

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. 2.30 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. & S. Br. at 5.10 a. m.
 For Allentown, at 5.00, 7.30 a. m., 1.40 3.30 p. m.
 The 5.00, 7.30 a. m. 1.40 p. m. trains have through cars for New York.
 The 5.00, 7.30 a. m. and 1.40 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 8.00 a. m.
 For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.00 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 8.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m.
 And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.
 Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon.
 Leave Allentown, at 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.55 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 8.05 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.

Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.
 Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily except 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, 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 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.

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, except Sunday.
 Atlantic Express 10.30 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 8.12 p. m.
 Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m.
 W. M. 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.

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,
 48 1/2 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.
 F. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a specialty.
 JOS. M. HAWLEY.
 Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—H

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.

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

CAPTURED BY A WOMAN.

WHEN Carl Binkley, the private detective of the Macnehek Air Line Company led Courtney Tenney to the altar, she shaved his face until no hairs appendage save a fine blonde mustache remained thereon. This whim prevented his recognition by several acquaintances on the day of his wedding, and he and his bride enjoyed more than one outbreak of merriment at their expense.
 The wedding tour planned by "Bink," as the employees and officers of the road familiarly called him, promised to prove quite extensive, and the directors placed a palace car at his disposal.
 But he preferred, and so did his bride, to travel like the rest of the people, and on the afternoon of the wedding day, they stepped on board the train amid the good-bys of a host of relatives and friends. They expected to reach their destination at one o'clock on the following morning, and for the sake of Courtney who had a horror of sleeping coaches, the bridegroom refused an offered favor from Scott the conductor.

As the train rolled westward, the sun sank to rest, and the night stars peeped out again in the sky. It was a beautiful mid-Autumn night, and the cool breeze ever and anon blew the yellow leaves against the windows of the coaches.
 "Carl, what if an old offender should board the train—I mean a man for whom you have been looking?"
 The detective looked down into the smiling face of his newly made wife and smiled himself.
 "Well, I don't know what I would do, Courtney," he answered; "but I suppose I would arrest him, take him to prison, and let you finish our wedding tour alone."
 "How jolly that would be!" Courtney laughed. "I really wish such an event would occur. I should be rid of you at least for a time, and I'd have the jolliest wedding tour ever written of."
 "I'd like to see you touring it alone with your three trunks and groomless!" replied Carl as the brakeman opened the door and shouted "Bloomfield" at the top of his lungs.

At the almost deserted station of the inland town the train stopped long enough to permit the men to board it, and seat themselves in the car that bore the newly wedded.
 The new passengers were tolerably well dressed, and passing good looking. They occupied one seat behind the detective, and almost directly beneath the lamp that offered a miserable light.
 A detective is constantly watching human faces, and after a while he reads them as he would read an open book.— Thus it was with Carl Binkley.

When the two men entered the car his eyes were upon them, and followed them to their seat.
 By and by the conductor collected their fare, and the detective followed him from the car.
 "Where are these fellows going?" he asked.
 "To Terre Haute," was the reply.— "Do they strike you unfavorably?"
 "Moderately so," said Bink. "Send a man in to trim the lamp above them."
 Then the detective returned to his bride, who thought that something was going on, and a minute later a brakeman entered and proceeded to trim the light in the coach.
 Binkley did not appear to watch the two men, but nevertheless his eyes were upon them, and before they moved back into a shadier seat he had spotted one, if not both.
 "Courtney, I am afraid your wish is about to come true," he whispered to his wife.

She looked up surprised at the solemnity of his manner.
 "Why, Carl?"
 "An old offender has boarded the train," he replied, "and it is my duty to attend to him. I am certain of my man, though I have not seen him for two years, and his face, smooth then, is bearded now. Jack Hawk has repeatedly committed depredations on our line, and we can send him to the penitentiary with ease. But you see, Courtney, you must catch a man before you hang him, and, according to this truism, Jack has escaped punishment. I must attend to him, save the company further losses, and put several hundred dollars in my pocket. He suspects nothing yet, I believe. I think he has not recognized me, and I have no doubt that his companion is an offender, like himself."
 The young wife heard her husband through, and then, with wifely fear, asked:
 "Is he a dangerous character, Carl?"
 "Well, yes," was the reply; "but he is one of those fellows who submit gracefully when they see great odds against them. Of course I shan't attempt the arrest alone. I'll go forward and see the boys in the express car. Do you watch Jack while I am gone, Courtney. If he

has recognized me, which is not likely, as I do not think he has seen me more than twice, he may attempt to play one of his tricks. Here," and Courtney felt a small revolver dropped into her hand.
 "Do not attempt to use this without you think that he is going to escape.— He's up to all kinds of tricks, and I consider him the shrewdest rascal out of prison."

Courtney's hand trembled a little when she hid the weapon in her pocket, and Carl rose and carelessly left the car.
 "We're booked for Jeffersonville if he catches us," said one of the twain in the seat behind the lamp.
 "We are without fail, Jack," replied his companion. "Do you really think he knows us?"
 "He's recognized me, sure, and he may have spotted you. But it's all the same thing. If he wants me he'll not let you go. Why, I knew him as soon as I set eyes on him, and I thought he would not know me, as I've let my beard grow. He sent that fellow in here to trim the lamps, so he could get a better view of our faces. I saw through the trick when the boy took the first lamp out of its socket. Oh, I tell you, Bryd, it's all day with us if we don't outwit the eagle-eyed chap."
 "Of course it is," said the second man, doggedly. "I didn't look for him on the road to-night. And he's going on his wedding trip, I suspect."
 "Just so; but that wouldn't stop him if he wanted to catch a man," said Jack Hawk. "And then he's been wanting me for the last two years.— Look here! this train doesn't stop till it runs to Terre Haute. If we're aboard then, we're sure to be gobbled. He'll post the men in the express and baggage cars, and they'll proceed to cut off every avenue of escape."
 "If they do, there'll be bloody work," grated Hawk's companion. "I'm not going to be taken. It would be a twenty years term for me."
 "And a life residence at Jeffersonville for Jack Hawk," said the worthy who boasted of that name.

"We must escape," said Bryd McDonaldson. "Ring the bell and when the train slacks we'll leave it.
 But Hawk shook his head.
 "I wouldn't do, Bryd," he said.— "Scott is forward with Bink, and at the first tap of the bell we'd have the posse upon us."
 "Then it's all up with us!" said the Scotchman, almost ready to despair.
 "No; wait here for me."
 As he spoke, Jack Hawk left the seat and walked forward.

Courtney Binkley saw him pass her and leave the car by the forward door.— She felt that he was up to some trick, but concluded to watch and see what it was.
 Soon she dismissed the thought of him leaping from the train, which, being as it was, the express, was running at a terrible speed, and believed that he would not desert his companion in crime.
 Jack Hawk stepped upon the platform of the forward car, and drew a rope from his pocket. One end of it he fastened to the knob of the door, the other after making the cord taut, he secured to the strong railing of the car.— Satisfied with his work, he next drew a knife and severed the bell rope, which he prevented from slipping into the cars.
 Then he stooped over the coupling, a smile of triumph on his face.
 "I can outwit the best detective on the globe," he said to himself above a whisper, and a moment later he rose, having successfully accomplished the work of separating the cars.
 Then he sprang to the brake, and presently the speed of the rear coach began to diminish while the greater part of the train, with newly-acquired velocity, darted on.
 He re-entered the coach, and sat down beside his partner.

"We're loose," he whispered. "The train is a mile ahead now. We're stopping now. Come! Now is the time.— Who says I can't beat Bink?"
 The men left their seats as Courtney, who had been looking out of the car, dropped back into her seat, and put her hand on Carl's revolver.

The trick which Jack Hawk had played was apparent to her, and the two men had almost reached the rear door of the car when she rose and cried:
 "Stop where you are, villains! I'll kill the first man who attempts to leave this car without my orders. You two rascals will oblige me by dropping into seats where you now stand, and remaining there until properly disposed of."
 Startled at the unexpected interruption of their plans, Jack Hawk and his companion exchanged pale looks and glanced down the aisle at the little woman clad in bridal robes who pointed the deadly revolver at their breasts.
 By this time the car had come to a halt, and the other passengers, comprehending the situation, were rising. Already other pistols were exhibited, and the villains saw that their game was balked.

"Let's be men," said Hawk to McDonaldson, and dropped into a seat.— "When the odds are agin me I always submit. That woman would shoot at the drop of the hat. Shoot is in her eye!"

A minute later the two worthies were seated, and two "drummers" guarded them. Of course all knew that the train would "back" when the absence of the several coaches was discovered, and in a short time it was announced as returning.

When the detective came into the car he kissed his brave little wife, and secured the two villains, who submitted like lambs. He acknowledged that Jack Hawk had outwitted him, but he said, smilingly, that the bravest member of the Binkley family had proved too much for the old offender.
 At Terre Haute the villains were handed over to the sheriff, and, as Jack had been concerned in several murders, he received a life sentence, while his companion went to Jeffersonville for a long term.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN WORKMEN.

IT WAS a matter to stir one's patriotic pride, but not less to move one's pity, to observe the commotion in business circles in Switzerland, as the reports of the Swiss Commissioners to the Philadelphia Exhibition were made public. Affairs were not in a cheerful state at the time. The "hard times" that had begun in America were already sorely felt in the centre of Europe. Production was slackened in all the factories, and the values of many favorite investments had shrunk to one-half. When the report of M. Favre-Perret on American watch-making was read to crowded meetings of watch-makers at Neuchatel and Geneva, the general expression was that of abject despair. Work was suspended for months on the costly building of the school of Watch-making founded by the Geneva government. A commission was appointed by the cantonal legislature to inquire what new industry could be introduced in place of that which must now be abandoned to American competitors.

Among those interested in the other leading manufacture of Switzerland—the silk factories of Bâle and Zurich—there was like searchings of heart. This same report of M. Favre-Perret warned his fellow-citizens that the silk business was as sure to be run away with by the Yankees as the watch business. The wonder in both cases is that facts which had long been accumulating, and which had never been hid in a corner, should have taken any body by surprise. The exportation of ribbons from Bâle to the United States has been dwindling regularly, and is now reduced to one-sixth of what it was only four years ago. It is obvious that the next step for the Americans, after supplying their own market, is to compete in other markets.

The productions of the Swiss dairies are prized in all the markets of Europe. Last January, M. Grenier, at the meeting of the Agricultural Society of the Canton de Vaud, informed his associates to what extent the dairy productions of the great establishments of the Northern States and Canada were overflowing the home market. "There are thousands of these establishments," he said, "with capital amounting to \$25,000,000 already producing to the amount of \$31,000,000 annually. The export of cheese was 38,000,000 pounds in 1863, and 98,000,000 pounds in 1874. The export of butter has grown to 52,000,000 pounds a year.— The competition is getting formidable, for the manufacture of cheese has been so perfected in America that, unless we look out, it will be utterly impossible for us to compete with it."

A very large dealer in leather, M. Bally, declares that the same is true of this article. "Europeans no longer control the leather market. Prices are now set by America. Every little tannery feels the influence of the importations from America; our own exportation to the New Country has dwindled almost to nothing."

At first thought it was supposed that the superior advantages of the American manufacturer arose from his use of machinery for operations that continue in the Old World to be wrought out by hand-work. If this were all, or nearly all, it would be an easy matter to import or to imitate the machinery—and, by combining capital in great establishments, to go on with their business with the double advantage of the low wages and abundant skilled labor of the Old World and the organization and appliances of the New.

One eminent American house, however, with ample capital, had made this hopeful but expensive experiment. The finest business edifice in Geneva was built, three or four years ago, by Americans, and stocked with the best American watch-making machinery. The

most skilled Geneva watch-makers were sought for at high wages—high, that is, for Switzerland, but low for America—and the world looked for a splendid success. But the beautiful building is now let out in lodgings, and the machines are advertised for sale. Evidently the secret of American success lay in something else.

I have followed the conjectures and proposals of Swiss newspapers on this point with great interest. They demand patent laws for the encouragement of invention, schools of technical instruction for artisans, relief from interruption of work by militia service, and other governmental palliatives; but they do not touch the main point of the superiority of the American manufacturer, and that is the personal superiority of the American workmen.

The secret is revealed in an extraordinary pamphlet by M. Bally, whom we have already quoted, and who is the proprietor of the great boot and shoe factory at Schönenwerth, in German Switzerland. The pamphlet is printed both in German and in French, and has made a profound impression abroad. It gives, I will not say the impressions, but the shrewd and careful observations, of a practical man on his visit to the United States during the Centennial year. The title is sensational—*Garde a Vous!* ("Look out for Yourselfs!"—but the matter of it is solid.

Our traveler's first wonder in America is to see how much is made of a man, in a business point of view. He gets into a stage on Broadway, "the most crowded thoroughfare in the world," and is struck by the contrivance of fare box and door strap, which enables one man to do the business of three on a Paris line. In a horse-car he admires the bell-punch, which saves the company the salary of a *controleur*, and does his work more effectually. On a railroad train he is amazed to find only one conductor, and nothing of the army of watchmen who on European roads stand guard at every curve and crossing. He recalls the starting of a Swiss train; each one of a series of conductors cries successively, "Fertig!" then the *chef de train* calls, "Fort!" then he whistles; then the bell rings; then the locomotive whistles; finally the train starts.— In America, the conductor surveys the whole train. When all is ready, he makes a sign to the engineer, and off she goes. It is the traveler's business to know the time of starting, and if he gets left once, he is likely to take better care another time.

All this by way of showing how every where in America, each man's labor is made to go as far as possible. You find the same distinction between the manufactories of the Old World and those of the New. "In Europe, as business increases, the proprietor enlarges his establishment; in dull times he contracts it. When competition compels, he improves his machinery, so far as he is driven to it. If wages are too high, he moves his concern into the country, or to some region where manufactures do not abound. The American pursues another course. He contrives to increase the amount of production. His question is how to get the utmost out of his hands and his machinery. He does not delay improving his tools until he is driven to it, if the improvement is going to save time and money. If wages are too high, he compensates himself by means of improved arrangements. It is not the mere machine that gives the American his advantage both in quantity and quality, it is the way he uses it."
 —LEONARD BACON, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

A Starch Story.

The London dandy who invented starch had a limited idea of the great industry he was founding. It is believed that nearly 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes are frequently consumed per year in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and New York in the production of potato starch. The amount is three-eighths as large as the potato crop of Maine, three-fourths as large as that of New Hampshire, three-fifths as large as that of Vermont, one-tenth as large as that of New York State, of about the same magnitude as that of Massachusetts, and much larger than the crops of Connecticut or Rhode Island.

There are about 225 factories engaged in the manufacture of potato starch, and probably all of them, with one or two exceptions, are located in the States of New York, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. The average price paid for potatoes by starch manufacturers during the past season has been 30 cents per bushel. The aggregate annual production of all the factories is usually from 6,000 to 11,000 tons. A bushel of potatoes generally make eight pounds of starch, 250 bushels, therefore, being required for a ton. As the average market quotation for potato starch is about 5 cents per pound, it follows that a bushel of potatoes brings only about 40 cents after being converted into starch, and the value of the total production of potato starch in the country is from \$800,000 to \$1,200,000 per annum.