

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

August 15th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS

For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 3.57 p. m., and 7.53 p. m.
 For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, a. m. and 2.10 and 3.57 p. m.

For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00, 3.57 and 7.53.
 For Pottsville, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.

For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 3.57 and 7.53 p. m.
 The 8.20, 8.10 a. m., and 7.53 p. m. trains have through cars for New York.

The 5.20, 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, 5.30 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., 1.50, 3.15 and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 6.35 p. m.

And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch: 8.15 a. m.
 Leave Allentown via S. & R. Br. at 12 noon.
 Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15 p. m.

SUNDAYS:
 Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

Leave Allentown, at 12.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.
 J. E. WOOLLEN, Gen. Manager.
 C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

*Does not run on Mondays.
 *Via Morris and Essex R. R.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

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

EAST.

Milfintown 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, 8.52 p. m., flag—daily.

WEST.

Way Passenger, 9.08 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 9.24 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Milfintown Acc. 6.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 p. m., (flag)—daily, except Sunday.

Pacific Express, 6.17 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. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.

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

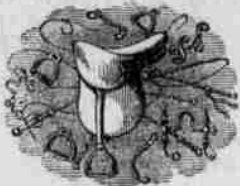
EASTWARD.

Milfintown 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 10.20 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.58 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Milfintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 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

HARNESS OF ALL KINDS,

Saddles, Brides, 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,

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.

JOS. M. HAWLEY,

Duncannon, July 29, 1876.—4f

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 set

tlement.

JOHN KALER,

Administrator.

June 12, 1877.

A STARTLING TALE.

THE night express of the G. R. & D. railroad rolled slowly out of the bare and smoking Dalton depot, as I entered the last car of the train, and seated myself near the three solitary occupants of the car—two ladies and a little man, with an imitation seal-skin cap and a wheezy cough, who was curled up on a seat reading a paper.

I had fallen into an uneasy dose, when the brakeman thrust his head into the car and called out, "Rome," and a moment later a tall, slim, light haired party with big bottomed pants glided into the car and seated himself in the seat next to the little man, who folded up his paper, and, after quietly staring at the new-comer for some time, remarked, as we moved away from the station: "That was a bad accident down on the branch, this morning."

"Yes," replied the slim individual, glancing at the ladies. "Yes, bad accident, bad accident; and they say that this road isn't in the best of order."

"No?" inquiringly returned the other, watching the ladies squirm about in their seats. "This is a bad night for an accident, too."

One of the ladies felt for her smelling bottle, and the party in light hair remarked: "They don't have any first-class accidents now-a-days; don't kill off more than one or two or three at a time. Now some of the railway smashes I've seen would put a slaughter house to shame. 'No sir,' he went on, 'they don't do things here as they are done in the West. I'm from the West myself. I remember a little affair that happened on the W. & O. road, in the spring of '55. I was called to a town on that road on some business for our firm."

The two ladies bent forward, and he continued: "The old express was half an hour behind time, and the way she jumped over the rails would have hindered the cheek of a 'commercial traveler.'" The little man drew nearer, and fastened his restless eyes upon the talkative stranger, who continued: "Well, as I said, we were all an hour late, and about a mile from where I was to stop off was a high bridge over a rough stream, called the Devil's Race."

The elder lady sniffed at her harts-horn. "The bridge was reached by a sharp turn in the road, and was usually approached at a slow rate of speed, but, being late, we were running about twenty miles an hour; the train approached the bridge; the rush of waters, heard above the roar and rumble of the train; the hoarse shriek of the locomotive, the intense darkness of the night; all conspired to make the scene a memorable one. I opened my window, and looked out. The increased loudness of the noise appalled me; suddenly an intensely bright light appeared at the other end of the bridge. 'Great Heavens! I exclaimed. 'The down express is crossing the bridge!' It was too late to stop the trains."

The stranger rose to his feet, the recollection was painful, the ladies leaned forward in eager excitement. Looking very hard at the group of listeners, he waved his hand majestically and resumed: "Yes, my friends, it was too late to stop the trains. Noting my exclamation of horror, the passengers in my vicinity pushed up their windows and gazed out; in less time than I can tell you, the terrible fact was known, our awful danger was appreciated, and all in the car rose to their feet in terror."

The little man gave another wheezy cough, I shifted myself uneasily in my seat, and in husky tones inquired: "But the crash—the crash?"

"Yes," echoed the younger lady.

"The crash?"

"Crash? crash?" he returned, "there was no crash, my friends, the bridge was laid with a double track!"

Sorrowfully and wearily he wandered toward the door, the brakeman called out "Patona," and as we traced the retreating form of the stranger as he rolled up the hill to the hotel, we sank back in our seats and realized that we had been sold.

In one of the terrible battles in Virginia a Union officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks, and while he was lying on the ground crying piteously for water, James Moore of Burke county, N. C., a Confederate soldier, leaped over the fortifications, canteen in hand, and crawling up to the poor fellow gave him a drink. The wounded man took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. He then asked for the Confederate soldier's name and the two men parted. Moore subsequently lost a limb in one of the Virginia battles, and returned home a cripple. The Raleigh News now tells the sequel to this strange adventure. A few days ago Moore received from the Union soldier to whom he had given the cup of water a letter announcing that the sum of ten thousand dollars would be paid to him in four annual installments.

A new industry for women has been discovered in Conn.—a tramp caught robbing a Stratford henroost, was a woman in disguise.

LOVE IN A SLEEPING CAR.

AN annoying incident happened to a bridal couple on the Chicago and Alton train a day or two ago. The St. Louis Globe Democrat tells the story as follows: A young gentleman living in Wisconsin had successfully wooed a young lady of Northern Indiana. They met at Chicago, where the knot was tied and started immediately for St. Louis, where both have friends. On the Pullman the young people were extremely affectionate to each other—bidding and cooing before folks, and apparently unconscious of the titters and significant smiles of their fellow-passengers. Shortly after nightfall the bridegroom hunted up the conductor and engaged a lower berth for the night. To his intense mortification the bride refused to occupy it, but insisted in sitting up until the train should arrive in St. Louis, where she would have the advice and assistance of friends. The bridegroom coaxed and pleaded, and used all those passionate endearments that come natural to lovers and young husbands, but the modesty of the bride would not permit her to yield. The young man thought his bride was unreasonable, accused her of coldness, told her she didn't love him, and all that sort of nonsense, and as he appeared angry, the bride burst into tears and wept bitterly.

Some of the observant passengers thought it was time to interfere, and one of them took the conductor aside and told him there was a naughty young man in the sleeper who was trying to ruin an innocent and confiding girl. The conductor's indignation was aroused. He could not allow such a proceeding in his car, no matter how respectable the chap might be. He sent a telegram to Decatur, requesting a policeman to come aboard on the arrival of the train and arrest a villain who would be pointed out. In the meantime he would keep his eye on the vile seducer and see that the lady was protected. The bridegroom, ignorant of the preparations set on foot for his arrest, continued his importunities, and the sobbing bride still resisted, when the chivalric conductor, unable longer to contain his indignation, placed his hand on the young man's shoulder and told him if he didn't let that lady alone he would throw him out of the window.

"Why, you booby, that lady is my wife; we were married this morning in Chicago."

"That's too thin, young man; those Chicago marriages are getting to be too common on this road."

"But here is the marriage certificate, you goose. How is that for high? And if that won't do, ask the lady herself."

The conductor examined the marriage certificate, but was not satisfied, as it might be a forgery. The lady was appealed to, but was too hysterical to reply. The conductor concluded to bring the couple to St. Louis and hand them over to the police, to deal with them as might be thought proper. On reaching the Union Depot the young couple were met by friends who were known to the conductor, and finding that things were "O. K.," he did not trouble the police with the case. When the facts were made known to the friends of the parties, there was a hearty laugh at their expense, and it will be many a day before they will hear the last of it.

Only One Load.

IT IS pretty well known that during William H. Vanderbilt's youth, his father, the Commodore, had very little confidence in his sagacity or business ability. Against the advice of some of his friends, he persistently declined the young man's co-operation because he thought him "stupid." A story is current on Staten Island which goes to show how the Commodore's eyes came to be opened to the mistake into which he had allowed himself to fall concerning his oldest boy. William owned a farm near his father's and finding that it required fertilization, he applied to him for some manure.

"How much do you want?" inquired the Commodore.

"Oh, about a load," said the son.

"Certainly, I can spare that," was the reply.

When the Commodore visited his place the next week, he found that his yards and stables were swept clean of the great heaps of compost which he had allowed to accumulate.

"Why, how is this?" he said to his farmer.

"Your son came and got it," was the answer. "He said you gave him permission."

The Commodore went fuming to William, and said in a bustling way, "see here, young man, what have you been about; how dared you to cart off all my manure?"

"You said I could have it," was the rejoinder. "You told me to take a load."

"A load! why, you have got every bit there is."

"I only took a load, father—a sloop load."

The old man's eyes were opened, and

he concluded to give the son a "slice" of stock to operate with, and soon after made him Vice President of the Central road.

THE OLD SUBSCRIBER.

HE CAME wearily up the sanctum steps yesterday afternoon, and turning the waste basket upside down sat down upon it with a sigh that might have been cut up into tornadoes and whirlwinds enough to go around half a dozen agricultural counties. He had a weary look about him as though he had been trying to die and couldn't find a doctor. His coat was ragged and patched here and there with prosperous and clanish communities of cockle burs. His boots, water proof variety, so arranged that if you stuck them in the river the water would run out faster than it would run in. We asked him how he fared, and he glanced savagely at a Kansas paper among our exchanges before he answered sadly:

"Well, pretty miserable, thank ye. Ye see, times comes in pretty hard, and it was pretty hard sleddin' to get along. I either jest had to sell the six dogs, or cut down the expenses in some other way and so I stopped the paper. I missed it powerful bad the first few weeks, then I kind o' got used to it. Borrowed it once an' a while here and there, but folks didn't somehow appear to lend their Times and so I finally lost sight of it altogether. Then trouble begun, right off. The first thing I knew I was arrested and fined \$20 for violating the game law. See, the thing has been changed a little, and I didn't know nothing about it, but the judge said as how ignorance wasn't no excuse in these days when the State was so full of papers that you couldn't fire a stone out of the winder without hitting an editor. Then in a week I was arrested and fined \$20 for violating the fishery law, and when I begged off an' said I didn't know nothin' about it the judge asked me where I was raised an' remitted \$2 of the fine for me to take a paper with. But I kinder thought I couldn't get in any more scrapes, and I sort o' hung on to the two dollars. In about three days after I was took up again and fined \$4 and costs for hunting on Sunday; and I hope I may die if I knowed it was Sunday. An' I had to sell the gun to get out of the jug. Then a fellow came along and bought every grain of corn I had in the crib for six cents less than I found next day it was worth in the market; then I lost two of the best cows you ever saw, and they was took up and advertised, and all the time I was hunting the whole country over for 'em, an' when I found 'em at last the cost was more than the cows was worth. The taxes came due, and I didn't know it, an' the farm was sold an' I had a big lot of costs to pay afore I knowed a thing about it. Then I lost \$10 on a bet that Pendleton had a dead sure thing on the Democratic nomination, an' nuther five dollars on a bet that Belknap was Secretary of War, an' I don't know anything about Babcock, nor Blaine, nor anybody and every week since I've stopped the paper I've paid out more money to keep out of trouble than would keep me in newspapers all my days. Put my name on the list."

A Wonder in Burglary.

Mr. Augustus Floyd, says the N. Y. Sun, of the 21st ult., spent yesterday morning in a fruitless attempt to find some clue to the burglars who broke into his house in Englewood on Saturday night, and after binding and gagging the servants, took away about \$4,000 worth of silver plate. When Mr. Floyd went to his office at 130 Water street, about noon, he was told that a gentleman was in his back office waiting to see him.

"I have come, Mr. Floyd," said the stranger, after he had satisfied himself that the doors were closed and that no one could hear the conversation, "to talk with you about the burglary in your house, and to give you some information about it."

The man's manner was that of great excitement, and Mr. Floyd at first was unable to make out the purpose of the visit and proposition, but he told him that he was ready for any information.

"I can take you to the place where your property is, and there it shall all be restored to you."

Mr. Floyd was still more amazed, and asked the man what proof he had that he was not using this proposition to entice him for purposes of his own to some place where he would be unable to protect himself.

"You have only my word that I will do precisely as I say. I will do this. If you do not wish to go with me to the place where your property is, I will send it to you. All that I ask is that you will give no description of me to any one, that you will not say anything about this interview that will lead to my identification."

At this point the man seemed almost overcome by emotion, which Mr. Floyd says had every appearance of being genuine. At last he said: "A friend of mine was drawn into this thing, for the

first time. It is for his sake that I am doing this. When I learned of it I told them that I should give them away unless the property was all returned, and they agreed to it."

"What reward do you expect for returning this property?" Mr. Floyd asked.

"I want no reward. All I ask is that you simply pay me back a few small expenses that I have incurred."

Mr. Floyd was satisfied that the man intended to restore the property, whatever his motive for doing it might be, and he at last said to him that he would go with him to the place where the property was. They sauntered slowly up Broadway, the strange man not appearing to be at all nervous. On the way, he told Mr. Floyd how the burglary was committed. He said that the burglars rowed across the North river, and, after breaking into the house and binding the servants, they took the plate and drove away with Mr. Floyd's horse and phaeton. He maintained that he was not one of the burglars, and did not know of the theft until Sunday night. Then he took steps to have the property restored, and finally got it into his possession on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Floyd found his property in the place where the man said it had been stored. The plate was spread out in a room. Every article that had been taken, with a few trifling things which Mr. Floyd thinks may have been lost, was there. The two men were in that place nearly two hours, and the stranger chatted coolly with Mr. Floyd upon various subjects. He had a special contempt for the New York police, and pointed out a detective passing the door who he thought was looking for the property.

Mr. Floyd then arranged to have the plate removed, and as he parted with the man, said something about a reward, but he again refused to take a cent. He made an appointment for another interview with Mr. Floyd at his office.

In the Streets at Night.

"HIS father don't allow him to be in the streets at night," said Will Carson in a mocking tone; "better tie the baby to the bedpost with his mother's apron-strings."

John Mellen's face flushed at these taunts. No boy likes to be ridiculed, especially when a crowd of his playfellows are standing by.

"Be a man and come along with us," said Harry Jones. "You are old enough now to think and act for yourself."

"Come, John, come with us," said another. "We shall have a grand time. It won't hurt you just for once to have a little fun."

"No," said John, "I shall mind my father. The Bible says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and I shall do it."

"Come on, boys," said Will darting off; "don't stand listening to his preaching."

John went home, and in preparing his lessons for the next day and joining in the home pleasures he had forgotten all about the boys. The next morning on his way to school, he heard that the boys had been arrested and sent to jail for being drunk and disorderly. Think how anxious their parents must have been all through the night, and then to be told that they were in jail! how it must have surprised and pained them.

Don't be wandering in the streets at night, boys. It is a bad habit, and nothing but harm can come of it. Hundreds of boys are ruined through being in the streets at night.

John Mellen made a happy and prosperous man. And so will every boy who fears God, stands up for the right, and honors his father and mother.

How the Apostles Died.

1. Peter was crucified in Rome, and at his own request, with head downward.

2. Andrew was crucified by being bound to a cross by cords, on which he hung two days, exhorting the people till he expired.

3. St. James the Great was beheaded by order of Herod, at Jerusalem.

4. James the Less was thrown from a high pinnacle, then stoned, and finally killed with a fuller's club.

5. St. Philip was bound and hanged against a pillar.

6. St. Bartholomew was flayed to death by a command of a barbarous king.

7. St. Matthew was killed with a halberd.

8. St. Thomas, while at prayer, was shot with a shower of arrows, and afterward run through the body with a lance.

9. St. Simon was crucified.

10. Thaddeus, or Judas, was cruelly put to death.

11. St. Matthias—The manner of his death is somewhat doubtful; one says stoned, then beheaded, another says he was crucified.

12. Judas Iscariot fell, and his bowels gushed out.

13. John died a natural death.

14. St. Paul was beheaded by order of Nero.