

**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., 3.07 and 7.55 p. m.  
 For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., 3.40 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., and 2.00 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., 1.30, 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 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.55 p. m.  
 The 2.30 a. m. train from Allentown and the 4.40 a. m. train from Reading do not run on Mondays.

**SUNDAYS:**

Leave New York, at 3.30 p. m.  
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m.  
 Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.  
 Leave Allentown, at 2.30 p. m. and 9.05 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, June 11th, 1877, passenger trains will run as follows:

**EAST.**

Mifflintown Acc. 5.55 a. m., daily except Sunday.  
 Pacific Express 11.05 P. M., daily " Sunday Mail, 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday  
 Atlantic Express, 10.48 P. M., flag—daily.

**WEST.**

Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily.  
 Mail, 9.45 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 15 minutes faster than Allentown time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time.  
 J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

**DUNCANNON STATION.**

On and after Monday, June 11th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

**EASTWARD.**

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 9.31 A. M.  
 Pacific Express 11.22 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
 Mail 7.30 P. M., daily " Sunday Mail, 6.54 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**

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 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; \$1.50 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.

**VICK'S**

**Flower and Vegetable Seeds**

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 \$1.50.  
 All my publications are printed in English and German.  
 Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

**500 AGENTS WANTED TO CHASSIS FOR A GRAND PICTURE, 2x23 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success.**

For particulars, address  
 H. M. CRIDER, Publisher,  
 45 1y New 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 Shoe findings made a specialty.  
 JOS. M. HAWLEY,  
 Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—4f

**ESTATE NOTICE.**—Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of John Kunkle late of Marysville Borough Ferry county Penn'a., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned residing in the same place.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN KALER,  
 Administrator.

June 12, 1877.\*

**IN THE WRONG HOUSE.**

**TIMOTHY TITMOUSE**, tailor, having been at a convivial party was passing, on his way homeward, the Academy of Music just on the night of the grand charity ball.

Now Timothy, who was a man of almost forty, and a family man at that in his sober senses, was the most bashful and timid man in creation; but when slightly exhilarated, as in the present instance, he was as bold as a lion and as impudent as a fancy clerk in a first-class hotel.

Seeing the long row of carriages standing at the curb-stone waiting to carry home the ball-guests, for it was already in the "wee sma'" hours of the morning, he thought he would be vastly fine to ride in state to his humble residence, which was situated on the west side of the city.

So without any more ado he jumped into the first carriage he came across, and bawling out "home," to the driver seated on the box, he slammed the door shut, and reclined back in the cushioned seat with a hazy sort of consciousness that he had made himself understood to the coachman, and that in due course of time he would be landed on the pavement before the abode of himself, his wife, children, goose and thread and needles.

The driver, indeed, at once applied the lash to his spanking team, and as the vehicle dashed rapidly away, he muttered to himself:

"The gov'nor's alone again. He must have had another spat with the missus an' she's refused to ride home with him as usual. However, so long as I receive my wages it's none of my business."

Timothy was aroused from a dream in which he thought his wife was belaboring him rather severely with the yardstick, by the sudden jerk of the carriage as it halted, and opening his eyes rather sleepily, beheld the driver standing at the open door of the vehicle waiting for him to alight.

Drawing his hat closely over his eyes, so that his wife should not discern in his face any trace of his having imbibed too much of the "rosy," he stumbled into the street, up a flight of brown stone steps into the hall of an elegant mansion, up the stairs and into a sitting-room—all in blissful ignorance that he was entering any other house than his own.

The fact that the servants, taking advantage of the absence of their master and mistress, had been holding a little jollification of their own in the kitchen and were sleeping off the effects of several bowls of punch, with the exception of the porter, who was just sober enough to open the front door at hearing the carriage stop, must account for the reason that our jolly knight of the shears was not at once made aware of his mistake. To this also must be added the delusive appearance created by the full dress costume which had been left for some slight repairs at Timothy's work-shop, and which he, good simple man, had donned to attend the convivial party already alluded to.

When, however, he reached the sitting-room, and gazed at the velvet carpet on the floor, the rosewood furniture, the piano, and the glowing fire in the burnished grate, the truth flashed even through his top-heavy brain.

"By the patron saint of all the tailors!" exclaimed he, "I've got into the wrong house. Timothy Titmouse, you're drunk and no mistake. I wonder what Maria would say to see me now; and by my goose, what will the folks in the house here say if they catch me? They will take me for a burglar, and, oh Lord, I'll be sent to jail sure."

His terror and dismay were ludicrous to behold, and were decidedly increased by the sound of the violent opening and shutting of the front door and of footsteps rapidly approaching the room in which he was.

Seeing a screen standing in one corner of the apartment, he, on the impulse of the moment, darted behind it and tremblingly awaited further developments.

The door opened, and there entered a lady and gentleman, who, by their dress, had evidently attended the ball.

They were both in a decided ill-humor and paced silently up and down the room while they removed their outer wraps.

"And you want to tell me, Mrs. Winterbottom," exclaimed the gentleman, at last, "that the mysterious disappearance of our coach is only an accident too?"

"John was probably intoxicated," replied she coldly, "and drove home without us."

"Nonsense. He's never drunk. I tell you that, taking this in conjunction with several little incidents I noticed at the ball, I've come to the conclusion that there's more in it than appears on the surface."

"What do you mean?" asked she, with a look of surprise.

"Oh, no matter, retorted he, with a short laugh. "Keep it up. It's none of my business, even if I am your husband. Don't mind me. I'm not jealous. Not the least bit."

The bitter satire with which these words were spoken would lead one to suppose that the contrary was the true state of affairs.

The lady burst into a merry laugh, and exclaimed:

"Why, I declare, is that the cause of your savage humor. I thought it was because you were obliged to come home in a hired cab. You not jealous! Why, you're ready to bite the heads off the gentlemen with whom I danced to-night, if you only had them here."

"Oh Lord," thought poor Timothy behind the screen, "If he finds me now, he will bite my head off sure."

"No, madam," replied Mr. Winterbottom, assuming an air of indifference which he was far from feeling. "I wish to have you particularly understand that nothing you can do can arouse my jealousy. Remember, nothing. And now that we have come to a proper understanding I have the pleasure of wishing you good-night."

He strode to the folding doors, which separated the sitting-room from his own apartment, and having entered the latter, he rather forcibly closed the doors behind him.

Mrs. Winterbottom, who, by the way, was young, pretty, and mischievously inclined, sank into the luxurious sofa, and leaning her head on her hand, began to rack her little brain for a plot to prove her husband's jealousy.

"Now is my time," thought Timothy. "The lady appears to be kind, and that fire-eater of a husband of hers is away, I'll throw myself on her protection."

Creeping stealthily from behind the screen, he dropped on his knees before the lady, and pleadingly exclaimed:

"Lady, you see before you one—"

So absorbed in her thoughts had Mrs. Winterbottom been, that she had not observed him until he began to speak, and now she interrupted him wildly:

"You are a thief, a robber. Oh, heaven have mercy on me! Here are my jewels—take them—take all—but not murder me!"

She tore her rings and bracelet from her fingers and wrist, and extended them to him.

But Timothy, who had by this time considerably sobered up, dignifiedly waved them away, and in a tone of conscious pride, said:

"You insult me, madam. I not a thief. I am Timothy Titmouse, tailor. Here is my card, madam; and if your husband desires to have a suit of clothes made to order, with neatness and dispatch, and according to the latest style—"

"Stop, stop!" interrupted the lady, who had recovered from her fright.—"Tell me, how did you come here?"

Timothy explained, and before he was half through with his explanations, the wished-for plot had recurred to the lady's mind.

"Sir," exclaimed she, haughtily, and in a loud tone of voice, when he had concluded, "this intrusion into my room at this unseemly hour of the night is—perfectly scandalous."

"Madam!" gasped poor Timothy, entirely taken my surprise at her words, seeking to arise.

See, however, pushed him on his knees again, and in the same loud strain continued:

"You seem to forget, sir, that I am a married woman."

"And so am I," stammered the tailor.—"That is, not exactly a woman, but a married man, with four children and—"

"Hush," whispered she; "my husband is in the next room; if he discovers your presence, you're lost."

"This effectually silenced the trembling tailor.

Mrs. Winterbottom knew that her loud tones were distinctly heard in the next room, and by the rustling of the door, was convinced that her husband was listening.

"For heaven's sake!" cried she, suddenly springing to her feet; "my husband is coming. Behind that screen, quickly. Don't move for your life, until I return."

Timothy darted once more into his place of concealment, while the lady hastily ran out of the room.

"Now," muttered she to herself, "we will see if he isn't jealous, and what a face he will make when he finds it only a poor half-drunken tailor. Meanwhile I'll go to my room to change my ball dress for a wrapper. I'll be down in time to see the fun."

Hardly had she departed, when the folding doors were flung open, and in stalked Mr. Winterbottom, rage and fury in his eyes, and two swords in his hands. He kicked away the screen, and throwing one of the weapons before the terrified tailor, tragically exclaimed:

"Rise, miscreant, and defend your miserable life!"

"Oh, sir," cried Timothy, bursting

into tears, "have pity on myself, my wife and children."

This action, so unlike the chivalrous defense he had expected, struck Mr. Winterbottom fairly dumb with surprise, taking advantage of which the little tailor rapidly detailed the manner of his coming into the house.

A light broke over the mind of the jealous husband.

"I've made an ass of myself," muttered he; "very likely she's behind the door there laughing at me."

He approached the door and opened it, but his wife was not in the hall.

"Ha—ha!" exclaimed he, closing the door and once more returning to Timothy, who was still kneeling in mortal fear on the floor, "I'll pay her for her trick. You must fight a duel, sir," added he, addressing the tailor.

"I cannot," stammered he, "I—I only know how to wield the shears."

"Now listen to me. Take the swords and go in the next room. Keep clashing them against each other, and continue shouting. Do this and I'll see that you get home safely and be twenty-five dollars richer besides."

Timothy was only too glad to consent, and as soon as he was in the next room set to work obeying his instructions.

Mr. Winterbottom carefully closed the folding doors on him, and having erected the screen concealed himself behind it.

"Now, my fine lady," muttered he, "we're ready for you."

Again the door opened, and Mrs. Winterbottom, now clad in a soft silken wrapper, entered the room.

"No one here!" exclaimed she. "Ha, what's that? The clashing of swords. Oh, my God! There has been no explanation and they are fighting a duel."

She sank on the sofa utterly overcome with fright.

"George, George," gasped she; "oh, he'll be killed. Oh, why was I so foolish as to arouse his jealousy. He'll be killed and he will never know how I loved him."

At the last word she sank into a swoon.

"Didn't I do my work well?" inquired Timothy, thrusting his head through the folding doors.

"Only too well," replied the husband, emerging from behind the screen; "you have frightened my wife into a faint.—Come, get me a glass of water from the table there, quickly."

A few drops sprinkled on the lady's face sufficed to revive her, and opening her eyes she fell around her husband's neck, exclaiming:

"Alive, George? you are not dead? you are not hurt? Oh, I am so glad."

"I only paid you back in like coin," murmured he, fondly kissing her. "You will never play any more tricks on me, my darling?"

"And you will never be jealous again," asked she, demurely.

"I swear it."

"And I."

Thus harmony was restored to the loving couple, and when Timothy Titmouse finally arrived at his proper domicile, just as day was breaking, he was able to silence his irate spouse's only too well-founded objections with five new crisp five-dollar greenbacks.

But for all that he attended no more convivial parties.

**A Narrow Escape in the Croton Aqueduct.**

ONCE A YEAR or oftener, usually in November, an exploration is made of the interior of the aqueduct from end to end, by Benjamin S. Church, the resident engineer, who for over twenty years has been in charge of this part of the work. The water is shut off at the Croton dam, and the aqueduct is emptied by the wastewaters which I have described. Many strange and exciting adventures befall the men detailed for this service; and though but one life has ever been lost, large parties have been in imminent danger. The man-holes having been opened previously, the laborers under charge of Mr. Church, dressed in rough suits, enter the aqueduct at the dam, and travel downward either afoot or in an ingenious car propelled by a crank like the hand-cars used on a railway. The effect is weird and awe-inspiring. Some of the men carry torches, whose smoke and wavering blaze curl and flash in the darkness and throw fantastic shadows and reflections on the moist walls. The voices reverberate like peals of thunder, and seem to awake responsive vibrations in the massive stone and brick work itself. In some conditions of the atmosphere laborers repairing the masonry five miles below can be distinctly heard by those at the entrance, and at all times human voices pitched in an ordinary key can be heard at a distance of two or three miles, in long low rumbles. A broad halo of light frames the men in, and behind this there is an impenetrable blackness, so dense that an inexperienced person takes every step with extreme caution.

There are few greater promoters of terror than the power of darkness, and

the simple, superstitious Irishmen descending the ladder at the entrance leaves sunshine, sky and fields above in no cheerful mood. The short clay pipes are allowed to go out and few words are spoken. It is a business to be done with as soon as possible. Thousands of tons of water are pressing against the gates at the entrance, and should a bar give way, or an order be misunderstood, the flood would rush down upon the unfortunates and engulf them with irresistible force. Once, in fact, an order was misunderstood, and twenty men narrowly escaped with their lives. Mr. Church, with this number of laborers, entered the aqueduct to make some repairs, and instructed the keeper at the dam to let the water flow in again at 11 p. m. The party was making some repairs at a point some distance below the entrance at 11 a. m., when Mr. Church noticed a gradual rise in the water. Afraid of causing a panic, he did not say anything to his men, but urged them on in the hope that the work might be completed that morning. The water continued to rise, however, first submerging their feet, and then creeping up towards their knees with terrible stealth and certainty. The situation was that of a shipwrecked crew cast upon a rock which is being slowly covered by an incoming tide.

The engineer now realized the fact that his order had been misunderstood, and that the water had been turned on at the wrong time, and would soon be within a few inches of the roof of the aqueduct. By this time the men were in a highly nervous condition, and Mr. Church had to use his authority in preventing them from making a confused retreat for the nearest exit, which was some distance away. Meanwhile the water had made its way above their knees and was rushing through the aqueduct with a velocity of two miles and a quarter per mile. It was no easy walking against such a current as this, and the progress made towards the man-hole was unavoidably slow. The torches were successively put out by the splash until only one remained, and that threw a dim, yellow, uncertain flicker on the dark surroundings.

There was one danger which Mr. Church foresaw and was particularly anxious to avert. If the men were not kept under control each would make a disorderly struggle to reach the ladder at the man-hole, and delay would result that might prove fatal. As the water increased in depth the greater, of course, became their terror, and when the gray light of the opening came into view their bodies were submerged to their waists, while the current almost lifted them off their feet. By reasoning with them and encouraging them, however, Mr. Church allayed their fears and they gained the ladder and ascended it, one by one, in safety.—*Wm. H. Riding, in Scribner for June.*

**A Queen's Fortune.**

What Queen Victoria leaves behind her will never be known, because the wills of sovereigns are not proved, but those who have carefully considered the subject are of the opinion that she must, since the prince consort's death, have saved at the very least £100,000 a year.—Not only has she lived so quietly that a large portion of her £385,000 a year public income must be saved, but it is to be remembered that Mr. Nield left her £500,000 which at four per cent. would give her £20,000 a year, and she receives £43,000 a year from her duchy of Lancaster. The crown lands, given up to the country in lieu of a parliamentary annual grant, have of late years been so ably and economically managed that their revenue covers the royal allowance, and these crown lands were as much the property of the sovereign as the lands of the Duke of Devonshire, or any other landholder, are his.

If the country choose to make the most of these lands by cutting up, say, the new forest, and selling it in lots, and adopting a similar plan with other outlying possessions of the crown, it would make money out of the royal family.

The revenue of the duchy of Cornwall has risen from £22,000 in 1824 to £72,000 and increases annually about £3,000, so that the next Prince of Wales will probably be independent of a parliamentary grant. Queen Victoria is probably saving with the view of rendering her family independent as the wealth of the Duke de Penthièvre rendered the house of Orleans, and made Louis Philippe in consequence the cheapest of French kings.

During the past year the number of original advertisements for "missing friends or next of kin," in the London Times was 700, and the number of persons named therein about 3,000. The Treasury Solicitor advertised for the next of kin of twenty-six persons. The amount of money reverting to the Crown by reason of these intestacies is seldom stated; but in one case—Mrs. Helen Blake's—it amounted to \$700,000. From one of these advertisements it appears that the heirs of a person who emigrated to America in 1633 are wanted to claim a fortune of \$2,000,000.