rich. I'm of a good family, and free as air; and not one

of all the girl spinsters I've asked, but they said "No."

"Your time hasn't come yet," says I. "And it won't now," says he: "for I'll be hanged if I'll be used so again.—Why, I've known men as poor as church mice; ugly men, crooked men, lame men, lazy men with worthless characters, all sorts of men to get dear, loving, sweet, beautiful women for wives, and here am I. I'd like to know what's the matter with me. Can't have one? I ask you as two respectable married ladies of experience, Why?"

"Your time hasn't come yet," says I. "Such things are mysteries, as my poor, dear, late husband used to say," said Neptany Ann.

And I knew that he never said any thing about it. She just lugged in his name then for a reason she had.

"Ah," says the bachelor, pricking up his ears. "You're a widow, then?"

"Yes," says Neptany.

"I wouldn't have said what I have if I'd have known it," said the bachelor; but since I have, may I ask you what you think? Why can't I make the women folks like me? Is it my looks?"

"Well, I should think they were all well!" said Neptany.

"Must be something," said the old bachelor. "Now be candid; if I'd have said to you, 'Madam, here I am will you have me? why, you would have said 'no.'"

"May be I shouldn't have said 'no,'" said Neptany.

"Yes you would," said the bachelor.

"I don't think I should," said Neptany. "Your quite good looking; you've a warm heart and a way I like, and you say you're rich, why should I?"

"I'll prove you would," said the bachelor, getting up from the lounge.—"Now madam, here I am. I haven't known you long, but you're a very handsome woman; and a good one I'll bet. I'll offer you my hand and heart and fortune. Will you be my wife? Now!"

"But you're only joking, you see," said Neptany.

"No. I'm in earnest. No evasion," said the bachelor. "I make you a serious offer, Mrs. Camberling. I know you very well by name. Your friends, the Pimlicoos, may have spoken of me, Mr. Jobling. Now, will you have me?"

"Yes," said Neptany.

"Honestly 'yes,'" said she.

I just set down on a rocking-chair and says I:

"Hunt the world over for love, and you won't find him, and just as you lock your door he comes flying in at the window."

It was risky—there's no denying that, but Neptany Ann and Mr. Jobling are just the happiest couple I know, and the best proof that what I say about marriage is true, that I can point out to you.

A Red-Skin Romance.

MISS LIZZIE SNOOK reached Pittsburgh on Friday by rail from Omaha. The Post says she gives the following account of herself: "She was born in Philadelphia on June 3rd, 1859. Winfield Snook, her father, was employed as a dry goods clerk on the corner of Clark and Van Buren streets. In 1866 her father, mother, herself and a little brother started for Iowa to visit George Hahn, her mother's brother, who lived near Atlantic, Clark county, Iowa. On the 12th of October her father and uncle left the house to visit Atlantic.—Her mother in the meantime took seriously ill with rheumatism and was confined to bed on the day mentioned.—During the absence of the men a band of Sioux Indians visited the house, and absconded with herself, her brother and her cousin Emma Hahn, who was two years older than Lizzie. The little boy was terribly frightened at the red-skins and kept bitterly crying until in their rage their Indians dashed his brains out against a tree. The girls, however, received better treatment, and were escorted in safety to the camp of the tribe.

"Here they were put to play with young injuns and were given to understand that they would be reared after the semi-civilized manner of the red-skins. From that time until about four weeks ago, Miss Snook declares, she never laid eyes on a white man. She led the life of a squaw, was made to do all the drudgery of the family which adopted her, and in short, led a miserable life. Some months ago her cousin married a chief of the tribe. One of the big braves also fell in love with Lizzie, but the lass did not look with favor upon him, and refused his attentions. Then the savages began to ill treat and abuse her.—Fortunately, however, four white men named Welsh, Bakemeyer, Stewart and Clark, who had been visiting the Black Hills, appeared in the camp of her tribe and rescued her. They escorted her to Omaha, and from that point she had

been furnished free transportation, through the kindness of railroad officials, to this point. She is on her way, she says, to Lock Haven, Pa., where lives Mr. B. S. Snook, an uncle. The girl told a straightforward story. She said she had been taught to read before leaving Philadelphia, and her cousin had taught her to write during her sojourn among the Indians. She seemed to possess too much intelligence to have been reared in the wilds of the Black Hills, but beyond this there was no reason to disbelieve her statement."

ENGLISH RAILWAY TICKETS.

AN English Journal says: It is now some forty years since railway tickets were printed and issued. The originator of the idea was a man employed at a wayside station in the neighborhood of Carlisle, England, and those he then used were about the same size as the tickets now issued. But his arrangements for printing them were of the most primitive description. In fact, a few types fastened together in a case about the size of a nail-brush formed his sole apparatus. The name of the station to which the passenger was going was written upon the ticket at the time of issue. We can realize to ourselves how this system would work now—say at Clapham Junction, or at the Underground stations. But this system, primitive as it was, grew and flourished, and became the parent of the present one. The use of tickets on this principle gradually increased, until, at last, its inventor found that it would be desirable to devote himself entirely to the development of the new industry.—From that day to this the printing of railway tickets has remained in the hands of the same family, who have pursued it with an amount of perseverance and ingenuity perfectly marvelous. The railways of nearly the whole world are supplied with tickets from the one manufactory. There may be seen in course of manufacture tickets for English railways, Swedish, South American, Egyptian, &c. We saw there, on one occasion, Cairo tickets—a special class—for "pilgrims going to Mecca," and others for a fourth class, specially printed for a South American line, for "slaves without shoes and stockings."

The first great improvement made in the tickets was in numbering them.—This was an enormous stride in advance of the old tickets. Every railway passenger has noticed that each ticket is numbered, and many people imagine that that number is printed by the little press in front of the ticket clerk when he thrusts the ticket in before it is issued. But the duty of that press is in reality to print the date—the numbering being done before the ticket arrives at the station. A large proportion of the accuracy of the accounts of railways depends upon these numbers. For example: take the case of a booking clerk at Reading. He has before him a box with a large number of pigeon-holes, each holding the tickets for one station. Let us select the pigeon hole for Salisbury. Before he begins his day's work, he knows that the first ticket from Reading to Salisbury will be say, 5,026.—When his day's work is over, he finds that the last ticket issued is say, 5,050. He has, therefore issued thirty tickets of this particular class to Salisbury, and is responsible for thirty fares. He has a return to fill up each day of the numbers on the tickets issued, and by seeing that the last number on each day, and the first on the next, are consecutive, the officials at headquarters are able to have a complete check upon the station-clerks, and to preserve an almost invariable accuracy in their accounts. Let us see how this ticket printing is done.—First of all, here are boxes filled with colored pieces of card-board, which will soon be printed and made into tickets. An order has come from the South-western Railway for so many thousand tickets, from, say, Waterloo to Bishopstoke. The order states color or colors, the number of the last ticket in stock, and the average consumption, which enables the printer to know when the tickets ordered must be sent in. The little steam-wrought machine for printing railway tickets is an exceedingly ingenious piece of mechanism. Imagine a table about 18x24, with a long, thin box rising above it at the back, and another box falling below it at the front. The table contains the printing-rollers and type-case; the boxes (the interior horizontal section of which is the size of a ticket), are for holding tickets. The upper box is filled with a pile of pieces of card-board. One at a time, the lowest card is jerked by a spring under the printing machinery, and falls into the lower box; and in less than a quarter of a second it is printed and numbered, and safely stored in the other box. All that the man has to do is to keep the upper box filled with cards, remove the lower box when filled, supply fresh empty boxes, place the printed tickets in rows; and see that the ink reservoir is full. The machine does the rest, including the printing, the ink-

ing of the type, and the moving and storing of the tickets. The numbering is done by means of four wheels, with their centres in a horizontal line—thus forming a cylinder. These wheels have raised numerals on their edges, which imprint themselves on the tickets. The wheel, which bears the numeral in the unit's place, moves so that a fresh type is ready for each successive ticket; that in the tens place at one-tenth that rate, and so on. The next step, of counting the tickets, is a curious one. Though the greatest care is taken to insure accuracy, mistakes will occur in printing the numbers on the tickets. Sometimes a number is omitted; sometimes two tickets are printed with the same number. To provide against such casualties the tickets when printed are counted; and as it is impossible for human eye, and memory, and judgment to be infallible they are counted by machinery. This machinery, again, consists of a table with two boxes as before. This time the table is simply a table with a hole in it large enough to allow the number of a ticket to be seen through. At the side of the table is a cylinder wheel similar to that above described. The number on the cylinder is adjusted to be the same as that printed on the first ticket to be counted. The tickets are in consecutive order. As the boy turns a handle, they are jerked from the upper box to the lower, showing their numbers under the hole. The cylinder wheel revolves at the same rate, and therefore the number on each ticket and that on the wheel ought to agree. If they do not agree, then it is evident that a number has been omitted, or, perhaps, duplicated. The deficient ticket being supplied, or the surplus one removed, the tickets are then pressed together by machinery, tied, packed, and sent to their destinations.

Such is one of the interesting industries of our time; an industry invented, developed, and still in hands of the same family; yet spread in its interests over the whole world. And it is curious to know that in one long, low building, in a suburban street of a provincial town, the tickets for the whole world, except North America, are made.

Blessings of Misfortunes.

CHILDREN are often brought up without any particular habits of self government, because the governing is done for them and on them. A girl who is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her, and put on her until she is ten, twelve, fifteen or eighteen years old, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her.

The true idea of self restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than no mistakes; because when a child makes mistakes and has to correct them he is on the way toward knowing something. A child who is waked up every morning, and never wakes himself up; and is dressed, and never makes mistakes in dressing, and is washed, and never makes mistakes about being clean; and is fed, and never has any thing to do with his food, and is cared for and kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might as well be a tallow candle, perfectly straight and solid, and comely, and unvital, and good for nothing but to be burnt up.

The poor weaver, who has a large family of children, without bread enough for half of them, and sets them to work before they are five years old, is a philanthropist. You may gather around them, and mourn over them, but blessed be the weaver's children; the twelve children of the weaver will turn out better than the twelve children of the millionaire.

Blessed are those that learn by the hard way of life what every man must learn first or last, or go ashore a wreck; namely, self-restraint. The steel that suffered most is the best steel. It has been in the furnace again and again; it has been on the anvil; it has been tight in the jaws of the vice; it has felt the rasp; it has been ground by emery; it has been heated and filled until it hardly knows itself, and comes out a splendid knife. And if men only knew it, what are called their "misfortunes" are God's best blessings, for they are the moulding influences which give them shapeliness and edge and durability and power.

The Lost Found.

In 1860, a little son, six years old, of Henry Hart, living at Jessup, in the northern part of this State, wandered off into the forest, and was lost. The neighborhood turned out to search for him, but the child could not be found. He was finally given up as beyond recovery. Recently a friend of the family visiting near Wilkesbarre saw a young man whose resemblance to the Harts struck him with such force as to incite inquiry. The parents of the lost child were notified, and investigation led to the conviction that this young man was the lost son. He had been taken and raised by a boatman.