

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 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 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 a. m. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.30 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 9.05 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 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, 2.30 a. m. and 9.05 p. m. *Via Morris and Essex Hall 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. 7.32 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, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.49 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. F. 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, 2.05 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, Brides, Collars,

and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.

FINE HARNESS a speciality.

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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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—300 Illustrations, only 2 cent Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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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. All my publications are printed in English and German. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

500 AGENTS WANTED

for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success. For particulars, address H. M. CRIDEB, Publisher, York, Pa.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his

Leather and Harness Store

from Front to High Street, near the Penna. 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 to cash for Black 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, 1876-17

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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. Vick's Catalogue—300 Illustrations, only 2 cents Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

WHO WAS THE FOOL?

THERE lived in a village not far from New York city, a gentleman, by name, Benjamin Top, who thought there was nothing in this life to equal a good joke. He owned a small store, and kept almost every article of domestic and agricultural use, and was pretty well acquainted with all the towns-people, as they were likewise acquainted with him. Mr. Top had played so many pranks on the people around him that he would have made enemies but for his constant good humor, and his ability to soothe the parties he had irritated almost beyond the point of endurance.

The first of April was Mr. Top's especial delight, and that was a smart child who could enter the store on that day without being made the victim of some trick; so that from morn till night of the first day of April his face was one broad grin, and it happened that all those who sought to catch him had the laugh turned on themselves.

A few days ago, as the first of April approached, our merry friend looked around to see who would be a fit subject for a joke.

"I must have a first-rate one this time," said he to himself. "Who shall it be? Let me think; ah! I have it—Dr. Scroggins; yes, it shall be he. What shall I send—a love letter? No, he looks too woo-begone for that."

After considering awhile, Top drew the pen and ink near him and wrote as follows:

"Dr. Scroggins:—Dear Sir:—Please call as early as possible at Messrs. S. & B., No. — Wall street, New York where you will hear something to your advantage."

Then, folding and directing the letter, he snapped his fingers with childish delight.

"I'll send him to New York on a fool's errand," said he, "and have a good laugh at his expense."

Dr. Scroggins, the subject of this heartless joke, was a bachelor about forty years of age; he had been living in the village only six months, and had thus far gotten a very small practice; but he lacked ability; but he was awkward in his person, and in his manners not very prepossessing, was but little fitted to push his way into society. He seemed to be very poor, for he rented a small office, supplied himself with the simplest fare, and his lounge at night acted as his bed.

The first day of April arose bright and clear; Dr. Scroggins, who was an early riser, prepared his simple breakfast, and after partaking of it and arranging his office, took a seat to await expected calls for consultation, or to request his attendance on some suffering invalid. But no such calls were made, and the doctor sighed heavily under the pressure of disappointment.

"What can hinder my progress? I understand my profession," he said, "in not a single instance have I failed to give relief when called to the bed of suffering. Ah, me! If I only had myself to care for, I would be contented to live on bread and water till I could gain the confidence of the people. But you, my poor sister, who have already drank deeply of the cup of sorrow, must have more added to it. And what can I do? Nothing!"

The doctor pulled a letter out of his pocket and read:

"I would not trouble you, my dear, kind brother," wrote his sister, "knowing, as I do, how poor your prospects are, and how patiently you are trying to wait for practice, did not want press on my child. If you can spare me a little—ever so little—it will come as a blessing, for my extremity is very great."

Just at this time the letter-carrier stopped and handed the doctor a letter; he opened and looked at it in perfect amazement, then read it over for a second time.

"Something to my advantage! What can it be?" said he. "Dear sister, should there be anything good in store for me, how freely will I share it with you and your darling Emma! Surely the good God has heard and answered my prayer."

The doctor, who had little preparation to make, started for the city, and Top, who was on the lookout for him, could scarcely hide his exultation at sending off an inoffensive man who could barely support himself, on a needless errand of expense and trouble.

The doctor, as he wended his way to the city, was so fully possessed with the idea that some old relative (for he had several) had died and left him a fortune that he had, in imagination, made various dispositions of it before he arrived at the end of his journey.

"Can I see one of the gentlemen belonging to the firm?" asked the doctor, entering the store of S. & B.

"There is Mr. S.," said the individual addressed, referring him to a middle-aged but benevolent looking man.

"The doctor bowed to Mr. S., and said:

"My name is Dr. Scroggins."

Mr. S. bowed in return, remarking—

"Will you walk in and take a chair, sir?"

Both gentlemen sat down. About Mr.

S., there was an air of expectancy which the doctor did not fail to notice.

"My name is Dr. Scroggins," said he, repeating his first introduction.

"I am glad to see you, doctor," said S., bowing again.

"I received a letter from your house directing me to call here, as you had something to communicate which would be to my advantage."

"There must be some mistake," said Mr. S., "no such letter has emanated from us."

"Are you sure?" said the victim, turning pale, and handing Mr. S., the letter.

After looking over it he said: "There is no truth in this letter; I am sorry to say that you have been made the victim of an idle and reprehensible jest; to-day you are aware, is the first day of April."

"Is it possible?" said the doctor, clasping his hands. "Who could have been so unkind, so heartless and cruel."

"Is it then a very great disappointment?" asked the kind hearted merchant, struck with the doctor's manner; and by a few but adroit questions he soon found out more of his history than he intended to communicate; he discovered also that he was the son of his earliest friends.

"Would you be willing to take the position of resident physician of the Hospital?" finally asked Mr. S.

"To one in my position," said he, "such a place would be most desirable but I do not suppose I could obtain it."

"Why not?"

"I am a stranger here."

"Can you bring me testimonials of professional ability?"

"I can—testimonials of the highest order."

"Bring them to me, doctor at the earliest possible moment. I suppose you are a man of family."

"No, sir."

"That may be an objection. A furnished house is provided for a physician and a man of family is preferred."

"I have a widowed sister who would most gladly join me."

"That will do just as well. Bring your testimonials as soon as possible. I think your April fool letter has turned out something to your advantage, after all," laughed Mr. S.

Affairs turned out to the satisfaction of both the doctor and the kind-hearted merchant. In less than a month he found himself and sister settled in comfortable quarters, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum; moreover, for certain duties required of her at the hospital, his sister received two hundred dollars per year in addition.

Mr. Top, in the meantime, looked in vain for the doctor's return, and thought that the mortification at being made an April fool, and the fear of being laughed at kept him away.

"Where is Dr. Scroggins?" he inquired of one and another.

But no one had seen him. Finally he told his friends that he had sent him to New York on a fool's errand, the first day of April, and he was, no doubt ashamed to come back.

"Look out for next April," said they; "the doctor will be even with you then."

"It will take a brighter genius than he is to fool me," replied Top.

The first day of April came round again, and Mr. Top expected certainly to hear from Doctor Scroggins, who, he thought, could never forgive him. Sure enough, he received a letter from New York. He laughed aloud as he read it:

"MR. BENJAMIN TOP:—Dear Sir:—If you will call at Messrs. W. & H.'s No. — Wall street, New York, you may hear something to your advantage."

"Our friend Scroggins is a wit," said he, "but he will find me too wide awake to be caught in his trap. Catch me trudging off to New York on a fool's errand! Does he think I haven't cut my eye teeth? Dr. Scroggins don't know this child, he don't!"

But still the idea haunted him that he might be losing something by not heeding the letter, and that dampened in some degree the pleasure he experienced in having been too sharp for the doctor.

Five or six months afterward Top being in the city on business happened to meet Dr. Scroggins.

"How are you doctor?" said he, grasping the hand of the physician, and smiling one of the smiles peculiar to his face when he felt that he had played a capital joke on somebody.

"I am well. And how are you Mr. Top?" said the doctor.

"First rate," replied he, with irrepressible glee. "You wasn't sharp enough last April Doctor."

"What do you mean?" inquired the doctor.

"You didn't succeed in getting me to the city on a fool's errand."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Top," said the doctor, gravely.

"W. & P.'s, Wall street—something to my advantage."

The doctor looked puzzled.

"You needn't look so innocent, doctor; I sent you to New York in April, eighteen months ago, and it is but natu-

ral that you should wish to pay me in my own coin. But I was too wide awake for you to catch me."

"You are certainly too wide awake for me now. Will you please explain yourself?" said Dr. Scroggins.

"April before last you received a letter to the effect that if you would call in Wall street you would hear something to your advantage."

"I did," replied the doctor.

"Well?"

"I called accordingly and did hear something to my advantage."

"What?" Top looked very much surprised and disappointed at the same time. "And did you not write me a similar one last April?"

"I am above such cold-hearted cruelty sir!" said the doctor, in a tone that marked his real feelings. "The person who would do such a cruel thing must have something bad about his character, and I want to have nothing to do with him."

"Good morning, doctor," said Mr. Top.

The two gentlemen bowed stiffly, and parted. Top felt very uncomfortable. He finally decided to call at the place referred to in his letter. Thinking it might still be an April fool trick, he made a few purchases for his store and gave his name.

"Benjamin Top," said the person with whom he was dealing with, "Do you live outside of the city?"

Top told him the name of the village in which he lived.

"Did you never receive a letter from this house?"

"I did, but as it was dated the first day of April, I thought it was an April fool trick, and never replied to it."

"Far from it," answered the man. "An old gentleman from Ohio came here about that time, and said he had a brother living in this State, and he was in search of him or his children. We heard that a gentleman by the name of Benjamin Top lived in your village, and dropped him a line; but as no answer came, we thought the information must be incorrect."

"Where is he now?" asked Mr. Top.

"Dead. Your sister, Mrs. Jessup, who resides near this city, answered the letter we wrote in person. She took him with her, and a short time after arriving there he died, leaving her the whole of his property amounting to fifteen thousand dollars."

"He was my uncle," said Top.

"Then by not attending to our letter you are the loser of at least one-half his property."

Top went home a sadder man than he was when he left it. He knew that it would be in vain to appeal to his sister's generosity for she was a widow, and when poor, with five children dependent upon her, he had treated her with unkindness and neglect, and there was little likelihood of her sharing her good fortune with him.

Top was, after all, the real April fool; and so great was his disappointment and chagrin that he never afterward was known to send an April fool letter, or to play a trick on one of his friends.

RETRIBUTION.

IN the spring of 1858, Elder Perley P. Pratt, of the Mormon community, seduced from her home the wife of Mr. H. H. McLean, a merchant of San Francisco, to make her his seventh wife. On her flight the deserted husband sent his two children, a very interesting boy and girl, to his father-in-law, in New Orleans. Some time afterward the mother left Salt Lake, got her children, and started back to Utah with them. On discovering this the doubly injured father started in pursuit. He came to New York, heard of Pratt there, and tracked him from New York to St. Louis. There he lost him. Then he left New Orleans, where he heard that his wife and children were then going through Texas to Salt Lake, so off he went to Texas. In his search for the missing ones, he had learned that his wife had assumed the name of Mrs. P. P. Parker, and while traveling through Texas he contrived to intercept some letters which he found bearing this superscription. On breaking the seal he saw they were written in cipher. He succeeded in finding the key to the cipher, however and discovered that the letters were from Pratt, and contained a request that the caravan with which Mrs. McLean and her children were traveling should go to the neighborhood of Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee Nation. Confused and dispirited, Mr. McLean returned to New Orleans, whence he started for Fort Gibson, assuming the name of Johnson. He made known his secret to the officers of the fort only. Here his vigilant and energetic pursuit of the fugitives was soon rewarded. He captured not only his wife and children, but the scoundrel who, in the name of religion, had enticed them from their home. The United States Marshal took them before Commissioner John B. Ogden for trial. The case awoke intense

excitement at the time, and the populace clamored for vengeance on the wretch who had deliberately plotted and planned the ruin of a prosperous and happy family. The cipher letters were produced in Court, and Mr. McLean told such a pathetic story of his wrongs that Pratt only escaped lynching by being concealed in the jail. Even the complainant himself became so enraged that in the very Court to which he had come for justice he clutched his pistol to shoot Pratt then and there. And no wonder, for he was told the law was powerless to punish Pratt. Early next morning the Mormon Elder was dismissed and left the place secretly, but McLean watched and pursued him, overtook him on his road, and killed him in his tracks.

With his children McLean returned to New Orleans, and the wife having meanwhile become a raving maniac, was sent to an insane asylum.

It was this event, combined with the apprehended appointment of new territorial officers by the Government, that led to the horrible massacre of emigrants at Mountain Meadow soon after—slight motives for such a terrible crime.

Matrimonial Brokerage—A Funny Case in England.

SOMETIME since the well-to-do

widow of a solicitor in Monmouth, Eng., with seven children, pining for conjugal companionship, advertised to this effect in the Matrimonial News: "A widow lady, aged 39, dark, lady-like, of good old family, nice residence and income of seven hundred pounds a year, would like to correspond with a gentleman from 50 to 60, with a view to marriage." So attractive a proposal brought the required commodity speedily enough with the name of Arthur Turner Clark attached to it, who seductively wrote: "I am a widower of 50, of medium height, considered good tempered, and was very happy in life as a married man. I am a good man of business, very fond of children, have considerable property, am desirous of corresponding with a widow who would love her husband."

On the receipt of this letter the widow went up to London and had an interview with the prospective husband. In the excitement of so tender a meeting it was perhaps natural that both parties should be a little bewildered on some points. At any rate the lady understated the number of her little responsibilities at home, overstated the amount of her annual income, and was further possessed with the idea that she had some valuable "timber rights."

On his part the gentleman represented that he had a large amount of real estate in America, was a ship-broker, and only needed a little more capital to enable him to amass a large fortune, and a marriage was soon agreed on in spite of the opposition of the lady's relations. The gist of what remains is, that Widower Clark, who was a thriftless ne'er-do-weel, unable to support himself and his four children, had his lawyer draw up the marriage settlement, interlined in such a way that the prospective wife's fortune was all given into his charge, and the confiding widow, absorbed in the approaching marriage ceremony, signed away her rights unconsciously.

Presently, however, she realized her folly, and suit was entered to recover her property. She gained her case, and as her husband couldn't pay the costs, with a justice quite poetic the judge decided that the lawyer, who drew the marriage settlement with intent to deceive, must pay them out of his own pocket. The moral of all which would seem to suggest that "widower" might properly be interpolated in the famous saying of the senior Weller.

Stockings in Old Times.

Henry VIII's son, Edward VI., received as a great present from Sir Thomas Gresham "a pair of long Spanish silk stockings." For some years longer, silk stockings continued to be a great rarity. In "the second year of Queen Elizabeth," says Stow in his Chronicle, "her silk-woman, Mistress Montague, presented her majesty with a pair of black knit-silk stockings for a New-Year's gift; the which, after a few days' wearing, pleased her so well, that she sent for Mistress Montague and asked her where she had got them, and if she could help her to any more, who answered, saying: "I made them very carefully on purpose only for your majesty, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand." "Do so," quoth the queen, "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth hose, but only silk stockings."

"And from that time to her death the queen wore no more cloth hose, but only silk stockings."

"Remember who you are talking too, sir," said an indignant parent to a fractious boy. "I am your father."

"Well, who's to blame for that?" said young impertinence; "taint me."