

**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.  
 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 5.00 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 10.55 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, 8.50 a. m., 12.15 4.35 and 9.00 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 5.30 p. m.  
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.  
 Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.55 p. m.  
 Leave Allentown, 2.30 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.**  
 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, 2.38 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
 Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
 Pittsburgh Express, 11.07 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 Allentown 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. 7.19 a. m., daily except Sunday at 7.53 a. m.  
 Johnstown Express 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
 Mail 1.30 p. m., daily (flag).  
 Atlantic Express 10.29 p. m., daily (flag).  
**WESTWARD.**  
 Way Passenger, 9.38 a. m., daily.  
 Mail, 2.04 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
 Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m.  
 Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m.  
 W. M. 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 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.

**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—50 illustrations, only 2 cents a copy; with elegant cloth cover \$1.00.  
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 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.  
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**500 AGENTS WANTED** to canvass for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success.  
 For particulars, address  
 H. M. CRIDER, Publisher,  
 48 1/2 York, Pa.

**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 Show Bindings made a specialty.  
 JOS. M. HAWLEY.  
 Duncannon, July 12, 1876.—H

**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 \$1.00.  
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**A STRING OF PEARLS.**

IT WAS during the late rebellion. I was an officer in the Federal service and it chanced, through the fortune of war, that my command was sent to New Orleans on special duty.

This duty, to most of us, was not very pleasant; and we were awaiting eagerly our summons to another quarter, when I met with a rather romantic adventure.

Passing down a secluded street, late one evening, I was startled by a loud shriek, evidently in a woman's voice followed by an appeal for help. Darting forward, I perceived in the dim, gray shadows of twilight, which fell upon all things, the slender figure of a woman, enveloped in a waterproof cloak, struggling in the grasp of a burly ruffian. It was but the work of a moment to deal him a blow, which laid him at my feet. He arose, and with muttered curses and threats of future vengeance, to which I, at the time, paid no heed, considering them but the ravings of an inebriate, staggered onward. All this time the woman had stood trembling with terror, leaning against an adjacent building.

"How can I ever thank you, sir?" It was a low, clear, sweet voice, the unmistakable tones of refinement. I raised my hat.

"If you will allow me, madam," I replied. "I will escort you home. It is not safe for ladies to be out alone, in these troublous times."

"I know it," she responded, somewhat haughtily. "But since your army has demoralized the city, and forced its citizens to an observance of laws, which are only the laws of tyrants—the power of the stronger over the weaker—since New Orleans has become what it now is, we are obliged to submit to much and do many acts which are repugnant to us!"

She turned away, with a quick, imperious gesture of disdain, and ere I could advance a step, had vanished down an adjoining street. I stood, for a moment, staring blankly in the direction that she had taken, and I must confess, thinking very much of the soft tones of her voice, and the bewildering dark eyes with which she had glanced into my face, while she uttered her tirade against the army, to which I had the honor of belonging.

"Whew! The little rebel," I exclaimed, half aloud as I turned to move away. Just then, my eyes fell upon a package lying upon the pavement, and I raised it with a start of surprise. It was evidently a small box carefully wrapped in tissue paper. Thrusting it in my pocket I started in the direction which she had taken with a faint hope of overtaking her; but I had not proceeded but a few rods, when I heard my name called, and glancing around, beheld the colonel of my regiment.

"Major," said he, hurriedly, "report at once at headquarters. I have received important news, and wish to see you and some of the other officers immediately." He passed rapidly onward before I could answer with more than the customary salute, and was lost in the distance.

With a feeling of impatience which I could not restrain, I obeyed my superior's commands, and hastened to headquarters. Here I soon discovered that we were to leave New Orleans at once and proceed northward. Important military movements rendered this change imperative.

I sought my own quarters, and proceeded to examine the little package. Removing the numerous strings and wrappings, a small box stood revealed. With an odd sensation at my heart I raised the lid. Within the inclosure, upon a bed of azure satin, there rested a magnificent set of pearls, bearing the inscription in old English letters: "Ceil Tremaine, from her Father."

My heart filled with pity for the young girl whom I felt convinced was Ceil Tremaine. Where was she going so late, and with so costly a burden? Who could tell what a story of want and woe, and despair, it might be in her power to relate? My experience in the war-devastated South had shown me clearly the suffering and poverty, and desolation of many of the first and best in the land, and may not her errand have been to convert the jewels into bread for some suffering loved one? Hard old soldier though I was, I felt the tears start in my eyes. And from that hour I determined to protect the jewels, and, sooner or later, if it were in the power of man to do so, I would return them safely to her possession.

But I had no time for sentimentalizing; the army was already in motion, and my place was with my command; so, stifling my sighs of regret, I prepared for immediate departure. Taking the pearls, I sewed them carefully into a large, leathern belt which I wore on my person concealed beneath my outer clothing, and determined to defend them with my life.

That night we left New Orleans, and years elapsed before I saw that city again. Turning our faces northward we

moved through Mississippi; here we had several skirmishes, but from all I escaped unhurt. Months elapsed, and still I wore the pearls safely hidden, and, as I fondly imagined, unsuspected by any one. But I was doomed to find out my mistake.

We were encamped not far from Chattanooga, Tennessee. We were expecting marching orders daily, and, lying idly in camp, were glad of any diversion to while away the long hours, when, one day, a strolling musician, an old man with a long, white beard, and carrying a violin in a dilapidated case, was brought into camp. He had been observed prowling around, and so had been "taken in," as one of the men laughingly remarked.

But, subsequent circumstances proved that the "boot was on the other foot." Worn out with inactivity, the boys, one and all, welcomed the old fellow; and, when we found what exquisite music he drew forth from that worn, old violin, we decided unanimously, that the new arrival was a grand addition to the camp.

But, once, I caught him looking at me; an impression that we had met before, crept over me, and from that hour I became suspicious of him, and was ever on the alert.

I had "turned in" for the night. All the camp lay quietly sleeping beneath the clear, white moonbeams; no sounds broke the silence, save the occasional challenge of the sentinel; and I lay, restlessly tossing on my rude couch, uneasy and filled with a vague distrust, a feeling that something was about to happen.

The moon-rays penetrated my shelter, and dropped in great, white patches on the ground before my bed. I lay with my eyes fixed upon them; when suddenly, I saw a dark shadow cross their whiteness; then a dark form drew cautiously near, and I saw that it was our strolling minstrel.

But he was no longer bent and gray, and in that moment I found out two things; that he had obtained access to our camp in disguise for some unlawful purpose; and, also that my good memory had not played me false; this midnight prowler was the man whom I had struck, for assaulting the young lady, some months before. In a flash I saw it all. He had attempted to rob her of her jewels; but falling in his evil design, had secretly observed my possession of them, and had followed our regiment, and dogged my steps for the purpose of robbing me at last.

Something prompted me to close my eyes, and feign sleep. I felt the villain approach me—closer—closer—then, a sponge saturated with chloroform was held to my nostrils; with a quick spring I bounded to my feet and caught the ruffian by the throat. Just then, the sound of the bugle pealed through the quiet night, "boots and saddles." With a desperate wrench the robber escaped me; and I—before I was scarcely aware of my own movements—found myself in my saddle, and, with the rest of my command, on my way to the scene of action.

Here we met the opposing army, and a fearful battle ensued.

Through all that dreadful engagement I kept the pearls jealously guarded; it was a point of honor with me and I would never give them up. Such thoughts were flitting through my mind when I felt a strong grasp on my bridle, and, glancing down stood face to face with the pretended old man, the would-be robber of the night before. At that moment I felt a sharp pain in my side, followed by a numb, dead feeling.

I saw the red hot torrent which poured forth, and knew that I was wounded; then I lost consciousness.

I was aroused by a rough and hasty touch; and, opening my eyes I found my enemy bending over me, his hands busily removing my outer garments, and I knew that he was searching for the pearls. Whence came my strength I know not; but with a sudden, mighty effort I seized my sabre, and struck him a heavy blow. I saw him reel, and fall backward—and then—once more—I swooned away.

On my second return to consciousness I found myself lying on a hospital bed, with kindly faces around me. My first thought was of the jewels, and my heart thrilled with exultation when I found that they were safe. For many weary months I lay upon my bed; and, during that time the war ended. But my health was very feeble, and when I was removed to my native New York it was the general impression that I had come home to die.

However, that was not my intention, and in the course of a year I found myself on the fair way to recovery. The secret of the pearls I had never shared with any one. They had been in my possession for the space of five years, and yet I had never really despaired of returning them to their owner.

About that time it occurred to me that a trip to Louisiana would be very beneficial to my health; and so, in the year 1868, I found myself once more in New

Orleans. My first step was to insert a "personal" in all the daily papers, addressed to Miss Ceil Tremaine, and requesting her present address. But I received no response. Day after day passed by, and I was rapidly losing hope, when it chanced one morning that I strolled into the printing office of a friend, and stood watching the nimble fingers of the compositors, among whom were several ladies.

At length I heard the foreman address one of the employees as "Miss Tremaine." With wildly throbbing heart I cast a furtive glance in her direction. Great heavens! It was she; I was sure of it.

In a few moments I had acquainted my friend with the facts, and my belief that this was the young lady, of whom I was in quest. He told me then of her poverty and that from one of the first and wealthiest families of New Orleans, she was forced to earn her bread. He said that there was no doubt that I was on the right track, as she had already told him of the loss of her pearls. On the night that I had rescued her, she had been on her way to dispose of them for her father lay dying, and she had no means with which to furnish him food and medicine.

He was dead, now, and she, poor girl, was all alone in the world.

I will pass over my introduction, and the astonishment with which she listened to my story. Time had softened her asperity toward the "Yankees," and, as months flew by, she seemed to have quite forgotten all past animosities, so that, when at last I asked her to become my wife, I was prepared to hear her answer "Yes," and I was not disappointed.

And on the day that she became my bride, amid the lace of her snowy veil, and crowning her heavy waves of raven hair, like drops of ice, were the jewels which I had cherished, and defended with my life, for all those dreadful years—my **CEIL'S PEARLS.**

**Religion and Honesty.**

A steady visitor to a revival meeting in Toledo attracted the notice of the preacher, who finally made his way amid the excitement to the man's pew, and said to him:

"My friend are you a christian?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"You seem to be always looking toward the rostrum with great earnestness. I hope an interest has been awakened in your heart."

"I am just waiting to see what that man up there in the choir with the blonde moustache and projecting teeth will decide to do."

"Ah, my dear sir," said the pastor, "you must not wait till your friends are converted. You must act for yourself."

"Oh, that ain't it. You see that man always gets religion at every revival, and I am just a layin' low for him to come forward and say that he has had a change of heart, so that I can stand at the door when he comes out and ask him to pay me that \$10 he owes me before he has a chance to backslide."

The minister turned sadly away.

**SUNDAY READING.**

**Boys Wanted.**

Men are wanted. So they are. But boys are wanted—honest, noble, manly boys. Such boys will make the desired men. Some one has declared, and truly, that these boys should possess ten points, which are thus given:

1. Honest. 2. Intelligent. 3. Active.
4. Industrious. 5. Obedient. 6. Steady.
7. Obliging. 8. Polite. 9. Neat. 10. Truthful.

One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some important points, but they will soon be vacant.

Some situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see.—The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their place must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill.—One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you, if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having those qualities will shine as plainly as the star at night.

**Beautiful Thoughts.**

"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity

to float for a moment and then sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unattained?—Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, then pass off and leave us to muse on the faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne are set so far above the limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, but for a moment and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than of earth, there is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

**The Wife of Bunyan.**

THERE IS only one instance, in the whole history of England, of a woman making her appearance at Westminster Hall, and before the Judges of Assize, in order to make a formal defence in favor of the unfortunate. That woman was the young and interesting wife of John Bunyan.

She, first of all, had the courage to appear before the House of Lords, to ask the Supreme Court of Appeals to relax the rigors of a persecuting law. Their Lordships, it is said, rudely told her to go to the Judges of Assize, who condemned her husband, and she did so. At the Assize Court, Sir Matthew Hale presided, accompanied by Judge Twisden, a magistrate of ferocious temperament, whose countenance strangely contrasted with the mildness and placidity of the Lord Chief Justice. We are indebted to John Bunyan himself for a description of the conduct of Judge Twisden on this memorable occasion. He says: "Judge Twisden snapped at my poor wife, Elizabeth, and angrily told her that her husband was a convicted person, and could not be released unless he would promise to preach no more.

But Elizabeth, however much she loved her husband, was more enamored of the Gospel, and she gave the Court to understand that her husband could not purchase freedom at the expense of keeping silence about the mercy of God. "It is false," continued Elizabeth, "to say he has done wrong, for at the meeting where he preached they had God's presence with them."

"Will he leave off preaching?" roared Twisden.

"My Lords," said Elizabeth, "he dares not leave off preaching as long as he can speak. But, my Lords," she proceeded, with tears in her eyes, "just consider that we have four small children, one of them blind, and all of them have nothing to live on while their father is in prison, but the charity of Christian people. Oh, my Lords, I myself, smayed at the news when my husband was apprehended, and being young and unaccustomed to such things, I fell in labor, and was delivered of a dead child."

This was too much for Sir Matthew Hale, who now interposed with the ejaculation—"Alas, poor woman!" He then inquired what was her husband's calling.

"A tinker, please you, my Lord," said his wife; "and because he is a tinker, and a poor man, he is despised and cannot have justice."

The Lord Chief Justice told her that her husband had broken the law. There was but one person in the realm who could pardon her husband, and that person was the king. But how was the broken-hearted wife of a tinker to find her way to the footstool of a monarch? "Alas, poor woman!" he said, "I am sorry for your pitiable case."

Elizabeth now became convinced how vain it was to expect justice from an earthly tribunal; and with a heroic glory which can only be found in the annals of the Christian faith, she pointed to her tears as she departed, and uttered words which never shall die as long as the English language exists. "See these tears," said she; "but I do not weep for myself. I weep for you when I think what an account such poor creatures as you will have to give at the coming of the Lord."

This scene took place not only before John Bunyan was known as the author of a book, but before he had even conceived the outline of his "Pilgrims Progress." He was kept in jail in order that he might not preach; but by this persecution he was enabled to write a book in his prison cell, which has preached to England for many generations, and which will edify and enlighten the world to the uttermost posterity.

There are 2,000 Sunday schools in the State of Kansas, with 20,000 teachers and 150,000 scholars.