

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 3.40 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 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 10.25 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 4.15, 9.15 a. m., and 4.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 4.05 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.00, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.00 p. m. The 2.00 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 2.00 a. m., and 9.00 p. m. \*Via Morris and Essex Rail Road. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. 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. Millintown Acc. 7.19 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Express 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.04 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 10.02 p. m., flag, daily. WEST. Way Passenger, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.38 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. 5.55 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 Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time. J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANSON STATION.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, trains will leave Duncanson, as follows: EASTWARD. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 7.53 a. m. Johnstown Express 12.32 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express 10.25 p. m., daily (flag) WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.04 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 5.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 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 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 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 Catalogue—300 illustrations, only 2 cents. 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. All my publications are printed in English and German. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

500 AGENTS WANTED AS CARVERS for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x33 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success. For particulars, address H. M. CRIDEN, 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, Robes, and Shoe Findings made a specialty. JOS. M. HAWLEY. Duncanson, July 19, 1876—17

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 20 cents; with elegant cloth cover \$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.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixteen letters: My first is in May but not in June. My second is knife but not in fork. My third is in bush but not in tree. My fourth is in sore but not in hurt. My fifth is in fire but not in blaze. My sixth is in sand but not in time. My seventh is in ship but not in boat. My eighth is in plow but not in crust. My ninth is in cap but not in harrow. My tenth is in cap but not in hat. My eleventh is in spring but not in fall. My twelfth is in ure but not in vase. My thirteenth is in bring but not in fetch. My fourteenth is in view but not in scene. My fifteenth is in saw but not in sitch. My sixteenth is in ride but not in walk. My whole is the name of a body of water.

COAXING FOR A WIFE.

OLD HEZEKIAH GATHEREM was a solid man of Boston.

Like a great many other men similarly fixed, by reason of his wealth, old Gatherem was as conceited as a college student, as contrary as a drove of Kansas mules, and as proud as a young parson; and when in the fullness of time, Jack Furlaway, the Captain of the little brig Cariboo, asked him for the hand of his daughter Jenny, old Gatherem's face grew as red as the good port wine he was in the habit of drinking, and nothing but Captain Jack's rather muscular appearance saved him from being kicked across the street into the barber's shop opposite.

"What, sir, you—you, the captain of a miserable little West India sugar drogher—marry my daughter?"

"Certainly, sir. Wouldn't think of taking her without marrying her,"—said Captain Furlaway, coolly.

Old Gatherem rang the bell violently, and ordered the servant to show Jack to the door.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Ebony," remarked our maritime friend placidly. "I rather labor under the delusion that I can manage to find my way out alone. Good day, pa;—hope to find you in a better humor some other time. I won't object to Jenny on account of her near relatives."

But Jack departed rather ruefully for all that, for bonny Jenny Gatherem had gotten him fast tangled in her golden brown hair, and it had been his waking dream during many a lonely watch on deck, and as the little clipper Cariboo danced merrily over the phosphorescent waves of Old Ocean, to make her Mrs. Furlaway, and he had even gone so far as to be a very dutiful and respectful son-in-law to that disagreeable old person, her father.

Jenny met him just around the corner, like a faithful little sweetheart, and Jack dolorously enough told her the direful result of his interview.

"Never mind, Jack, dear," said Jenny, consolingly. "Something will be certain to turn up more favorable. Wait patiently, and if the worst must come, why—"

And the young damsel's eyes sparkled in a manner which presaged no very good luck to the solid old person of Boston.

So Captain Jack Furlaway squared the yards of his skimmer, the Cariboo, for the West Indies, and by way of giving vent to his ill feeling toward Mr. Hezekiah Gatherem, carried sail on his craft, until the water rolled in torrents over her sharp bows, and the old salts wondered what the deuce had come over the "old man" that he cracked on so much dimly, and, finally, settled down into the belief that he was racing for a heavy bet with the famous Fiery Cross, whose long black hull and towering pile of canvass had lain on their windward quarter much longer than any ship had ever yet succeeded in doing.

Much port wine, much conceit and much bad temper had made old Gatherem sick, and the learned leeches of the Hub had advised a change of air, and recommended the balmy atmosphere of the ever faithful Isle of Cuba, so that cheerful old gentleman packed his trunks and fearing some enterprising young Bostonian might steal his daughter while he was gone, also packed her along, and took passage in the A I clipper, Skymme Mylke, a ship owned by various pious persons, and named after their beloved pastor.

The Skymme Mylke boomed along at a roaring rate, and soon the lights of Boston harbor were far behind her.

The solid old party was very seasick, and as he tried to heave his boots heels upward, he hove curses deep and wrathful at the doctors who had persuaded him to trust himself to the uncertain motions of a sharp clipper driving into a head sea.

Though the Skymme Mylke was owned by persons of piety, and named after a person of sanctity, her master, Captain Ralph Rattler, was by no means religiously inclined.

No one ever knew whether Cap-

tain Rattler swore most or drank most.

At any rate he drank enough to carry sail until his ship opened a seam, and when he became conscious that he was cracking it on a little too heavily, and endeavored to take in some of his canvass the gale saved him the trouble by sending his masts over to the leeward, and the gallant Skymme Mylke rolled and pitched and floundered, opening more seams and commenced sinking rapidly.

At last, down went the ship, and Captain Rattler, with his sea cherubs, and the passengers, committed themselves to the tender mercies of a rickety craft, with scant provisions and water, and, for a week or more, they scanned the lonely sea with anxious eyes for a delivering sail.

Jenny bore up bravely, as women generally do; but her grumpy old parent had ceased to be solid, and the lamentations Jeremiah were as zephyrs compared to those he sent howling through the atmosphere.

He vowed he'd give his whole fortune to the captain who would rescue him, and as the sea would wash over him, he swore he'd add himself to the bargain, and wait upon his deliverer the remainder of his natural life.

At last, one day a white spot not bigger than a sea gull's wing, appeared on the horizon, and soon the royal of a square rigger could be seen, and then one sail after another rose out of the sea with wonderful rapidity.

"That's a skimmer," said Captain Ralph.

"That's an angel, sir," said Gatherem.

It was not long before a sharp little brig dashed by, and hove to within a hundred yards of the doleful crew on the raft.

Jenny could not restrain an exclamation of joy as she read the word "Cariboo" in golden letters on the quarter boards of the new comer, and when Jack made his appearance on quarter deck, she waved her handkerchief at him in a very frantic manner.

Jack, not knowing who it was, was acting in the coolest possible way.

Soon a boat, manned by sturdy rowers, was alongside, and the women and children were taken aboard the Cariboo.

Old Gatherem prayed to be taken among the first, but the second mate of the brig, who was in command of the boat, was obturate, and he was forced to content himself with the reflection that he was saved at any rate.

When Jenny's foot touched the deck of the Cariboo, it stopped just long enough for her to bound into the arms of the astonished Furlaway.

As the novel writers say when they get hold of something they cannot properly describe, "we drop the curtain upon the scene."

And now we grieve to relate that Captain Furlaway was guilty of a very reprehensible stratagem, having for its object the destruction of the peace of mind of Hezekiah Gatherem.

He handed the brig like a pilot boat, and laid her close aboard the raft.

"Raft ahoy!" hailed. "Are there any doctors of divinity aboard?"

"Sir," reproachfully exclaimed a long, lank man, who had just arisen from a cod-fish box, "we are from Boston! There are seven of us."

"One will do," responded Jack.—"The rest of you had better offer consolation to my father-in-law who is to be, Mr. Hezekiah Gatherem. The boat is going for one parson and some more of the passengers."

When the second batch were safely on board of the Cariboo, Jack again hailed the raft.

"I say, pa," said he, "I am going to marry Jenny. Will you give your consent?"

"No!" was the gruff response from the raft.

"Then, I'm obliged to say that you will be very apt to inhabit that raft until you do give us your consent. Nice place, ain't it?"

It was all the six brethren could do to keep him from jumping overboard, but finally a sea a little wetter than the others brought him around, and he roared something which sounded like:

"Take her and be—happy!" only 'happy' wasn't the last word.

So the long, lank parson from Boston made them one and indivisible as they stood on the windward side of the quarter deck, and, after the remainder of the unfortunates were safely on board, the Cariboo bounded lightly with a spanking breeze, toward the port of Modern Athens.

And Captain Jack Furlaway says that nothing but pure coaxing ever induced the old gentleman to consent, but Mr. Gatherem has his own opinion about that part of the subject.

"We can't understand why it was so awful dark in Egypt when there were so many Israel-lights there."

LAWYERS WHO WERE MATCHED.

A QUICK and ready wit is an almost indispensable endowment in a good cross-examining counsel, but the quickest and readiest sometimes finds his match.

"Oh, you say this gentleman was about 55," said Canning to a pert young woman in the witness-box, "and suppose you now consider yourself a pretty good judge of ages, eh? Ah, just so.—Well, now, how old should you take me to be?"

"Judging by your appearance, sir," replied the witness, "I should take you to be about 60. By your question I should suppose you were about 16."

Whether counsel had any more questions for this lady is not recorded.

"Now," began another learned gentleman, rising slowly from among his professional brethren, and looking very profound, "now, are you prepared to swear that this mare was three years old?"

"Swear?" returned the stableman in the box, "yes, I'll swear she was."

"And pray, sir, upon what authority are you prepared to swear it?"

"What authority?" echoed the witness.

"Yes, sir, upon what authority? You are to give me an answer and not repeat my questions."

"I don't see as a man can be expected to answer a question before he has had time to turn it over."

"Nothing can be simpler than the question put to you. Upon what authority, I repeat, do you swear to the animal's age?"

"On very good authority."

"Then, why this evasion? Why not state it at once?"

"Well, if you must have it—"

"Must have it?" interrupted the man of law, "I will have it."

"Well, then, if you must and will have it," said the hostler, with deliberate gravity, "I had it from the mare's own mouth."

A particularly witty reply was once made by a well-known English architect, who had been giving an important opinion, and whose professional status Mr. Sergeant Garrow, the opposing counsel, was anxious to depreciate.

"You are a builder, I believe," began the sergeant.

"No, sir, I am not a builder; I am an architect."

"Ah, well, builder or architect, architect or builder, they are pretty much the same, I suppose."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I can't admit that, I consider them totally different."

"Oh, indeed, perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists?"

"An architect, sir, conceives the design, prepares the plan, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do; an ingenious distinction without a difference. Do you happen to know who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

"There was no architect, sir," replied the witness, "hence the confusion there."

A Mistake Often Made.

Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine, if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake.—Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, soon or late, to the influences which are forever working against him. "His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way."

Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double-dealing and dishonesty and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

What Boys Should Learn.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes in to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong; and

above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds to not to learn to smoke, chew, or to drink; remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To observe all these rules, and they are sure to be gentlemen.

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 once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensible 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 do an imprudent thing.

A man's best female friend is his 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 circumstances puts the idea of love out of the question. Middle age has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have.—We may have a 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.

Enough in One Bed.

Emigration to the State of Michigan was so great during the year 1835-6, that every house was filled every night with travelers wanting lodging. Every traveler there at that time will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in the hotels, even if he had two or three "strange bed fellows."

The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped one night at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor, and inquired if he could have a room and bed to himself. The bar-keeper told him he could, unless they should be so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him. At an early hour the reverend gentleman went to his room, locked the door, and soon retired to his bed and sunk into a comfortable sleep. Along toward midnight he was roused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Hallo! you there," he exclaimed. "what do you want now?"—particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger, sir, with you," said the voice of the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why, yes—there is only one in here, is there?"

"One! why, here is Mr. Brown and a Methodist minister, and myself, already, and I should think that enough for one bed, even Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so, too, and left the trio to their repose.

Commodore Vanderbilt was wont to govern, in his private affairs, with a rod of iron. The husband of one of the daughters of the Commodore being unfortunate in business many years ago, she went to her father for assistance, which was refused in a manner more forcible than elegant. She abruptly withdrew to fight for complete independence. The next morning the New York of those days were highly surprised to read the following advertisement, specially displayed:

MRS. — desires to state she has excellent table and accommodations for families or single gentlemen. Refer to her father, C. Vanderbilt.

That advertisement appeared exactly one time, the Commodore realized the situation, advanced backward promptly, and there was no more dissension in that branch of the family forever afterward.

An authoritative journal objects to the wearing of diamonds when traveling, because it is vulgar. It is a position which we assumed years ago, and we are glad to say that no one connected with this paper has ever been guilty of such vulgarity. We have occasionally taken a ride with a lawyer, but there are some depths to which we cannot sink.

A lawyer and a minister, both impetuous, boarded with a certain widow lady in Boston. Neither could pay his board bill. The lawyer married the lone woman, and the minister performed the ceremony, thus squaring accounts.