

**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 3.57 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 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 2.00 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 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, 8.55 a. m., 12.15, 4.35 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 7.50 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 Hill Road.  
C. G. HANCOCK,  
General Ticket Agent.

**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 except Sunday.  
Mall, 5.54 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Atlantic Express, 10.02 P. M., flag, daily.  
**WEST.**  
Way Passenger, 9.06 A. M., daily.  
Mall, 2.28 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Pittsburg 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 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 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Mall 7.30 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Atlantic Express 10.29 P. M., daily (flag)

**WESTWARD.**  
Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily.  
Mall 2.04 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Mifflintown Acc. Sunday at 6.16 P. M.  
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 7.33 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  
**HARNESSES OF ALL KINDS,**  
*Saddles, Bridles, Collars,*  
and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.  
FINE HARNESSES a specialty.  
REPAIRING done on short notice and at reasonable prices.  
HIDES taken in exchange for work.  
D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.  
Bloomfield, January 9, 1877.

**VICK'S Flower and Vegetable Garden**  
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 Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents with elegant cloth cover \$1.00.  
All my publications are printed in English and German.  
Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

**VICK'S Flower and Vegetable Seeds**  
ARE PLANTED BY A MILLION OF PEOPLE IN AMERICA. See Vick's Catalogue—300 Illustrations, only 2 cents. Vick's Floral Guide, Quarterly, 25 cents a year. Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents with elegant cloth cover \$1.00.  
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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. ORIDER, Publisher,  
48 1/2  
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, Robes, and Shoe findings made a specialty.  
JOS. M. HAWLEY,  
Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—H

**VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE**  
a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Flower Plate with the first number. Price only 25 cents for a year. The first No. for 1877 just issued in German and English.  
Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, in paper covers, with elegant cloth covers \$1.00.  
Vick's Catalogue—300 Illustrations, only 2 cents.  
Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

**Enigma Department.**

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

Answer to enigma in last week's Times: Number of acres in the square 250905.6. Number of acres in the circle, 197060.63125, or of course as many pounds.

**Cross Word Enigmas.**

I am composed of ten letters:  
My first is in haul but not in drag,  
My second is in fall but not in spring,  
My third is in read but not in need,  
My fourth is in strand but not in stand,  
My fifth is in fly but not in pie,  
My sixth is in sand but not in land,  
My seventh is in sore but not in hurt,  
My eighth is in churn but not in earn,  
My ninth is in land but not in sea,  
My tenth is in hear but not in sound,  
My whole is the name of a reader of the Times.

**Peter's Hunt for Work.**

"IT'S no use Maria, I have tried everywhere."  
"But you are not going to give it up, yet, Peter?"  
"Give it up! How can I help it? In four days I have been to every book bindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get."  
"Have you tried anything else?"  
"What else can I try?"  
"Anything that you can do."  
"Yes, I've tried other things. I've been to more than a dozen of my old friends and offered to help them."  
"And what did you mean to do for them?"  
"I offered either to post their accounts, make out bills or attend to the counter."  
Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband spoke thus.  
"What makes you smile?" he asked.  
"To think that you would have imagined that you would find work in such a place. But how is Mark Leeds?"  
"He's worse off than I am."  
"How so?"  
"He has nothing in his house to eat."

A shudder crept over his wife's frame now.  
"Why do you tremble wife?"  
"Because when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have nothing."  
"What!" cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair. "Do you mean that?"  
"I do."  
"But our flour?"  
"All gone. I baked the last this afternoon."  
"But we have pork!"  
"You ate the last this noon."  
"Then we must starve!" groaned the stricken man, starting across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book binder by trade, and been out of employment about a month. He was one of those who generally calculate to keep about square with the world, and who consider themselves particularly fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was now thirty years of age, and had three children to provide for, beside himself and wife, and this, together with his house rent, was a heavy draught upon his purse even when work was plenty; but now there was nothing.

"Maria," said he, stopping and gazing into his wife's face, "we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world."  
"But do not despair, Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything that is honest and honorable. Should you make but a shilling a day we should not starve."  
"But the house rent?"  
"Trust me for that. The landlady shall not turn us out. If you will engage something to do, I will see that we have house room."

"I will make one more trial," muttered Peter despairingly.  
"But you must go prepared to do anything."  
"Anything reasonable, Maria."  
"What do you call reasonable?"  
"Why, anything decent."  
She felt inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure that he would find no work. She knew that he would look for some kind of work that would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once or twice expressed it.—However she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and she let the matter pass.

On the following morning the last bit of food in the house was put on the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and letting the future take care of itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear, and when he left the house he said, something must be done.

No sooner had her husband gone than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her oldest child was a girl eleven years of age, and her youngest

four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of the children till noon. The children were well-known to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood locked up her house and went away. She returned at noon, bringing her children some dinner, and went away again. She came home at night, bringing a heavy basket with her.

"Well, Peter," she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down, "what luck?"  
"Nothing, nothing!" he groaned.—  
"I made out to get a dinner with an old chum, but could not find work."  
"And where have you looked to-day?"  
"O, everywhere. I've been to a hundred places, but it's the same story in every place. It's nothing but one eternal no, no, no. I'm sick and tired of it."

"And what have you offered to do?"  
"Why, I have even gone so far as to offer to tend a liquor store down the street."  
The wife smiled.  
"Now what shall we do?" uttered Peter.  
"Now, we will eat our supper, and then talk the matter over."  
"Supper? Have you any?"  
"Plenty of it."  
"But you told me you had none."  
"Neither had we this morning, but I have been after work to-day and found some."

"Been after work and found some!"  
"Yes."  
"But how—where?"  
"Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's.— I knew her girl was sick, and I hoped she might have work to be done. I went to her and told her my story, and she set me at work at once doing her washing. She gave me food to bring home to my children, and paid me three shillings when I got through."  
"You been washing for our butcher's wife?" said Peter, looking very much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have thereby earned enough to keep us in food through to-morrow at any rate; so to-morrow you may come home to dinner."  
"But how about the rent."  
"O, I have seen Mr. Simpson, told him just how we were situated, and offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of our rent within two months, with interest on arrearages up to date.— I told him I did the business because you were away hunting for work."  
"So he got your watch?"  
"No, he wouldn't take it. He said if I would become responsible for the rent, he would let it rest."

"There, we've got a roof to cover us, and good food for to-morrow, but what next? Oh, what a curse these hard times are!"  
"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got enough engaged to keep us alive."  
"Ah, what is that?"  
"Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, bundles and so forth to his rich customers. He has had to give up one of his horses."  
"Maria, what do you mean?"  
"Just what I say. Mr. Snow came to dinner; I was there, and asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send around to his customers. Never mind what he said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to call upon the idlers that lounge about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I am to be there in good season in the morning."

"This is a pretty go; my wife turned butcher's boy! You will not do any such thing."  
"And why not?"  
"Because."  
"Say, because it will lower me in the social scale."  
"Well, so it will."  
"Then is it more honorable to lie still and starve, too, than to earn honest bread by honest work. I tell you, Peter, if you cannot find work, I must. We should have been without bread to-night, had not I found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light, agreeable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends, and engage in them. At such a time as this it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do, so long as it is honest. Oh, give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts and the independence to be governed by my own convictions of right!"

"But my wife, only think, you carrying about butcher's stuff. Why, I would sooner do it myself."  
"If you will go," said his wife, with a smile, "I will stay at home with the children."  
It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the more he thought upon the matter, the more he saw the justice and right of the path into which his wife had thus led him. Before he went to bed he promised her that he would go to the butcher's in morning.

And Peter Stanwood went to his new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one to a Mr. Smith's and another to Mr. Dixall's.— The new carrier worked all day and when it came night he had earned ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials, but no one sneered at him, and all of his acquaintances whom he met greeted him the same as usual. He was far happier now than he was when he went home the night before, for now he was independent.  
On the next day he earned over a dollar; and thus he continued to work for a week, at the end of which he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat that Snow had given them. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder, who had been discharged with himself. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.  
"How goes it?" asked Peter.  
"Don't ask me," groaned Mark, "my family are half starved."  
"But can't you find anything to do?"  
"Nothing."  
"Have you tried?"  
"Everywhere; but it's no use. I have pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I've been to the bindery to-day, and what do you suppose he offered me?"  
"What was it?"  
"Why, he offered to let me do his hand carting! He has just turned off his man for drunkenness, and offered me the place. The old curmudgeon. I had a great mind to pitch him into the hand cart and run him into the—"  
"If I had been in your place I should have taken up with the offer."  
Mark mentioned the name of the same individual again.  
"Why," resumed Peter, "I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a whole week."  
Mark was incredulous but his companion convinced him, and they separated, one going home happy and contented, and the other going away from home to find some sort of excitement in which to drown his misery.  
One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to his former employer. He took the load upon his arm, and just as he was entering the yard of his customer, he met him coming out.  
"Ah, Stanwood, is this you?" asked his old employer, kindly.  
"Yes sir."  
"And what are you up to now?"  
"I'm a butcher's boy, sir."  
"A what?"  
"You see I've brought provisions for you, sir. I am a regular butcher's boy, sir."  
"And how long have you been at work thus?"  
"This is the tenth day."  
"But don't it come hard?"  
"Nothing comes hard so long as it is honest and will furnish my family with bread."  
"And how much do you make a day at this?"  
"Sometimes over a dollar, and sometimes not more than fifty cents."  
"Well now look here, Stanwood, there have been no less than a dozen of my old hands hanging around my counting room whining for work. They are stout, able men, and yet they lie still because I have no work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him a job of doing my hand carting. I told him that I would give him a dollar and a quarter a day, but he turned up his nose and asked me not to insult him; and yet he owned that his family were suffering. But do you come to my place to-morrow morning and you shall have something to do if it is only to hold your bench. I honor you for your manly independence."

Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.  
That night he gave Mr. Snow notice he must quit, and on the following morning went to the bindery. For two days he had little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work. He was happy, more happy than ever, for he had learned two things: first, what energy he had; and second, how much resources for good he held within his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is, no man can be lowered by honest labor. The second, while you are enjoying the fruits of the present forget not to provide for the future, for no man is secure but that the day may come when he will want the squanderings of the past.

Just before President Lincoln's assassination he received many letters threatening such an event. One day while Mr. Matthew Wilson was painting his portrait and Mr. Seward stood behind his chair, Mr. Lincoln opened a note and said, "here is another of these letters," which he read to both his auditors, after doing which he pointed to a pigeon hole and said: "In that place I

have filed 80 just such things as these. I know I am in danger; but I am not going to worry over threats like these;" and then he resumed his usual animation and the quiet, interested artist went on with his work. In two weeks from that date the President was assassinated.

**A DOG BY TELEGRAPH.**  
THE almost miraculous invention of the telephone has naturally given rise to numerous telegraph stories. The latest and most interesting of these is told by the Operator, concerning the sending of a yellow dog by telegraph. Norwalk, Conn., is credited with being the locality.

One day last week a gaunt, slab-sided chap, with particles of hayseed on his coat and in his tow-colored hair, stepped up to the telegraph office at the depot and asked if the boss was in.— The operator assured him that he was, and his rural friend went on to relate that he lived up in Danbury, had come down from there that morning and intended bringing his brother's dog, which a man in Norwich wanted to buy, but had forgotten it, and wanted to know if the dog could be sent down from there by telegraph. The man of lightning seeing a good chance for a little fun, at once answered:

"Certainly, sir; that is a matter of daily occurrence. All that is necessary for you to do is to give me a description of the dog, so that no mistake can be made; call again in about half an hour, and the dog will be here."  
"It is a yellow dog, with small ears, and is about so high," said the granger, placing his hand 18 inches from the floor. He then took his departure with the remark that he would call again soon. The operator then sent his messenger boy to look for a dog as near the description as possible, which he soon succeeded in finding. It was at once brought to the office, and secured to the operator's desk by means of a piece of telegraph wire. After a little coaxing the dog was made to lie quietly down, and everything was in readiness for our rural friend. Punctually to the time appointed he made his appearance, and asked if the dog had come.

"I will see," said the operator, and stepping up to the instrument he tapped a few times on the key, at the same time inserting his leg under the desk, he managed to step on the dog's toes, which caused the canine to yelp. "Ah! he's coming," said the operator, and then tapping more furiously on the key, he at the same time kicked the dog clean from under the table, who, not relishing this kind of treatment, barked furiously and ran around the office with the wire attached to his neck. "Fifty cents, sir," said the operator, turning round to the countryman, "Uncommon nice dog; must be worth \$50; but he is the hardest dog I ever received over the wires; he is so muscular, you see, that he broke the wire, in fact a piece of it is now attached to his neck, which he broke off."

During the whole of this operation the countryman gazed on the operator with eyes wide open and full of surprise; but when the dog came from under the table and was seen by the countryman, that was the culminating point, and he was struck with amazement.— After looking at the dog a moment or so, he said: "Say, mister, he ain't so big as he was, and he is darker; how is that?"

"Oh! that is easily explained," said the operator; "you see the chemicals employed in making electricity of course darkens his original color, and the velocity with which he passed over the wire caused him to contract in size; but after you expose him to the air for a short time he will soon assume his original size and color."  
"Du tell!" said the countryman, and after placing fifty cents on the counter, picked up the dog, and walked out of the office, remarking that "the man who invented them telegraph must be a very knowledgeable man."

**The Hard Winter in Europe.**  
The N. Y. Tribune says this country has not been alone in experiencing a hard winter. Our foreign dispatches represent the cold as having been singularly severe in Russia and Hungary as just had an enormous snowfall. Europe has experienced several storms of great severity in the past season; the one of Jan. 31 will long be remembered. The cities of Belgium and Holland were among the chief sufferers by that storm, which inundated large portions of Ostend, floated all Antwerp's streets with three feet of water, and did great damage at Mechlin, Termonde, and Rotterdam. Meanwhile the antipodes have been having the reverse extreme of weather. At the Melbourne observatory the thermometer reached in December over 110 degrees in the shade, and at other localities in Austria a heat of 116 degrees was reported.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering.