

**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 5.57 p. m.  
For Reading, at 5.30, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., 2.00 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.  
For Pottsville at 5.30, 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., 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 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., 2.00 p. m., and 7.55 p. m. trains have through cars for New York.  
The 5.30, 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, 5.50 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 4.55 p. m.  
And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 3.15 a. m.  
Leave Auburn at 12 noon.  
Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15 4.39 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 7.50 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 Railroad.  
J. E. WOFFEN, 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. 12.23 P. M., daily " Sunday Mail, 1.15 P. M., daily except Sunday  
Atlantic Express, 5.54 P. M., flag,—daily.  
**WEST.**  
Way Passenger, 9.08 A. M., daily.  
Mail, 10.43 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Mifflintown 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 15 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time.  
J. J. BAROLAY, 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., daily (flag)  
Atlantic Express 10.30 P. M., daily (flag)  
**WESTWARD.**  
Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily.  
Mail, 2.06 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 5.16 P. M.  
Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M.  
WM. C. KING Agent.

**D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.,**



Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new

**Saddlery Shop**

in Bloomfield, on Carlisle Street, two doors North of the Foundry, where they will manufacture

**HARNESSES OF ALL KINDS,**

Saddles, Brides, Collars, and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.

FINE HARNESSES 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.

**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., 19-3m Washington, D. C.

500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success.

For particulars, address H. M. CRIDER, Publisher, York, Pa.

**REMOVAL.**

The undersigned has removed his

**Leather and Harness Store**

from Front to High Street, near the Penna. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

**REDUCED PRICES.**

Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition.

Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.

F. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe Bindings made a specialty.

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

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of John Kunkle late of Marysville Borough, Ferry county Penna., 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.\*

**Curing a Jealous Husband.**

**ELNATHAN STIGGERS** was raging.

Elnathan Stiggers was mad. Elnathan Stiggers was jealous—as jealous as man could be. And thus it was: Elnathan Stiggers was forty years of age, and until within a year of the time of which we write he had lived the life of a grasping bachelor; but at length he had taken a wife. Whether he loved Maria Brown as a true man ought to have loved we cannot say; but we can say that no sooner had she become his wife than he sought to guard her from the admiring eyes of the rest of the world. Maria was young and good-looking. As a child she admired the Stiggers mansion, and as a woman she had accepted the position of its mistress. People said that Stiggers had concluded it would be cheaper to maintain a wife than to hire a housekeeper; and at the same time expressed the opinion that Stiggers had made a mistake if he anticipated that he was going to bend Maria Brown to the yoke of his penurious purpose.

¶ We have said that Stiggers was jealous. He had discovered that a dashing looking man had visited his house during his absence—that he had been there twice, at least,—and that on both occasions he had been closeted with Mrs. Stiggers. He had received this information from old Jonathan Judkins, his man-of-all-work about his place.

"Sartin sure," declared Jonathan, "the man has been here twice within a week. First time he ax'd me, was my master to hum; and when I told him no, he put right straight for the house, and ax'd for the missus. She came to the door' and he went in. Three days afterwards he come again. When he went away this last time I was standing close by the porch; and I heard missus tell him to be keeful, and not to breathe a word of what had happened! I did, sir, sartin sure."

"O! the scoundrel! Oh, the perfidious wretch!"

Stiggers ground his heel into the sand, and when he had sworn to his heart's content,—or, as much as he thought Jonathan could bear,—he started for the house, and in the hall met Polly Piper. Polly was the young maid-servant, and warmly attached to her mistress. Stiggers took her by the arm, and dragged her into the drawing-room.

"Polly Piper, if you value your life, tell me the truth!" He stamped his foot and looked furious. Ordinarily Polly would have been frightened by such an exhibition of madness on the part of a man; but Elnathan Stiggers was hardly made up for frightening anybody, particularly a quick-witted woman.

"There has been a young man here to see Mrs. Stiggers—a dashing man—he has been here twice?"

"Yes, sir," answered Polly.

"Ah—you acknowledge it! What did he come for?"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Don't you know?"

Polly looked up almost wickedly.

"Yes, sir."

"Aha!—Oho!—you know, eh? And what did he come here for?"

Polly Piper looked resolute, and yet the wicked expression—an expression such as only a bright-eyed, saucy girl can wear—was upon her face.

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Cannot?"

"No, sir."

"Polly Piper, if you value your life, tell me."

"I cannot."

"Why not?"

"My mistress made me promise."

"Made you promise not to tell why that young villian came here?"

"Made me promise, sir, not to tell why the beautiful young gentleman came here."

"Wretch!—Hypocrite!—Worm!—Leave my house! You are no longer in my employ!—But stay!—Did this creeping, sneaking villainous abomination of a man use terms of endearment to Mrs. Stiggers?"

"I think he had reason, sir, to bless her."

"Ha!—he did?—And what for?"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"You promised Mrs. Stiggers you would not, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Out with you, vixen! Pack up your contemptible wardrobe, and leave! Let me never set eyes upon your detestable, fiendish face again!"

Elnathan Stiggers went to the side-board in the dining-room, and swallowed a tumbler full of brandy, and then sought his wife, whom he found quietly sewing in the sitting-room.

"So, Mrs. Stiggers—I have caught you at last, have I?"

Mrs. Stiggers was not unprepared for this. Polly had just passed through the room.

"You have caught me sewing a button on your shirt, you careless man," said she without looking up.

"O! you double-dyed traitress!"

Mrs. Stiggers laid down her work, and raised her head.

"Elnathan!"

"O, don't think to fool me, Mrs. Stiggers. I know you for a false, deceitful treacherous, evil-eyed—"

"Mr. Stiggers!"

"Who is the gay Lothario that's been buzzing about your bower during my absence?"

Elnathan had sat down, well nigh out of breath.

"You mean the young man who called to see me?"

"Yes—I mean the graceless villain who persists in visiting you when I'm away."

"Really, Mr. Stiggers, your abrupt and ungentlemanly manner does not invite me to entertain your question."

"But you do not deny that he has been here?"

"I do not."

"The last time he was here he gave you a written letter, and told you that you had made him happy?"

"He gave me a written paper, sir."

"And declared that you had made him a happy man?"

"I think he did use words to that effect."

"Mrs. Stiggers, what was that written paper?"

"When you are more respectful, I may tell you."

"Then you will not tell me now?"

"I will not."

"And you bade Polly Piper to be secret about the matter?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Stiggers, that is enough! I am not a fool! I am not to be henpecked! Henceforth you are nothing to me! Had you confessed your weakness, and humbly asked my forgiveness, I might have overlooked this disgraceful proceeding; but since you are wickedly contumacious I shall do the only thing which is left for me to do. I shall call your relatives in, and in their presence I shall expose you; and they shall then judge whether I have reason to put you from me!"

"You can do as you please, Mr. Stiggers."

"I shall do as I please!" And with this Elnathan Stiggers strode from the room.

And while the savage fit was upon him Stiggers posted off and called upon the relatives of his wife who lived near at hand. They were shocked when they had heard his accusations; but they were incredulous. They had known Maria as a most proper and discreet maiden, and they could not believe that she had so forgotten herself. But they were willing to assemble at his house, and witness the effect of his accusations before them.

And that evening the Browns, and the Joneses, and Pipers—all relatives of the suspected wife—were gathered together in Elnathan Stiggers' large drawing-room, and Mrs. Stiggers was summoned before them.

First, Jonathan Judkins was called upon for his story.

"But Mrs. Stiggers interrupted.

"There is no need," she said, "that our servants should be questioned. I can give all needed particulars."

"Aha, madam! We shall see! Now answer me,"—Mr. Stiggers spoke very grandiloquently,—"I have told our friends of the scandalizing facts so far as they are known to me. Now, Mrs. Stiggers, will you tell us what was the villain's name?"

"You mean the name of the gentleman who called upon me?"

"As you please."

"His name, as he wrote it, was Gustavus Vanderveer."

"A most gallant name, I must confess! Where was he from?"

"New York."

"Ah!—a most proper place! And you made him a happy man?"

"He so declared."

"He did? So, so,—we are getting on. And what did you do to make him so excessively happy?"

"I did what he had evidently began to fear never would be done."

"You did? And you bound your servant to secrecy?"

"Yes. I did not care that his errand should be known to our friends for your sake, Elnathan, as well as for my own."

"O, yes!—very careful for my sake! But Mrs. Stiggers, would you be so kind as to tell us what that marvellous deed was which he had feared never might be accomplished, but which you so pleasantly wrought out from him?"

"It is written on this paper," said Mrs. Stiggers, at the same time taking a neatly folded paper from her pocket.

"Oho! That is the paper he gave you?"

"Yes. Shall I let my uncle read it?"

"Aye. We will hear it. Read it aloud, Deacon. Read every word."

Deacon Solomon Brown took the paper, and having stood up near to the mantel lamp, and adjusted his spectacles he read, in resonant, vigorous tones, as follows:

"New York, June the first, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.—ELNATHAN STIGGERS to PAPERROAD & INK-

MAN, debtor: To one copy of the Evangelical Gazette, from June first, 1868, to June first, 1868.—Twenty-five dollars. Received payment, Gustavus Vanderveer, for the Publishers."

"You will understand," remarked Mrs. Stiggers, very quietly, "that the terms of the paper were two dollars a year, to which fifty cents was to be added if not paid within six months."

Mr. Stiggers caught the receipt from the Deacon's hand, and when he had seen its written face, he sank down like a man palsied.

"The collector," pursued Mrs. Stiggers, "was very, very happy, when he found himself in possession of the full amount of the bill. He had sought long, but in vain, to collect it by mail. And perhaps you can all of you understand that delicate instinct of a true and sensitive wife which would seek to hide from the world a thing so damaging to the character of her husband as an unpaid newspaper account of so many years' standing."

To the present day Elnathan Stiggers has but a faint idea of how he got rid of his summoned witnesses on that eventful evening; but upon two very important particulars he feels that he can with perfect assurance take his oath:

**First.**—He has not since allowed himself to manifest any symptoms of jealousy toward his wife;—and, **Second.**—has precluded the possibility of another visit from the New York collector by paying invariably in advance for his newspaper.

**A TRAMP'S OPINION.**

YESTERDAY I was sitting in my office vainly essaying to stab an obstructive fly with a quill pen, when a stranger entered the open door, carefully selecting a chair and seated himself with a sigh. He was attired in a suit of rusty black, and in person was tall, lank and cadaverous. Apparently he had seen better days—a good many of them. He calmly removed a slouch hat from his dome of thought, wiped his Corinthian brow with his coat sleeve, and spoke as follows:

"Are you the proprietor of this ranch?"

"Yes, sir; what do you wish?"

"Well, I thought I'd drop in and see you. I want to draw your attention to a little matter. Now would you suspect that the United States is bankrupt—absolutely bankrupt?"

"Never dreamed of such a thing."

"That's just it. The people go on thoughtless and careless, and all the time the country is plunging madly down the steps of corruption to irretrievable ruin."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, sir; it's a solemn fact, and its about time something was done about it. The Goddess of Liberty is going around without a cent in her pocket, and 2,000,000 of her children are begging for bread. Look at our prisons and poor-houses—chuck full every one of them, running over with paupers and criminals, and for every individual within their walls there are hundreds outside who ought to be there. Look at our railroads! Rates high and stocks low, locomotives drawing more empty cars than loaded ones, shops running on half time, track hands all discharged and rails rusting from disuse. Look at our steamships! Full of rats and rotten planks. No business to speak of. Going to Europe with little or nothing, compared with the cargoes they used to carry, and coming back with less. Wharves tumbling down and floating away by piecemeal. Then glance at our farming industry. Farmer riding around in his carriage; hired man doing all the work, and doing only half of it at that, farmer's wife playing on the piano, and ragged children playing on the front steps; sheriff looming up in the back-ground. Look at your mechanics. Out of work; tools in the pawn-shop; children hungry; wives hopeless; nothing left but suicide or the poorhouse; look at our merchants. Business at a standstill; counters covered with the dust of day before yesterday; yardstick laid away for future reference; proprietor gazing wistfully out of the window in search of a customer that cometh not. Look at our army. No pay, no ammunition; takes them all summer to whip a band of crippled squaws, country too poor to pay them and soldiers can't fight without cash. When a soldier pawns his sword he pawns his courage with it. Then look at our Navy. Bless you! There's nothing to look at except a few old wooden hulks. We haven't a vessel that could cross Long Island Sound in a summer's breeze, without going to pieces. Navy, indeed! Why, a blind man afloat in a wash tub, armed with a Colt's revolver, could sink our whole navy in fifteen minutes. No wonder Europe laughs at us. Now what is the remedy for all this? Work, untiring, unceasing work. By industry we thrive. Let us one and all put our shoulder to the wheel and lift the mired chariot of commerce up out of the bog-hole of bankruptcy into the smooth highway of prosperity and start it rolling once more. By the way,

I am out of work at present, and if you could lend me a quarter till I find a job—"

In my haste to get up I unfortunately upset the desk, and when I reached the door with the quarter the tramp had vanished, and was not.

**Life in the East.**

When the first troop of Cossacks rode through Bucharest the Roumanian ladies were very anxious to see them, and the long avenue was lined with carriages. A column of dust arose, thickening and drawing nearer. A cry of delight and impatience passed all along; ladies eagerly stood up, favored gentlemen climbed upon the coach box and the wheels. The column of dust approached, and presently the Cossack lances pierced it, glittering in the sun.—Dark and colorless masses loomed through it, and strange but stirring music was in the air. Not a sound was heard while they passed except that martial war song of the bards who had each sonnet and shrill accompaniment of whistles modulated to weird harmony.—No rattle of accoutrements betrayed the Cossack; his very horse seems trained to move with silent activity. With that pean in one's ears, and the whistles screaming through it, one beholds without astonishment the warriors glide past, stealthy and swift. One recognizes the surviving race of an earlier time. To the same war song, perhaps marched the ancestors of these people when they overran Russia. The Bucharest ladies were not a little impressed and not a little frightened. They looked at each other blankly, with little shrugs of the shoulder to express distaste. One of them confessed to the London Standard correspondent, who describes the scene, that her Muscovite sympathies vanished at the sight of the first Cossack, so ugly and dirty was he.

**The Hue and Cry of Envy.**

The successful man is always a target for the arrows of envy. There is always something at hand to tell how poor, how obscure, how "no account" he used to be, and to express wonder and astonishment that he should ever have "amounted to anything." The fact that he has amounted to something, that he has proved himself a success, seems to make some of his acquaintances feel that they have been robbed in a manner, and that by so much as he has risen above them in position or influence, by so much they are dwarfed. They will not admit the fact that he has justly earned in position, but attribute it all to a streak of "luck." Now the truth is that there are very few men of note before the public who have not fought their way up through poverty, obscurity, disaster and countless oppositions of adverse circumstances. In fact, almost everybody "that is anybody" has had to fight for his crown, and when he gets it, should not everybody rejoice with him? Doubtless there's many a rough diamond that is never polished and set, but lies buried in mountain gulches covered with mud; many a "mute, inglorious Milton" sleeps in quiet country churchyards; but the world is flashing with light from diamonds that are set, ringing with melody from Milton's that are not mute.

**Six Thousand Dollars Found and Lost.**

Catharine Bourlier, a French woman residing in this place, while passing through a strip of woods recently, near Hadley, three miles east, discovered a black portfolio in a hollow stump.—Breaking the lock open she found it contained \$6,000 in fives, tens, fifties and hundred dollar bills. Fearing it to be counterfeit money, she disliked to take it home. She hid the portfolio and contents under a stump back of her residence, and to-day notified Sheriff Munson, of Fort Wayne, who came and found the place as described, but portfolio and money gone. A genuine five dollar bill was found close by. Fresh footprints were also discovered. The supposition is the money was either counterfeit or the fruits of a heavy robbery. Officers are trying to solve the mystery.—Arcola (Ind.) Telegram.

**A Knowing Rat.**

Kennedy, a Cambridge, Mass., fire-bug, was pardoned from the State prison, one day recently, after serving some ten years of a life sentence, and, after putting on citizens' clothes, asked to be allowed to take with him a rat, which has been his companion during many years of his confinement. The rat, however, did not recognize him in his new dress, and ran from him. An officer suggested to him to put on his prison jacket and see what the effect would be. Kennedy did so, and the rat quickly ran into his arms.

¶ There was an attempt to murder Mrs. Fanny Williams, a colored servant, at Bloomfield, Conn., Sunday night, by somebody who climbed to her open window by a ladder, struck matches to see the bed, and fired a pistol. Though all in the house heard the report, nobody, not even the victim, was enough aroused to get up. A ladder was found against the window in the morning, matches were scattered on the sill, and the ball was lodged in the bed in line with the woman's heart.