### 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

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 3,50 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 Aubura via S. & S. Br. at 5,10 a. m.

For Allentown, at 5,00, 7,30 a. m., 1,40 3,50 p. m.

The 5,00, 7,30 a. m., 1,40 p. m., trains have through cars for New York.

The 6,00, 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 5.00 a.m.
For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 4.00 p.m. TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOL-

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m. 5.40, 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 4.25 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branchat 8.15 a. m. 8.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via 8. & 8. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 5,50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

Leave New York, at 5.39 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 8.10, a. m. and 11.03 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.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

EASTWARD.

Mimintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M.
Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday.

Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag)

# 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.

#3. FINE HARNESS a speciality. REPAIRING done on short notice and at rea-

AD HIDES taken in exchange for work. 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 \$01d.

J. VANCE LEWIS & CO.,
19-3m Washington, D. C.

500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 Inches, entitled "THE LILUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success. are meeting what address
For particulars, address
H. M. CRIDER, Publisher,
Vork, 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

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 each for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.

P. R.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a speciality. Duncannon, July19, 1878.—If

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is herebygiven, 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 these having claims to present them duly authenticated for set tlement.

JOHN KALER, Administrator. June 12, 1877.\*

JOB PHINTING of every description nearly and promptly executed at Reasonable Rates at the Bloomfield Times Steam Job Office.

# 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. To this maiden, as in duty bound the happy bride despatched an epistle, to which the answer came in due course of mail, formally complimentary, full of good wishes and delightful confidence that she should and must approve her niece's choice, together with all the other complimentary prettinesses with which such a letter ought of right and of custom to be filled. In a postscript the maiden expressed her carnest desire to know more of her new connection, and trusted that, at no distant day, he would himself write to her. The young wife was not one who would let expectation grow cold for lack of nursing, or a maiden aunt become indifferent for want of attention. It seemed as if it was the sole business of her life, (shopping excepted) to keep up her correspendence with this Aunt Expectation. Her husband wondered at her punctuality. To think that a person could write letters except upon compulsion, and such long letters, too! And that she could regularly, once a fortnight, receive and as regularly answer them, and that, too, without any conceivable topic that he could devise. It was a wonder to him.

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. These were the postscripts intended for his ear; but in the body of the letter Aunt Expectation did not scruple to express her doubts whether the man could write, whether he could spell correctly; or, if he had accomplished that part of his education, whether it had been carried so far as to enable him to express his feelings, (if he had any feelings) in a grammatical manner. She wondered whether he could talk at all, and began to have sad misgivings.

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. But she was on no account to tell him these things.

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. Our fathers and their sisters, videlicet, our aunts, in their slow habits, knew nothing of the fast progress of this generation. It was a weary thing to travel, and required some previous thought and preparation. Such a packing of boxes, and labelling of trunks, and counting of parcels, and overlooking of baggage, as used to be required, made a journey of a hundred miles of more moment than a trip to England now is. Therefore, Aunt Expectation had not for many years visited her friends in the east, and as "distance lends enchantment to the view," perhaps she saw them all in a better lightall except our luckless friend who would not trust his penmanship to her scrutiny.

The young wife began to fear that Aunt Expectation would become Aunt Exasperation, and visit on herself the wrath which her husband was dally 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 entreatles; and at last met him every day with the inquiry, "Have you written ?" Now it is easier to fib hypothetically, by saying "I will," than to falsify positively, by saying "I have," when you haven't. And one day, when his hat was on to return home, our friend remembered the everlasting question. He hurried through a few lines, sealed, directed, and placed among the other letters one to "My dear Aunt." But he

forgot to pay the postage!
"Have you written?" his wife asked, before he had taken a chair.

"Indeed I have," he answered with the air of injured innocence, now prepared to face its 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."

We shall see," said the wife. And so they did. In fifteen days, precisely, from the date of our friend's letter, just as the couple were sitting down to tea there was a knock at the front door. A tall figure in traveling attire superintended the delivery from the stage coach of "great trunk, little trunk, bandbox and parcel," carefully counting them on the sidewalk, and as carefully enumerating them after they were removed into the hall.

"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 bustled about, the happiest of the happy. With a flying visit to the kitchen, to bid Betty increase the materials of the entertainment, and a flying visit to Aunt Expectation, who was bringing "false fronts" and bits of lace ruffle out of their receptacles; with now a finger of aid in the toilet, and now a hand of assistance in the kitchen-with a look at the parlor lamp, and a poke at the parlor fire, little wife was in a transport, and husband felt placid. Now, in doing the honors of his house, she was his wife "in haste."

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 tentable as he ventured upon. But that was natural, and to some extent, agreeable.

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.

In the morning the cloud had somewhat abated, but not entirely disappeared. Our friend voted inwardly that his wife's aunt was a soured maiden, but gave expression to no opinion. When the husband had left, she sald:

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

"Unexpected!"

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

The niece took her husband's letter, and read as follows:

"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.

"What does that mean ?" said the aunt.

" I don't know."

" But what does he mean by 'I can postpone no longer,' and a visit at ' my earliest convenience,' and ' my wife de-sires 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,"

### Berenading the Wrong Party.

CLAUD CULPEPPER came down U. from Dayton, Wednesday evening with an intention. During the bright Lexington of youth he had met a Baymiller 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. It was twelve o'clock when the boys anchored under the window of what C. Claude believed was the sheltering fold of his dear lamb. He made a mistake of 100 in numbering the houses, and it was John Sanscript's humble abode that was about to be honored with the serenade. John, however, is one of those misanthropic men who never seem to recognize a favor when they meet one, and when he was awakened from his slumbers by

"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.

"What in the name of the Numidian lion are you going to do, Sanscript?" asked Mrs. S. rather uneasily.

"Just wait and see," gathering up an armful of boots and leaving them down, handy near the window.

Just then the boys turned upon

Thou art so near and yet so far. " 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 gamboliers switched off into

What has a poor girl But her name to defend her?

"She sometimes finds her father does that pleasant duty," muttered the desperate man. The boys were singing a medley, and while Sanscript was gathering in the tongs and shovels, they began to warble.

My heart is broke, God knows it!

" And your heads will be in the same condition when I get through with you." panted the avenger. Then he added the Bible and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to the pile of missiles by the window at the very moment therefloated up from

I shall ne'er 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.

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."

Thou art sleeping, my love, Thou art sleeping. chimed the quartette.

"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

Don't forget your little darling.

"Oh, I'll never forget you, never fear, and you won't never forget me either, after I'm through with you."

Open the window my sweet one.

"Damme if I don't," grinned Sanscript, as he added a panful of ashes to the pile of destruction by the window.

Come, birdie, come-

"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 tollet sets, ottoman, slops, ashes and all upon the heads of the horror-stricken serenaders below. Before the quartette realized the situation, the storm was over. They all survived, but were unmercifully demoralized. And when a voice came from above, articulating in the key of J the one word "git," they got.

### 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. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest.

In girlhood hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. When you are married, never, never conceal anything from your husband. Never allow yourself to write a letter that he may not know all about, or to receive one that you are not quite willing that he should read. Have no mysteries | we can neither create nor extinguish.

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

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 experiece, that some thing was improper or unsultable, 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 Chost Badly Scared.

TIS 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 .-The unknown man seemed to be taking his rest, and not wishing to disturb him, Jordan quietly disrobed himself, said his prayers, blew out the candle and went to bed.

Before he had quitefallen asleep he was somewhat startled by the entrance of a young gentleman and lady, who relighted 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 inamorata. 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

The face was cold and clammy - he was "sleeping with a corpse!" Shooting up straight through his canopied couch Jordan appeared before the startled pair a veritable ghost. The young man and lady disappeared down the stairway in wild affright, closely followed by the unwitting author of this startling escapade. The clerk of the hotel had perpetrated a practical joke on the " commercial traveler."

The scene in the office is said to have been very ludierous when the three parties appeared before the bar, Jordan en dishabille. Can you fancy anything more spirituel? 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 Waurengan, 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 pald 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