

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. 8.57 p.m. and 7.55 p.m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a.m. and 8.57 p.m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a.m. and 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a.m., 1.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p.m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a.m., 3.40, and 7.20 p.m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Millintown Acc. 7.32 a.m., daily except Sunday.

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

KINGSFORD'S Oswego Starch is the BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL in the World. It is perfectly PURE—free from acids and other foreign substances that injure linen.

PATENTS. Fee Reduced. Entire Cost \$55. Patent Office Fee \$35 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.

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.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific on Foot.

By a Discharged Apprentice.

THIS is the way it came about. A few years ago I became seized with the notion, that I believe is quite common among green country boys of my age, that some day or another, I would see and learn something of this world and of the people who inhabit it.

After paying my passage in the steerage, across the Atlantic, I found myself in Glasgow with about three hundred dollars in my pocket. A very small sum, one would suppose, for an European tour, but it would have been quite sufficient to have enabled me, in the independent and economical way of traveling I had adopted, to have walked at my leisure, through every country in Europe.

I kept an account of my expenses in England for two weeks, during which time I walked upwards of one hundred and fifty miles, and they did not exceed fourteen cents per day. Of course I paid nothing for lodging. In the cold of rainy season, when it would not be expedient to sleep in the open air or under hay-stacks, about six or eight cents should be added for the expenses of a bed.

As I stated, I arrived in Glasgow with three hundred dollars in my pocket, but I did not long have the care of so much surplus money about me, before I was relieved of it entirely by a dexterous thief and had to resort to an occasional day's work in the harvest field and the rigid economy alluded to, to keep from becoming a British pauper outright.

I came home in the steerage of an emigrant ship along with seven hundred emigrant passengers, who, after years, perhaps of painful toil in the factory or field, and denying themselves every luxury and many of the most simple conveniences of life, in order to save up the few pounds necessary to take them over the Atlantic, had bade a long farewell to their native land and the home of their childhood, with tearful eyes and prayerful hearts had ventured forth—they scarcely knew where—to that country of the free, where they had been told that the poor man could be "a man for a' that."

It has become quite common for Americans to sneer at and ridicule the homely and sturdy emigrants who land on our shores. Just let it once be known that a man or a woman from whatever country, or of however noble a nature, has arrived in America by way of Castle Garden, and he or she is no longer thought fit to associate with the genteel and refined. But oh, what a

lesson of courage, of fortitude, of self-denial, of true christian patience might our fashionable, stekly and useless young ladies learn from these robust emigrant girls, and some of our white-livered, girlish young men might get a few lessons in true, sturdy manliness from these brawny and broad-shouldered emigrant boys.

After spending a few days in New York to complete the necessary arrangements, I again strapped over my shoulder the little traveling bag that had been so faithful a companion during my ramble in the Old World, and reached the ferry in time to take the 4 o'clock boat for Jersey City, on the morning of August 27. The night had been rainy and the pilot went feeling his way through the thick fog that hung over the bay, liable at any moment to have his frail craft dashed into splinters by the staunch vessels coming up from the sea, and which have the right of way.—I could but think how typical this all was of the journey I was about undertaking. How many dangers I must pass ere I should reach the other shore to the Pacific, or whether I should ever live to reach it at all or not.

If any one be curious to know why I adopted this mode of traveling, my answer is, because it is the only way one can study a country and its people. A horse or two, with a comfortable carriage, would no doubt, be a convenience, but as the crusty old New England farmer used to tell me, when I asked for a horse to ride into town, that "them's hain't got horses must go afoot." I have no horses; and as I can see no crime in a young man walking quietly through one or more countries, because he prefers that mode of studying, to being housed up inside the cold stone walls of a college, or because he cannot afford to ride, I do not see why the managers of the public press should make such a powwow about it.

In my next, I will try to give you something of what I have seen, heard and done, since the pilot put me safely on Jersey soil.

POTTS GETS ASTONISHED.

ONE NIGHT during the recent troubles in the Pennsylvania coal regions, Judge Potts' brother, Thomas Potts, was round at a meeting of mine owners, and after the adjournment he stepped into a tavern. While there he met some friends, and in the course of an hour or two he got very intoxicated. On his way home he lost his hat, and a miner, who knew him, feeling compassion for him, clapped on his head a miner's hat; and in order to make the dark street look brighter, he lighted the lamp in front of the hat. When Potts reached the house his wife had gone to bed and the lights were out; but Potts felt certain the lamp was burning in the hall, but he couldn't for the life of him tell where it was.

He looked at the regular lamp, and it seemed to be out; then hunted in every direction for the light, but he was unable to find it, although it seemed to shine brightly wherever he went.—Presently he happened to stop in front of the mirror in the hat-rack, and then he saw precisely where the light was.

After a brief oburgation upon Mrs. Potts for leaving a light burning in such a place, he went up to the mirror and tried to blow it out. He blew and blew, but somehow the flame burned as steadily as before. "That," said Potts, "is the most extraordinary lamp's ever been my misfortune t' encounter." Then he took off his coat, and holding it in front of him, crept cautiously up to the mirror and tried to crush the coat over the lamp, which still burned brightly. He said: "That's cer'nly very extra'nary!—Moz' 'stonishin' circumstances come un'r my observation. Don'no how t' 'count for it!" It occurred to him that perhaps he might smash the lamp with an umbrella. Seizing the weapon he went up

to the hat-rack, and aiming a terrible blow at the light he brought the umbrella down. He missed and smashed his Sunday hat into chaos. He took aim again and caught the umbrella in the lamp overhead, bringing it down with a crash. Then he tried a third time and plunged the ferrule of the umbrella through the mirror, smashing it to atoms; he felt exultant for a moment as the light disappeared from his vision, but he was perplexed to find there was another light somewhere. So he sat down on the stairs and remarked: "Moz' 'stonishin' circumstances ever come un'r my observation. What n' thunder does it mean anyhow? Light's gone, an' yet it's shinin'! Perfectly incomprehensible! Wish t' gracious Mrs. Pott'd wake up an' 'splain it. Durn 'f I know what I had better do."

Then Potts took off his hat to scratch his head, in the hope that he might scare up an idea, and the truth flashed upon him. Gazing at the lamp for a moment, until he drank in a full conception of the trouble it had caused him, he suddenly smashed it down on the floor in a rage, and extinguished it after covering two yards of carpet with grease. Then he went to bed, and in the morning Mrs. Potts informed him that some of those horrible miners had broken into the house the night before and left one of their hats with a lamp.—Potts turned over in bed so that she could not see his face, and said if the stern hand of the law wasn't laid upon those ruffians soon, nobody's life would be safe.

Breach of Promise.

On the Norfolk Circuit, Lee was once retained for the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise of marriage; when the brief was brought him, he inquired whether the lady for redress, whose injury he was to seek, was good-looking. "Very handsome, indeed, sir!" was the assurance of Helen's attorney.

"Then, sir," replied Lee, "I beg you will request her to be in court, and in a place where she can be seen." The attorney promised compliance; and the lady, in accordance with Lee's wishes, took her seat in a conspicuous place. Lee, in addressing the jury, did not fail to insist with great warmth on the "abominable cruelty" which had been exercised towards "the lovely and confiding female" before them, and did not sit down until he had succeeded in working up their feelings to the desired point.

The counsel on the other side, however, speedily broke the spell with which Lee had enchanted the jury, by observing that his learned friend in describing the graces and beauty of the plaintiff had not mentioned one fact, namely, that the lady had a wooden leg. The court was convulsed with laughter, while Lee, who was ignorant of this circumstance, looked aghast; and the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant.

A Railroad Man's Yarns.

I TIPPED over a train at Winona, said a railroad man, telling the story, on that twenty-foot trestle, on the curve coming to the bridge. We were only running at a speed of six miles an hour, had just started out, and were coming to a full stop before striking the bridge, when I saw my baggage coach lurch. The track just slid out from under us. I picked up a big stick of wood and mashed down the latch of the big wood stove, so the door wouldn't open—we had to break it open afterward. Just as I picked up the stick, my brakeman threw up his hands. "My God!" said he, "we're gone!"

"Run to your stove," said I. He did not understand me, and instead of clinching the latch he ran in the forward car, and lay down flat in the aisle. I ran through the rear car, and told the passengers to drop on their knees and hang to the seats, and the mothers to lay their babies on the seats and put their arms tight over them and hold on to the back of the seats, and we rolled over just as slow. We seemed a long time going down. Only one person was killed, and fifteen or twenty slightly injured. The brakeman was on his feet as he went down, and wasn't scratched. If we had been running fast we would all have been killed. In case of accident, passengers should hang tight to something. If possible get on the floor of the car.

I saw one thing happen that I have laughed over a hundred times. We were coming down on a high grade, and by the side of the road, fifty or sixty feet lower than the track, there was a shanty, where seven or eight Irishmen were eating dinner. The windows and doors were all wide open. We were going at pretty good speed, when the cow catcher struck a hog, and knocked it right down the bank, in at door, and on to the table. I never saw fellows jump so in my life; they got out of that house sudden, scared to death. The hog

wasn't hurt at all. You can hit a hog harder without killing it than any other animal. The expression, though, on those faces, as the pig lit on the table, and the Irishmen lit out doors, was enough to kill. I laughed for weeks every time I passed the place.

In the Colorado Desert.

This is a story to illustrate the possibilities of the Colorado Desert: "Some three years ago a wandering home hunter, having sold out his rude homestead in Los Angeles county, rigged up a team with a good supply of yearling nursery trees, seeds, &c., intending to go to Arizona, with his wife and two children. His way was through this desert. Resting one day to recruit his horses where a few bushes offered browsing, his children amused themselves digging a hole. The mother noticed that the foamy sand was moist. In a few minutes she drove a crowbar down four feet below the hole and struck water. A wisp of straw inserted brought up by capillary attraction enough to prove the water good and to quench thirst. Next day they dug a well, and at six feet found water plenty on the third day.—"If this miserable soil would grow anything we might squat here," said they. While debating a green spot appeared.—It was the horses' oats and hay seed which, with spilled water, had grown to a lively green on the fourth day. 'Where oats and grass grow everything will grow; let us pitch our tent right here.' And they did so. Very rude culture, with water, gave them in sixty days vegetables enough to support them for a year. From this rude beginning see now, August, 1877, how quickly industry, with trifling coin, can realize a luxuriant home in a climate which knows no winter, and where vegetable growth is as active in December as in April. Already he has grapes, apples, peaches and bananas. Alfalfa clover he cuts every month. Stacks of hay, cows, sheep, pigs and fowls make it look like a rich farm long established.

An Old Homestead's Old Furniture.

An auction took place at the old Brown homestead in the town of Lincoln, Mass., Tuesday, when a variety of old furniture and other household goods were disposed of. The house of three rooms, built by Benjamin Brown in 1680, is almost as he left it, save that its rotting sills and moss-grown roof-form a portion of a quaint, rambling, odd-looking mansion of 33 rooms and closets, which five generations of descendants have grafted on to it. Among the articles sold was a little table brought over by Capt. Abram Brown in 1630. It sold for \$5, and Mr. W. E. Baker, of Wellesley, who came late, vainly offered the purchaser \$15 for it. From another table of good English oak, brought over in the same ship, two rickety ottoman frames had been made, and these Mr. Baker got for \$7. For two cushioned chairs with straight high backs and a generally uncomfortable look, he paid \$12; and for two others equally ancient, homely, and useless he gave \$9. Mr. Baker was a liberal buyer, his bill for oddities and antiquities amounting to between \$200 and \$300. Most of the nondescript stuff and a variety of the modern fixings went at small prices to general buyers. Many of the really valuable keepsakes were taken by representatives of the Browns, and a set of brass andirons, with accompanying shovel, tongs, &c., were taken for Judge Hoar at \$10. A massive eight-day clock brought \$90, and another of similar appearance, offered much later, was sold at \$175.

Good Eyes.

Half a dozen men staying at the West End Hotel, Long Branch, had left their beds soon after dawn, and were sporting in the surf in the state of nature, never suspecting that they would be seen by any woman. It seems, however, that a young couple, who were in love with one another—when young folks get up very early it is a sure sign that they are smitten—had risen about 4 o'clock, with the intent of taking a long stroll before breakfast, fancying they could not see enough of one another in any ordinary day. They were walking slowly and sentimentally along the bluff, not far from the hotel, when he perceived the men bathing. Passion could not extinguish his sense of humor, and so he said to his fair companion, with a show of indignation, directing his gaze towards the masculine plungers: "It is a shame that women should expose themselves so in public." Of course his companion, resenting the imputation upon her sex, replied, with earnestness and intensity: "They are not women!" "Oh, aren't they, indeed?" inquired the wag, adding, "Well, I suppose your eyes are better than mine." The maiden's rising blush immediately indicated consciousness that she had fallen into the trap so adroitly prepared for her.