

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. 2.40 and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 3.07 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, 3.07 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 Philadelphia. 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 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 5.15 and 8.37 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15 1.30 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, at 2.30 a. m. and 9.00 p. m. *Via Morris and Essex Hall 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, 2.38 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 Allentown 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 12.22 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily. Atlantic Express 10.25 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.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.,



Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new

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

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

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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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, York, Pa.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penna. 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. P. S.—Blankets, Boles, and Shoe findings made a specialty. JOE M. HAWLEY. Duncannon, July 19, 1876—47

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Enigma Department.

The answer must accompany all articles sent for publication in this department.

Answer to Enigma in last week's "Times"—Jacob S. Dillow, Shermansdale, Pa.

A PLUCKY GIRL.

IN the winter of 1842, a gentleman and his daughter, a young lady, while traveling through Canada, arrived about nightfall at an old-fashioned tavern. The gentleman concluded to stop there, instead of going on to the village of S—, which was ten miles distant, and which they had thought to reach. The daughter—Carrie—expressed her willingness, as the tavern presented a comfortable appearance, and they alighted, when it was plainly to be seen that the gentleman was quite lame, so much so that he was obliged to use a cane.

The landlord came out, and calling a boy to take the horses and sleigh to the barn, he ushered Mr. Spencer and his daughter into a pleasant sitting-room, where a bright fire was burning on the hearth, which proved very acceptable to our travelers, who had been in the sleigh since morning.

"Your room will be ready by supper-time, sir," said the landlord, as he left the room and went into the barroom.

Supper was shortly announced, and after refreshing themselves, Mr. Spencer and Carrie returned to the cozy sitting-room, where they talked and chatted until half-past eight. They were then shown to their room, which was on the second story, in a wing somewhat distinct from the main portion.

The room was very long, with a high ceiling. On one side was a window, and on the other side a door. Just above the door was a bust of King George III. The room was plainly furnished, containing two beds, a washstand, and a few chairs.

Carrie took in the whole room at a glance, and it must be confessed, had there not been a cheerful fire burning, she would have felt nervous about sleeping there. As it was, the warm glow lit up the room into comparative cheerfulness.

While she and her father sat by the fire, her eyes wandered to the bust above the door, when she noticed that the eyeballs had evidently been knocked out, leaving two empty spaces.

"Well, Carrie," said Mr. Spencer, presently, "I think you had better lock the door. I am going to count my money."

After Carrie had done so, he drew out a money-belt, heavy with bills, and proceeded to count them. While doing so, Carrie's eyes involuntarily wandered again to the bust, when, to her horror and astonishment, in place of the empty spaces were two glittering eyes, greedily watching every movement of her father.

The young girl could scarcely repress a scream; but controlling herself, she looked toward the fire, while her father went on counting a large roll of bills.

"I must have been mistaken," thought the fair girl. "What could make me have such a strange fancy, though?" she continued, glancing again at the bust.

The eyes were still there—two burning, savage eyes, that brightened as Mr. Spencer went on counting.

"Good Heavens!" thought Carrie, "What shall we do! We are evidently in a den of thieves, and will be murdered for my poor father's money."

How to communicate their danger to her father without these terrible eyes noticing it, Carrie could not think. Suddenly a bright idea came to her.

"Father," she said, aloud, "let me take a card and pencil. I wish to make a memorandum of some items I want to purchase in the village."

Her father handed them to her, after stowing away his belt. Carrie wrote tremblingly, in a fine hand—

"Father, do not be frightened; we are in a trap. Go in the opposite corner of the room, where your face will be in the dark, and look at the bust over the door. In it you will see two glittering eyes that have watched you count your money."

"Read it," she said, aloud, handing the card to her father. "I want you to see if you think I am too extravagant."

Her father betrayed no emotion while he read, but said:

"You are pretty extravagant, Carrie. I suppose you think your father is made of money;" and he arose and went to the washstand, which was a dark corner.

Once there, he glanced toward the bust and that glance confirmed his daughter's extraordinary statement. When he came back to his seat, Carrie saw that the eyes were gone. Then, leaning toward her father, she said in a low tone:

"You see it is as I said. I have thought of a plan, however, by which we can both escape. You would be perfectly helpless in an affray of any kind on account of your lame leg, so I must try to save us both."

Then followed a whispered consultation, during which Carrie kept her eyes fixed on the bust; but the glittering orbs had not come back. As she concluded, Carrie went to the window, and threw

it out. Beckoning to her father, who came, she said, or rather whispered,—

"You see this shed, father? Well, they will probably come up on it and get in through the window. I do not think they will make the attempt before twelve, so I will get out of this window, jump from this shed, go to the barn, and take our horse, and go to S—for help."

Flinging a wrap over her slight figure, she embraced her father tenderly, and bidding him not worry over her, she jumped lightly out on the shed and disappeared.

Mr. Spencer watched her for a while, then closing the window took out a watch, saw that it was nine o'clock, and proceeded to work. He first covered up the fire, blew out the light, and rolled up a blanket, with which he made a dummy. This he placed in the bed which his daughter was to occupy. Then he sat down and waited—oh! how anxiously!

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes went by, and no sound came from the vicinity of the barn. Taking off his boots, he crept noiselessly to the window and peeped out, but he could see nothing. Then, creeping to the washstand he laid his money-belt in the drawer and closed it. He then threw himself on the bed and once more waited.

After an hour had apparently gone by, Mr. Spencer threw off his coat and vest, tumbled up the bed, hobbled to the door, unlocked it, and stepped into the hall. This was all in accordance with Carrie's plan.

"Landlord! landlord!" he shouted. He then went back into the room and noiselessly threw up the window, all the time shouting for the landlord.

That worthy came flying up the stairs, and late as it was, he was still dressed.

"Oh, landlord!" gasped Mr. Spencer, rushing toward him, "I have been robbed! My money all gone!"

"Gone!" echoed the landlord in dismay.

"Who could have stolen it?" groaned Mr. Spencer. "I had \$5,000 in a belt, and it is gone—stolen!"

The landlord lit the candle and looked around, chagrin depicted on every feature.

"Why don't you wake your daughter, sir?" he questioned.

Mr. Spencer hurried to her bed.

"Carrie, Carrie!" he called, but no answer came; and the landlord, drawing near with the light, saw the dummy, and cried—

"Why, man, the girl isn't there."

"What?" gasped Mr. Spencer. "Oh, I see it all! The wicked girl has robbed me while I slept, and run off to meet her lover, from whom I was taking her."

He ran to the window, followed by the landlord.

"Yes, yes; here are footprints in the snow on the shed!" cried the landlord, while Mr. Spencer groaned aloud. "How long do you think she has been gone sir?" asked the landlord.

"For an hour or more, the deceitful jade!" replied Mr. Spencer.

"Then there's no use to look for her, sir," said the landlord.

"Oh, but I must!" cried Mr. Spencer, as he began to descend the stairway, followed by the landlord, who had believed every word Mr. Spencer said.

They proceeded to the barn, followed by the landlord's confederates. They found the horse gone, and her mode of flight was easily explained.

"You may as well give her up, sir," said the landlord, consolingly.

"I suppose I may," groaned Mr. Spencer, and then returned to the house.

As they left the barn he heard the landlord whisper to one of his confederates:

"The job's up, Jem; we'd better let the old man alone."

Once more entering the room, Mr. Spencer threw himself upon the bed, and awaited the return of his brave daughter.

"God bless her and bring her back in safety," he murmured.

Meanwhile all grew still, and the hours rolled by. The fire had been raked up and cracked on merrily. The eyes were not looking from the bust; they had evidently disappeared for the night.

At last, after what seemed an age to the anxious watcher, he heard a loud knock on the front entrance, and five minutes afterward heard the landlord stumble to the door. Then followed a confused jumble of curses and struggles, then a rush of many feet up the long hall and stairway.

The next minute the door was thrown open and his daughter rushed in, followed by the officers, who dragged in the landlord and his confederates.

down, over the frozen road we went! My arms felt like ice. I thought I should certainly freeze, and after what seemed to be an age of cold and pain, and misery, we dashed into the main street of S—. As we came up in front of the tavern the stage drove up, and the inmates sprang out and rushed to my assistance. I must have been almost insensible, for I had to be carried in by the landlord. I was given warm drinks until I fully recovered, and was able to relate my story. I told them my suspicions and my fears, and this gentleman—here Carrie paused, and turning to a fine looking man near her, said: "Mr. James, by his ready belief in what I told, and his energy and spirit in arousing the Sheriff and his men, has been the main cause in bringing assistance."

Mr. Spencer grasped the young man's hand, and thanked him.

"Your plan succeeded admirably, Carrie," he said; and advancing to the washstand, he took out the money-belt saying, "my money is all right as you see."

The landlord quivered with rage as he saw how completely he had been defeated.

As the men began to search the room, the landlord protested his innocence, declaring that they had no right to hold him or his men prisoners, or to search the house.

Breaking open the door, above which was the bust, the men rushed in. The room was empty, save for a long ladder, which reached a shelf above the door. A hole above the shelf disclosed the bust to be broken in half, so that a man could easily climb up the ladder, get on the shelf, thrust his head in the bust, which was large enough for an ordinary man's head, and see all that was going on in the adjoining room.

This certainly looked suspicious, but absolute proof was yet wanting. On returning to the room occupied by Mr. Spencer, they again searched every nook and corner. Suddenly Carrie and Mr. James, who had been standing by the fireplace, gave a loud cry, for on close examination they had found spots of blood on the bricks which formed the hearth.

They began to pull up the bricks, which proved loose, when Carrie, feeling faint, gave way to the Sheriff and his men, who soon had them all pulled up, when a cavity was disclosed, containing the murdered body of a gentleman whom Mr. James and the Sheriff remembered to have stopped at S— three days before.

The evidence was conclusive. The landlord and his confederates were well guarded through the night, and the next day they were lodged in jail, where, in due time they were sentenced and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

WHO WAS SOLD.

BARNEY O'G. was an amusing little Irishman who kept a choice restaurant in a business neighborhood, and his principal patrons were therefore business men who not only patronized him through the week, but, as his place lay on the general thoroughfare to the post office, it was surmised that they stopped in to see him on Sunday also.—At any rate as much clinking of glasses and popping of corks was heard in Barney's place on the Sabbath as on secular days. There was a church just round the corner—a rigid Presbyterian congregation—and several of its members complained to the authorities of Barney's doings, and the police ordered to suppress.

Strange to say, the officers could never "get dots on him," as the expression goes, and finally reported that the accusation was unjust, and that he never sold liquor on Sunday. The church folks, however, had their doubts and one of them, who had considerable faith in his own shrewdness, declared himself able to bring undoubted proof. On the next Sabbath he disguised himself in a somewhat rough dress, and accompanied by a friend to act as witness, presented himself at Barney's back door. He smiled and winked comfortably at the bar keeper and was admitted. Taking a bottle from his pocket, he leaned over the counter and said in a confidential tone:

"I wish you would let me have a pint of the best liquor you have in the house, I forgot to get my usual supply last night."

Barney shook his head and said: "It is Sunday you know, and against the law."

The other insisted that did not matter, that he was all right, and that the transaction need not be known outside. He pleaded for some time, and at length Barney consented to fill the bottle with the best liquor he had in the house.—"But," he added, "it is worth two dollars a pint."

This was rather steep, but the money was paid, and Barney went down to the cellar, and presently returned with the bottle filled and corked.

The two aples quickly left the saloon, and the next day Barney was arrested for selling whiskey on Sunday. When brought up for trial he stoutly denied the accusation. He was confronted by the Presbyterian with the bottle in his hand.

"What do you say to this? do you deny selling me this whiskey yesterday?"

Barney smiled quietly. "Indeed and I do. You didn't ask for whiskey, and I didn't sell you any. You wanted the best liquor I had in the house, and sure I gave it to you. Did you try it?"

The amateur detective, somewhat confused, drew the cork, smelled and tasted.

"I'm sure," said Barney, "you will acknowledge it's the best liquor nor any man can drink and one that'll do no harm on Sunday, or any other day."

The church member saw he had been cleverly taken in, and demanded the two dollars. Barney declined to refund, and was sustained by the magistrate who knew how to appreciate a joke; and the consequence was, of that attempt to interfere with his business, Barney was let alone.

The Sense of Touch.

TWO persons are required for this experiment, one of whom tests the sense of touch of the other. For this purpose a pair of compasses is taken, whose points, somewhat blunted, are placed at a certain distance from each other on a part of the skin of the other person. The latter must then say, with closed eyes, whether he feels the contact of two separate points, or whether both seem to be merged into one. The result of this experiment upon the less sensitive parts of the skin is very surprising. If the points are placed in the forearm in the direction of its length at the distance of 1.53 inch the sensation is a double one, but so soon as the distance is reduced to 1.18 inch the contact is felt as a single point, and the person experimented on feels considerably surprised on opening his eyes when he sees that two points have been touched instead of one. The tip of the tongue is found the most sensitive, the two points being distinguished when only .0894 of an inch apart. If the points of the compass be placed on the cheek near the ear, so that both can be clearly distinguished, and then brought slowly over the skin to the lips, a sensation is experienced as though the points were being separated from each other. The skin of the back has the dullest sense of touch, since when the points are at a distance of 2.36 they are still perceived as a single touch. It is quite astonishing how greatly the distance between the two points must be increased on the back before we are clearly conscious of a double impression. Weber explains these facts by assuming that the terminal limits of a nerve fibre are much smaller than sensory circles, so that the latter always contain a great number of isolated nerve fibres unexcited lie between them, the impression is only a single one. A curious illusion of touch is seen when the first and second fingers are crossed and a pen picked up between them in this unnatural position. The idea is particularly strong that the hand is holding two pens, and the illusion is especially powerful when the pen is rolled back and forth between the fingers.

Curious Watches.

At first the watch was as large as a saucer; it had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the records of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummetts of lead." The first great improvement, the substitution of the spring for weights, was in 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand and required winding twice a day. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had no crystals but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter.

A plain watch cost the equivalent of \$1600 in our currency, and after one, was ordered it took a year to make it. There is a watch in the Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case. Its little dial indicates not only hours, minutes, and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of old times when watches were inserted in saddles, snuff boxes, shirt studs, breast pins, bracelets and finger rings. Some were fantastic—oval, octangular, cruciform, or in the shape of pearls, melons tulips or coffins.

A Pittsburgh church wants to get rid of its minister because he keeps wine in his cellar, and it is believed that this interferes with the conduct of di-wine service.

Many persons carry about their characters in their hands, not a few under their feet.