

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. August 3rd, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.00, 7.30 a. m. 3.30 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 5.00, 7.30, a. m. and 1.40 and 3.30 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.00, 7.30, a. m. and 1.40 and 3.30 p. m.
For Pottsville, at 5.00, 7.30 a. m., and 3.30 p. m.
And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.
For Auburn via S. & B. Br. at 5.10 a. m.
For Allentown, at 5.10, 7.30 a. m., 1.40 and 3.30 p. m.
The 5.00, 7.30 a. m., and 1.40 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.
SUNDAYS:
For New York, at 5.00 a. m.
For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.03 a. m.
For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.10 p. m.
TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:
Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 8.10, 11.40 a. m., 1.50, and 6.35 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 via S. & B. Br. at 12 noon.
Leave Allentown, at 5.50, 8.50 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.
SUNDAYS:
Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 5.10, a. m. and 11.05 p. m.
Leave Allentown, at 9.05 p. m.
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.
Milltown 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, 9.54 P. M., flag—daily.
WEST.
Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily.
Mail, 9.23 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 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.
Milltown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M.
Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily, except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Atlantic Express, 9.20 P. M., daily (flag)
WESTWARD.
Way Passenger, 3.38 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.
WM. C. KING Agent.

D. E. 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, 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. E. 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 8 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold.
J. VANCE LEWIS & CO.,
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 Penn'a. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at REDUCED PRICES.
Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition.
Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins.
Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.
P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe Findings made a specialty.
JOSEPH M. HAWLEY.
Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—17
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 KALEL,
Administrator.
June 12, 1877.

JOHN PRINTING of every description neatly and promptly executed at reasonable rates at the Bloomfield Times Steam Job Office.

THE DELAYED LETTER.

"THERE goes the most provoking man in the whole county!" said Lucia Dare, as she stood at the window and watched Professor Lee go down the path—really the most provoking. Sometimes I'm sure he's in love with me, and going to tell me so, and then, again, I'm sure I'm mistaken, and that it's Dora he's in love with, if he's in love with anybody. He's so bashful when he's with a woman that he doesn't dare say his soul's his own anyway. I'm sure I don't see why he should be afraid of me! I like him, and if he could see two inches ahead of his nose, he could see it."

Lucia heaved a sigh, and sat down at the piano, where half an hour before, she had been singing "Annie Laurie" for the professor.
"I wonder what he wanted to see Dora for? she thought, as she thrummed the keys in a low accompaniment to her thoughts. "It can't be that he is in love with Dora, for he must know she's engaged. And yet, he's such an odd creature that it wouldn't be at all strange if he was. If he ever heard she was engaged, he's probably forgotten it. I wonder what he wrote to her? It must be something that he considers quite important, for he wanted me to be sure and give her the letter as soon as she got home, and it took him half an hour to write it."

She got up, went to the table, and took up the letter Professor Lee had written to her sister.
"I wish I knew what was in it," she said, holding it up to the light. "He looked as if he might be proposing marriage. If I thought it was a proposal—"
Lucia's face colored a little at the thought which came into her mind. She laid the letter down and walked to the window, and stood there for some time. By-and-by she turned, came back to the table, and took up the letter—a guilty look on her face, as she did it—and dropped it behind an old carved cabinet which stood in one corner of the parlor.
"It's a mean thing to do," she said to herself, as she went back to the piano, "but I've done it. If it was a proposal, it's just as well as it is, for Dora would never marry him; if it wasn't a proposal it won't matter very much, probably."

Two weeks after that Dora came home from a visit to a friend, with the news that Professor Lee had resigned his position as teacher of languages in the academy at Wilbraham, and accepted an offer from a new college at the West.

"Are you sure it's so," asked Lucia, with an effort to hide all traces of agitation.
"Quite sure," answered Dora. "Helen Templeton told me, and she had her news from Professor Lee himself."

"When is he going?" Lucia tried hard to act unconcernedly, but her voice sounded unsteady.
"Very soon," answered Dora. "This week, I think."

And it was only two or three days after that that Dora came home with the announcement that the professor had gone.
"Gone!" Lucia's face was pale as she repeated the word. At that moment a tender hope died in her heart.

"Yes," answered Dora, "he went this morning. I think he might have come to tell us good-by."

Lucia got up without another word and went to her room.
"Poor Lucia! Dora said. "She did care for him, after all."

Up-stairs Lucia knelt down at her window and had a real woman's cry. She did not know till then how much she had cared for Professor Lee. She had always liked him, and hoped that some day she might call him by a dearer name than that of professor. Now she knew that she loved him.

"But it was all on one side," she sobbed. "It must have been, or he never would have left in this way, without so much as a word, but I did think he cared for me a little."

It was two years after that when Lucia happened to come across the letter that Professor Lee had written that Summer afternoon for Dora—that letter which he had left with her to give her sister, but which she had taken care her sister should not get.

understood me well enough. I heard yesterday that she was engaged. I ask you frankly to tell me if this be so? If she is, of course I shall never tell her what I have hoped might be.
" If there is nothing which should keep me from seeking to win her for my wife, let me hear from you at once. If there is, I shall understand it from your silence.
Yours, truly,
STANWOOD LEE."

Lucia Dare got up, with a very pale face, and a great ache at her heart. She had been guilty of doing a disgraceful thing, and that very act had been the means of bringing to her the one great sorrow of her life.
"You are terribly punished Lucia Dare," she said to the white face in the glass that stared at her as she crossed the room. "By that one dishonorable act you destroyed your life's happiness."

She sat alone that night when the house was still, and thought about it. It was torture to think how near she had come to the realization of the sweetest dream of her life, and to know by her own folly she had lost it all.
Before she went to bed she took the letter and enclosed it to Dora. She wrote only a few lines:
"Professor Lee left a letter for you one day when you were not at home, and I did not give it to you. I found it today, and send it to you. I have read it and know how near happiness came to me."

She could not bring herself to confess, in plain words, why it never had been given. But her heart accused her bitterly enough, and she slept upon a pillow wet with tears of sorrow and repentance. Hard, indeed, was the punishment of her wrongdoing.

It was a peaceful Sabbath day. The air was sweet with accents of new-mown grass and clover, and the birds sang in the elms outside the open windows of the little church, and all the world seemed in a Sabbath mood.
Lucia Dare heard a little ripple of surprise run over the congregation just before the sermon began, and raised her head to see, coming down the aisle—Professor Lee!

He came straight to her pew. She made room for him, while her heart was in a wild flutter of hope and love and gladness, and he sat down beside her, reaching out his hand in a wordless greeting, which held a powerful eloquence in its long, close clasp.

Lucia heard not a word of the sermon. Her heart was too full of many emotions for that. She was glad when it ended.
When the benediction was over he turned to her.

"I have come to ask you a question I should have asked long ago. May I walk home with you and tell you what it is?"

At last they were free from the crowd of old friends who clamored for a handshake with the professor, and he drew her hand within his arm.
"I received a letter from your sister two days ago, and the few words she wrote sent me here," he said, when they were out in the pleasant street alone. "You know now what the question is I have come to ask."

"Let me tell you what I did," she said, while her eyes filled with hot tears of shame and her cheeks burned, and then she confessed the disgraceful deed which had kept them apart so long.
"Let me tell you what I did," she said, while her eyes filled with hot tears of shame and her cheeks burned, and then she confessed the disgraceful deed which had kept them apart so long.

A Wife Through a Dream.

THE CLEVELAND Leader says:
" One of the happiest men that ever journeyed a hundred miles from Michigan took the Toledo express on Saturday, at Fremont bound for Toledo and his home in Michigan. He told a strange story, of which the following is the substance:
Some weeks since, while at home in Michigan, he retired to rest after a hard day's work, and falling asleep dreamed a dream. He appeared to have taken a long journey from "home," where he had been located for ten years, and had scarcely lost sight of, and where he had lived "a happy old bach," and never thought of matrimony, although the fair Michiganders who resided in this neighborhood had used their best endeavors to induce him to make proposals for their hands and hearts which they were prepared to accept after the usual amount of hesitation. But our friend was as blind and oblivious to their advances as a miser to a charitable petition; had no more idea of matrimony, to use his own expression, than a Hot-tentot.

And so feeling he tumbled into bed, and as we said before, was soon in the land of dreams. In that dream a vision appeared unto him. He arrived at a place in Ohio which was called Fremont. It appeared that soon after his arrival in that place he formed the acquaintance of a young lady, and that after a short but happy courtship, he married her and returned to his home in Michigan, where he became wealthy, lived happily, and raised a numerous family of children, and in time trotted his grandchildren on his knee. He then awoke; it was broad daylight, and his mother was at the door calling him down to breakfast. At the breakfast table he related his dream to the old lady, and she was deeply impressed by it. He told her it was his intention to at once seek out the beautiful creature of whom he dreamed and the old lady believing there was a special Providence in it, and being also a firm believer in dreams, advised him by all means to go and find her if he could, and if he couldn't find her to bring back an Ohio girl anyway, "for you know," said she, "the Ohio girls are quite smart."

So John packed up his little wardrobe and took the first train out for Ohio, and lost no time in reaching Fremont. When he arrived at that place he was surprised to discover that the sign at the depot, containing the name of the place, was the exact duplicate of the one he had seen in his dream, and that the depot building and general appearance of the city corresponded exactly with his vision. He put up at the Kelper house, and began his search. For two or three days he was unsuccessful, but finally, just before he was on the point of returning home, he came face to face with a maiden at the post office. "'Tis she," said he, all to himself, then he walked up manfully and told her his story; his dream, and of his place in Michigan, and frankly asked her to share his lot with him. She said something about its being sudden; she would rather wait a few days before giving an answer; but he was determined to have it there and then, and she finally said she was all his own. He accompanied her to her home, and that evening he told her fond parents all about it. And they pronounced it good.

The day following they were married and they commenced their journey Michiganward. The man was a fine looking fellow, and so happy that he could scarcely contain himself. He protested roundly that it was the woman he saw in his dream, and that he had met and married, and that all from first to last, had been exactly as pictured in his dream. The lady was a pleasant appearing, comely looking lady, a few years younger than the man, and seemed to be brim full of fun and to enjoy the novelty of the thing fully as much as her husband. Take them all in all, they were well matched, and were doubtless made for each other. He said only one thing was lacking to make his happiness complete, and that was the fulfillment of the latter part of his dream. This is one of the most strange matrimonial affairs we have ever seen or read of, and doubt if its equal has ever been in print. It is a proof that dreams oftentimes foreshadow coming events. We often hear of men dreaming of sudden deaths, and dying; but we do not know of a case where the incidents and characters were depicted and fulfilled as in the present instance. If there is a parallel case on record we should like to hear it.

Our Summer Resorts.

MANITOU, COL., July 14, 1877.

Manitou is situated in a beautiful valley among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. It is the gate as it were of the Ute Pass which cuts westward through the spur of the main chain, of which Pike's Peak is the highest point, lying to the northern side and almost beneath the shadow of this grand mountain. It is seventy-five miles south of Denver, the capital of Colorado, and six miles west of the prosperous town of Colorado Springs, which stands four hundred feet below it on the opening plateau of the great plains, from whence the Denver and Rio Grande Railway connects it with Denver in the north and New Mexico on the South.
This valley stands at an altitude of 6,370 feet above the sea, and 8,000 feet below the summit of Pike's Peak.
The melting snow on the peaks pour its ice-cold rivulets through the green valley, and the soda, Iron, Sulphur, and Magnesia Springs which bubble ceaselessly are so thoroughly established as the central watering place and health resort of the great West that it seems almost superfluous to attempt to picture its attractions. Most of the mineral springs are to be found among the picturesque windings of the Fountain Creek a clear, fast-running stream, with a rocky bed, which comes down from the mountain through the Ute Pass. The mineral springs that are at present used are six in number. Coming up the valley, the first is the Shoshone, bubbling up under a wooden canopy, in the middle of the main road of the village, and often called the Sulphur Spring from the yellow deposit left around it. A few yards farther on and in a ledge of rock overhanging the right bank of the Fountain is the Navajoe. From this rocky basin pipes conduct the water to the bath house, which is situated on the stream a little farther down. Crossing by a pretty, rustic bridge we come to the Manitou close to an ornamental summer house; its taste and properties resemble the Navajoe. Recrossing the stream a little farther up and walking about a quarter of a mile up the Ute Pass road, following the right bank of Fountain, we find close to its brink the

Ute Soda. Retracing one's steps to within about two hundred yards of the Manitou Spring, we cross a bridge leading over a stream which joins the Fountain at almost a right angle from the southwest; following up the right hand bank of this mountain brook, which is called Ruxton's Creek, we enter the most beautiful of the tributary valleys of Manitou; traversing the winding road among rocks and trees for nearly half a mile, we reach a summer house close to the right bank of the creek in which we find the Iron Ute, the water being highly effervescent. Continuing up the left bank of the stream for a few hundred yards, we reach the last of the springs that has been analyzed—the Little Chief. It should be known also, that these are the celebrated 'Boiling Springs' which years ago, were made known to the world by Fremont, Ruxton and other writers. Manitou itself has all the resources of a fashionable watering place, having one church, four stores, and five hotels, which afford unusually luxurious accommodation. The amusement of the visitors are well cared for. But what is more valuable to patients, there is a good supply of horses and carriages enabling them to gain the benefit derived from taking some of the many excursions that can be made through this beautiful country.
Daily rides or drives can be taken from Manitou to the Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne Canon, Glen Eyrie, Queen's Canon, Manitou Canon, up Pike's Peak, Ute Pass, the Great Mesa, the South Park and Monument Park. Many of the interesting places can be reached on foot. There is no spot on the continent where so many other wonders, and so much striking scenery are centered so at one place.
J. F. ROTH.

An Unexpected Party.

A few days ago a man named Murphy while crossing Tussy's Mountain to Pennsylvania Furnace, by a near cut, came across a couple of bear cubs which he attempted to capture. The youngster didn't like his familiarity and took to a tree. Mr. Murphy, loath to loose such a fine opportunity to immortalize himself of carrying home game of this sort, began pelting the cubs with stones with a view of dislodging them. The juvenile bruins raised an outcry which brought the madame bear to the rescue. Then the fun began in earnest, and Mr. Murphy thinking that an immortality of fame was not to be found under these circumstances, fled down the mountain, with the enraged mother in full pursuit. In his flight Murphy lost a pair of shoes and a bundle, and was compelled to seek refuge in a tree, a less happier man than Zaccheus. The enraged mother tore the shoes and bundle into more fragments than the two sbe bears made of the forty and two children who mocked Elisha.—Altoona Tribune.

How to Live on Ten Cents per Day.

Amos Fish, one of the queerest men in Albany, N. Y., died on Monday, leaving an estate of fifty thousand dollars to charitable institutions, and cutting off his wife with a dollar a day. In describing his manner of life to a friend, he once said: "I buy a shank of beef from the butcher, which costs me ten cents. My wife makes me enough soup from this to do us one meal; then the meat cut from it afterwards makes two more meals, or one day's food for ten cents. I split the bone and get the marrow for cooking purposes, and my wife finds sufficient fuel in the bone itself to do considerable cooking. Then in an iron box, I save the ashes, which I use for manuring a few plants that realize for me six cents each." It is also stated that he married a widow who had two children and a little money. He offered to borrow the money and allow her seven per cent. His wife accepted the proposition. One day he forced a settlement with her, bringing in a bill for her own and the children's board, and leaving her in debt to him.

Will He Succeed?

In nine cases out of ten, man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. In the fondness or the vanity of father or mother have kept him from hard work; if another has always helped him out at the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he stowed away all the time—in short, if what was light always fell to him, and what was heavy about the same work to some else; if he has been permitted to shirk, until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents.
On the other hand, if a boy has been brought to do his part, never allowed to shirk any legitimate responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents as they bid him good-bye may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.

Figure of speech—an exhortation to for-ty-tude.