

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 4.55 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.

RUNDAYS: 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, 8.30 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.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 p. 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.

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.

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. Johnstown Express 12.53 p. m. daily except Sunday.

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.04 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO., 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.

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 Seeds. ARE PLANTED BY A MILLION OF PEOPLE IN AMERICA. See Vick's Catalogue—309 Illustrations, only 2 cents.

500 AGENTS WANTED TO GRABBERS for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRATED 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.

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.

HE HOLDS THE FORT OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

Thro' clouds of storm and darkness, And the crash of fearful doom, When the shroud of flame enwrap him For a chill and watery tomb,

Oh faith that thro' all trials Can lift the soul on high, And light the martyr's path way To realms beyond the sky,

The above beautiful song and chorus was written in tribute to the memory of P. P. Bliss, the Evangelist, who was killed in the railroad disaster at Ashtabula, O. It is a very fine, sacred subject to which the melody has been nicely adapted.

THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

MARION HYDE was a cripple, but for all that she was beautiful. Her father was warden in the prison.

Among the prisoners was one at the registering of whose name at his entrance Marion had been present, and something in his youthful though sullen face attracted her pitiful glance.

One day, as she leaned on the window-sill, looking with a wistful sadness into the yard at the prisoners, one of them looked, and changed as he was in every way, thin feature, she knew again the black, sullen eyes that yet were somehow like an angry, obstinate child's.

"It's my opinion that he's trying to starve himself to death," he said. Marion drew near the sick bed. She bent over him and spoke with gentle firmness. But she might as well have talked to the blank wall, for all the sign he gave of having heard her.

The order was obeyed, but when three days saw no change in the body, Dr. Putney having meantime examined it, it was removed to the dissecting room. Marion Hyde's window commanded a view of this mysterious and horror-inspiring apartment.

still. She knew that her heart was throbbing wildly, but she knew also that it was no phantom she looked upon. Dr. Putney had been right all the time. Amyer Preston was not dead, and thus he was making one wild effort for liberty.

"I won't go back to prison," he whispered between his set teeth. "You need not," she said, simply, and led him to her own chamber.

There was positively no other place that was safe from the strict search that she knew would be instituted as soon as he was discovered to be missing.

"What has been the matter with me?" he asked after awhile. "I could not stir any more than though I was dead, but I knew all that was going on about me. Ugh! it was frightful, waiting there in that dissecting room. I believe it was only the horror of it helping me to break the frightful spell."

The years moved on. Marion was twenty-five. Her father was dead. Her idolized brother had perished in a brawl. She was alone in the world; an invalid, living on the merest pittance earned with her needle, but the same sweet-faced, sweet-voiced girl that had won the hearts of the prisoners in the gloomy abode of which her father was warden.

"Why do you look at me so?" asked the young girl, with naive eagerness. "You remind me of some one I have known," Marion answered simply.

"No, indeed, that you shall not," chimed in she who had been the means of this happy recognition, and as she said it both her arms were around Mar-

lon's neck, and she was sobbing and kissing her alternately. "Robert always said he would never marry anybody but you, and you'll have him, won't you dear?"

"I have proved my innocence of that charge of robbing my guardian," said Robert gravely. "But it was long before I could do so. I followed up the man whose testimony convicted me till he lay dying, and he gave me a written confession of false witnesses. He wanted me out of the way. I will not be so abrupt as to ask you to marry me now, but as this rash sister of mine has said so much I can no less than testify to its truth.

And then he left Marion to his sister's petting and soothing. "This morning I was alone—not a friend in the wide world, and now—"

ISMAIL PASHA, late the Egyptian Finance Minister, was a remarkable man. Originally one of the lowest grooms in the stables of the Khedive of Chosra, his first step on the ladder of fortune was gained by marriage with a liberated slave from the harem, who speedily initiated him into the mysteries of that institution, and showed him how by artful use of harem influence a clever man might raise himself to any eminence in the State.

He amassed an enormous fortune, and his expenditure was lavish even beyond Oriental magnificence. His harem was one of the largest and most celebrated in the East. It consisted of 300 women, all young and beautiful—for Ismail would have no women in his harem over the age of thirty—and two corps de ballet, one of French, the other of Hindoo girls.

Sailors' Practical Joke.

A PRACTICAL joke was played nearly thirty years ago at a cooking main in Havana, by some sailors belonging to an American man-of-war. The sailors had been betting and losing day after day, at the cock pit, which was the amusement that they most affected, until they were all left without a cent.

Some of the ship's officers surmising that something was in the wind, followed, but not even to them was the sailor's secret divulged. Scarcely had they reached the pit when an excited Spaniard sprang into the little arena, where a battle had just ended.

No other challenger could have been half so welcome to the sailors, for during their former unhappy experience he had been their bete noir, raking in their gold pieces almost as fast as they could bet them.

"I was Amyer Preston; I am Robert Liesson. A relative of my mother's left me his property on condition of my taking his name. I have searched for you vainly, Marion Hyde. My prosperity has been bitter to me till now I find you. Oh! you shall never touch a needle or work again."

of good blood would not hesitate to attack a bird as big as the fabled roc. So the first notice the "American game chicken," as the sailors had christened their bird, received of the presence of an enemy was a fierce attack. He calmly looked down upon the gamecock strutting threateningly before him. The sailors were not without anxiety lest the keen gaffs might settle their eagle before he got warmed up to his work, but fear was quickly dispelled. The gamecock dashed forward again. In less than a second the Spaniards witnessed an astounding sight. The "American chicken" placidly stretched out one great claw, seized his antagonist by the head, drew him up, and, applying the other claw to his body, tore his head off with a single pull.

Love and Revenge.

A black-eyed, fair-faced young person, dressed in gray plaid skirt, overskirt and panier, red plaid shawl, brown hat and blue veil, attracted the attention of Assemblyman John Dillmeter and a special officer, in Johnson avenue, Brooklyn, on Friday night, and when they approached they saw that a young man and not a woman was inside the clothes. In the Stagg street police station the youth described himself as Conrad Litzenberg, aged 19, a clerk of 123 Walton street. He said that he was engaged to a young lady, Miss Minnie R. Schurman, and that another man had been writing her insulting letters. He showed the Sergeant three letters filled with insulting expressions. In one he begged to see Miss Schurman in Johnson avenue. Litzenberg said that he went there with her, and chased him, but he escaped. He then concluded to dress in his sweetheart's clothes, and try to catch him. "If I had caught him," he added with spirit, "he wouldn't have written her any more such letters."

A Triangular Scrimmage.

The Newburyport Herald says a novel fight was witnessed in that city on Sunday, between a rat, hen and rooster. A hen scratching near a water cask, was suddenly interrupted by a huge rat, and neither would give way. Finally the hen made a pass with her beak, which the rat dodged, and then the rat made a spring for her neck, which was not a success. At this juncture a cluck from the hen brought up the rooster, who, like a gallant cock, came into the ring to take a hand himself. Then commenced a triangular scrimmage with teeth and beaks. The hen had lent him one right in the smeller, which seemed very much to anger the rat, who gathered for a spring on his antagonist, which was prevented by the cock lighting upon him and putting both spurs into his body, performing the solemn tragedy of harkari. Not satisfied with disembowelling their enemy, they picked out his eyes and left him.

A Schoolmarm who Objected to Being Courted.

An independent little Canadian schoolmarm snubbed one of her big scholars who tried to make love to her, and because he retaliated by disturbing the school she gave him a sound flogging. His parents sued her and recovered \$3.50 damages. The next day the girl opened school by saying: "I have whipped a booby soundly, which pleasure cost only \$3.50. Now, if any others of my scholars are inclined to imitate him they will have the kindness to step forward, receive the money and the flogging, and then we will go on with our studies. I am here to instruct you, not to be courted." She retains the school and is the most popular girl in town.

How Would This Suit You?

The Philadelphia North American says: An enormous aged African keeps a cellar lunch and lodging room on south Sixth street. He says he has not been out of it for sixteen years. He furnishes lunch to his customers from scraps gathered by begging around town. His price for lodging is ten cents a night, and then no one is permitted to lie down. He furnishes each chap with an empty nail keg upon which to sit during the night.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The aristocratic Spitz dog is now so cheap in New York, in consequence of the hydrophobia scare, that families of ordinary means can afford to buy one or two and enjoy the risk of being bitten and dying of hydrophobia, just the same as the Fifth Avenoodles.