

**RAILROADS.**

**PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.**  
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.  
**May 21st., 1877.**

**TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS:**  
For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 3.57 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 4.40 p. m.  
For Allentown 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.  
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. 1.20, 6.15 and 10.55 p. m.  
Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m.  
And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.  
Leave Allentown at 12 noon.  
Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15 4.30 and 9.45 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 5.20 p. m.  
Leave Philadelphia, at 5.20 p. m.  
Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.  
Leave Allentown, 2.30 a. m. and 9.05 p. m.  
Via Morris and Essex Hill Road.  
J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.  
C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

**Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.**

**NEWPORT STATION.**  
On and after Monday, May 14th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows:

**EAST.**  
Mifflintown Acc. 7.52 a. m., daily except Sunday.  
Johnstown Express 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
Atlantic Express, 9.54 p. m., flag—daily.  
**WEST.**  
Way Pass, 9.05 a. m., daily.  
Mail, 2.43 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, 5.17 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, May 14th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:  
**EASTWARD.**  
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m.  
Johnstown Express 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
Mail 7.30 p. m., daily.  
Atlantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag).  
**WESTWARD.**  
Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily.  
Mail, 2.09 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**

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**HARNESSES OF ALL KINDS,**

**Saddles, Bridles, Collars,**  
and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.

**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 speciality.  
JOS. M. HAWLEY,  
Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—H

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**LIFE'S HISTORY.**

BY G. W. BOODA.

When I was quite small, I knew nothing at all, Of the world, and its bright pleasures many, But I grew day by day, and oft they would say, "Say mamma, and I'll give you a penny."

Very soon I could walk, and then I could talk, And my prattle could be heard all day long; I'd made the house ring, if I could but sing Or whistle a nice little song.

Next to school I went, where my parents they sent Me, to learn to write and to read; But the truth to say, I went there to play, At which I made very good speed.

One day I remember, 'twas the month of December, And the ground was covered with snow; I wanted to slide, and take a good ride, But the master forbid me to go.

However I went, and the noon hour spent, In sliding down hill, which was fun; And when the bell rang, I used the word 'dang' And started off on a brisk run.

I entered the house as sly as a mouse, Where the master and I of course met; When, it sounded kerwack, the rod on my back, Which made me walk lively "you bet."

But those days are o'er I attend school no more, My boyhood is now past and gone; I have turned a new page upon the world's stage And now to a young man have grown

But as I reflect, it is with regret, To think that those times they are o'er; I thought they would last, but now they are past And I shall enjoy them no more.

But man finds pleasure and often a treasure, Which is very nice I suppose; A companion for life I mean a good wife, One to love and to mend his old clothes.

And as I grow older, I am the beholder, That life is fast fleeting by; When once aged and gray, it warns that the day Of life's nearly past, and death's drawing nigh.

I am now grown old as all can behold, And soon to my "rest" I shall go; When my days are past I will sing "home at last," 'Twill be pleasant to leave here below.

**THE TWO WILLS.**

IN THE days when all the world was romantic, and no one was ashamed of it, two gentlemen of England conceived the preposterous, but at the same time rather fashionable idea, that, because they were friends, their son and daughter, then infants in their cradles, must love each other when they grew to be man and woman; and, having compared notes, and found that they quite agreed on this point, set to work with a zeal worthy of a better cause, to arrange matters so that they must turn out exactly as they desired.

If they lived, of course their commands would be sufficient. Of this they were assured; but, if they died, who knew what two misguided young people might do.

Consequently, each made a will; and matters were so arranged that, if either of the young people declined the hand of the other, that young person would be penniless, and his or her estate go to the other young person who was willing.

After some years, the gentleman whose child was a daughter, left his native England for America, while the other, who was a widower, his wife having given her life for that son, remained in England; so that the ocean rolled between the romantic friends.

The English resident was named Edmund Harrington. The American, Charles Seabright.

Both were, as we have said, wealthy, and both brought their children up carefully.

As they grew older they permitted them to correspond with each other, but each detested the task so, that the letters were actually written by the elders themselves.

Once at the age of fourteen, when news came that little Harold Harrington had fallen from a tree and broken his leg, Elsie Seabright was desired to reply that she felt great regret, and send her best wishes for his speedy recovery; but the girl, who could never listen to the boy's name with anything like patience, refused to write one word of this amiable epistle.

"I wish he had broken his neck, so that I might never hear any more about him," she said, with a stamp of her slipped foot; "and I won't write fibs."

So again mamma wrote the letter, having first locked Elsie up in a dark pantry by way of punishment.

"And I am sorry to find a child of mine so unfeeling," she said. "A broken leg causes great pain and may make one lame for life."

"A nice thing for me that would be if I am to marry him," said Elsie. Indeed if she had been as sympathetic as her mother desired her to, Elsie would have had an opportunity enough to exercise these feelings, for her young betrothed was always in some pickle, and had nearly drowned himself and nearly shot himself a dozen times, to say nothing of ordinary tumbles.

It was tit for tat, at all events, for

when Elsie had the measles, Master Harold received the information with a contemptuous indifference amounting to heartlessness, and had indeed said that he did not care.

He hated girls, and this one the worst of them all.

So, with the ocean between them, the young people grew to maturity, and the year approached in which they were to meet.

But meanwhile all sorts of bad things happened. Elsie lost both her father and mother, and away in England, Mr. Harrington died suddenly of apoplexy. So the two men who had looked forward for so many years to meeting when their children were married never met again.

Mr. Harrington would not bring his son to America to see the lovely Elsie, as he had proposed, and but for those obstinate wills the whole matter would have been dropped, for the last thing the young people desired was to meet each other.

But the young man was of age, and the young lady also, and the property must be settled, and could not be until the match was either on or off.

The old lawyers in whose hands the affair rested, knew the feelings of their wards, but they judged that a meeting might mend matters. At least, it was necessary that they should meet.

So Harold, as in duty bound, was to cross the ocean to meet his betrothed, and give her an opportunity to refuse him.

The news of his arrival brought into full activity those feelings of repugnance that Elsie had conceived for Harold in her childhood.

She had, for a while resolved to yield to her dead father's wishes, but now she felt that it would be impossible.

Yet there was enough of worldly wisdom in her head, to teach her how much better it was to be rich than to be poor.

If he refused her, her fortune and his also would be her own by law. She would force him to refuse her, and then she would return him his, and all would be as it should. But how could she do this.

The girl sat for a while in deep revery, and then arose and clapped her hands together. A thought had struck her.

There was in the house a seamstress—a vulgar girl, as plain as it was possible to be, and with as much conceit as any young beauty was ever blessed with.

Her rough manners and ways of speech had become proverbial amongst her own class, the other servants speaking of her generally as Crusty Betsy. And this girl had of late been occupied in the room of her young mistress over some new dresses.

Straight to this apartment Elsie flew, and locking the door, sat down opposite Betsy, and said:

"I have something for you to do, and I'll pay you well for it."

"Just name it then," said Betsy.

"When I was a little girl, Betsy," said Elsie, "poor papa promised that I should marry a young gentleman who lives in England when I was grown, and that if not I should lose my fortune.—Now the time has come and he is coming, and I can't marry him, Betsy, and I want him to refuse me. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Betsy, "and if I were you I'd huff him off quick enough and make him glad to go, that I would."

"And I can't think how to do it, Betsy," said Elsie, "and if you can you must do it for me. While he stays you must pretend that you are Miss Seabright, you must wear my clothes, and take all the airs you possibly can, and make him as unhappy as possible, so that he'll have to refuse you—that is, me, you know. Be sharp as you can with him, Betsy—never the least bit kind or nice. You'll try, won't you, Betsy?"

"I can give any one as good as they send, miss," said Betsy. "I'm no mealy mouth; and you will pay me well, miss?"

"I'll give you a hundred dollars, Betsy," said the girl, "for you'll save me my freedom and my fortune; and you'll not refuse him, you know, else all will be spoilt."

"I'll manage," said Betsy. Then the two girls left all other work to examine Elsie's wardrobe, and soon Betsy was dressed in the most elegant attire, her hair powdered, as was the custom, and white gloves upon her hands.

"And I," said Elsie, "I will be your poor companion, and you must call me Miss Smith, and snub me and order me about."

Thus all was arranged when the little letter Elsie had been so long expecting arrived, and breaking its blue seal, she read that Mr. Harrington would pay his respects to Miss Seabright in an hour.

How Miss Seabright laughed as she sat waiting in the drawing-room watching Betsy sail up and down with all her new assumption of dignity. Betsy with

the most amiable intentions, would have been sure of offending; but Betsy, bent on being unpleasant, would be a grand success.

Just then Betsy herself leaned from the window.

"Oh, miss!" she cried, "there's a carriage at the door, and there's a gentleman coming out of it. Bless us! If that's him, I don't wonder you want to be off your match. Deary me! oh, deary me!"

But before she could explain a servant had brought Elsie a card bearing the name of Harold Harrington, and as she arose the most extraordinary figure entered the room.

It was a very tall young man, between whose shoulders, nevertheless, grew an enormous hump. He also, though he seemed to move actively enough, walked upon crutches.

On his head, from which he had removed his cap, was a black silk skull-cap, such as entirely bald old gentlemen then wore.

Over his ears was a big black bandage, which also quite covered his chin.

On his right eye was a large, green patch; on his left cheek another.

All that was visible of his face was his nose, which was certainly well shaped, but which was much the color of red flannel; and about his throat was indeed a flannel muffler.

This was Harold Harrington. Elsie's surprise was so great that she sank into a chair, and forgot to prompt Betsy as she had intended.

But Betsy needed no prompting. She was not in the least embarrassed.

She advanced to meet Mr. Harrington with a grin of supreme insolence on her face and burst into a loud laugh.

"Well," she said, "so you are my young man, are you? I must say, whoever picked you out showed no mighty great taste; twasn't for your beauty that is plain."

"No, madam," said the new arrival, "it was not for my beauty. Do I address Miss Seabright?"

"Why who else should I be?" cried Betsy. "Twas not for your cleverness, neither, you were chosen. But now you've come, sit down. Been in the wars, haven't you?"

"My infirmities," sighed the young man, "are the result of my recklessness as a boy. I have a most sympathizing letter from you upon the fall which broke my limb. You remember it! You also condescended with me upon the careless shot which cost me my eye, though you did not know how serious was the result."

"It was while I was on a trip to Switzerland that I broke my back, and while endeavoring to drink some boiling tea the housekeeper left carelessly upon the table, I scalded all the hair from my head. This scar upon my cheek is the result of having attempted to shave myself with my father's razor. It was injudicious of him not to tell you the result of my injuries, but now you see them for yourself. I will not go into further particulars. You remember all my accidents?"

"Yes," said Betsy, "and a fine figger of a man they've made you. You'd do to scare the crows from an orchard, I must say, and you're sent to me, that I might have my pick and choice of offers to marry. It's enough to make one die of laughing."

"Then you refuse me?" said the young man very eagerly.

"Oh, no," said Betsy, "oh, no, I don't, there's the fortune, you know.—Money is money, and even an object like you is better than poverty. I'll have you. Though how folks will laugh to see us paired off together! One comfort, though; so broken down as you must be, you can't last long."

"On the contrary, I expect to live to be eighty," said the young man.

"Expectations don't go for much," said Betsy. "Look how the old folks went."

"We were deprived of their affections very suddenly," said the young man sighing. "My father loved yours dearly, Miss Seabright."

"Folks will take queer notions," said Betsy. "Well, I must say you are an object. I can't help laughing, whenever I look at you."

"We shall have a merry life together," said Harold, "if your disposition continues."

"Oh, I shan't see much of you," said Betsy. "I can promise you, after the ring is on. What possessed you to smash yourself up so? But I shan't refuse you, 't's money makes the mare go," says the old song."

"It may be," said Harold. "But let the mare stand still for me, then. I quite decline to fulfill the engagement.—So, madam you have the fortune without any incumbrance in my person."

"And good riddance to bad rubbish, say I!" cried Betsy. "There are better fish in the sea than you, or women would be poorly off. You're going, eh? Well, the sooner the better. Miss Smith, ring the bell."

Elsie rose and touched the bell. But now that the deed was done, and

her object attained, she felt dreadfully ashamed of herself.

Certainly a more unhappy and singular object than this before her could not well be imagined.

Indeed, compassionate as was her heart, she felt that his appearance was not only painful, but almost ludicrous, but all the more should he have been tenderly and kindly used.

Why had she played this childish prank, and allowed a vulgar woman to insult him in her presence?

And this gentleman—for hideous as he was, he evidently was a gentleman by breeding as well as by birth—how would he henceforth think of her?

He would always believe that she had uttered those rude words; she and none other.

And as he left the room she followed him and the servant who had answered the bell retired at her nod, and left the two together in the long hall where they could hear the long and violent explosions of laughter with which Betsy was now filling the drawing-room.

"Mr. Harrington," said Elsie, her face crimsoning as she spoke, "I cannot let you go without one word of explanation. I—I have been so grieved that you should be so insulted. I never meant—"

"My dear young lady, you have nothing to do with it, and my feelings are not in the least hurt," replied the young man. "Who could care for what a person like the woman we have just left could say? But I am amazed that that should be Miss Seabright. I know she is a lady by birth. I understand that she was beautiful and gentle. I—"

"Oh, Mr. Harrington," cried Elsie, "I have been such a foolish girl! She is not Miss Seabright. I—I it was a ridiculous stratagem of mine. I hated the idea of a betrothal to a stranger, and I desired that you should take the initiative in breaking off the match. But, believe me, I had no knowledge of your infirmities, which could be only a subject for sympathy to me; and I beg you to forgive me for placing that coarse woman in a position in which she could insult you. Prove it by remaining with me until I can offer you some refreshment after your long journey."

The young man bowed, looked at her a moment, and then replied frankly:

"Madam, I quite appreciate your motives and entirely forgive you. I am pleased to accept your invitation."

It was the custom in well arranged houses at that day to send guests to their rooms for awhile before dinner.

Accordingly Miss Seabright ordered a servant to show Mr. Harrington to an apartment on the upper floor, and retired to her own room to dress for dinner.

Ten minutes after her entrance into this apartment, this servant brought her a large bundle and a small note—a bundle several feet long, and a note a few inches square. She opened the note first and read these words:

MY DEAR MISS SEABRIGHT:—I also have a confession to make. I also, before I met you had resolved that you should be the one to decline the conditions of our fathers' wills, intending afterwards to give you back your share of the property. Consequently I set about devising a scheme; and, reading my school day letters, it occurred to me that no one ever went through so many small accidents quite unscathed and unmarred before. I knew that few women would choose to marry a very hideous man, consequently I concocted a disguise which I fancied would make me repugnant to the least particular of the fair sex.

Allow me to lay at your feet my crutches, which I never needed, thank Heaven; my hump, which was a feather pillow; the skull-cap, which did not hide a bald pate, and all my bandages.—The vermilion which adorned my nose I have removed with a little water; and though I obtained my invitation to dinner under false pretenses I beg to be allowed to pay my respects to you in proper person, and to apologize for my trick, which, after all, dear madam, was only tit for tat.

At first Elsie was unreasonably angry, but her anger did not last long.

They met at dinner, and before they parted it was quite concluded that they should carry out the wishes of their parents by agreeing to dine together always.

A Rhode Island judge being challenged by a general in the state militia, the following dialogue ensued:

"Did you receive my note, sir?"

"Yes, sir," replied the judge.

"Well, do you intend to fight me?"

"No, sir."

"Then, sir, I consider you a pitiful coward."

"Right, sir; you knew that very well or you never would have challenged me," answered the judge.

A dead man can drift down stream but it takes a live man to pull up against it. Then is the time that tries a man's soul—when the tide is against him.

We never saw a woman shoe a horse, but any woman can shoe a hen.