

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 and 3.57 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 5.20, 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 1.45 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 8.45 a. m. 3.40, and 7.25 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, 9.55 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 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 3.20 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 local road.

J. E. WOOTEN, 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 12.22 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, 2.29 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 P. M., daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.07 P. M., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.10 a. m., daily (flag). Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 13 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 7.03 a. m. Johnstown Express 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express 10.29 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 6.15 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.39 P. M. W. M. C. KING Agent.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.,



Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new

Saddlery Shop

in Bloomfield, on Carlisle Street, two doors North of the Foundry, where they will manufacture

HARNESS OF ALL KINDS,

Saddles, Bridles, Collars, and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.

FINE HARNESS a speciality.

REPAIRING done on short notice and at reasonable prices.

HIDES taken in exchange for work.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO. Bloomfield, January 9, 1877.

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is the most beautiful work in the world—it contains nearly 150 pages, hundreds of fine illustrations, and six Chromo Plates of Flower

beautifully drawn and colored from nature—Price 50 cents in paper covers, \$1.00 in elegant cloth. Printed in German and English.

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500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success.

For particulars, address H. M. CRIDER, Publisher, 481y York, Pa.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his

Leather and Harness Store

from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

REDUCED PRICES.

Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash 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.

F. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe Bindings made a speciality. JOS. M. HAWLEY. Duncannon, July 19, 1876—1f

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

a beautiful Quarterly Journal, Shiny Illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Flower Flat with the first number. Price only 25 cents for a year. The first No. for 1877 just issued in German and English.

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ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters. My 14, 8, 19, 21 is a kind of deer. My 1, 18, 17, 24, 6 is a man's name. My 13, 15, 23, 9 is a pit of water. My 13, 3, 8, 10 is a part of a ship. My 3, 23, 5, 4, 11, 20, 15 is a room in a ship. My 7, 3, 9, 17 is an ornament. My 25, 26, 8, 23 is an open vessel. My whole is the name and address of a reader of the Times.

Answer to enigma in last week's Times, "Duncannon Silver Cornet Band."

JOHN QUILL'S DOG.

THIS was the cause of all the trouble:

LOST.—On the 10th instant, a small Terrier dog, with a brass collar upon his neck, and the tip of his tail gone. Answers to the name of "Jack." Five dollars reward will be given to the person who returns him to John Quill, No. 84 Rickety Row.

I inserted the above in the Daily Flip-flap, in the hope that I might recover the animal, to which I was much attached. The Flipflap goes to press at five A. M. At half-past six I was awakened by a pull at my door-bell. I got up and opened the window. As I looked out I saw a man standing in my front yard with a mongrel dog tied to a rope. He gazed up and observed: "Hello! Are you the fellow who lost a dog?" "Yes, I am."

"Well, then I've fetched him," said the man. I then explained to that wretched human being that my dog was a terrier, while his looked more like a log of wood with half the bark off, and propped up on four sticks, than a dog of any kind. "Well, then, ain't you going to take him?" "I wouldn't have him as a gift. And I want you to move off now, or I'll call the police."

"Now I guess you think you're smart don't you? I'd bust you over the jaw for five cents, I would. You don't know a good dog when you see him, you don't," and he went out, after ripping the palings off the fence. In about a half-hour there was another ring at the bell. I went down. There was a man with six dogs, of a variety of breeds.

"Wh-wh-which of 'em's him, boss?" said this fellow, for he stuttered as if he would strangle on a small syllable. "Neither of them." "Y-you said his n-na-name was Jack, d-didn't you?" "Yes, that's it."

"W-well then, wh-wh-what d'ye call th-that?" says he, as he sung out 'Jack' and the whole six dogs looked up and wagged their tails like a lot of spavined oxen in fly time. "Why, I call it confounded nonsense to expect me to take the whole six dogs because they're named Jack. I don't want to start a sausage-mill, you understand. Mince-meat isn't in my line."

"W-w-w-well, ain't you going to take him?" "Certainly not; do you suppose I'm a gibbering idiot?" "W-w-w-well, you shan't have him now if you want him. I w-wouldn't trust a decent d-d-dog with a m-m-man like you, anyway."

And the six canines fell into line, and trotted down the street after him. I had not got fairly into the house before there was another ring. Seedy-looking man with a semi-decayed yellow dog. His ribs stuck out so that he looked as if he had gorged himself with a spiral spring.

"You advertised for a dog, I believe. Well, I caught him around here in the alley, after a desperate struggle. Fine dog, sir."

of his tail. When the ruffian spoke to him, he wagged the whole of the last half of him. "I've brought that there dog," was the observation made by the ruffian, "and I'll finger them there stamps, I reckon."

"My friend," said I, "that is not my dog." "Yes, it is, though." "But it is not." "Don't I tell you it is? Didn't you say the tip of his tail was gone? Well, just look at him, will you?" "I won't have him, anyhow."

"You want to cheat me do you? I'll fix you. S-ack him, Bull!" said this outrageous ruffian, as the dog flew at me, giving me barely time to get inside and shut the door on his front-piece. I guess I squeezed the nose off of that dog. But the man cursed me about five minutes and then flung a brick at the door and went away.

In less than twenty minutes another ring. Small pock-marked man in a red shirt this time. And a speckled dog that looked as if he had been out without an umbrella when it was raining ink. Says this victim of the small-pox: "You know that dog you advertised for. Well, here he is."

"Oh, pshaw!" said I, "you know that isn't my dog." "Your name's Quill, ain't it?" "It is," said I. "Well, then, this here is the dog. He is the best ratter you ever seen. Sling them around like he was amusin' himself he does, and—"

"But he ain't my dog." "And he's a bully watch dog. Look at him! Look at him now—he's watching now! Why, he'll sit there, and watch and watch, until he goes stone blind, he will. He'll watch all night if you'll only let him. You never see a watcher like him. I'll jest chain him up while you go in and get the V."

"No, you needn't," said I. "I'll blow his brains out if you don't take him away." "Well, say, stranger, I'm a little strapped to-day; jest lend me five on him till morning, will you? I'll pay you to-morrow."

"See here, now, you just get out of here, or I'll take the hide off of you," I said, for I began to get excited, you know. "Aw! you ain't worth a cent, you actually ain't," said the pock-marked man, as he walked off, after clipping the dog over the head with one of my fence-palings, and then putting his fingers up to his nose.

Not a minute after up comes a man with a mastiff as big as a small horse. "Say, boss, I want that five," was all he remarked by way of introducing the subject. "Well, you can't get it; and if you don't leave I'll call the police," I exclaimed in despair. "Watch him, Zip!" said the man, instantly; and the dog flew at me, threw me down, and bit a slice of muscle out of my leg, and disfigured my nose for life. Then the assassin who owned him called him off and went away laughing.

the ocean, and the water is very deep close in shore. There is in one place a little sand spit of perhaps 100 feet in length, where boats are generally landed and where the seal fishers make their camp. This is well sheltered, and is withal a very cosy retreat, where one might be lulled to sleep by the sweet whispings of the billows and the music of the winds and dream away the tedious hours.

On the south side of the island, from shore to horizon, lies one vast bed of seaweed, gently undulating with the swell, and catching the golden tints of the resplendent sun. On either hand extend jagged cliffs, against which in stormy weather dash the mighty waves as they roll in from the bosom of the Pacific, like planets crashing, and throw their spray with thundering sound high up where the sea gull makes its nest and rears its young. When the storms of wind sweep over the rugged, sea-worn cliffs, the myriad broad leaves of the growing kelp lift themselves in the air, and with each succeeding gust strike the water with a sound as of musketry.

There is no fresh water on this rocky island, yet persevering man has found it practicable to keep it stocked with sheep and goats, and discovered it possible to rear them without other drink than that afforded by the heavy dew falling on the grass at night. At first thought it would seem impossible for animals to live without more water than could be thus obtained. Yet here the dew falls so copiously as to abundantly supply their wants. The fisherman bring over their supplies of wood and water from the mainland, devote their time to killing seal (which are very plentiful,) rendering up the blubber, and revelling in the "intense solitude." At the extreme west end of Anacapa, there is a small coral and sheep camp, where a vessel calls once or twice a year with a party of sheep shearers, and leaves them to take the fleece from the backs of the fat sheep. This is usually accomplished in four or five days, when the vessel returns and takes both men and wool to the mainland.

The fishing business around and on the island is the most profitable. The black seals are the most numerous, though occasionally leopard seals are killed and sometimes a sea lion. These latter do not breed on the island, but only pay passing visits. When killed they yield large quantities of oil, and the Chinese give from 75 cents to \$1 each for the long hairs which form the animal's moustache. The leopard seals seem to remain about the island but a short time, the dams bringing forth their single pup in the water, the youngsters paddling off as though used to swimming.

The black seals, on the contrary, bring forth their pups on the rocks, and their young never enter the water except upon compulsion until three or four months old. The bulls of the latter kind of seals make regular annual trips to the island to visit the cows, which remain there all the year round. The bulls, on arriving about the first of June, are very fat—so much so that they can carry ballast in the shape of smooth stones, to overcome the flotative powers of the quantity of blubber with which they are encumbered. These stones sometimes weigh four pounds each, three or four of which are carried in a kind of false stomach provided for the purpose.

As much as fifteen pounds of rock have been taken from the stomach of a single fish. After remaining just two months, amid incessant combats, the bulls, poor in flesh and with all the ballast thrown over-board, depart to recuperate, and return there next year. The cows remain, and also the female calves, but the bull calves leave about the first of April, doubtless to be out of the way before the arrival of the fierce old bulls. The bulls yield on an average about eight gallons of oil, worth this year about 50 cents per gallon. In December an onslaught is made upon half-grown pups, and vast numbers of them are killed for the oil, of which they yield about a gallon each.

A Queer Rendezvous for Seals on the Pacific Coast.

A CANADA ROMANCE.

THE St. John, (N. B.) Telegraph relates the following curious case:—"One of the most singular cases of mistaken identity ever brought to light in Canada has just taken place at Ottawa. On the afternoon of the 29th of September last a dying man was found by a farmer living at Edwardsburg, lying on the roadside, about seven miles from Prescott. The farmer brought him to the latter place, where he died, evidently from sheer starvation, having been lying around the country side without any visible means of support for several days. An inquest having been held, a verdict was recorded in accordance with the facts, and he was buried at the public expense. Meanwhile the prevailing opinion was that the unfortunate man had been a resident of Ottawa, and many people there who had friends from home, they knew not where located, grew anxious, and compared the description of

the deceased with that of him on whose account they were so uneasy. Now Mrs. Hughes, who resides on Nicholas street, between Rideau and St. Paul, in that city, had a husband who left the city in July, 1875, that is to say, fourteen months before the date of the sad event but she was morally certain, from the description given in the papers, that it was her husband who had been buried in Prescott. Acting on her apprehensions, she started for that town on the fifth day after the burial, and, after very great difficulty, she succeeded in having the grave opened, the lid of the coffin taken off, and the body exhumed. It was a disagreeable task and Mrs. H. was requested several times to desist and rest satisfied with the description which had been given in the Ottawa Times, but she persevered. At length everything was ready for inspection, and she found that so far as the state of the body would permit, every mark corresponded, even to the most minute particular, with those she knew to have been on her husband. The height and apparent age corresponding in a marked degree, and as Hughes had served the 100th Regiment of Foot, Mrs. Hughes brought his discharge with her, and the description of his person therein given exactly corresponded with the body lying before them when in life. Such was the opinion of all present at the examination. To add to the proof of identity she mentioned before the coffin was opened of all these particulars, and in addition that her husband wore a long black coat, which, on inspection, proved to be the case.—Thoroughly satisfied that she was a widow in the land, the relict of Mr. Hughes had the body reinterred, and came back to Ottawa, where, acting on the advice of Major Buckley, she had affidavits prepared for her by Mr. J. J. Kehoe, embodying the facts of the case.

The days and weeks rolled on, and the first grief was beginning to wear off the edge of Mrs. Hughes sorrow for her lost husband, when to her astonishment, amusement and delight, he whom she thought she had seen buried under the earth, walked into her presence on Wednesday morning.

We pass over the first transports of joy and the mutual explanations that ensued, merely remarking that Hughes was in profound ignorance of all that had happened, and had himself undergone strange reverses of fortune while away from Ottawa. He had two very pretty little girls, and when the eldest saw him enter yesterday she exclaimed, "Ma, has papa come up out of the ground?"

All the friends of James Hughes, except one, agreed with his wife that it was the body of her husband which was buried in Prescott, and that one was his mother, who, by some strange instinct, could never be brought to believe it, though why, she could not very well explain.

How He Sounded Her Feelings.

The other evening as a patient policeman was pacing his beat on Howard street a young man passed him and ran up a flight of stone steps and rang the bell. The officer heard the door open, a young lady's voice sing out, and he said to himself:

"Tis I love's young dream."

He was just moving on when another young man approached, looked up at the house, and in a sheepish way asked the officer if he had seen any one go in. He was informed of what had occurred a moment before, and gasped:

"It's that sneaking chap from Cass avenue!" He walked on, and the officer walked, but ten minutes later the young man climbed the stone steps with a pail of water in his hand and emptied its contents over every stone. He was sitting on the horseblock opposite as the officer came back, meaning to stay there until his plan unfolded or until he froze to death. He didn't freeze. In about ten minutes the opposite door opened, two voices were heard for a moment, and then the young man from Cass avenue, came down the steps on his ear, his elbow, his shoulder-blade, his heel, or on most any other part of the human make-up. He struck the side-walk, shot across it to the gutter, and came to a standstill with his head in the snow. There came a merry peal of laughter from the girl in the door way and the door shut. The young man opposite gave a sigh of relief as he remarked: "Well, she don't care for that chap, or she would not have laughed that way," and he then crept carefully up the steps and in a few minutes was warmly welcomed by the young lady. And as the policeman went on his way he was heard to remark, "now there! that is a new way of finding out a girl's feelings."

Women have often successfully hid valuables in their hair, and a young French lady lately found a thousand franc note in her deceased mother's chignon.