

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 28th, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS:

For New York, at 8.20, 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 3.57 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 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. The 8.20, 8.10 a. m. and 7.55 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

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., 9.40, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 4.15 and 10.25 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.15, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 5.05 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15 4.30 and 8.00 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 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 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. U. G. HANGOCK, General Ticket Agent.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

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

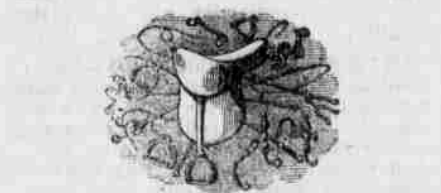
R. R. EAST: Middletown Acc. 7.15 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Express 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 10.02 p. m., flag, daily. WEST: Way Pass. 9.05 a. m., daily. Mail 2.39 p. m., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. 6.55 p. m., daily except 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 13 minutes faster than Alcona 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: Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 7.53 a. m. Johnstown Express 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m. Atlantic Express 10.29 p. m., daily (flag). WESTWARD: Way Passenger, 8.35 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.04 p. m., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.32 p. m. WM. 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

HARNES OF ALL KINDS,

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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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. Vick's Floral Guide, Quarterly, 25 cents a year. Vick's Catalogue—300 illustrations, only 2 cent Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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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.

P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe Bindings made a specialty.

JOS. M. HAWLEY, Duncannon, July 19, 1876—1f

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

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Enigma Department.

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

Answer to cross-word enigma in last week's Times: Lake Superior.

Which had the Greater Fortune.

A landed man two daughters had, And both were very fair; To each he gave a piece of land, One round the other square. At twenty shillings an acre just, Each piece its value had; The shillings that did compass each, For it exactly paid. If 'cross a shilling be an inch, And which is very near, Which was the greater fortune, she That had the round, or square?

THE NEAT WIFE, —AND— THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

MRS. JAMES SMITH was an active, industrious, bustling little woman, with the organ of order largely developed. She was a perfect pattern of neatness, and nothing in the pale of her authority was long allowed to remain out of place. Every chair, lounge and foot-stool retained the same position they had occupied for a wonderful length of time, while each book and fancy article upon the marble-top tables, instead of being mixed together in elegant confusion, were carefully separated, and placed at measured distances from each other. It was surprising how she ever managed to put the same number and fullness of folds into each curtain. But so it was. The drapery was arranged with the most studied precision, and to displace it in the least, or imprint a finger mark upon the shining panes of glass, was sufficient to disturb the equanimity of Mrs. Smith. We do not think this was affectation on the part of Mrs. Smith, but owing merely to the nicety of her organization. Where she comfortably ensconced in an easy chair, and her lap filled with work, it was not possible for her to remain quiet and see a solitary thread lying upon her nicely swept carpet. No: the work was laid aside, and the offending thread immediately consigned to the fire.

The appearance of a visitor who was lacking in this desirable "bump," was sure to make the lady nervous. Why could he not seat himself properly, instead of drawing the chair into the middle of the room, then tipping back, to the imminent danger of its demolition? Sure enough, say we. And why couldn't he look at books, if he wished, and then replace them, without disturbing everything in its vicinity?—throwing them down at angles, and as likely as any way, exactly on the top of some choice and frail bijou. It was certainly a great annoyance, and had she not been gifted with a large share of patience, she would have been afflicted with "nervousness," a great part of the time.

It sometimes happens that opposites in character, disposition and habits are brought together. It was so in this case. Mr. Smith was something of a literary character, and unfortunately possessed but very little of his wife's method and system. We say unfortunate, because it is obvious that it must, at times, have been a cause of difficulty, and called for forbearance on both sides. He could never be convinced that it made any essential difference whether his hat was left upon the tree, a chair, or a table; in his estimation it amounted to the same thing, provided he could find it when wanted, which last was not always the case, as his "better half" took a malicious pleasure in depositing it in unheard of places, in order to cure him of his "abominable carelessness." Mr. Smith's little study, situated in the third story, was the only room in the house where he felt perfectly at home. There he did not hesitate to scatter books, papers and manuscripts about the floor, nor once in a while to divert himself by smoking a cigar while reading the evening papers.

But even this room did not entirely escape the renovating hand of Mrs. Smith. As a precautionary measure against the disarrangement of his papers, the husband usually locked the door and put the key in his pocket, when he went out for any length of time. But this did not prevent his wife from occasionally taking advantage of his temporary absence to "dust up a little."

But now something must be done. The room was getting terribly dirty, and owing to the unceasing vigilance of Mr. Smith, neither broom nor brush had performed its office for a long time. Things were growing desperate, and Mrs. Smith experienced a greater degree of nervousness, every time she thought of the subject. After much deliberation, she concluded that as fair means would not work, she would try stratagem.

Mr. Smith sat before a large table, endeavoring to concentrate his wandering thoughts sufficiently to put them upon paper. The door opened, and his wife

entered; she looked around with a troubled air, and then took a seat by his side.

"Husband?" "Well?"

"It's a beautiful day, my dear. Don't you want to walk?" asked Mrs. Smith, coaxingly.

"I am very busy just now; but if you wish to go, I will accompany you," was the reply.

"What about, pray? I see nothing but several unwritten sheets of paper. Where are the results of your morning's work?" resumed the latter, somewhat ironically.

"My thoughts are rather laggard this morning, I confess; but the results are safer in my brain, than they would be on the table, especially if you remained long in this vicinity," was the laughing rejoinder. "But I am ready to walk with you any time."

"Why, bless me! you don't suppose that I can leave the house at this early hour, do you? I've got the furniture in all the lower rooms to arrange yet. Men don't realize the cares of housekeeping."

"But how can you arrange the furniture, Ellen, when to my knowledge it is never disarranged?" queried the husband. "I don't see what you find to busy yourself about?"

"Don't bring up the old subject, husband. At any rate, I never yet found myself destitute of work."

"It's a great mystery to me why women who have no family but themselves and husbands, find so little time to read and improve their minds," pursued Mr. Smith, with a thoughtful air.

"It don't surprise me in the least. Men are no judges; they know nothing about the matter. I heard a gentleman—and it wouldn't require a vast deal of penetration to discover, that the remark originated with one of the masculine gender—observe, a few days since, that all women had to do, was to prepare a little food, lay the table, and wash dishes three times a day. That is a fair sample of their knowledge on the subject. The same gentleman has a wife and family. I only wish that for a fortnight he could take his wife's place, and have one child cross and screaming for cake, another with the whooping-cough pulling him one way, and a third, just teething, endeavoring to force him in a contrary direction. Don't you think it would have a good effect?" asked the lady, energetically.

"You are too hard-hearted, my dear; you cannot surely wish such a dreadful calamity to befall a defenceless man. I can't think what he would do in such a case, I'm sure."

"But I can."

"What?"

"Shake them all severely, and send them to bed to cry it out," added Mrs. Smith, with a smile. "But we are wandering from the subject. Do you think you will go out? I would like to have you do me an errand down town."

"I believe you want to get rid of me a while, wife," observed her husband, abruptly, with a significant look. "But you know I can't trust you a moment alone inside this room."

Mrs. Smith saw that her plan had failed.

"Well, to own the truth, I do want to put things to right a little."

"To wrongs, you mean, my dear," added Mr. Smith.

"I'll promise not to do any mischief, and be just as expeditious as possible. What a shocking looking place this is, to be sure."

"I don't see anything out of the way. Besides I have just put my papers in order, and would rather they would remain undisturbed."

"Just put them in order! How provoking you are Mr. Smith. Did ever any one see a worse-looking place! Here are two old coats, one dirty smoking-cap, two pairs of worn out slippers, two boot-jacks, four empty ink bottles, any quantity of pieces of filthy cigars, Webster's Dictionary, five volumes of history and other books on the floor, beside manuscripts, paper, ink, pens, paper-folders, sand barrels, and wafer-boxes thrown together topsy-turvy on the table. Just see the innumerable bits of paper on the carpet; and as sure as I'm alive, here is a dirty dicky, and the two white silk handkerchiefs that I have missed so long!"

Mrs. Smith stopped, but it was only for want of breath.

At that moment, and before Mr. Smith could reply, the bell rang violently and he was summoned to the door. His presence was desired upon urgent business, and snatching his hat—which his wife took care should be in readiness—he hurriedly left the house, entirely forgetting the key of his study.

"Now," thought Mrs. Smith, "is my time. But I must make haste, or he will return and put a stop to everything."

Calling Hannah from the kitchen, the two made their way to the retreat of Mr. Smith, well provided with the necessary articles that were needed. Windows were raised, books and papers piled together upon a large table, and the coats

and hats, slippers and boots hastily removed. In an unaccountable short space of time, you could not see across the room for the dust. Things were lying around in dire confusion, and brooms and brushes were flying in every direction. When the dust had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Smith directed Hannah to wipe it from the books and table. In doing so, she unfortunately overturned a large bottle of ink, which, in its course, completely saturated two large volumes of history. Frightened at what she had done, she endeavored to remove several other articles near them; but the dark fluid had already stained her hands, and, of course, was instantly communicated to the things in question. Several manuscripts were also badly soiled, but were still decipherable. Mrs. Smith, not knowing how valuable the latter might be, was much disconcerted, and experienced an extraordinary abatement of zeal in the cause she had undertaken.

It was no use "crying for spilt milk," however, and the lady and her assistant hurriedly finished operations. A smell of fire attracted their attention to their grate. Upon examination, it was discovered that a coal had snapped upon the carpet and burned quite a large place. With a lengthened countenance, Mrs. Smith extinguished it, and placed a rug over the spot. But this was not the end of their misfortunes. In closing the windows, Hannah pressed against the glass with such force that two large panes were broken to atoms, besides cutting her hand considerably. The girl bound up her wounded fingers, and said she "guessed the ink would dry off." Mrs. Smith smiled faintly, drew the curtain lower, and placed the soiled volumes out of sight.

One thing consoled Mrs. Smith for these accidents. She was a thoroughly neat woman, and in sweeping, every article of furniture was moved. On pushing a large desk from the wall, a folded paper, which slipped from behind, attracted her attention. It proved to be a note due that very day, and which her husband could never have found. She thought that this might counterbalance the mischief that had been done, and thinking she would keep it until the subject was mentioned, transferred it to a safe place.

Though of a very even and pleasant disposition, it must be confessed that on his return, Mr. Smith did look somewhat impatient, to use the softest term we can think of. Upon viewing the soiled books, he rebuked not harshly, but mildly remarked that he was "glad no more serious damage had been done. Mrs. Smith was agreeably disappointed; she had expected an outbreak, knowing that he had serious cause for displeasure.

On the afternoon of the same day, her husband entered the room where she was seated, with the smallest vestige of a frown upon his usually placid face.

"I have lost that note which was due to-day, and it is all owing to your moving everything in my room," he observed, somewhat petulantly.

"Where was it left?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Upon the large table."

"I think you are mistaken, husband, for I saw nothing of the kind, upon the table. But I found a note behind the desk—a place in which you would not have thought to look." And she forthwith produced the paper.

"The very one!" he exclaimed. "How lucky! You must know, Ellen, that this note is valuable!"

"Then you will allow that some good has resulted out of evil," said Mrs. Smith, smiling.

"Certainly, and I will also concede that if the room had not been 'put to rights,' as you term it, the document might have remained concealed for months," was the laughing reply. Then he added more seriously, "I know, my dear wife, that I often try your patience very much. I confess I am careless, and somewhat disorderly in my habits. But to repay you for the past, I promise to be more careful in the future, and endeavor to cultivate order and neatness. To prove to you that I am serious, I will try not to carry the tidy off on my back once to-morrow, nor yet an additional ink spot on my wristbands. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly so; and as you have set the example, I suppose I must allow that perhaps sometimes I am a little too particular; or, as the saying is, 'more nice than wise.' To convince you that I am sincere, I promise not to ask you to close the door, or put your dress coat and pants upon a chair, instead of the floor, more than five times in the course of a week. Are you satisfied?" asked Mrs. Smith, with a serio-comic air.

After an assent, and a hearty laugh on both sides, the happy pair adjourned to the dining room, and ever after were more lenient towards each other's peculiarities.

We would that all difficulties might be thus amicably adjusted.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before man.

SUNDAY READING.

The Shining Host.

I HAVE read, says Spurgeon, of one who dreamed a dream, when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banner of victory, and they passed by him through the gate, and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets, who have gone to be with God."

And he heaved a deep sigh as he said, "Alas I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By and-by there came another band, equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white.—They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within.

"Who are they?"

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas!" he said, "I belong not to that fellowship, and I cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered, in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches. He waited still and saw that the next was a company of goodly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but he could not go with them. At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously; and in front walked the woman that was a sinner, and the thief that died upon the cross, hard by the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and he thought:—

"There will be no shouting about them."

But to his astonishment, it seemed as if all heaven was rent with seven-fold shouts as they passed in. And the angel said to him—

"These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace."

And then he said—

"Blessed be God! I can go in with them."

And he awoke.

Blessed be God! you and I, too, can go in with that company. I cannot hope to go in anywhere but with that company. Such is my own sense of how I expect to enter heaven, and we will go together, brother sinners, or sister sinners, trusting in the precious blood, and washed in the blood of the Lamb. God grant it may be so!

A Woman's Friendship.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an advisor in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman should if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to an imprudent thing.

A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But, supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap, even in its strongest fence. Better and safer of course, are such friendships where disparity of years and of circumstances puts the idea of love out of the question. Middle age has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have.—We may have female friendship with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. Female friendship is to a man the bulwark, sweetness, and ornament of his existence.

Correct.

A prominent preacher in Reading, hits the nail square on the head in the following remarks: "It is the merest hypocrisy to talk one day or six days in a week of our hopes of Heaven, while there are starving men and women at our doors and we do not help them. I believe in Christian holiness, but I want a holiness that puts a basket on the arm and puts something in the basket and goes to the home of impoverishment and says not in words but in works, 'here is the evidence of my piety.' If this world is going to be redeemed, it will not be by simply singing praise, offering prayers and preaching eloquent sermons. I believe in that kind of Christianity which evidences itself in coal and flame."