

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. 3.37 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 5.30 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. 3.49, 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 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Auburn at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 2.40, 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 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 3.40 a. m. and 8.05 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, May 14th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST. Millintown 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, 9.05 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown 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 Altoona 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. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Express 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m. WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.50 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m. WM. 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.

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, 2222 illustrations of fine plants, 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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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, 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 in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.

P. S.—Blankets, Rovers, and Shoe findings made a specialty.

JOS. M. HAWLEY. Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—1f

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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 a year. The first No. for 1877 just issued in German and English.

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AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

A TROPICAL night on the Pacific!

The sky is studded with stars, which are mirrored in the vast deep beneath. There is just enough air to keep the Dolphin moving at a quiet rate, and the passengers are gathered on deck to enjoy the matchless evening.

A short distance away stand two lovers—Edmund Prescott and Florence Harris, looking out upon the ocean, and meditating and conversing upon the scene.

"How different this sky from our northern firmament!" remarked the latter, after a pause. "I can hardly recognize my favorite constellation. The Southern Cross is beautiful, but then I miss the others. Ursa Major has entirely disappeared, and as for the Minor Bear, scarce a star of him is visible.

"At this observation, which was not intended for no particular ears, Adolphus Fitzgibbon aroused himself.

"Aw—what's that, Miss Harris? Aw—have you seen bears at sea?"

"Yes, and monkeys too," was the quick, but good-natured reply. All of us laughed, while Fitzgibbon looked very silly, then grinned hugely, then seemed to meditate some scathing witicism, then concluded he would not and stretched out upon his side with his back towards the lovers, and pretending to, or really did fall asleep within the next fifteen minutes.

I was reclining on the deck, about a dozen feet from where the lovers stood—not with any intention of listening to their words, but simply because I had taken my position first, and was too languid to change it. I had been an invalid for years, and was now recovering from a very severe spell of sickness.

I was lazily drawing at my Havana, puffing the thin fragrant smoke from my mouth without removing the cigar, and gazing upward at the brilliant stars as they slowly sailed over-head. I was in that delicious dreamy state, half asleep and half awake, hearing only the murmur of the voices around me as one hears the faint sound of a distant waterfall.

I presume I had lain thus for nearly an hour, and my cigar had burned almost to my mouth, while the long column of ashes was still unbroken, when something struck my ear like the sound of a bell. It was not until I had heard it several times, that it seemed really to affect my senses.

All at once I gave a start, the ashes dropped upon my bosom, and I arose to a sitting position, and gazed around me.

"Hark!" said I; "didn't you hear that bell?"

"Just what I have been trying to make Edmund believe!" laughed Florence Harris; "he persisted in not believing it."

"Listen!" said I, raising my hand. And immediately there fell a death-like silence. And while thus intently listening, there came across the sea, faint but distinct, the soft, distant sound of a bell.—We scarcely breathed for a minute, and the strange, solemn sound was repeated at regular intervals, as if swung by the hand of some exhausted sufferer, or tolled by the swell of the ocean.

The Captain, by this time, had approached and stood in the attitude of attention.

"We must be near the land?" I ventured to say, rather in the form of inquiry than in that of an assertion.

"No, sir," responded the Captain; "the nearest island is a good eight hundred miles away, and this doesn't come from there, I should think."

"What can it be?" asked several in the same breath.

"The sound comes from that direction," said Florence Harris pointing towards the equator.

"Perhaps it is on board a ship?" I again ventured.

"Don't think it is," replied the Captain with a shake of the head.

"What can it be?" asked Florence. To this no one ventured to reply for several moments. In the meantime, the tolling of the bell had become quite distinct, and Adolphus Fitzgibbon gave a yawn, a groan, a kick, and awoke.

"Aw—ye—aw—I was about to suggest—aw—that the tea-bell should ring—aw—aw!" he stammered confusedly rising to his feet, and pitching back and forth. Then, seeing us all in the attitude of attention, he asked, "What—wa—the dooce is the matter?"

"It's the bell of doom!" exclaimed Backstay Bob, a tall, scarred sailor, from his position at the wheel.

"Pshaw! you're too childish," replied the captain. "Whatever it is, we are rapidly approaching it, for notice how much louder it sounds.

Such was the case. The bell was now heard distinctly to the south, and was approaching nearer every moment.—Shortly after, the captain took his night-glass, and gazed long and intently in that direction. When he lowered it, he said, "I can just discover a dark object

rising and falling on the waves, but nothing more. Backstay Jack, you have got the best eyesight of any one on board, see what you can make of it."

Bob resigned his place at the wheel to one of the men, and came forward and took the glass. He held it to his eye for several minutes without speaking, and to all appearance without even breathing, while we awaited his word with the deepest interest. Finally he gave a great sigh, and lowered it.

"Blow me if it ain't Davy Jones afloat!"

"How does it look?" several of us inquired in the same breath.

"I'll be hanged if I can tell! There is no bowsprit, and—"

He levelled his glass again, and shortly after continued his observations.

"There's no sail—no nothin'."

"There must be something."

"Aw—certainly—aw—something, certainly—aw—if your vision—aw—is able to discern it," ventured the gentle Adolphus Fitzgibbon.

"Don't you see anything like a sail?" inquired the Captain.

"Not a speck, nor any place to put one, either. Hold a minute," exclaimed Backstay Bob, "I've got her in range now. She ain't got the least mite of a boom, yard, or anything like. She looks like some great hulk of a light-boat—Hold on again; I see the bell. They've rigged it up at the masthead, so that it swings back'ards and for'ards every time the thing gives a lurch to leewards."

"Can you see anything aboard?"

"Not a creetur, living or dead."

"Keep fier away a couple of points," cried the Captain to the man at the wheel.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

And the ship's course was altered, so as to bring her rapidly near the mysterious craft, towards which all eyes were directed.

Several of the company now openly remarked that there was something supernatural in the appearance of this boat, with its tolling bell. To all these Florence Harris and her lover replied lightly, neither of them having the least faith in their credulity.

The Captain listened impatiently, and then said, "You are all a set of cowards. No doubt you imagine Old Nick is aboard, with a crew of little imps, bound for the Gallapagos Isles with a load of brimstone. If you'll content yourselves for half an hour longer, I'll tell you something about it, for I intend to board that old lumbering hulk, even if it turns out to be the Flying Dutchman or Davy Jones' flag-ship, and shall explore it from stem to stern."

To show that he meant what he said, orders were given to heave to, and to get one of the boats in readiness. By this time the nondescript was plainly visible to all. It appeared to be an old hulk, with a single mast in the centre. The bell was suspended from the mast-head, and ever and anon sent forth its solemn tolling, as the hulk rose and sank with the heavings of the sea.

Before the ship was brought to, we had passed the hulk some distance, so that when we halted, there were several hundred yards intervening, and it was only dimly discernible.

A boat was lowered, and the Captain having selected a crew, pulled away towards the hulk. I asked permission to accompany it, but, on account of a recent illness, was refused. Fortunate, indeed, for me that was that refusal.

There was something so extraordinary regarding the appearance and action of the hulk, that the curiosity of us all was so intense as to be painful. We strained our gaze, as the Captain and the crew drew rapidly near it.

We saw the distance swiftly decrease between the two boats, until the shadowy forms merged into one. And then followed an impressive silence—suddenly broken by a howl, a pistol-shot, and a scream; and as our hearts almost stopped beating, we saw a moment later the boat put off from the hulk, and the men rowing with all their might back to ship.—As they came nearer, we discerned that the Captain was missing.

Backstay Bob dashed towards the boat, and, shaking his fist at the men, demanded furiously, "You cowardly dogs! Where is Captain Luster?"

"The devil has got him!"

Absurd as the reply might have seemed at any other time, it was uttered in solemn earnest, as the ghastly faces of the crew attested. In reply to our eager questions, they said the moment they came alongside the craft they heard a low, hollow, unearthly sound, which caused them to hesitate. The Captain climbed up the side of the vessel, descended the hatchway, and disappeared from view. He was hardly out of sight when the noise they had heard at first was repeated, far louder and fiercer. The next moment the report of the Captain's pistol was heard, followed by a terrific shriek, and then all was still.

"You're a purty set of cowardly sneaks, ain't you, to go and desert your Captain that way, when, like enough, he needed you to save his life," exclaimed Backstay Bob, forgetting in his fury that the first mate was among those whom he denounced. "I'm going back to that old hulk; and if I can't get at the devil any other way, I'll put a keg of powder in it and blow it to blazes!"

"Bob's right, if his excitement does make him forget his manners," said the mate. "It was not my intention to desert Captain Luster in trouble. The men were so frightened that I thought it best to come back and get a new set."

There was some trouble in procuring the requisite number; and accordingly Prescott and myself were accepted. As the former went over the ship's side, Florence Harris said, "Don't you come back, Edmund, until you have heard what has become of poor Captain Luster."

He gave her his promise, and a few minutes later the boat shoved off, and we rapidly neared the hulk, which had acquired such a strange interest to us all.

Prescott, in addition to his revolver, had a small Italian dagger, which I observed him handle, as if to assure himself that it was reliable. Then, as he replaced it, he remarked to me, "There is no telling what's inside that mass of lumber; and this may be the weapon I need, after all."

Arriving at the craft, after a short consultation, it was agreed that the four oarsmen, the mate, and myself, should remain behind, while Backstay Bob and William Prescott should explore the hulk. As it was morally certain that some dreadful danger menaced all who entered the cabin, and as I was good for nothing, I needed no more urging to remain in my position.

Prescott went first, holding his pistol in one hand and a lantern in the other, while Bob closely followed with his cutlass. We saw them descend the hatchway; all was still, and then I heard the single exclamation from Prescott, "Oh, my God!"

This was followed by a terrible roar, a quick succession of pistol shots, a fierce struggle, and then all was still again.—The next moment, both Prescott and Backstay Bob emerged to view, covered from head to foot with blood.

"Come aboard," said they, "the danger is over."

The next instant we were on deck. I rushed to the hole, and gazed down. Merciful Heavens! what did I behold? By the dim light of the lantern we saw the mangled body of Captain Luster. The head and one of his limbs were gone, and there was scarcely a semblance of humanity in the remains before us. Near him was the gaunt, terrible form of an expiring Bengal tiger, killed by the bullets, cutlass and dagger of Prescott and Backstay Bob.

The two latter, on entering the cabin first, saw the mutilated body of Captain Luster. A low growl warned them of danger, and as Prescott turned his gaze, he saw the tiger crouching and in the very act of springing. Dropping his lantern, he fired his revolver, and as the terrible animal bore him to the floor, he drew his dagger and stabbed him again and again. The needle-pointed instrument reached his heart, which, united with the slashing blows of Backstay Bob, settled his hash before he could do any material injury.

We now made a critical examination of the place. A number of human bones strewed the floor, and several articles of wearing apparel, which seemed to indicate that the place had been tenanted by two human beings of opposite sexes.

The brute had a chain to his neck, and had been confined to one corner of the room by a delicate iron ring, which had been put there to be broken. Over the centre of the room was written something in an Indian dialect, which was pronounced by the mate (who had spent several years in India) to read: "I have sought—I have found that which I sought—vengeance."

Carefully removing the body of the Captain to the little boat, we scuttled the mysterious craft and saw it sink to the bottom of the ocean. Shortly after, the Captain was wrapped in his winding-sheet, and followed.

The strange, awful tale regarding the old craft we never learned. It ever remained to us all an unvelled mystery of the sea.

A Call that Miscarried.

A story is told of a preacher in Iowa, which has the novelty of truth about it. He had been preaching several years with great earnestness and zeal. He pulled off his coat and went in for the harvest of souls. He prayed, exhorted and visited with sinners and scoffers, in season and out of season. His bread cast upon the waters did not come back to him. His way was poor and his purse always low. It was probably also poor preaching. All at once he quit

preaching without a word of explanation to anybody. One day a kind-hearted brother went to him and inquired why he had deserted his post.

"Well," said the preacher, "I'll tell you the truth about it. I thought I had a Divine call to preach, and went to work with all my heart. I got very poor pay, and that in good wishes, garden truck, and an occasional fractional currency. I prayed over the matter earnestly, that God might show me the right way. All at once I discovered there was a mistake about the matter.—The call to preach was intended for another man of the same name down in Warren county, and in some way got miscarried, and so I quit."

Peleg Parker's Initials.

"DID I ever tell you how I caught a thief once?" asked Mr. Parker of his friend Mr. Johnson, as he sat smoking a pipe in Mr. Johnson's comfortable "place."

"No, tell us about it," said Mr. Johnson, filling the glasses with fresh ale.

"Well," said Mr. Parker, "I don't mind if I do. You see, I bought me a nice overcoat two or three years ago; it was one of a lot of nice overcoats, and I was rather proud of it. I hung it up in the hall one day, and that evening, just as I was coming into the hall from dinner, I saw a chap getting out of the door with my overcoat on. I rushed after him, but it was no go—he got away.—Next day I met that fellow on Broadway and had him arrested, but when we came into court and I tried to identify that coat, he had fifty other fellows there, and every blamed one of them had a coat just like mine and I couldn't swear to it and the Judge had to let him go.

"Perhaps I wasn't mad! 'Great guns!' said I, 'am I to be robbed with impunity?' 'Parker, old boy,' said I to myself, 'this will never do!' So I went right back to the store where I got the first coat and got one exactly like it.

Now, said I, I'll set a trap for that young man and I'll see if I can't identify this coat. I baited my trap with the new coat, and sure enough the sneak thief came along and marched off with it. I chased him, but the rascal got away, and I began to wish I hadn't been so sharp. Well, I looked for the fellow more than a week; at last I caught him. 'Young man,' said I, 'I want that coat.'

"There is some mistake here," said he. "Yes, sir, there is," said I; "you've got an honest man's coat on."

"Well," said he, bold as brass; "I'll go to court with you. There's a thousand other coats like this in New York. There's no mark on it; you can't swear to it."

"We'll see," said I. "We went to court. There were the fifty fellows with coats just like mine, as before. The Judge took the coat and examined it."

"I find no mark," said he; "can you identify this as your property, Mr. Parker?"

"Certainly," said I; "my initials are in it." The prisoner began to grin, for he had searched the coat, no doubt, and found no mark.

"Give me the coat," said I. The Judge handed me the coat, and taking my pen-knife, I ripped the seam on the shoulder and took out two small peas.—"There my initials," said I—"P. P.—Peleg Parker."

"Well, I'm d—d!" said the prisoner. He wasn't (not just then at least), concluded Mr. Parker, with a benevolent smile, "but he got two years in the Penitentiary nevertheless."

What the things Costs.

A recent Western letter says: Deadwood is a pretty lively town. I judge that there are about 5,000 or 7,000 people here. Boots, shave, cigar, drink, &c., are twenty-five cents each. Flour Friday was \$17 per 100 pounds; Saturday it advanced to \$21; Sunday \$25, and to-day it sold for \$30 per 100 pounds, or at the rate of \$60 per barrel. There is very little in town, which is the cause of the rise. Coal oil, when they have any, sells for \$2.50 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Board is cheaper in proportion, being only fifty cents per meal by the week, and beds \$1.50 each. The streets are always crowded. Lots of Chinese here, owing to washing being twenty-five cents a piece. There is a saloon in almost every house. Gambling goes on publicly. The gulch mines are all taken. I think a person could invest a few thousand very profitably in quartz mining, as there are some very rich lodes here. There are about fifteen quartz mills in the country now.

A man who was rather rough in his manners, jocosely observed to a young lady that he was about to be married, but as his affections were divided between Miss Mary Brickdust and Miss Betsy Primestuff, he was at a loss to know which to choose.

"I advise you by all means," said the lady, "take Miss Brickdust—you want polishing."