

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
November 28th, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS:
For New York, at 6.20, 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.

SUNDAYS:
For New York, at 5.30 a. m.
For Allentown, at 5.20 a. 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, 8.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m.

Leave Allentown, at 2.30 p. m. and 9.00 p. m.

Leave Auburn at 12 noon.

Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.30, 8.55 a. m., 12.15 4.35 and 9.00 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.

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TESTING A LOVER.

"UNCLE HENRY," said Julia Denham, "may I see you in the library a moment this morning?"

"Certainly, my dear. I am at your command now," and he led the way into the room.

He handed his niece an arm-chair and took a seat opposite her.

"Uncle," said Julia, with a little becoming confusion, "I have received an offer."

"Whew!" exclaimed her uncle, "that is coming to the point with a vengeance."

"And I wish to consult you as to accepting it or not."

"A very sensible resolution. May I know from where the offer has been received?"

"Edward Fitzroy."

"You haven't known him very long?"

"Not—very," said Julia, slowly.

"And you think you know all about him, I dare say. Are you very much in love with him?"

"Not desperately," answered Julia, smiling. "At the same time I confess that I am strongly prepossessed in his favor."

"And this prepossession is likely to become a warm sentiment. Well, my little niece, as you have requested my advice, I will give it. I do not object to this lover of yours. Indeed I know nothing against him. But then I know too little of him at any rate to be able to form a deliberate opinion of his character. If I mistake not this is also your case. Now it is my theory that no woman ought to marry unless she is sufficiently well acquainted with her intended husband, to have a pretty confident assurance of leading a happy life with him. I therefore counsel you to delay giving your answer for a month, and in that time I will contrive to become better acquainted with him."

"Your advice is good," said Julia, thoughtfully, "and I will follow it."

"Thank you," said her uncle, kindly, "for the confidence you have reposed in my judgment. I sincerely hope that the young man will prove to be all that we can desire."

Edward Fitzroy was in business in the neighboring city. He had embarked a small property inherited from his father, in a dry goods establishment on Washington street, and having a good business tact was driving a flourishing trade.

His acquaintance with our heroine had commenced during a summer residence at the village which she made her home. It was not strange that he should have been attracted by Julia. Her gaiety, vivacity and beauty made her generally admired, and had anything else been requisite the reputation of being her uncle's heiress would have procured her suitors. But it is not necessary to dwell further on this point of our story. We are interested to learn how Uncle Henry's plans succeeded.

He first made cautious inquiries relative to the young man's business standing, all of which were answered satisfactorily. But this did not satisfy him. He wished to see for himself.

Accordingly he purchased a suit of clothing so different from that which he was accustomed to wear, that with a pair of green goggles super-added he felt convinced would disguise him sufficiently for his purpose. Thus attired he lounged into the store, and inquired for some trifling article. He was purposely very slow in being suited. Meanwhile he watched with some attention the bearing of Fitzroy, who was trading with a fashionably attired lady at a little distance. Nothing could be more polite or obsequious than the conduct of the young tradesman. With unwearied assiduity he took down from the shelves and displayed a large stock of merchandise, until the fastidious taste of the lady was at length suited.

"He is attentive to his customers," thought Uncle Henry. "That is a good sign. But perhaps it may be simply because she is rich and fashionable. Here is a customer of a different kind. Let me see how he treats her."

At this moment a woman very poorly dressed with a worn and weary expression, as if she were better acquainted with the dark than the bright side of life, entered the street door and advanced to the counter. The affable smile which Fitzroy had worn in his interview with the last customer disappeared and in its place was seen a supercilious glance.

"I would like to look at some callicoes," said the customer.

"Here are some," said Fitzroy, curtly, pointing to a pile which lay upon the counter.

He did not stir from his position, but gazed at the woman with an air that seemed to indicate how utterly indifferent he was to her patronage.

"Will you show me some of them?" asked the woman mildly.

"There they are, ma'am; you can see them for yourself."

"What is the price of this?" she in-

quired, looking at the one which lay at the top.

"Ninence a yard."

"I don't altogether like the figure," she said, after a pause.

"Don't you?" returned Fitzroy, indifferently.

The customer began to examine some of the other prints. Of course in doing so she was obliged to disarrange them somewhat.

"Don't pull them all to pieces," said Fitzroy, rudely. "There isn't much difference in them. You'd better take the first that comes. How much do you want?"

"Ten yards."

"Well, you had better let me cut it off quick, as I can't stand waiting on one customer all day."

Thus importuned, the woman hastily indicated one of the prints, and the required quantity was measured off.

Change was hastily made and the woman departed. Her place was taken by a wealthy lady like the first, the rustle of whose silk proved an immediate passport to the good graces of the young merchant.

"I don't like that," thought Uncle Henry, who had not been unobservant of this little scene. "He has no right to treat one customer better than another. At all events all ought to be treated with common civility, whatever their attire may be, or however small may be their purchase. These gloves are half-a-dollar, are they? (these words were addressed to the shopman who was waiting upon him), very well, I will take them."

Meanwhile the woman who had just purchased the calico re-entered the store with a hurried step and a look of trouble. She waited until Fitzroy was through with the lady upon whom he was attending, and then pressed to the counter.

"Well, what now?" asked the young man, superciliously.

"I believe you made a mistake about the change you handed me."

"A mistake!" he repeated. "It is quite impossible."

"But," said the woman, anxiously, "don't you remember I gave you a two dollar bill, and you only handed me back two quarters."

"Wasn't that right?"

"No—I bought ten yards at ninence a yard, which made but a dollar and a quarter."

"And you handed me a two dollar bill?"

"Yes."

"Then I must have given you back three quarters."

"But, sir, it cannot be. I have only two."

"O, you'll find the other in your pocket if you haven't spent it," said Fitzroy, insolently.

The woman colored.

"Indeed, sir, I know I am right," she said, troubled.

"It is for your interest to," he returned with a sneer.

"And you won't rectify the mistake then?" said the poor woman faintly.

"You make a great fuss about a quarter of a dollar."

"It is of some importance to me," said the woman.

"I can't return it," said Fitzroy, shortly. "There is no end to the impositions that would be practised upon me, if I allowed everybody to come back and claim that they had not received the right change."

Here Uncle Henry who had listened with indignation to this scene, interfered.

"You are mistaken," said he decidedly. "I saw you hand this lady her change, and you passed her but two quarters."

Fitzroy glanced at the speaker. It has not been mentioned that Uncle Henry, the better to conceal his identity was coarsely dressed, and accordingly Fitzroy set him down as a person of no consequence. He therefore answered haughtily:

"I shall need more than your word, my good sir. How do I know but you are in league?"

"Good morning sir," said Uncle Henry, abruptly. "You may hereafter regret this gratuitous insult. Madam, will you allow me a word with you?"

The woman followed him out of the shop, while Fitzroy in no very pleasant mood muttered about the "airs of these beggars."

"Madam," said Uncle Henry, when they were in the street, "will you accept from me this piece of gold which will in a measure atone for this man's rudeness and your loss. Nay, no thanks. What I have witnessed has been worth more to me than the small sum."

At the end of a month Edward Fitzroy came to receive Julia Denham's answer to his suit. He felt quite confident of success—a confidence which was somewhat diminished by the coldness with which she returned his greeting.

"I must decline the honor of your alliance," said she, in answer to his urgent proposal.

"But what can have wrought this change in you?" he asked, his countenance changing.

"I must refer you to my uncle."

Uncle Henry, who entered the room immediately, explained in few words in what way they had gained an unfavorable impression of his character. He concluded by saying: "The man who is obsequious to the rich and impertinent to the poor, shall not with my consent marry one in whom I feel an interest."

A year afterwards Julia formed an alliance with one more worthy of her, and never had cause to regret adopting her uncle's test.

A VERY PIOUS YOUNG MAN.

"BEWARE of pickpockets?" repeated a benevolent old gentleman as he glanced at a placard posted in the car which he was riding.

"Dear me, how sad that such a warning should be necessary in a Christian land?"

"Yes, sir," said the young man next him, "but it's best to be careful for there may be pickpockets in this very car. I know all about that, sir. I've been rescued from the lowest depth. I was a pickpocket once, sir."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, starting.

"I'm a respectable person now. Yes, sir, I'm very respectable, ask anybody about Jim Tilks and they'll tell you that, but I was brought up a thief. I was born among thieves, and took the trade naturally, and I used to pick pockets when I was ten years old. You needn't look at yours, if you please, sir. I've been converted since, and go to meeting regular. You could trust me with untold gold now."

"But as I said, I was a thief, and I might have been one yet if it hadn't been for what happened at Rickady station, where I was sitting waiting for any old lady's reticule, or any forgetful person's parcel, or even an umbrella, or a pocket-handkerchief, as might be dropped by chance. For folks that's anxious about gettin' on the right train at the right time, and nobody to do anything but snub 'em, which is what the officials are apparently paid to do ain't as careful of their portable property as they would be otherwise. When I was a wicked sinner, I used to take advantage of that, you know. You couldn't bribe me to do it now—oh, no."

"But as I said, I was a-lounging about there, and in came a gentleman with a long basket. It was the curiousest basket I ever saw. Had two handles and a padlock. Never saw such a basket. There was a cord about it, too. He put it down in the corner as he looked for his pocket-book, and he spoke to a gentleman who was standing near, and seemed to know him."

"Got it," he said, "and it's cost me enough, I can tell you, but I wanted it for the collection—couldn't do without it. So proud of it I brought it along myself. Whew! five minutes only, and I haven't my ticket," and he rushed toward the office.

"The other man looked at the basket a minute and then walked away, and that was my time. I crept up to the basket and took it up and walked away in another direction. No body noticed me, I didn't run, of course. I just went out of the station and down under the trees, and what I meant to do was to take the valuables out of the basket and leave it there."

"I'd made up my mind that it was something very valuable, but what it could be I couldn't guess. I took off the cord first and then I took the key that hung beside the padlock and unlocked that, and lifted up the cover a little. Just then there was a noise and I turned my head."

"When I found it was nothing to be afraid of, I turned back. I opened the cover wider and peeped in; but there was nothing there, the basket was empty—not a thing in it."

"Why, gracious me!" said I; only not in them words—I was a wicked sinner then—what does this mean? An empty basket! And what did he mean by talking of its being valuable?"

And there was I, running a risk for nothing.

"A risk. Why, I was done for, for nothin'; for here were the police after me; at least, a big arm went around my wrist, all of a sudden like; and when I jerked it only held me closer; and what was that—another arm?"

"Well, sir, I thought I should just give up that minute, for there and then I knew that what was twisting about me was something worse than even a policeman's arm to such as I was then."

"It was a snake—a great snake—the kind they put in menageries. Boa constrictor—yes, sir—that was the kind—a boa constrictor; and now I remembered the face of the gentleman who had the basket—he was the menagerie man. I had stolen a basket with a snake in it, and it had slipped out when I opened the cover, and now it had me."

"Tight, sir, was no word. It was twisted around me until I had very little breath left, but with what I did have

I set up a yell. Would you believe it, sir, the first person that heard me was that menagerie man; he was looking for his snake, I suppose.

"Bless my heart," he says, when he saw me—"bless my heart. Well, the bitter bit, if ever it happened. You stole the basket, my friend, and out of it, came the thief-catcher. Now keep still; don't move for your life. There's just one chance for you."

Says I: "Hurry, please, sir; I'm a chokin'."

"He did hurry. He took a bottle out of his pocket, and out of another he took a kind of folding cup, and opened it out. Then he poured something from the bottle into the cup."

"Milk," says he, "it may tempt him away; if not, say your prayers, friend;" and I tell you that was an anxious moment me.

"At first I thought he had done for me, for the snake only seemed to twist tighter; but in a minute the head poked out towards the cup and I felt him drop off, and saw him coiled about the milk cup. I didn't wait to see him feed. I went."

"But it was a lesson to me. It put an end to my course of wickedness.—This is my station, sir. Good afternoon. There isn't a more respectable or more honest young man than I am living now. Good afternoon."

Then he was off.

"It's a very curious story," said the old gentleman—"very. But he is evidently a very conscientious young man now."

He put his hand in his pocket for his pocket-handkerchief. It was gone—so was his purse. They had gone with the conscientious young man.

A Monkey Story.

I MUST tell you of something that happened one day last summer, when I was at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia.

Among the persons standing around the cage where the monkeys were kept, was an old lady who had on a pair of gold rimmed spectacles. All at once, a big brown monkey stretched out his paw between the bars, snatched the spectacles, and scampered away, chattering and grinning with delight.

Of course, the poor lady was in distress. The keeper came to the rescue, and, by driving the monkey about the cage with a long pole, forced him at last to drop the spectacles. But one of the glasses had come out of it; and this the thief still held in his mouth, and refused to give up.

The keeper followed him sharply with the pole. Away he went, swinging from one rope to another, screaming and scolding all the time, until the keeper was so tired, that I feared he would have to let the monkey keep the glass. But this the keeper said would never do; for he knew, that, if he let the monkey carry the day, he could never control him again.

So the keeper still plied his pole. The monkey dodged it as well as he could, until the blows came so thick and fast, that he could bear them no longer, when he opened his mouth, and let the glass drop.

Now comes the funniest part of the story. The glass fell quite near the bars, just where the old lady was standing, and a gentleman took her parasol, which had a hooked handle, to draw it within reach. But he put the parasol in a little too far, and it slipped out of his hand.

Instantly a large yellow monkey wrapped his long tail around it, and started off. Imagine the feelings of the poor old lady—first robbed of her spectacles, and then of her parasol.

But her property was all recovered at last; the robbers were both punished; and she went on her way in peace.

About nine o'clock yesterday morning a farmer-looking man entered a grocery store on Woodward avenue, having a jug in his hand, and said to one of the clerks:

"I want two pounds of nails, and—"

"Next poor," promptly replied the clerk, motioning with his thumb.

The farmer entered the store next door, placed the jug on the counter and said:

"I want a gallon of molasses and—"

"Next door," said the proprietor, motioning towards the grocery.

The farmer looked at him for a minute, then went out and re-entered the other store. As the clerk came forward again the man with the jug remarked:

"Why in blazes couldn't you have told me in the first place that I could get the molasses here and the nails next door? What's the use of being so mighty lightened about nothing."—Detroit Free Press.

A young man writes us from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to know if there is any good opening out here for a light business, requiring only small capital.—Well, yes. He might open an office and hang out a sign. "Money borrowed here." "We don't believe he'd have enough to do to worry him, and he could start on as small a capital in that as in any business we know of.

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