

**RAILROADS.**  
**PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.**  
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.  
**November 28th, 1876.**

**TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS:**  
For New York, at 8.20, 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 5.57 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 Auburn at 5.10 a. 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 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. 1.45 p. 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 Auburn at 12 noon.  
Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15 4.35 and 9.30 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 3.30 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 2.30 a. m. and 9.00 p. m.  
Via Morris and Essex Rail Road.  
J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.  
C. G. HAMCOCK, 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.  
Sunday Mail, 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Atlantic Express, 10.02 P. M., flag, daily.

**WEST.**  
Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily.  
Mail, 2.35 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 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 15 minutes faster than Altoona 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.  
Mail 7.30 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Atlantic Express 10.29 P. M., daily (flag).

**WESTWARD.**  
Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily.  
Mail, 2.04 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.15 P. M.  
Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday at 11.53 P. M.  
WM. O. 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  
**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.

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**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.  
P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a specialty.  
JOS. M. HAWLEY.  
Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—17

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a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Flower Plate with the first Flower and Vegetable Garden, only 25 cents a year. The first No. for 1877 just issued in German and English.  
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**TAMING A DUELIST.**

WHILE the old frigate Brandywine lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and, after some consultation, said man was received by the captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board, and some slight consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of the strolling Yankee; but he dressed well, and was remarkably good looking, though there was in his face a peculiar look which indicated that he preferred fun to sound sense, allowing, however, that the fun had some sense in it.

The moment I placed my eyes upon the man I knew I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak with him, I found that he had been a performer of legerdemain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. He had traveled through England, France and Spain, with his implements of deception, and had just brought up at Gibraltar when our ship came in. He brought his whole kit on board in a large chest, which he got permission to stow away in the bread-room, where it would keep perfectly dry. He had quite a pile of money, which he placed in the purser's hand for safe-keeping, but he would tell none of us how much. But he was liberal and open hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him on board, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At length our ship went to Port Mahon and here our Yankee tars were at home. One pleasant morning a party of us went on shore, and Joe Lattit was among our number. Joe was dressed in a perfect shore-going rig, and appeared a gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe, and the only occupant, besides the keeper, was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain, from his dress. We called for wine, and had it served upon a table next to the one at which the officer sat, Joe seating himself so that his back came against the back of the officer; but he did not notice when he sat down how close he would be.

Our laugh and jest ran high, and just as Joe said something more than usually funny, he threw himself back, thereby hitting the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet and before Joe could beg pardon for his unintentional mistake, he commenced a torrent of oaths and invective, partly in Spanish and partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and instead of asking pardon, as he had intended, he surveyed the raving man from head to foot, and then said:

"Go on, sir. Your language is beautiful, very beautiful for a gentleman."  
"Ah! you call me no gentleman, eh?" uttered the officer, in a towering passion.  
"If I were going to call you anything, I should call you a jackass!" calmly and contemptuously returned Joe.  
"Aha-a-h!" half growled the Spaniard, rolling his black eyes wildly and furiously. "Now, by Santa Marie, you shall answer for that. I am a gentleman! But you—you one little cursed puppy! Ah-a-h! Now you shall fight!"

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he saw that the captain was determined to fight, and at length he resolved to accommodate him. The keeper of the cafe called me on one side, and informed me that the officer was Captain Antonio Bizar, one of the most notorious duellists of the place; that he was always quarrelsome when under the influence of liquor, and that his companions always left him alone, rather than have a fuss with him.

"Not five minutes before you came in," added the keeper, "four of his fellow-officers left him, because they saw he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend out."  
I pulled Joe away, and told him all that had just been told me, but he only smiled, and assured me that there was nothing to fear. I felt sure at once from his very manner that he had some fun in his head, and I let him go.

"My name is Joseph Lattit, sir; a citizen of the United States, and General of the Order of Sublime Darkness," said Joe pompously. "Your name, Sir?"  
"Antonio Bizar, Captain in Her Most Catholic Majesty's seventh regiment of infantry. But your office, sir? I don't comprehend."  
"O, you wouldn't know if I should tell you. I am simply general of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentleman who burns signers and heretics down here." And Joe pointed most mysteriously down towards the floor as he spoke.  
The Spaniard smiled very bitterly and sarcastically, and thereupon Jack took

two large knives which lay upon the bar, and tossed them, one after the other, down his throat, making several wry faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind done before, for he was astonished.

"Now, sir," said Joe, making two or three more grimaces, as though, he still felt the knives somewhere in the region of the diaphragm; "you shall wait here until I go and get my pistols, and you shall have satisfaction. Will you wait?"  
"I can procure pistols," said the officer, forgetting his astonishment, and coming back to his anger.  
"I shall fight with my own! If you are a gentleman, you will wait here."

Joe turned to us, and bade us wait for him.  
"Here! here! O Criez!" cried the keeper, "where be mine knives?"  
"I'll pay you for 'em when I come back," said Joe, and then he beckoned for me to come out. I did so, and he took the knives—one from his bosom and the other from his sleeve—and told me to keep them until he returned.  
It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three-quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard, and then handing him a ball, he asked him if he would mark it so he would know it again. The fellow hesitated at first, but at length he took it with a mad gesture and bit it between his teeth.  
"I shall know that," he said, "unless it is battered against your bones."  
"Now select your pistol," said Joe.

The man took them both, and examined them, but he was satisfied that they were both alike, and he told Joe he had no choice. So our steward put the balls in, and rammed them carefully down.  
The whole party now adjourned to a wide court, back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and the combatants took their stations. I trembled for poor Joe, for I saw not yet how he would make fun out of this.

"Count!" cried the Spaniard impatiently.  
"One—two—three!"  
The captain fired first, and with a most deliberate aim. Joe fired into the air. Then the latter walked deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a bullet from between his teeth, he handed it to him.  
"You can use this next time," said Joe.

The officer looked first at Joe's teeth, and then at the ball. It was surely the same one he had seen put in the pistol, and now he had seen his foe man take it from his mouth. He was unmistakably astonished.  
"Come," said Joe, "let's load again."  
"San Pablo!" exclaimed Bizar, "you use some—what you call him—some trick, he? By San Jago, I shall load the pistol myself."  
"Do so," said Joe, calmly, and as he spoke he handed over his powder-flask.

The Spaniard poured out an extra quantity of powder, and having poured it in the pistol, he called for the rammer. He then put in the same ball he had used before. Meanwhile Joe had been loading his own pistol.  
"One moment," said Joe, reaching out his hand. "The caps are in the butt of your pistol. Let me get them."  
The fellow passed over his pistol, but he kept his eyes upon it. Joe opened the little silver spring at the end of the butt, and, true, there were some percussion caps there. He took out two, and having capped his own pistol he gave it a toss in the air, catching it adroitly as it came down, and then handed back the other to the Spaniard. I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way. And yet he had changed pistols with his foe.

"Now, said he, 'I'll put a ball in my pistol, and then we'll be ready.'  
He slipped something in which looked to me like a cartridge, but no one else saw it.  
"Now," cried the Spaniard, "let's see you hold this in your mouth."  
Again they took their stations, and again they were ready.  
"One—two—three!"  
And the Spaniard fired first by aim, Joe firing into the air as before. And again Joe stepped forward and took the self-same bullet from his mouth and handed it to his antagonist. The fellow was completely dumfounded, and so were the rest.

"You no fire at me!" gasped the captain.  
"I'll fire at you next time!" said Joe, in a tone of thunder. "Thus far I have shown you that powder and ball can have no effect upon me. Twice have you fired at me with as true a pistol as ever was made, and both times have I caught your ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I meant that you should live long enough to know that for once in your life you had seen, if not the old fellow himself (pointing meaningly downward) at least one who is in his employ! The old gentleman

will like the company of a captain of Spanish infantry, and I'll send you along. Come, load up again!"  
But the astonished Spaniard did not seem inclined to do so. A man who swallowed carving-knives as he would sardines, and who caught pistol balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with.

While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket, and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when these were gone, he picked up half-a-dozen good-sized stones and sent them after the bullets.  
"Holy Santa Marie!" ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "What a man. By my soul, 'tis the devil!"  
And as he thus spoke, he turned on his heel and hurried away from the place. After he was gone, Joe beckoned for me to give him the knives. I did so, and then saw him slip them up his sleeves. When we returned to the cafe he approached the keeper.

"You want your knives?" he said.  
But the poor fellow dared not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear and pulled one of the knives out; then from his left ear he drew the other one. The keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we finished our wine, and having paid for it turned to go.

"Here," said Joe, "I haven't paid for the use of the yard yet." And as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver upon the counter.  
"No! no!" shrieked the poor fellow. "O, criez, don't leave your money here, don't!"  
Joe picked it up and went away laughing. When we were alone he explained to me the secret of the pistols.—They were a pair he had used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all wizards use to perform tricks of catching balls, etc. The main barrel of the pistol had no connection whatever with the nipple for the cap; but what appeared to be a socket for the rammer was, in fact, a second barrel—to be sure, smaller than the other, but as large in the bore of any rifle pistol—and with this secret barrel the priming tube connected. So the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and ball and no harm could be done.

When Joe returned with his pistols, of course he had both these secret bores loaded with blank charges, and then the other load was nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading Joe had charged the secret barrel of his own pistol, while the Spaniard had been filling up the main barrel of his. Then, of course, it became necessary to make an exchange, else Bizar never would have got his weapon off. As soon as Joe got the other pistol into his possession, and made the exchange which we spoke of at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a secret spring on the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge which the other had put in, emptied into his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as he chose.

Ever after that, while he remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore, for an account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conceptions of the cafe keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to be sure and keep on his good-humored side.

**A TRYING BRIDAL TRIP.**

**JERSEY CITY Journal** says: Last evening as an in-bound train from the West, on the Pennsylvania railroad, passed Mill's oakum factory, near the Point of Rocks, a pale faced lady who was looking out of the window in one of the cars turned to a young man who was bending over her and, in wearied tones, said: "John, is this Marion?" The young man answered, "This is Mill's oakum factory."  
The lady sank back with a sigh of relief, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm so glad, for we are nearer home."  
Well might the speaker utter this sentiment, for, although a bride of only one month, with a staunch loving husband by her side, she and he had been tried literally by fire, and had escaped with life only, and barely that. Both were choked with smoke and sick at heart and in body. The young couple were Mr. John G. Berrian, Jr., and his wife nee Miss Ollie Sears. They left here about a month ago with full and elegant wardrobes and jewels for a bridal trip through the West. They returned with nothing they took away but a few jewels. They were on their way home from the West, and arrived at the Southern hotel, St. Louis, on the fatal night which witnessed its destruction and the holocaust of human beings. Their room was on the sixth floor back, just where the fire started and where the lives were lost. Shortly after two o'clock in the morning the young couple were aroused by the hoarse voice of the watchman, who gave the alarm of "Fire!" Mr. Berrian seized his bride by the hand and

said, "Come, Ollie! Wait for nothing. It is a matter of seconds with us now."

He had taken in the situation at a glance, and knew that to escape meant haste. Into the hall the pair glided, and then were separated. Dense smoke surrounded them and they nearly smothered. All was dark, and the stairway in an unknown position. Calling constantly to each other, they stumbled along the whole length of the hotel, from Fourth to Fifth street, missing the Fourth street stairs in their flight. Suddenly, out of the smoke and darkness, a female voice exclaimed, "This way!" and the young couple groped in the direction of the voice, which repeated the words at intervals. Suddenly Mrs. Berrian stumbled over the prostrate form of a man, and at the same instant her husband's hand struck the banisters. With a glad shout husband and wife started down toward life, but there was still a doubt as to success and safety. The horrible smoke was stifling them, and they ceased to be able to speak. Down they went, alone, until they struck the next floor, where they met a struggling, shrieking crowd of people, some clad, some with scarcely anything on, and others presenting ludicrous combinations of dress. One man had his hat, boots and night shirt on, and that's all. Down the pair went until they struck fresh air and knew they were saved. It was touch and go, however. They emerged from the hotel. John had on his pants and undershirt, while his wife wore her night dress. One had a coat under his, and the other a pair of shoes and a dress skirt under her arm.—These they donned, and crying like children, summoned a passing hack and were driven to the Planters' hotel, where they found refuge.

Unable to write their names, sick almost to death, they were cared for by friends of Mr. Berrian, who knew of their presence in the Southern hotel the night before. When they reached the room assigned them, John found his money and watch in his pants pocket, and Ollie found a watch and chain hanging to one of her fingers, a fact of which she was not before aware. All else was lost, including wedding tresson, gifts of jewels from friends and all. All day they lay, exhausted, but thankful, ministered to by friends. Clothing was procured, and as soon as possible the young pair started for home. All the way the bride lived over again the scenes of that terrible morning, and called out to her husband as though they still were in the smoke-filled hall of the hotel. Just here a singular coincidence occurs. Said Mrs. Berrian to us to-day, "All the time I kept thinking over the hymn, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and when I got home I learned that mamma was thinking over the same hymn at the same time."  
The young couple are safe with their friends, and although still suffering intensely from the smothering they underwent and the nervous shock they received, they will doubtless soon recover entirely.

**Leaving a Vague Bequest.**

"Old Bob," the ancient negro who has been ferryman at "the Point," on the Savannah river, "for the 'past 60 years," died last week. Before breathing his last he called his children to his bedside and told them that he had a sum of money to leave them, but would not tell them exactly where it was buried, lest he might get well, and they, in their eager thirst for gain, might rob him of his treasure.  
But poor old Bob died, and before his body was cold his children commenced to search for the money. After digging two days and a half they found, on the bank of the river, near the old landing, two old tin buckets containing between three and four hundred dollars in gold and silver. Some of the coins, we learn, date back as far as the year 1800.

**Sound to Marry.**

Florence Shannon, a belle in San Francisco, and daughter of the collector of that port, was recently married to Samuel D. Sachs, a Jew. The wedding, besides being elaborate in ordinary respects, was made remarkable by a strange incident. Just as the couple stood up for the ceremony, a Jewish rabbi entered and presented a formal protest by Sachs' parents, who were opposed to their son's wedlock with a Gentile. The delay was not long, for the bridegroom declared that he had made his choice, and had no idea of changing.

**Prosaic Ending of a Romance.**

A romantic affair in Charlotte, Mich., recently terminated in a very unconventional way. A number of years ago a man and his wife settled in that neighborhood, the wife leaving a rejected lover in England. He also afterward married, and a year ago, having lost his wife, he also came to America and found that his old love was a widow. His old love revived and he went to see her, but, instead of the usual sequel of orange-blossoms, he found her grown so homely that he took the back track and intends to wed no more.