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. 3.57p. m., and *7.55 p. m.

For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a.m. and and 3.57 p. m.

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

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 Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 5.10 a. m.

For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.

The 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 3.57 and *7.55 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, 5.50 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. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m.

Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 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 †2.30 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 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 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.

J. E. WOOTEN, 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.

Mifflintown 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, 9.54P. 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, 11.57P. 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. 12.53P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 P. M.................. " " "
Atlantic Express 10.20 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 6.16 P. M.
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33P. M.

WM. C. KING Agent.

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,
June 12, 1877.* Administrator.

Anecdotes of Prince Joseph.

IT WAS one of the fancies of Joseph the II, Emperor of Austria, to travel about his dominions, as well as in foreign countries, in the garb of a private citizen, unattended by any suite. By so doing, he arrived at many facts regarding the condition of his subjects which might never have fallen under his observation. His love for adventure was also gratified, and he enjoyed greatly the luxury for doing good by surprise—an eccentricity of his out of which many anedotes have arisen.

While traveling through a remote district, in the year 1781, he heard some sounds of festivity proceeding from a road-side inn, entering which, he inquired of the landlord what the occasion of the revels might be.

"There is a wedding party in the house, sir," replied the host.

"May I take the liberty of joining them?" asked the emperor, whose personal appearance was unknown to the inhabitants of the place—for the modern carte de visite had not yet been dreamed of, and engravings but seldom found their way to the remoter villages.

The landlord obtained the necessary permission, and accordingly the distinguished stranger was introduced to the bridal party. Being a man of great social gifts, he soon made himself very popular with them, drank the health of the happy couple in a bumper of wine, and made what the reporters call a "neat and appropriate speech" on the occasion. After some time he took leave of his new acquaintances, whose astonishment may be guessed at when they found, under a bottle on the table, a check for 600 florins, payable at sight, signed by the Emperor, Joseph II, and endorsed, "A dowry for the bride."

Traveling in a plain carriage on one occasion, upon the good old-fashioned principle known as "posting," that is, hiring fresh horses at certain stages by the way, the emperor arrived at a station where no horses were to be had. The inn-keeper excused himself by saying that his wife had lately presented him with a son, and that all of the horses were employed in fetching friends and relatives of the family from all quarters to assist at the christening, which was to take place that afternoon. The royal visitor at once tendered his services to hold the infant at the sacred font—an offer which was gladly accepted by the host—who was quite flattered at the idea of a fine gentleman acting in that capacity for him, instead of a burly bumkin—a relative of the family—who had been already engaged to do so. When the proper time had arrived, the priest asked the sponsor to state his name.

"Joseph," replied the Emperor.

"And your family appellation?"

"Well," said the Emperor, "you may write me down Joseph Second.

"But it will be necessary to add your station in life, and occupation."

"Ah, yes, my trade, you mean?—say I am an Emperor, then."

There was instantly a sensation among the astonished guests, and the poor innkeeper nearly went into a fit through fright; but the Emperor quickly reassured him, and left some substantial tokens of good will for his little godson before taking his leave.

Once he was expected to pass through a small town in France, and the good people were on tiptoe to see the Emperor. It so happened that he arrived there alone, and before any of his suite. The landlady of the little hostelry where he put up, being a gossiping sort of old body, put all sorts of questions to him to find out whether he belonged to the Emperor's suite, and the way in which he parried convinced her that he did.

At last, she brought him some hot water for shaving; unable to control her curiosity any longer, she asked the stranger boldly what kind of situation he held about the Emperor.

"I sometimes shave him," he replied, lathering his chin with great composure.

When at Paris he once hired a carriage to take him to the Luxembourg gardens. As he was on his way, the driver expressed much satisfaction at being engaged to go there, saying that the Emperor Joseph was expected to be at the gardens that very day and that he should like, above all things, to see him, hoping that they might arrive in time. The stranger assured him that there was no fear of the Emperor arriving there before they did, and on being set down at the gate, handed him a piece of money wrapped in a paper. On opening the wrapper, the driver found that he had received a double louis d'or and running after the stranger, showed it to him, saying that he must have made a mistake. Pleased with this proof of honesty in a man whose calling is not usually named in connection with that of virtue, the Emperor desired him to keep the gold coin, and the man, struck with surprise—for many of the passers-by now recognized and saluted the stranger—went back to his carriage exclaiming:

"It's the Emperor himself—I have seen the Emperor!"

Wandering in the neighborhoor of Rome once, the Emperor stopped to refresh himself at an inn, and asked the landlord whether there was any traveler staying there at that time who would give him the pleasure of his company. There was a reverend bishop there, the landlord said, but he was fatigued with his journey, and had retired to rest. The secretary of the bishop was, however, awake. Would his company be acceptable to the stranger? Certainly it would; and so the secretary was introduced—a clever, witty fellow, who partook of a bottle of wine with the lonely stranger, and entertained him greatly with his talk. The Emperor, still preserving his Incognito, sounded the good priest with regard to the object of the bishop's visit to the holy see.

"He went there," said the secretary, "to apply for a vacant benefice, although a very aged man, and already in possession of numerous church preferments."

This gift he hoped to obtain through the good offices of the Austrian ambassador, to whom he had letters of recommendation. The Emperor was so much pleased with the manners and conversation of the secretary that he gave him a letter of introduction to the same ambassador, who, he said, might be able to serve him one way or another.

Shortly after his arrival at Rome, the secretary bethought him of the letter, and presented it, without imagining, however, that it would be of immediate service to him. Great was his surprise, then, when informed by the ambassador that the letter was an autograph one of Joseph II, desiring him to obtain for the secretary the benefice sought for by the avaricious bishop.

A rebuff, at which the emperor was much amused, was once experienced by him in Holland. Having heard much of the extreme cleanliness of the villages in that country, he wished to see the interior of one of their houses, at the doors of several of which he knocked, without seeming to arouse any of the inmates. At last a window was opened to him and he requested permission of the master of the house to enter and inspect it.

"I hear the Emperor Joseph is expected in town to-day," said the Dutchman, "but were you the Emperor himself, I could not let you inside this house without first obtaining leave of my wife."

"I am the Emperor, then," said the stranger, displaying the diamond star on the breast of his inner coat.

Thereupon the Dutchman went in great haste to his wife, and begged of her to admit the royal stranger to a view of the premises, but she only said:

"Being an Emperor as he is, we could not expect him to take off his shoes at the door, and into this house he doesn't come one step with them on, Emperor or not," and the door was shut in his face."

Hard Stories.

PETER LAMB was telling the crowd at the grocery store about the learned pig which he had seen playing euchre down in the city. When he had finished his story, the professor said:

"That's nothing. I've seen animals do queerer things than that. I know a man out in Ohio who had a cow that understood grammer. She could point you out an adverb with one of her horns, and pick out a pronoun or a verb and parse a sentence as well as anybody. Didn't make any difference what language it was in—either Greek or Hebrew or Sanscrit, or any of those tongues. That cow'd hop round and parse in a manner that'd take your breath away."

"Bill Slocum, out in Indianapolis, he had a rooster that'd beat that, though. It had a gift for music, and Bill he gave it lessons until it got so that it used to go down to the Baptist church on Sunday sing tenor in the choir. Not the words, you know, but kinder hummed the tune so's it sounded first-rate. And Bill said it used to take an interest in the sermon, and whenever the minister'd let out any facts that were stricking, Bill's rooster'd jump on the edge of the gallery and flop his wings and crow, as if he was to say, 'By George, them's my sentiments.' And he was useful, too, for when the boys in the back pews behaved bad, it'd fly down and bang 'em over the head a few times with its wings until they'd shut up. They had to shut him out at last, though. He contracted a habit of singing long metre tunes to short metre hymns, and the people didn't like it."

"But old Captain Binns, down at Squanbeach, had the most singular animal I ever came across. He had a pet clam that'd set up on edge and roll over the floor towards him whenever he whistled to it. And that clam—now I know you'll think I'm blowing, but I'll tell you the solemn truth—that clam, when it was bedtime, 'd roll up stairs, climb on the bed, grab the covers with its shells, turn 'em down, turn up the gas, and then roll down stairs, bolt the front door, and go sliding off to the cellar to sleep in the scouring sand. I saw that clam once fight a dog for two hours and a half, and although the dog swallered it three times, it always crawled out and tackled him as plucky as ever."

"Yes, that was a little the strangest case I ever knew. But Dr. Potter, of Smyrna, he had a poll-parrot that used to play Hamlet all the way through as good as Forrest ever played it; and he owned a cat that could dab its tail in the ink pot and snake out about half of 'Paradise Lost' on a board; wrote a beautiful hand; you could read it as clear as print. The Doctor had a turn of training animals. I know he owned a lobster that used to stand on its tail and clap its claws, as much as to say 'ongcore! ongcore!' when the poll-parrot did the ghost scene, and that used to hobble after the cat, punctuating the sentences with the blacking brush. But, funniest of all, he had a cotswold ram that used to stand with its forelegs on a drum and beat the long roll while he played an accordeon with his teeth. I've seen that ram—"

"Oh, dry up!" exclaimed Miles, the store-keeper.

"What d'you say?"

"I say dry up! You know mighty well you're manufacturing all these yarns!"

"Well, s'pos'n' I am, what's a man's imagination given to him for but to use? You have no sense. Blame me if I'll drink anything at your expense if you talk that way to me. But, if you don't mind, I'll help myself to a cracker."

The professor reached for one, got it, bit into it, and sauntered out in search of a man for whom he had sufficient respect to accept a gratuitious drink from him.

A Satisfied Peasant.

IN ONE of the small provincial towns of Southern Russia a savings bank has recently been established, the second clerk of which while lounging at his desk on a "flat day" in summer, was startled by the entrance of a heavy-looking peasant—slouching, grimy, unkempt—the very last man one would suppose too see in a bank, except for the purpose of robbing it. The apparition came timidly up to the counter, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Well my good fellow, what may you want here, pray?"

"If it please you, father, I want you to take charge of some money for me.—Our folks say that I might be robbed of it, and that it will be safer with you."

"Money, eh? Four roubles? Five? Ten?"

"It must be more than that, I fancy. My wife and I couldn't manage to count it all, though we've been at it all morning."

So saying, the gentleman in sheepskin produced a tattered, filthy leather bag, and poured out before the clerk's astonished eyes a perfect pyramid of bank bills of all values from 1 rouble to 50.—The amazed clerk hastily summoned his two colleagues, and the three, after a long spell of counting, satisfied themselves that the total amount was not less than 20,000 roubles ($15,000.) The peasant, who had stood and watched the operation with a look of childish curiosity, pocketed his receipt and walked off as coolly as if nothing had happened; but the next morning he reappeared and again addressed himself to the same clerk.

"God be with you, father. Do you take care of gold, too, as well as bank bills?"

"What gold? Why you'd better start a bank yourself! How much gold have you got in Heaven's name?"

"Two boxes full."

At this point the banker himself, who had been listening to the conversation with the deepest amazement, came forward and announced his intention of accompanying his strange customer home and taking charge of the gold himself. The unwashed capitalist joyfully accepted the offer, and the pair drove out of a hamlet about two miles from town. Here the peasant led his companion to a small, mean-looking hut, and, opening a shed on one side of it, displayed two battered wooden boxes, through the breaches in which gold pieces were escaping in all directions, while beside them lay the dirty bag which had held the bank bills of the day before. The banker asked in amazement, "How long have you had this money?"

"My father and grandfather saved it up," answered the peasant, "and buried it here; and I dug it up just the other day, because I am going to shift my quarters."

"But, with all this money, why don't you and your wife live in better style?" asked the banker, looking around at the miserable hovel.

"Why should we, father? We do very well as we are."

☞ Paul says a woman's glory is her hair, but the hash-house boarder will tell you that all depends upon where it is.

LOST CHILDREN.

THERE are many mysterious disappearances both of children and adults. The number of lost children, however, is very large, indeed. But few comparatively, are taken away bodily. The greater number stray away morally, and are as hopelessly lost as little Charley Ross seems to be. They do not disappear from the household on a given day. They steal away little by little, so gradually that their flight is not remarked. They edge away in widening circles, and every day leaves them a little farther away from the restraints of home life. Little by little the child changes for the worse, until at last the moral lineaments of the child that we knew fade completely away, and the child disappears forever from the household. No rewards are offered for the restoration of such waifs and strays. We know that money cannot bring them back. Physical presence brings no comfort to the sorrowing fathers and mothers because it scarcely reminds them of the children they have lost.—Their voices are heard night and morning, and we listen to the sound of their feet on the stair and in the passages, but it all sounds far away and unreal. We recognize them as lost children, but never so much as when we endeavor to gather them in and they elude us.

And so thousands of hearts are bereft and hundreds of household made desolate, and parents go sorrowing through the world. The world is full of lost children. They stray away, take on evil courses, and the law, which spreads its meshes everywhere, gathers them into reformatories and houses of refuge and of correction. Not a few strike boldly out and are brought to bay in the prisons and penitentiaries. When we think of the parents of such lost children we almost forget Mr. and Mrs. Ross. Their affliction is heavy and the uncertainty which wraps the fate of their lost boy no doubt gives a sharp edge to their grief. But he went out from their home circle in the innocence of childhood, leaving the sweetest of recollections and associations clustering about his vacant chair. His moral likeness is unmarred. Just as he passed out of that home on a summer day, fresh and innocent, they will remember and cherish him. No child-stealer can rob them of that. It is not as if they had marked his gradual departure and the fading out of his moral presence. Indeed, there are sharper bereavements and more mortal griefs than theirs.—They are on every side. They are parents whose children are a terror to them, a sort of chronic nightmare that takes away all the sweetness of fatherhood and motherhood. When we reflect that sorrows like these abound in every neighborhood it is impossible to regard the parents of a lost child—"lost" in the ordinary sense of the term—as the most miserable of all.

Old Post Office Mysteries.

A story that reads like a medieval romance comes from New York. In refitting the old post office buildings, the carpenters have discovered that the upper floors are double, and are so arranged that detectives can watch the operations of those in the different rooms, who suppose themselves to be alone. The whole building was furnished with secret passages, sliding panels, hidden trap-doors and mysterious chambers, of whose existence the post office officials had no knowledge, with the exception of the post master and assistant. When the workmen had removed the flooring it was seen that the concealed space was from four to four and one-half feet deep, affording ample room for men to move about. Passages led entirely around the building. At very short intervals were found small circular holes in which were inverted lenses. Through these a view of the room below was obtained.—Back of and above these lenses were reflectors which brought before the eye of the observer the utmost recesses of the post office. If a detective saw any stealing or any improper action committed by a clerk or by a person not employed in the office, the speaking tube by his side conveyed a warning at once to the attic room, and the guilty person was met at the door, or tapped on the shoulder in the interior of the office by another detective. The apertures through which the detective overlooks the rooms in most cases are so small as hardly to be visible from the apartments below. Some of them, however, look boldly down from the casement, but the planks in which they are seen were obtained from very old timber the holes would readily be taken for knot-holes. The maxim of the post master was, "The detectives and assistants watch the employees and people, the post master keeps an eye on the detectives and assistants, and the Lord will watch the post master."

☞ It is stated that over 60,000 children between the ages of eight and sixteen are growing up in the streets of New York in vagabondage.