

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 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 2.40 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 4.35 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 Sundays.

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 Hill 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. Millintown 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, 10.45 p. m., flag, daily. WEST. Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.45 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 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. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 9.31 a. m. Pacific Express 11.22 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily (flag). Atlantic Express 11.10 p. m., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown 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—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 \$1.00. All my publications are printed in English and German. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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, 45 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 continuation of the same. P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a specialty. JOS. M. HAWLEY. Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—H

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of John Kunkle late of Marysville Borough, Perry 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.

MY ONLY ROMANCE.

"WESTERN train's gone, ma'am," said Farmer Brown, coming into the waiting-room of the little depot. "The train I was to take?" I said, gasping.

"Yes, ma'am. Too bad, but can't be helped. Harness will give out sometimes, you know," sympathizingly.

"When is the next Western train due?"

"Not till six o'clock. You've five hours to wait. Be dretful tiresome, ma'am. There's a nice family that lives in t'other part o' the house—s'pose I tote you in there? I know Mrs. Holly will give you a bite o' suthin' ter eat, and she'll be proud to let you rest on her spare bed. Fine woman, Mrs. Holly is—I know her. Won't you go in and see her, ma'am?"

"No, I thank you, sir. I dare say that I'll be quite comfortable here."

"Wall, just as you please. But now I must be goin'. Hope that you'll get to your jurner's end safe, ma'am. Good-by."

And Farmer Brown left the room, mounted his wagon, and soon disappeared down the dusty road.

I had been visiting a friend who lived in a country settlement, some five or six miles from the solitary building dignified by the name of depot, and when the time came for me to return home she placed me in with a neighboring farmer who was going to a distant village, and would pass the station.

During our ride we met with an accident. Part of the harness gave way, and we were detained such a length of time that, as the reader knows, I was too late for the train.

After Farmer Brown left me I amused myself by reading a newspaper which some one had left lying on the seat.

Finishing this, I studied the design of the wall-paper, counted the panes of glass in the little window, and wondered at the tidiness of the whole apartment.

"Country depots are generally such vile, dirty places. Wonder why this is an exception?" I said to myself. Then a thought struck me. "Oh, probably the place is kept clean by the Mrs. Holly, over whose virtues Farmer Brown was so enthusiastic. Wonder if this same worthy female would give me a glass of water?"

And I tapped on the door communicating with the other apartments.

"Come in," said a cheery voice, and entering, I found myself in one of the prettiest, coziest rooms I had ever seen.

The most delicate tint of bluff was on the walls, cool matting covered the floor, muslin curtains festooned with ivy hung at the windows, and here and there were books, brackets, pictures and flowers, and all the dainty belongings that make a room look so home-like and pleasant.

And most charming of all, there lay in a white-draped cradle a rosy baby, fast asleep, with rings of golden hair falling over his white brow, and a great red velvety rose clasped in his dimple hand.

Over him bent a woman of twenty-two or three years—a little mite of a woman, with a bright dark face, vividly-colored, big black eyes, and wondrous dark hair wound in heavy braids about her stately head.

She arose with a smile when I entered.

"Excuse me, but may I trouble you for a glass of water?" I said.

"No trouble at all, ma'am. Pray be seated. Excuse me;" and she left the room.

Presently she returned, bringing a salver covered with a snow-white napkin, and containing a glass of water, a glass of creamy milk, a saucer of luscious red strawberries and a plate of sponge-cake, light as yellow foam.

"Pardon me," she said, smiling, "if I take too great a liberty; but you see Farmer Brown told me of your being obliged to wait so long, and I thought you might be hungry."

"Why, how very kind you are!" I exclaimed, in pleased surprise.

"Not at all. It's a pleasure to me.—If you are hot and dusty, perhaps you'd like to bathe your face. If so, just step in here."

And she led the way into a little white bedroom—the very heart of cleanliness and purity.

In a little while I was a different being from the cross, dusty, hungry mortal who had sat in the hot waiting room.

I found Mrs. Holly a perfect little gem of a woman, and after the manner of our sex we soon became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. And while I was lying languidly upon her comfortable sofa, and she seated in her low rocking-chair stitching away at her baby's dress, told me the one romance of her life.

"I have lived in this little depot all my days," she began. "My father was agent here, and he served the company so long and so well that when he died

they kindly allowed me to remain in his place, with the same wages, too. For, you see, I was seventeen, and father had long before taught me telegraphy and all the other work. About a year after father's death, I became acquainted with Jack—Jack Holly, my husband," and Mrs. Holly looked up and smiled.

"Jack was one of the best engineers on the road (and is now, too) and everybody considered him an honest, likely young fellow. He thought the world of me, and we became engaged. But you know how girls are; the weakest of them can make a strong man tremble."

"A weak, white girl held all his heartstrings in her small, white hand," I said.

"Yes; and I dare say I often pulled Jack's heartstrings rather hard; but he was gentle and patient when I flirted with the country lads, and when I was wild and wayward he didn't remonstrate. But one day there came along a city chap, who engaged board for the summer at a farm-house in the neighborhood.

"This Clarence Devarges, as he was called, was handsome, well-dressed, and had that polished, indescribable air that is so fascinating to most silly girls.—Jack was kind and well-mannered, but he didn't have a bit of style about him, and style was what I doted on in those days; so I snubbed Jack, and smiled on Mr. Devarges when he offered his attentions. I flirted most dreadfully with him, till even generous Jack was displeased.

"One morning, looking somewhat grave and sad, he came into the ticket-office. The last passenger was gone and the train was moving out. Jack's train had stopped to take freight.

"Well, how long is thing going to last?" said Jack.

"What thing?" I snapped out.

"Why, this affair with Devarges. I see it is going beyond a mere flirtation?"

"Pray, what of it?"

"Only that I do not want my future wife's name joined with that of a—"

Jack paused, then added earnestly:—"Well, I warn you against this fellow. Who knows what he is?"

"Mr. Devarges is a perfect gentleman, and that is more than one can say of some others," I said, hotly; and then some demon prompted me too add:—"And, Mr. Holly, in regard to your future wife, I believe I do not aspire to that honor—and here is your ring." I drew off the little golden band and handed it to him.

"Nell, do you mean to do this?" inquired Jack, with white lips.

"Yes, I do. I'm tired of your carping and criticising. The affair may be ended now and forever," I said pettishly.

"So be it then. Good-by," said Jack and without another word he left the room.

"To tell the truth, I hadn't meant half what I said, and every minute expected that Jack would kiss me and we would make up, but now he had gone forever. A mist came over my eyes as I watched his fast disappearing train, and I would have indulged in a good cry, but just then 'the special' came, puffing up, and the president of the road came in. He was a kind old gentleman, whom I had known since I was a wee girl.

"Good-day, Miss Nellie; everything prosperous, I hope. Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, sir, if I can."

"Well, you see, when we were coming down I met a gentleman who owed me some money. Paid me six hundred dollars, and now I don't know what to do with it, as we are going up into the woods to see about laying out a new railroad. We shall be gone two days. Don't want to take the money with me—will you take charge of it while I'm gone?"

"If you'll trust me."

"Bless my soul! yes, of course. Here's the money. Must hurry away. Good-morning."

"Scarcely had portly Mr. Sayre trotted away before Mr. Devarges came sauntering in.

"Got quite a little sum there, haven't you, Miss Nellie?" eyeing the bills in my hand.

"Yes," I replied, laughing. "Mr. Sayre has made me his banker. Look! Six hundred dollars! How rich I should feel if it were mine."

"You deserve to have much more, and doubtless that pretty face'll win it."

"Somehow his bold compliment failed to please, and so it was with coldness that I said, "Take a chair, Mr. Devarges."

"No, I thank you, Miss Nellie. I have an appointment. But, will you allow me to call this evening?"

"Well, I scarcely think I shall be at home. You know mother and sister Lulu are away, and a little while ago I got word from grandma saying that perhaps I had better come and stay all night with her.

and of course I didn't care to have Mr. Devarges call at the same time.

"What will you do with your money, Miss Nell?" carelessly inquired Mr. Devarges.

"Oh, I shall put it right here in this drawer. No one knows about it, and it will be perfectly secure."

"Dare say; good-morning," and, with a courtly bow, my admirer left.

"All during the day I busied myself about my duties, and when night came I put on the dress Jack liked best, and anxiously awaited his coming.

"Seven o'clock! eight o'clock! nine o'clock! The last train had come and gone, and my duties for that day were over. I put out the light in the ticket-office, went into the sitting-room, and sat and waited. Ten o'clock! Half-past ten! No use waiting any longer—he wouldn't come.

"I went to the door, opened it and looked out. There seemed something weird about the whole landscape. Even the shadows seemed alive. The sky was becoming overcast and the moon peeped out of an inky-black cloud. The frogs down by the river were croaking dismally, the wind seemed to whisper and moan.

"I shivered with a nameless dread and closed the door. Went to bed and cried myself to sleep.

"I had slept an hour, perhaps, and then awoke with a sudden start, feeling a great difficulty in breathing. A part of the quilt lay across my mouth, I thought, but on reaching my hand to remove it I found that it was a handkerchief saturated with—what's Chloroform.

"A thrill of terror passed over me. Who had done this? Was there some one in the house?"

"I half arose, and gazed about me. All was dark except a little ray of light falling through the partially closed door.

"I silently arose, and just then almost screamed in fear when a sudden sound smote upon my ear. It was only the clock striking the hour of midnight. I placed my hand upon my heart to sooth its fierce throbs.

"Stepping along, carefully avoiding all obstacles, I reached the door, opened it, and glanced into the sitting-room. No one was there, but some one was in the ticket-office, for I saw a light and heard a voice! What did they want? The money!—oh, the money left in my charge! Somebody was stealing it, and what should I say to Mr. Sayre? My God! I might be accused of taking it myself, and thus lose honor and position!

"Rather lose life," I said to myself. "I'll defend that money under death!" and I looked about for some weapon.

"Under the stove was a large iron poker. Seizing it carefully, I started toward the office-door. The light fell upon the mirror, reflecting my figure, and I've often thought since, with a sick feeling of horror, what a picture of desperation I was, clad in my flowing white night-dress, my hair all unbound, my face white as marble, eyes dilated and glittering with a strange, steely light.

"God aid me!" I said, with white lips, and then opening the door of the office, I stole softly in. A man with his back toward me was at the other end of the room. He had forced open the drawer, taken out the money and was looking gloatingly at the crisp green bills, when I stole behind him. I had just raised the poker to strike him when he glanced around.

"My God! it was Clarence Devarges!"

"Hang it! now I suppose I'll have to kill this pretty"—he seized me by the throat and uttering a faint cry, I sank down. Just then Jack, my own dear Jack, rushed in. I heard oaths, blows, fierce struggling—then all was dark. For the first time in my life I fainted.

When I recovered, Jack's face was bending over me, and Jack's voice uttering loving words. I put my arms about his neck and cried like a weak baby.

"Aren't you hurt, Jack?"

"Not a bit, dearest. Devarges is disabled, though, with a pistol-wound in his leg. 'Tisn't very severe but it will prevent his escape."

"But how came you there?"

"Why, you see, when we parted this morning, Nell, I thought I'd never see you again; but to-night after I came home, I made up my mind to come round and try and 'make up.' It was pretty late, between nine and ten, when I came, and who should I see prowling around but Devarges. Thinks I, 'What does he want? If he's come a-courting why don't he go in instead of peeping in the window?'

"I rather thought he was a scamp, because, when I was in the city yesterday, the chief of police told me that they had reason to think that a noted gambler and 'black-leg' had come up in these parts. He gave a description, and it suited Devarges perfectly, all excepting a moustache. And, by-the-way, Nell, that silky moustache you so much admired was false, and fell off in our scuffle!"

"Well, as I said, I saw Devarges prowling about, and I thought I'd see what he was up to. He looked in at the window at you, and I heard him mutter: 'The—take it! She is at home, after all! What made her say she was goin' to her grandmother's for? Now I suppose I'll have to wait till my pretty bird's asleep.'

"So he sat down under one tree and I sat down under another. We both saw you when you opened the door and looked out. After you had been in bed about an hour, Devarges forced open the sitting-room window and crawled in. While he was in the office lighting the lamp, I also got in at the window and concealed myself in the closet, and—well, you know all the rest."

"Jack," said I, tearfully, "you'll forgive me for being naughty and wayward and you'll believe when I say that I loved you all the time, won't you?"

"Well, ma'am, Jack said he would, and we've been happy ever since. And this is my story, ma'am—my only romance."

The Haunted Chamber.

A ROOM in the principal inn of a country town had the reputation of being haunted. Nobody would sleep in it, and it was therefore shut up. But it so happened that at an election the inn was quite full, and there was only the haunted room unoccupied. A gentleman's gamekeeper came to the inn, exceedingly fatigued by a long journey, and wanted a bed. He was informed that, unless he chose to occupy the haunted room, he must seek a bed elsewhere.

"Haunted!" exclaimed he; "stuff and nonsense! I'll sleep in it! Ghost or demon, I'll take a look at what haunts it!"

Accordingly, after fortifying himself with a pipe and a tankard, he took up his quarters in the haunted chamber and retired to rest.

He had not laid down many minutes when the bed shook under him most fearfully.

He sprang out of bed, struck a light, (for he had taken the precaution to place a box of lucifer matches by his bedside) and made a careful examination of the room, but could discover nothing.

The courageous fellow would not return to bed, but remained watching for some time. Presently he saw the bed shake violently, the floor was firm; nothing moved but the bed.

Determined, if possible, to find out the cause of his bedquake, he looked in the bed, and near the bed, and not seeing anything to account for the shaking which now and then seemed to seize on the bed, he at last pulled it from the wall. Then the "murder came out."

The sign-board of the inn was fastened to the outer wall by a nut and screw, which came through to the back of the bed, and when the wind swung the sign-board to and fro, the movement was communicated to the bed, causing it to shake in a violent manner.

The gamekeeper, delighted at having hunted up the ghost, informed the landlord next morning of the real nature of his unearthly visitor, and was handsomely rewarded for rendering a room, hitherto useless, now quite serviceable.

All the ghost stories on record might no doubt have been traced to similar sources, if those to whom the "ghosts" appeared had been as "plucky" as our gamekeeper.

A Dog by the Pound.

A well-known Memphis coal-dealer, not long since, had a big dog of wonderful sagacity. He (the dog) stayed around the coal-yard, and whenever a coal-cart was hauled on the scales the dog always took a stand under the wagon like a coach-dog. He weighed nearly one hundred pounds, and was weighed as coal thousands of times, and nearly every coal-consumer in the city purchased that dog at so much per pound.

The practice went on for months, and was only discovered by a funny accident. A negro wanted a barrel of coal, and wheeled a hand-cart with coal on the weighing-scales. The clerk in the office worked at the scales and hallooed through the window:

"Take out a lot of that coal." The negro did so, and kept on until all the coal was out of the cart. The clerk took the scales again, but the pea indicated too much.

"Take out more coal," shouted the clerk; "you have a boat load of coal on that cart."

"Look hyar, boss," replied the negro, "the coal is all out, and I'll have to take the wheels off the cart if you want to lighten it." Then the negro looked under the cart, and seeing the big, fat dog at his post exclaimed:

"Lord massa, you's selling me that dog for coal.

The dog was missed in a few days, and was found dead on the scales, the animal having taken some poison accidentally, but he came back to die at his post. It was a fine example of "faithful unto death."