

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 7.33 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 5.20, 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 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 10.55 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Allentown at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.05 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.

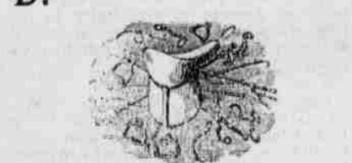
SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 3.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m. and 9.05 p. m. Via Morris and Essex Hill Road. J. E. WOOLEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Milltown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Milltown Ex. 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, 2.45 p. m., daily except Sunday. Milltown Acc. 5.55 p. m., daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 p. m., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag). Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 13 minutes faster than Allentown time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time. J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: EASTWARD. Milltown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Milltown Ex. 12.52 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m. WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday. Milltown 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.

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 60 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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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, 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.

F. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoes 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.*

A GHOST STORY.

THE ONLY true ghost story I know is the story of Choker's ghost. That is a positive fact well attested. All the neighbors know what happened. All the neighbors saw all that was to be seen. All the neighbors saw how it began, and as it is the story of Choker's ghost, it could not have begun until Choker died.

"Old Choker" had been so called for many years—before he was actually old, I should suppose; but he was a very queer fellow, a man without relatives or friends, and who seemed to want none. He was a mysterious man, too. He had a wooden leg, and no one knew how he came by it. He had a black patch over one eye, and no one could tell why he wore it.

He had a rusty brown wig, and there was no man intimate enough to know whether he adopted it because he was bald or because he was gray. He had a deposit in the bank, and no one knew how he earned the money.

He came a stranger to Grabtown and bought a house and little farm there, giving his name as Guy Choker. That was all that any one knew about him, except that he had the best crops to be seen for miles around.

He never went to church, and never chatted to a neighbor. No one knew anything against him; as they knew nothing, they suspected a great deal; and when at last he was found dead one morning, all the bottled-up curiosity popped out as champagne does when it is uncorked.

Everybody went to see him where he lay.

Everybody attended the inquest, and everybody went to the funeral.

It was decided that he died of apoplexy.

There was no relation to see him, but there would probably be plenty left to pay for his funeral, so there was no difficulty about that.

The clergyman said a doubtful sort of good word for him, and as he was dead, no one contradicted it.

And Peggy Kinder, who said she wasn't afraid of anything, was put into the house to take care of it.

She knew old Choker very well, having done washing for him for five years.

That night, the weather being chilly spring weather, she made up a good fire in the kitchen and slept on an old lounge there. Once in the night, she woke up and thought she heard the clump, clump, clump of a wooden leg overhead, but though she felt a chill run up her backbone at the thought, she made up her mind that it was all nonsense, and went to sleep again.

At six she was up and had put more coal on the fire, and was filling the kettle, when positively—no fancy about it this time—she did hear that clump, clump, clump, again across the room upstairs, half a dozen times, then down the stairs.

The sound of Choker's wooden leg, and nothing else; and as she turned about, shaking and trembling, she saw Choker himself at the door in his big-flowered dressing-gown, with the black patch over his eye, and brown wig on.

"Lord have mercy on us," cried Peggy.

Then, as Choker nodded cheerfully, and said: "Breakfast ready yet?" she grew bewildered.

"I've been having a horrid dream, sir," she said, getting away from the figure, though, as she spoke; "and it's as natural as life. I dreamed that you were dead, sir, but it was so natural that you sneer me."

"Do I?" said old Choker. "Why, bless ye, we must all die."

"Yes, sir," said Peggy.

"And all be buried too," said Choker.

"I know that," said Peggy.

"Only all of us won't stay buried," said Choker, putting his finger to his nose.

And at that Peggy, never waiting even for her bonnet, bolted out of the house, and came tumbling into her daughter's half an hour after, shaking with fright, and vowing she had seen Choker's ghost.

The daughter was nearly as much frightened as the mother, and the news spread, but nobody believed it.

At least every one said it was ridiculous, and that Peggy must have been drinking.

She did drink more than was good for her now and then; and at last the undertaker himself, accompanied by the coroner—the two men nervous on the subject of ghosts, and besides who had a thorough knowledge of Choker's death and burial—went to the house together accompanied by a train of admirers, who kept at a respectful distance as they knocked at the door.

There was no answer to the first knock, but having knocked again, clump clump came a wooden leg across the passage, and there in the door stood old Choker.

Every one knew him.

He wore his old dressing-gown, he had the black patch over his eye, his wig set a little on one side as usual.

"Walk in, walk in, gentlemen," he said: "I believe, Mr. Undertaker, I owe you a small bill. You are prompt in calling for it; but never mind, never mind. Let me see the amount, and I'll settle it; if not to-day, some other day."

The two men drew back.

"I have no bill, sir," said the undertaker; "but hearing a report that—that—"

"That Peggy had seen my ghost, I suppose," said Choker. "Very well, sir, draw your own conclusions; but you deserve to be paid. You buried me very respectably, very respectably indeed; and your jury gave a correct verdict, Mr. Coroner. It was apoplexy. Ah, well, don't be in a hurry."

But his visitors had retreated.

"It is Choker," said the undertaker to the coroner; yet I buried him, and he was a dead man then."

"It's Choker, but he was dead when I held an inquest over him," said the coroner.

They hurried away, and the crowd hurried away too.

That day the grave was examined.

It was empty; even Choker's coffin was gone.

After that, every one believed the story but the clergyman and a scientific gentleman.

The former declared that it was wicked to believe in ghosts; the latter that there was no such things as ghosts.

"Choker is not at the house at all," he said, "and his body is in the grave, but your imaginations have been so worked upon that you fancied you saw him in the house, and you believed you did not see him in the grave. When a man is dead and buried, that's an end of him."

"But go to the house and see for yourself," said some one. "Alive or dead, Choker is there."

"Sir," said the scientific gentleman, "neither alive nor dead, can he be there. A body cannot burst its coffin lid, arise through the turf, and walk about the town as before. Nor can a spirit exist without a body. If I should see Mr. Choker I should not believe I saw him. My common sense tells me that I cannot see him, and I never allow my senses to contradict my common sense. The house is empty. There is no one there. It is all imagination."

However that may have been, every one else in Grabtown saw him sooner or later.

The lamp burned bright in his window at night. The garden prospered under his ghostly tillage. He drew the money at the bank as usual.

As a ghost, his silent, reserved conduct seemed very suitable to his condition.

As a ghost, it seemed very proper that he should have no friends and no kindred.

People avoided his house of nights, and boys ran scampering away when they saw him plodding along lonely lanes by moonlight, and old folks shook their heads and said it was curious; but there was Choker, a fact to every one but the scientific gentleman, who, when he passed, muttered to himself, "Optical illusion," and whether he was a ghost or a man endowed with the power of defying death and the undertaker, no one felt prepared to answer.

He was known sometimes as "Choker's ghost," and sometimes as "Choker that came to," but no one doubted for a moment that somehow he was Choker, and the very Choker that had been dead, subjected to an inquest, and buried; and all this went on for ten good years, and people had grown used to it, when one cold winter morning a small note was brought to the doctor, bearing these words:

"Come to me. I'm ill. CHOKER."

"Don't go, dear," said the doctor's wife.

"I must," said the doctor; and went accordingly.

He found the door of Choker's house open and the popular ghost himself wrapped in a blanket by the fireside.

"Come in," he said, gasping for breath; "I wasn't sure you'd come. I've been feeling the inconvenience of being supernatural since I've been too ill to make myself a cup of tea. Just see what is the matter with me, will you! I think it's serious, whatever it is."

The doctor did his best.

His private opinion was that Choker, whoever he might be, had not long to live.

Whether he had ever been dead before or not, he was certainly going to die now.

"It is as I thought," said Choker, looking into his face. "I knew the malady was incurable years ago. But the end is at hand now, eh!"

"In the case of any other man I should say yes," said the doctor; "but I examined you once when you were certainly a dead man; and I can't judge for you. I don't ask your confidence Mr. Choker, but that affairs is a puzzle to me, though of course I have never taken you for a ghost."

"I think I'll confide in you doctor," said Choker, "only you must promise

to keep my secret while I live. The night before you held the inquest on old Choker, I came into Grabtown. I'd been an actor once, then a soldier; lost a leg, and come home to starve or beg.

"The door of the house stood open, and in it stood a man. I went up to him.

"Sir," said I, "they say that a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. You have got a wooden leg, and, perhaps, know it isn't just the thing to stomp over the country all night with."

"It was old Choker I spoke to, and what he said was:

"I don't understand about your poetry or scripture or whatever it is, but I do know about wooden legs. Come in."

"I went in, and he gave me supper and a bed in the garret. We both saw that we looked considerably alike, and laughed over it. That night I slept in the garret, and when I awoke in the morning I found my host was dead, and the house full of neighbors.

"I felt that as the death was sudden, it might be best for me to keep out of sight. I was as sorry for it as a stranger could be, but my being there might be considered suspicious. I kept hidden up in the garret, in a great lumber closet, and heard poor Choker's affairs talked over, and learnt his habits.

"Some of his clothes were up in the garret, and an old wig; and one of the patches he had worn over his eye was there too; and there was an old dressing glass in the corner. I tried on the wig and the patch, and saw how like old Choker they made me look, only I was not so brown. Then I took some walnuts that lay on the floor and rubbed the juice into my skin. It increased the resemblance, so did whitening my eyebrows with a bit of chalk. And I sat down and looked at myself, and the plan that I afterward carried out came into my head. I would play old Choker, as I knew I could.

"I'd studied his voice and movements well, and as I told you, had once been an actor, and so I should step into a decent home and comfortable means without hurting any one. The night after he was buried I came out of the garret and went to the graveyard, and not to enter into details, you'll find Choker's coffin in the vault beyond his grave. Then I went back and tried the effect of my disguise on poor Peggy Kinder. It satisfied me. I haven't led a merry life, though I knew it would not be a long one.

"But I've been very comfortable, and shan't die a dog's death out of doors, as I once expected. I've never been afraid that Choker really would haunt me, though I'm a trifle superstitious, for I think he couldn't find much fault with me, as he had no relations, never made a will, and couldn't take either his bank-book or his house and farm into the other world with him.

"And now you have had the story, and you've promised to keep the secret until the last. You can see now, perhaps, that Choker and I were a good deal alike. I'm four inches taller than he was, for one thing, and my nose is higher. But there's a good deal in make up."

These were almost the last words Choker's ghost ever spoke, for his end was very near, and it was not until

"Death had taught him more Than this melancholy world doth know," that the doctor let Grabtown know the sequel of its ghost story.

A Well-Managed Swindle.

YESTERDAY a man clad in the garb and having the general style of the frontiersman called at Mrs. Eppstein's pawn-broker's office, on the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues, and said he would like to make a dicker.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" inquired the urbane attendant.

"I've got some gold here," said the stranger. "I'm hard up and want to raise some money on this 'ere pile."

He took from an inner breast-pocket a small pasteboard box, carefully lifted the cover off and disclosed to the pawnbroker a handful of gold nuggets.

"Where did you get that?" inquired the pawnbroker.

"Dug 'er myself," was the reply.

"How much do you want for it?"

"Oh!" returned the miner, "I don't want to sell it, only want to make a temporary raise. I guess \$150 will see me through for a few days and when I git home I'll send for it."

The pawnbroker tested one of the nuggets, found it twenty-one carat gold, and after weighing it and finding the pile worth \$175, he offered to advance \$100 on it.

"Twon't do, mister," said the visitor, "I must have \$150 or nothing."

"One hundred dollars is all I can lend you on it," replied the pawnbroker, handing back the box and its precious contents.

The owner replaced the cover and put his treasure back into his pocket and started toward the door. At the threshold he halted, appeared to be debating with himself for a moment and at length turned again to the pawnbroker.

"Well," said he, with a careless air,

"take it and give me the \$100. I'll make that do." With that he handed out the box once more, received a ticket and \$100 in cash and disappeared. An hour later Mr. Eppstein thought he would have a look at the gold, and took it out of the safe. To make assurance doubly sure he again tested it. The first nugget proved to be silver, very neatly gilded. Another and another were examined in like manner until the whole had been gone through, and every nugget was found to be of the same character, the whole being worth a fraction over four dollars.

The trick was now transparent. The pretended miner was in reality a very clever swindler, who had two boxes, one containing the pure gold and the other gilded silver, which he exchanged at the time he pretended to decline the offer of \$100. He made his escape, and Mr. Eppstein philosophically pocketed his loss of \$96.—Detroit Free Press.

A Boy Murdered.

A child murder shocked the inhabitants of the vicinity of Fifth and Vine streets yesterday morning which for cold-blooded atrocity must take rank with those that have been monopolized by Boston exclusively of late years. A number of little boys were playing and shooting crackers in front of Armstrong's tavern at Fifth and Vine Sts., about eleven o'clock, and among them were George Igo, six years of age, and his brother aged nine. While thus engaged in their boyish sport a lad named Edward Dean, thirteen years old, who was flourishing a single-barrelled pistol on the opposite side of the street crossed over to where the Igo boys were, and going up to the little six year old fellow deliberately took aim at his stomach and fired, emptying a ball into the body of the child.

The wounded youth fell to the sidewalk and was afterwards removed to the Pennsylvania Hospital. The assassin fled and did not return to his home, at the corner of Julianna and Wood Sts., until after dark last night, when the Fourth district police took him into custody and locked him up in the Fifth street Station house. The wounded child was given the best surgical skill the Hospital commanded, but continued to sink until at 10 o'clock last night he breathed his last. The name of the father is Wm. Igo, who keeps a book store at 256 North Fifth street. The boy Dean has the reputation of being a bad, malicious scoundrel, and is thoroughly despised by the neighbors. The Coroner will investigate the case.—Philadelphia North American of the 5th inst.

A Clergyman's Joke.

A clergyman, a widower, residing in one of our Vermont rural towns, recently created a first-class sensation in his household, which consisted of several grown-up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days, visiting in an adjoining town. The daughters received a letter from their father which stated he had "married a widow with six sprightly children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time. The effect of that news was a great shock to the happy family. The girls, noted for their meekness and amiable temperaments, seemed another set of beings; there was weeping and wailing and tearing of hair, and all manner of naughty things said. The tidy home was neglected, and when the day of arrival came the house was anything but inviting. At last the Rev. Mr. came, but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and as he viewed the neglected parlors there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At last the eldest mustered courage, and asked:

"Where is mother?"

"In heaven," says the good man.

"But where is the widow with six children, which you wrote you had married?"

"Why, I married her to another man, my dears."

It is said to have been amusing to see those seven girls set things to rights.

A Puzzled Executor.

A few days ago at Springfield, Mass., a very singular will case was brought to the attention of the Probate Court. A man died leaving his property one-third to his wife, one-third to his child, and the other third to a child then unborn. The unborn party proved to be twins, and the executor is sorely perplexed as to whether he shall divide the third, giving each of the twins one-sixth of the estate, or whether he shall carry out the testator's purpose to serve all the children alike by giving them and the widow each one-fourth, or whether, again, he shall give the widow her third and divide the other-thirds among the three children. The case being wholly without precedent in the State, the court gave the executor no advice, and the conundrum is to be in some way brought before the Supreme Court.

Don't convert your once happy home into a domestic hell under the inspiration of rum, and your loving wife and fond children into trembling and covering victims who dread your approach.