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. 55p. m.
The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 p. m. and *7.55 p. m. trains have through cars for New York.
The 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 2.00 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m.
For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m.
For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and *7.45p. 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 9.05 p. m.
The 2.30 a. m. train from Allentown and the 4.40 a. m. train from Reading do not run on Mondays

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Allentown, 2.30 a. m. and 9.05 p. m.
*Via Morris and Essex 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 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST.

Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.
Johnstown Ex. 12.22 P. M., daily " Sunday
Mail, ... 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday
Atlantic Express, 9.54P.M., flag,—daily.

WEST.

Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily,
Mail, ... 2.43 P. M. daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 P. M. daily except Sunday.
Pittsburgh Express, 11.57P. 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, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

EASTWARD.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M.
Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 P. M., ... " " "
Atlantic Express 10.20 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.
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33P. 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.

☞ FINE HARNESS a speciality.

REPAIRING done on short notice and at reasonable prices.

☞ HIDES taken in exchange for work.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.

Bloomfield, January 9, 1877.

KINGSFORD'S
Oswego Starch

Is the BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL in the World.
Is perfectly PURE—free from acids and other foreign substances that injure Linen.
Is STRONGER than any other—requiring much less quantity in using.
Is UNIFORM—stiffens and finishes work always the same.

Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch

Is the most delicious of all preparations for Puddings, Blanc-Mange, Cake, Etc.

PATENTS.

Fee Reduced. Entire Cost $55.

Patent Office Fee $35 in advance, balance $20 within 6 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold.

J. VANCE LEWIS & CO.,
Washington, D. C.

19-3m

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.

48 1y

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 speciality.

JOS. M. HAWLEY.

Duncannon, July19, 1876.—tf

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.*

FARMING.

A Few Ideas on the Subject, got Together with a Coarse Harrow.

AS NEAR AS I can crawl up to the facts in the case, Adam was the first farmer. I have given this subject a large pile of thought, but I cannot find any reliable person, who wants to give bonds that he can name a man who tried to earn a dollar by farming before Adam struck in.

I consider that Adam, I forget his other name, started in on his career under very favorable auspices. Adam had his garden all planted and the things all up before he rented it. All he had to do was to just go right in and occupy.

He had no competition. He could put any price on his garden truck, and not lie awake nights and worry because somebody might undersell him. He could charge twenty-five cents a box for strawberries, and if his customers didn't like it he could tip his hat over his ear and intimate that if they didn't like his berries at that price they could refresh their stomachs on dried apples.

He had to take no one's advice as to how he should plant his stuff, or when he should hoe it. If he wanted to plant his dried pumpkins in the same hill with his baked beans he did not have to read through an agricultural paper, to see what some editor who never saw a farm had to say about it. His Post Office box was not filled with circulars, advertising fertilizers and patent dressings, for raising salad and mixed pickles.

Ah! Adam, if you were here now, and had to take all the advice that the farmer of to-day does, you would wish yourself back in the garden of Eden putting in your winter rye.

Then Adam had a splendid wife. It is not Eve—ry man that can get such a woman. I know there is a good deal of fault found with Eve, but she certainly was the best woman in the world when Adam married her, and I shall stand up for her as long as I have legs. Eve did not have any great amount of clothes. She didn't worry herself what she should wear to church, or have to run and fix herself up when she had callers.

I take it that the Eden farm was run on a military plan. At any rate, Adam had a commissary connected with the farm, for we read that the serpent was sutler than any beast of the field, and the account shows that he got a mortgage on the farm, and foreclosed on Adam before he had taken off his first crop. Sutlers have changed but little since the creation.

But the farmers of to-day are different creatures. They are really the only useful class of people we have. Were it not for the farmer, you and I would go to bed hungry before Saturday night, but if I were put under a hydraulic cotton press and all the farming qualities squeezed out of me, there would not be enough to raise one grain of mustard seed. I would sooner be cut up into railroad spikes and driven into oak ties, than farm it, so little do I love the pursuit. If it were left to me to earn my living by farming, I don't think I could raise sausage enough to keep me from starving.

I honor the farmer, as I do the truthfulness of George Washington, bnt I should have lied the old man right out of his boots about that cherry tree, if I had been George. I freely confess that I do not like farming any better than I do caster oil. There is more hard work to the acre in farming than in any occupation I know of, if we except the dentist. There is a heap of hard work to the acher in that business though the work is chiefly to the acher rather than to the dentist.

The farmer has an inborn idea that the sun will not rise unless he gets up and personally superintends the job. When I was a small boy I was told by my good mother that the sun rose every morning and—I always believed her. I never got up to see, for I always felt as if it would look as if I doubted her word.

The kind of sunrise most common at our home was when my mother used to bring me out of bed by the hair.

After the farmer is up he must cut up some green wood for his wife to build the fire with. A farmer's wife who had kindlings and dry wood furnished for her would consider that she had good ground for a divorce. While the breakfast is being cooked the farmer hies to the barn to take care of and feed his cattle. Anybody who has ever taken hold of a pitchfork handle when the thermometer was below zero never will outlive the remembrance of it. There may be things colder, but I never touched them. I took hold of a white oak pitchfork handle over twenty years ago and have never had the full use of my hand since.

After completing the chamber work in the barn, the next thing is to water the stock. Watering stock on Wall street and watering it on a farm are two different things. Pumping water up through a leaky pump, when it seems as if the first drop came from the centre of the earth, is more cheering to speak of than to do. Perhaps it is not a pump, but an icy well-pole that you are called upon to embrace, and as it slips through your fingers, and the cold drops of water splash up your shirt sleeve, you begin to wonder whether this really is the bright world that you always thought it was, and whether you will be called upon to draw water from a deep well with an icy pole in the other land beyond the skies.

It is during the winter that the farmer throws aside the drudgery and hard work of the farm, and engages in the sport of cutting and hauling out cord wood. Next to making tatting, there is scarcely any labor more easily done than breaking out a wood-road through snow three feet deep, and then chopping down trees, splitting and cutting them into cord wood, then hauling a load of it fifteen miles to market, and then stand in the street all day, and finally sell it for $5 a cord, and take your pay in something you don't want. When I think of this easy way of earning a dollar I have to hire a stout man to hold me down into a chair, in order to keep me from plunging out and buying a wood lot.

When spring fairly sets in, then it is that the farmer begins to realize that he owns a farm, and that he is a sturdy yeoman. He starts out with his plough to turn up the furrows in the glad earth. How beautifully the poet sings about all this, and how nice it sounds if the poetry is good! I think there is a charm about a poetic lie that does not exist in prose.

For a delicate invalid, a course of treatment consisting of holding a plough for fifteen hours a day, through a rocky field, would be likely to make another man of him in a short time. It might possibly be a dead man, but still it would be another man. I held a plough once and helped to break up a piece of new land. Through the kindness of friends I was taken into a machine shop and rebuilt over as well as the machinist could do the job. I have never seemed to feel exactly right since, but I don't suppose I ought to blame the man. He said my arms were both pulled out of the sockets and I was all stretched out of shape, and he did as well as anybody could for me. I shall not hold a plough again as long as I hold my reason, and when that leaks out of me it will not matter much what I hold or what holds me.

When a farmer wants a little play, instead of putting out his croquet set, he turns to and builds a piece of stone wall. Building stone wall is more exciting than playing billiards, for there is more variety to it. Amateur billiards always reminds me of the itch, there is so much scratch to it, but building stone wall is diversified; something to do all the time, like catching fleas.

No one can realize the charm of digging round a big rock, and getting a chain under it, and twitching it onto a drag, or of getting a crowbar under it; and lifting and straining on it, enough to strain the whole Atlantic ocean, and then of having the bar slip, and the stone roll back, barking a shin, or otherwise bruising you, while you plunge forward with force enough to drive your head into the ground. I say no one can realize the charm of this, unless he has sat on a fence, as I have, and seen it done.

The bug problem to the farmer is a stupendous one. It amounts to more to a small farmer than it does to the biggest hotel proprietor in the country. A good smart chambermaid, and a bottle of douple B poison, will fix a bed so that you can plant a man at 9 o'clock at night and have to haul him out of bed with a steam tug in the morning, he will sleep so soundly.

The potato bug is a native of the West. He originated in the canons of Colorado and may be called an offshoot of that section. The State is rammed full and loaded down with them. They formerly lived on wild plants, but one of them went up to Denver on a little pleasure trip, and at the hotel there he had some fried potatoes, and they struck him as being about the best thing to quiet hunger he had ever lighted upon. He went home and advised his brethren to go East, and they simply packed up a few collars and a change of clothing and started. The potato bug dawns on the farmer very rapidly; he sees his potatoes nicely up, their green tops reminding him that potatoes in the fall at a dollar a bushel are better than a serpent's tooth or a thankless child, and he goes to bed dreaming of wealth pouring in on him in furrows, and the next morning he visits his field, and sees some red spots on the potato vines, about as big as pin heads. He notices that they give rather a genteel look to the leaf. In a day or two he sees these red drops begin to grow, and then to crawl, and in three or four days he goes out and is so surprised at what he sees that you could not paint his look of astonishment, not even prime it over one coat with less than a bucket of paint. He sees that the potato bug has arrived, and has brought his whole family and all his wife's 500 friends. He is there with all his tools and implements of labor. He sees a bug about as large as the letter O, when it drops from the lips of a small boy, as he incautiously sits down on an adult bull-thistle. He sees this bug laid off in stripes endwise, like the marks of a gridiron on a slice of broiled liver. He sees that what the bug lacks in size he gains in quantity. He is there and keeps coming. He has as much mouth in proportion to his length as the Amazon river or Soldene. He can beat a horsefly laying eggs, and I have seen them do the job at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Ten days from the time an egg is laid it has been hatched, married, and is the mother of eleven hundred and thirty-two grand-children.

The only sure way to get rid of the potato bug is to move off somewhere else. There are a number of methods that work somewhatly. One man set up a steam trip hammer on his farm, and hired a half,grown Sunday School to catch the bugs and run them under the hammer. After trying this a week he found that as the nights grew longer the bugs gained on him, and he gave it up. Next to English sparrows there is nothing that increases faster than potato bugs, unless it is the interest on an unpaid note.

A farmer told me that he tried Paris green on his bugs. He said he'd be hanged if he didn't use up about a barrel of the stuff and the bugs ate it all up, and in two or three days they set up a store in the corner of the field and advertised that they would sell Paris green at retail, cheaper than he could buy it at wholesale. He said he lost confidence then in Paris green, and gained a corresponding amount of confidence in the bugs.

The farmer is independent. He can stay on his farm from one year's end to another and raise all he really needs to sustain life and be under obligations to no one. He can have the pleasure of feeling that on the fruits of his toil depend the nation's strength and prosperity. He truly earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and unless he is baldheaded, he seldom has brow in proportion to the sweat.

Nearly all our great men were raised on a farm, and it is their especial delight in all their speeches to mention the fact, and remention it. and afterwards allude to it, and tell how happy they were, and how they love the old place with its old farm house, and how they look back on their boyhood days and wish they had never left the farm, and long now to return to it and pass the remainder of their days, and resign a $5,000 office and settle down and be happy again.

I have listened to these speeches and read them, and have spent two large fortunes in trying to find a solitary case where one of these men ever left a farm and got rich, either by stealing or in any other honest way, and then went back on the dear old farm to live; and up to the first day of July I have been unable to find one.

I now have two of the smartest detectives in the country looking after such a man, and in my humble opinion they will find Charlie Ross several times before they find my man.

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
But I wouldn't be a farmer,
For all my native land.

GEORGE A. QUIMBY,
OF THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

A Rebel Scout's Adventure.

WHEN the Federal army occupied Culpepper Court House and the Confederate army lay in Orange county, Virginia, General Lee desired certain information which it seemed could be best obtained by an individual scout, and Stringfellow was selected for the service. It was necessary that he should penetrate the enemy's camps, remaining concealed as long as possible, and return when he had collected the desired information. His operations were to be conducted mostly at night. He wished to be accompanied by two men, one of whom, Farish by name, had his home in the immediate vicinity of the enemy's camps, and being intimately acquainted with all the country, could accurately guide him from place to place by night as by daylight. The expedition was undertaken on foot, as the distance was not great and concealment was of prime importance. The men were clad in their own uniform as scouts, not spies. The country was a difficult one for the operations of a scout. From the long and frequent occupation by both the contending armies the land had been almost entirely denuded of its timber, and only here and there a few thin clusters of trees remained standing. One day had passed since they had entered the enemy's lines, and with nightfall they commenced their wanderings among the hostile camps, mainly with the purpose of locating the different corps, and of ascertaining whether any troops had been detached from the army of the Potomac. The night had been nearly consumed in this way, when, reaching one of the clusters of trees of which I have spoken, they laid themselves down to catch a few moments' rest. A single blanket covered the three men.

Treacherous, fatal sleep! Their fatigue was greater and the night was further spent than they had supposed, and the sun was shining bright in their eyes, when a party of six Federal soldiers, with their muskets in their hands, pulled away the blankets which covered them, and saluted them with a humorous "Good morning, Johnny Reb! wake up!" Stringfellow, lying upon his back, was the first to arouse and to comprehend the situation. Knowing that an open attempt to sieze his arms would draw upon himself instant death, he feighed to be only half awakened, and much to the amusement of his tormentors, turned upon his side, muttering and grumbling at being awakened, and telling them to go away and let him alone. But by turning upon his side he gave to himself an opportunity of placing his hand, unobserved, upon the handle of his pistol, and in another second he sprang upon his feet, and opened fire. His companions joined in the attack, and for a few moments the firing was rapid and fatal. The Federal soldiers stood their ground, but at such close quarters the musket was no match for the revolver. There was no time to reload under the quick eye of Stringfellow, and once discharged the muskets were useless. A few seconds terminated the encounter, in which Stringfellow found himself the sole survivor of his party. Farish was killed; his other comrade had disappeared, he knew not how; four of the Federal soldiers lay dead at his feet, and the two others, having thrown down their empty guns, were running for their lives.

But though victor in this fight, perils multiplied themselves around him. The trees among which he stood were surrounded on every side by open fields dotted thick with the enemy's tents, some at a distance, some close at hand. Concealment was impossible, and he must run for his life; but run in what direction he might, enemies would be sure to intercept his course, for the adjacent camps had been aroused by the firing, and the soldiers who had escaped would be sure to return with others to avenge the death of their comrades. At a distance of a hundred yards a little branch made its way through the open fields towards the river. Its banks were fringed with bushes, and while it offered only an utterly forlorn hope, Stringfellow turned toward it and ran. He was seen by those who had already started for his capture; seen to cross the open field; seen to enter the brush on the bank of the stream. And now vindictive shouts announced that the enemy felt secure of their prey. But not so! Entering the bed of the stream, a kind Providence guided him to the spot where the waters had hollowed out for him a hiding-place beneath the roots of an old stump. Underneath this bank and behind these roots he forced his body, having hastily collected what driftwood was within reach still further to conceal his person; and there he lay, half covered by the water and the mud, and awaited the result.

From every direction men were hurrying to the spot with the perfect assurance that the daring enemy would soon be within their power. For long, long hours did scores of searchers continue to examine every foot of the brush that lined the stream. Many times did hostile feet pass directly over Stringfellow's body, and once a man more inquisitive than others, stopped, while walking in the bed of the stream, to examine the very spot where he lay. But the driftwood which he had skillfully arranged for his concealment deceived the man, and he passed on without making the discovery. Toward afternoon the search was abandoned. But not until the noise of the camps was hushed in slumber did Stringfellow dare to leave his retreat. Then, following for some time the course of the little stream, he passed in safety out of the enemy's line, swam the Rapidan between the pickets, and, thankful to God for his deliverance, found himself once more among his friends.

A Dog Made Useful.

A German saloon keeper in Jersey City, having furnished refreshments a few days since to a party of young ruffins, modestly requested his pay, amounting to $3. Thereupon the party proposed to remunerate him by "cleaning out" the place. The saloon keeper made no remonstrance, but opened a door and called an immense Siberian bloodhound, whom he instructed by a sign to stand guard at the door. Thereupon the ruffins protested that they meant to pay all the time, and that their proposition to "clean out" the place was a bit of harmless pleasantry. It was found, however, that the finances of the party were insufficient for the demands of the occasion, and it was necessary to eke out the amount with a watch and sundry other articles of personal property.—Then the dog retired in good order, and the party did the same.