

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.

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.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST. Millintown A.C. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.32 p. m., daily except Sunday.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon as follows: EASTWARD. Millintown A.C. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m.

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,

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.

PATENTS.

Fee Reduced, Entire Cost \$55. Patent Office Fee \$25 in advance, balance \$20 within 6 months after patent allowed.

500 AGENTS WANTED

to canvass for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled 'THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER.'

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.

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.

JOHN KALEB, Administrator.

June 12, 1877. JOB PRINTING of every description neatly and promptly executed at reasonable Rates at the Bloomfield Times Steam Job Office.

For The Times. WRITING HIS AUNT.

IN LOOKING over a pile of old letters many of them closing "Yours in Haste," reminds me of a letter written by a friend of mine to his wife's aunt, after much solicitation, and what came of it.

Our friend, we informed you, is married; and his wife had one blood relation and "expectations." These expectations (worth something in the future to draw upon—a sort of fancy stock for Hope, the generous banker) were chiefly based on the good will and good deeds, duly recorded in the record-office of a maiden aunt.

The postscript of each letter from aunt was regularly read to him. It always desired remembrance to her nephew, whom she had never seen, and expressed regret at his silence, and apparent determination that she should never know him.

The niece was eloquent in rebutting all these injurious aspersions, and protested that her chosen was a paragon. But Aunt Expectation declared that one letter from him would do more to give her a proper appreciation of the man, whom she fully desired to love and respect, than volumes from a wife in her honey-moon, who was either very fond or a great dissembler.

Now Aunt Expectation lived in what used to be considered the far West. It was some hundreds of miles away, and those were the days when there were no railroads. Write to a friend now, and desire his presence, and he will be "yours, in haste," directly, answering by wire the next moment, and presenting himself by rail the next day at farthest.

The young wife began to fear that Aunt Expectation would become Aunt Exasperation, and visit on herself the wrath which her husband was daily increasing. So she told him positively he must write. She painted the folly of losing some great advantage by mere negligence. The husband promised, and that was all. She repeated her urgent entreaties; and at last met him every day with the inquiry, "Have you written?"

"Indeed I have," he answered with the air of injured innocence, now prepared to face his persecutors. "I don't believe you." "That is pleasant."

"Do you mean to say you have written to my aunt?" "Most unequivocally."

"Let me see the letter." "That is unreasonable. I never see yours, nor ask to. Besides, it's on its way to Ohio before this time."

"Where's my niece?" she asked, when the tale of baggage was found to be all correct. "My dear aunt!" said the young wife, who had now the first suspicion who her guest was. Speedily the baggage was removed to the best chamber, and the niece busied about, the happiest of the happy.

Presently, all prim and stately, Aunt Expectation was formally introduced, and placed at the tea-table. Every effort was made to give her welcome. Her new nephew, in the delightful and unexpected hurry of the scene, said very pleasant and polite things, and rather overacted such hospitalities of the tea-table as he ventured upon.

Still, Aunt Expectation seemed surprised at something which she did see, or which she did not. The aspect of matters was evidently not what she had counted on. She was long in coming round to anything like a feeling of pleasure corresponding to what her hostess displayed. There was a sense of constraint upon her which was supposed to be the fatigue of her journey, and she early retired to rest.

"Well, my dear, I am glad to see you so well and happy. The pleasure is not the less" (her face gave her the lie as she said so), "that it is unexpected."

"Ununexpected!" "Read that letter. See first that there is no pre-payment, which I regarded as an evidence of hurry and anxiety."

"MY VERY DEAR AUNT:—I can postpone writing to you no longer, and regret that I have done it so long. I am anxious to receive a visit from you at your earliest convenience, and my wife desires it very much. Trusting that we shall soon see you, I am Yours, in haste."

The poor wife's face wore first a look of blank astonishment, and then changed from white to red, and white again, under Aunt Expectation's fixed gaze.

"But what does he mean by 'I can postpone no longer, and a visit at my earliest convenience,' and 'my wife desires it very much'?"

"The fact is, my dear aunt, that my husband is a very negligent correspondent. I gave him no peace till he could tell me he had written. He could postpone it no longer in comfort—that is all. 'Your earliest convenience' is a mercantile phrase in soliciting payment, which slipped into the letter in his haste. And that I did desire to see my only blood connection in the world is certainly very true, as I have written you a hundred times."

"I see it all; but it is very little satisfaction to me for the fright and uneasiness which have hurried me over the mountains, a long journey, and at a bad season of the year, for such an expedition. I shall understand his next letter, if he ever writes one—which I beg you won't insist on again!"

Aunt Expectation was somewhat mollified before the day of return came around, as her friends did all in their power to make her visit pleasant. And her anger was completely subdued when, the next year, in her western home, she was apprised by a carefully-written, long epistle, properly dotted with reflections, and not signed "Yours, in haste," that her nephew had called his first born by her name.

The visit was not without its advantage to the couple. It did not defeat their expectations, but insured them;

for the shrewd aunt devised her estate in trust for the children, when she died, not long after, and thus saved it from becoming to the father's creditors "Yours, in haste."

Serenading the Wrong Party.

CLAUDE CULPEPPER came down from Dayton, Wednesday evening with an intention. During the bright Lexington of youth he had met a Bay-miller street belle, who smote him heart and soul. Mr. Culpepper's intention in coming to Cincinnati, was to serenade his love. So, gathering a quartette of his tuneful friends, he started Wednesday evening for the house of his heart's idol.

"Don't you remember sweet, Alice Ben Bolt?" sung in one treble, one tenor, two basses and four keys, he was, to draw it mild, ruffled in his temper. Mrs. Sanscript heard the melody, too, and whispered: "Them's serenaders."

"I'll serenade them," snarled John, getting up, opening the blinds slyly and looking down on the choristers below.

"Not so far as you imagine," growled Sanscript, as he dumped the coal from the scuttle conveniently near the window. Then he tugged the brimming slop bucket across the room and added it to his armory just as the gay gambolers switched off into

"I shall never forget the day; Nor will you ever forget the night when you came to serenade my house," smiled the old man, reaching the oil can.

"I'll be—if I am," declared Sanscript, as he scooped up the hair brushes and toilet set from the dressing case. While he was toting the ottoman across the room the boys pitched into

"Oh, my heart is gone! sang the boys under the window. "Yes, if you saw me piling up these brick from the fire-place you'd follow your heart most mighty d.—q."

"I'll be—if I am," declared Sanscript, as he added a painful of ashes to the pile of destruction by the window.

"I'm coming, you yelping hounds," yelled the old man, thrusting his head out of the window. It took him only ten seconds of standard time to pitch boots, shoes, coal, hair brushes, books toilet sets, ottoman, slops, ashes and all upon the heads of the horror-stricken serenaders below.

The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age the better.

Girls, Confide in Mother. The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age the better.

whatever. Tell those who are about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, I mean, of course.

A little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat; and much as is said about women who tell too much, they are much better off than the women who tell too little. A man may be reticent and lie under no suspicion; not so a woman.

The girl who frankly says to her mother, "I have been here. I met so and so. Such and such remarks were made, and this or that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows, out of her greater experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition.

It is when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them that they rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a good parent.

You may not understand, girls, just what is right, just what is wrong yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes, but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

A Courting Couple and a Live Ghost Badly Scared.

IT IS SAID that Jordan, the New York Greenwood drummer, recently met with the following amusing experience in his extensive travels: On going to a hotel in one of our large cities he was assigned to a room previously partly occupied. After being shown the way by the polite and accommodating clerk, he went to his apartment, found the door open, a candle dimly burning on the centre table and the only bed in the room occupied by the stranger who was to be his room-mate for the night.

Before he had quite fallen asleep he was somewhat startled by the entrance of a young gentleman and lady, who re-lighted the candle, and soberly seated themselves in a corner of the room in full view of the hero of this incident.

The intruders chatted away in a suggestive and affectionate manner, just as lovers always do. The novelty of the situation seemed to have its effect upon them, and after sundry comments of the weather, the latest gossip and small society talk, the pair settled down to "business."

All of this time Jordan was an interested listener, and he was prepared for the kisses which fell upon the willing lips of the fair innamorata. He hunched his bedfellow with his elbow, but the stranger slept on. Then followed a scene of affectionate demonstration between the couple in the corner. Jordan determined to waken his unknown friend, so that he might see the fun.—Raising his hand, he laid it upon the face of the unconscious sleeper, and then his hair, in holy horror, stood on end.

The scene in the office is said to have been very ludicrous when the three parties appeared before the bar, Jordan en diabolille. Can you fancy anything more spiritual? Two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois makes a tolerable vigorous ghost, and what is remarkable, the ghost came in ahead.

A Novel Breach of Promise Suit.

A rather novel breach of promise suit has just been begun before the Superior Court for Windham county, Conn.—David L. Rock, a sturdy young man of Wauregan, two years ago began to pay his addresses to a bright, black haired, black eyed girl by the name of Agnes Greenea. The swain bought little presents and paid his sweetheart the most undivided attention, but Agnes did not think enough of David to become his partner for life, and plainly told him so. David didn't like the "mitten" a bit, but watched every opportunity to enjoy the company of Agnes. About three months ago John La Rose appeared on the scene, and his attentions to Agnes were reciprocated and after a short courtship they were married. After the knot was tied, all the chances of David Rock were gone, and he now brings a suit for \$200 damages against the girl and her husband.

Perseverance merits neither blame nor praise; it is only the duration of our inclinations and sentiments, which we can neither create nor extinguish.