

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 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.

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. 1.50, 6.15 and 8.25 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 3.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

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

EAST. Millintown Acc. 7.19 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Express 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday.

WEST. Way Pass. 9.08 a. m., daily. Millintown Acc. 2.39 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Exp. 6.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: EASTWARD. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 7.53 a. m.

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.

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.

VICK'S Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents; with elegant cloth cover \$1.50. All my publications are printed in English and German.

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.

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

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. Blankets, Robes, and Shoe Findings made a specialty.

JOS. M. HAWLEY. Duncannon, July 19, 1876—14

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 year. The first No. for 1877 just issued in German and English.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, in paper 50 cents; with elegant cloth covers \$1.50. Vick's Catalogue—300 Illustrations, only 2 cents. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

JOHN TWIST'S PURCHASE.

"OH YES, SARTIN! Yes, yes—I believe in dreams," said old Silas Tafton. He took another whiff at his pipe, and then added: "One of the greatest speculations I ever went into come of a dream—a wonderful dream. I'll tell you about it."

And we listened to the old man's story as follows:

"You remember, some of you, about the great land speculations here in Maine thirty years ago. Poor men—a very few of them—were made suddenly rich; and rich men were made suddenly poor; I was living then in Grey. One day old Sam Whitney, of Oxford, stopped at our place, and showed us a map of a new town which had been laid out in Sagadahoc. On the map it looked beautiful.

There were brooks, and lakes, and broad plains of pine and oak, with streets all laid out, and spots for churches and school-houses marked in proper array. I had a cousin living down that way, and I concluded to go down and take a look. I found the town of Ellenville, which old Whitney had shown me on the map to be a wild, worthless tract, all rocks and swamps; but on the edge of this tract, in another township, my cousin owned a piece of good land, and I bought a hundred and fifty acres of it, and made me an excellent farm; and for that purchase I was never sorry.

Meantime Ellenville was nearly all sold in ten-acre lots. The excitement was at fever heat, and people bought without once thinking of coming to look at the land they were purchasing. But by and by the new owners began to look up their property, and you can rest assured that they were a blue set when they were assembled on that territory. Within all the limits of the mapped-out township there was not an acre that could be cultivated. On the side that bordered my farm it was a craggy ledge of rocks; and beyond that to the eastward the land settled away under the mud and water of a sunken slough.

Some of these lots had been sold as high as one pound an acre, and a few of them even higher than that. One poor fellow, named John Twist, from Vermont, had paid one pound an acre for a lot that bordered on my farm. On the map it had been set down as a magnificent pine forest, with a beautiful river upon its border, on which was a superb water-power. John Twist bought it, and paid for it, and when he came to look at it he found it to be a mass of barren rock, with here and there a mass of clump or scrub oak and a few Norway pines, and for a river he found a water-course which tumbled melted snow over the crags in the spring, but which was dry most of the year. I did not see the poor fellow when he came to survey his property, but I can imagine how he felt.

After a while, however, the excitement passed off, and the sufferers of Ellenville turned their backs upon the grave of their speculative hopes. On my farm I prospered. My land was of the very best quality; my wife was a true helpmate, my crops were abundant; my stock thrived, and I found myself at length with a goodly pile of money tied up in my stockings.

One evening in early autumn, after our crops had all been garnered, a man, riding a sorry-looking nag, pulled up before our door. He was a well-looking man, with a sedate and solemn face, and dressed in black. It was safe enough to conclude that he was a minister, and so he announced himself. He said he was the Rev. Paul Meekmore; he was a missionary, on a home circuit, and asked shelter for himself and his beast for the night. Of course we welcomed him cheerfully; and we were pleased with him. He had traveled extensively, and his conversation was entertaining and instructive. Before he went to bed he read a chapter in the bible and made a prayer; and Betsey said to me, after he had retired, that she never heard such a beautiful prayer in her life.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Meekmore was very sedate. He asked a blessing, and then only answered such questions as were asked him. Finally Betsey told him she was afraid he had not slept well. He smiled and said he had slept well, saving the spell of a curious dream which had visited him three separate times during the night. Betsey asked him if he would tell what it was about.

"It was the old dream of hidden wealth," he said, with a solemn look. "I haven't dreamed such a dream before, since by a wonderful dream in South Africa I led to the discovery of a diamond mine worth millions of dollars; and it never profited me a penny. But such wealth is not for me. I need it not. My calling hath higher and holier aims. And yet this poor flesh is sometimes weak enough to just after the dross of gold and silver!"

By degrees we got from him that he had dreamed of a silver mine among the crags of our hills. The mine seemed to his vision utterly exhaustless in the pre-

vious metal; but he could not locate it. Betsey whose curiosity was aroused, would have pushed the matter, but Mr. Meekmore finally shook his head more solemnly than ever, said that he would rather forget the dream if he could.

When the missionary's horse was at the door, and the owner was prepared to start off, he informed us that he was bound toward the Canada line, and that he might return that way. Of course we told him that our door would always be open to him; and he promised that he would abide with us again if he had the opportunity.

In two weeks Mr. Meekmore came back. He had received a summons, he said, from the home board, to return to Boston and make immediate preparations for a winter's campaign in the West. The second evening in the society of the reverend gentleman we enjoyed more than we had enjoyed the first. His fund of anecdote and adventure was literally exhaustless, and yet an odor of sanctity and delicacy pervaded all his speech. We urged that he should spend a few days with us, but he could not. He said it would give him great pleasure to do but his call to a new field of labor in the West was pressing and imperative.

On the next morning, at the breakfast table, our guest was even more sedate and thoughtful than on the previous occasion; and when questioned on the matter he told us that he had been visited by the same strange dream again.

"This time," he said, "the vision came with wonderful distinctness, I not only beheld the vast chambers of virgin silver, but I saw an exact profile of the overlying territory. It was a wild, desolate spot, by a deep ravine, through which the snow of winter seem to find release in spring, rushing down a craggy hillside to a dark and wide-stretching, swamp below. This would not impress me so seriously were it not that once before a dream of the same import proved a startling reality."

We conversed further on the subject, and after breakfast Mr. Meekmore took a pencil, and upon the blank leaf of an old atlas he drew a picture of the spot he had seen in his dream; and he pointed out where, beneath the roots of an old, stumpy pine tree, he had seen an out-cropping of the precious metal. He had drawn the picture, he told us to show us how vivid his dream had been; but he advised us to think no more of it. Even if it were possible that the dream had substance, the body of the mine was far below the surface; and, moreover, the Lord only knew where the spot was located, even allowing that such a spot existed.

For once in my life I had allowed my cupidity to get the better of my outspoken honesty. I allowed the reverend guest to depart, and did not tell him that I knew where there was a spot exactly the original of that which he had pictured, even to every rock, shrub, tree and ravine. And that spot was upon the wild lot which had been purchased by John Twist, and which John Twist owned still.

That very afternoon, armed with an old ax and a pick, I sailed forth to the rough outside of the Twist lot. I knew exactly where the pictured lot was to be found, and when I had reached it I was more than ever struck by the faithfulness of Mr. Meekmore's draft. The accuracy in detail was wonderful. And when I reflected that this draft had been made by one who was an utter and absolute stranger to the place,—made from the simple impressions of a dream,—is it a marvel that I was strongly and strangely influenced. I found the old tree which the reverend old dreamer had particularly designated, and went to work at its roots.

And ere long my labors were rewarded. Beneath one of the main roots I found a lump of pure metal as large as a hen's egg; and upon further chopping and digging I found several more smaller pieces. They had evidently been broken from a molten mass, and upon rubbing off the dirt I found them all pure and bright.

That night I slept but little. I could only lie awake and think of the vast wealth that lay buried in that bleak hillside. But what could I do? The lot was not mine, and I should run great risk if I troubled another man's property. And, moreover, if I made further exploration while the land was not mine the secret might be divulged and the vast wealth snatched from me. I must purchase the Twist lot, and I had no doubt that I could buy it for a mere song.

On the next day I rode over to see my cousin, and when I had spoken of the Twist lot he informed me that not only that lot but a number of others, were for sale. They had been advertised and would be sold at auction in two weeks. He called me a fool when I told him I should bid on the Twist lot; but I told him I had looked it over and made up my mind that my sheep could find plenty of grazing there throughout the summer months. He asked me if I hadn't already got all the sheep pasture I need-

ed; but I told him he need not trouble himself.

During the next two weeks I kept quiet and held my tongue, giving no opportunity for my secret to become known. On the appointed day I went over to the settlement where the land was to be sold. It was to be put up in hundred-acre lots, and sold by the original plans of Whitney purchase. Lot number one was put up first, and sold for one quarter of a cent an acre.

The next lot was the "Twist lot," so called, and I heard it whispered that iron and copper ore had been discovered upon it. A stranger, in jockey clothes, started it at fifty cents an acre. Another stranger who wore a blue frock and top-boots bid seventy-five.

Then there was more talk about iron and copper. The man in the jockey suit said that he had positive assurance that pure iron ore had been found in some of the gulches, and he bid one dollar an acre. At this point I entered the contest, and bid one dollar and twenty-five cents. Up—up—up—twenty-five cents at a time, until at length I had bid ten dollars an acre. People called my crazy. Ten dollars an acre was more than the very best land in the whole country was worth. But I held my bid, and kept my own counsel.

And the Twist lot was knocked down to me for just one thousand dollars. The terms were cash. I told them to make out the deed while I went home after the money. And away I rode. I emptied my old stocking of gold and silver, and found nine hundred and fifty dollars. I borrowed the other fifty straightway proceeded to the office of Squire Simpkins, where the deed had been made. The instrument was duly signed and sealed, and when the squire had assured me that the payment of the money would make all fast and safe, I handed over the gold and silver.

I observed that the name of John Twist had been recently signed, and I asked Simpkins if Mr. Twist was present.

"He was here a few minutes ago," said Simpkins, "and will be back again after his money. He's feeling pretty good, I should judge, since he has got rid of his hundred acre lot for twice as much as it cost him, and for a thousand times more than any sane man would think it was worth."

Half an hour afterward I called at the squire's again. Mr. Twist had just gone out with his money.

"There he is now," said Simpkins, "just bound off."

I looked at the window, and saw, at the door of the inn, on the opposite side of the way, a tall man, in a bottle green coat, with bright, glaring buttons, just mounting a horse. I recognized the horse, and I recognized the man.

"Who is that man," I asked, "he with the green coat and glaring buttons?"

"That," said Simpkins, "is Mr. John Twist."

In a moment more the man in the bottle green coat had ridden away, with his heavy saddle bags behind him, and buttoned up within that coat I beheld my reverend guest! It flashed upon me that the Rev. Paul Meekmore and Mr. John Twist were one and the same person! And this was not all that flashed upon me.

A few days afterward I took my lumps of white metal to a man who was versed in such matters, and asked him what they were. He took the largest lump and tested it, and said:

"Pewter!"

I asked him if pewter was ever dug out of the earth in that shape.

"Well," said he, "seeing that pewter is an alloy of tin and lead, it couldn't be very well dug up, unless somebody had gone and buried it beforehand."

Touching further explanations on my "Twist lot" I will not speak. I will only add that I have at home an old stocking with half a dozen lumps of pewter in it; and I never look upon it but I am forced to acknowledge that dreams are sometimes very strange and wonderful things.

SELECTING A PREACHER.

NOAH CADWOLLOPPER was a man a little past the middle age—perhaps five and fifty—short and dumpy; with a very red face, and with a little round head, utterly bald from the crown to the ear tips, and the sparse, crisp semi-cirelet of hair was of the color of a boiled carrot. Noah Cadwollopper went in for saving the country. It was his especial mission to sacrifice all else to that end. In the village bar-room, and at the fireside of the village store, and at the post-office he was an oracle. He knew everything that was going on in the political world and could point out just how the whole body politic was going to rack and ruin. He had been one year a representative to the great and general court, and in his computation of time he reckoned, not from the birth at

Bethlehem, but from "the year I was in the legislature."

Noah Cadwollopper had his likes and dislikes; and of all things he disliked his chief abomination was a minister who preached politics. He would not have it if he could help it. At all events not a penny of his money should ever go towards the support of such a minister.

In the course of time it came to pass, that Wallowdale was without a settled minister, and the chief men of the parish looked around for a man to fill the pulpit. After one or two ineffectual trials, the Rev. Absalom Abbot was recommended to them as a man who would be sure to suit. He was without a settlement at that time, and being without a family the matter of salary would not be hard to arrange, provided that the sum agreed upon was promptly paid. He could not put up with slackness in the payment of the minister.

Mr. Cadwollopper did not exactly like that. It sounded to him as though the man was a little too much stuck up. They didn't want a preacher to come to Wallowdale to tell them how to do their business.

"You'll find him a live man," said the sponsors—"a man who is not afraid to preach the truth, let it hit where it will. He don't waste breath over the sins and iniquities of those whom the flood swept from the face of the earth, while sin and misery and wretchedness are to be found on all hands at the present day."

Noah Cadwollopper shook his head very doubtfully. He did not like that at all. He feared the man would create dissensions in the parish. "Just the kind of a man to preach politics," he declared.

Well, by and by, Rev. Mr. Abbot came to Wallowdale to preach.

Said Cadwollopper: "I'm a goin' to watch him—I'm goin' to weigh every word, and if he's one of yer politician preachers, I shall know it."

Mr. Abbot preached such a sermon as the people of Wallowdale had not heard for a long time, if ever before. It shook the dry bones, and beat the dust from the backs of the lazy ones. It was, in short, a practical, earnest christian plea for right living; and while the reward of the well-doer was pictured in pleasant colors, the portion of the workers of iniquity was presented in a manner to make even a hard man shudder.

At the close of the service a number of the faithful sojourned to a neighbor's, among them Noah Cadwollopper. Noah was asked what he thought of it.

"Think of it!" repeated the bobtailed conservator of the public weal, smiting his hand upon his thigh. "Think of it! I'll tell you:

"I think it would take that ere preacher just three months to smash our society all to pieces. What does he think? Does he think we're all fools, and he's the special agent to make men of us? And then again, we don't want none of his politics in the pulpit. We won't have it?"

At this point Seth Doolittle ventured to inquire how the minister had preached anything about politics.

"How?" shouted Noah, spinning around and facing the presumptuous Doolittle. "Goodness gracious! the minute he gived us his text I knew what was comin'. Clean politics, of his narrow, self-conceited school, right out an' out. You remember the text?"

"Yes," responded Seth. "It was in Proverbs: 'Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.'"

"Aye," cried Noah—"that's it. That is the way them chaps always h'ist in their politics. I know 'em. And did you notice how he scowled when he quoted more scrip'tur?"

D'ye mind when he said 'though hand fine in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished?' And did you notice where he looked when he was a spoutin' about the ungodly, and the self-righteous, and the sinners, and the doers of iniquity? Aye—and what did he mean by 'Ephraim is j'ined to his idols, let him alone?'

I tell you, he meant the political party that opposed him! I can see. No sirs! He ain't the man for the place! Not a political preacher fer me, if I know myself."

And Noah Cadwollopper carried the day. There were dry bones enough in the parish that would not be willingly shaken up to give him the balance of power.

A young man, fresh from college anxious to display his learning, threw the following string of high-sounding words at his amazed grandmother:

"You see grandmother we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of the contents."

"Bless my soul!" cried the old lady, "What wonderful improvements they do make. Now, in my younger days we just made a hole in each end, and—sucked!"