

RAILROADS. PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. August 15th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 6.20, 8.10 a. m. 3.57 p. m., and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG LEAVE AS FOLLOWS Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.20 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.50 p. m.

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., Saddlery Shop

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. FINE HARNESS a specialty. REPAIRING done on short notice and at reasonable prices.

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. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold.

REMOVAL. The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penna. 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 cost prices, I fear no competition. Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of John Kunkle late of Marysville Borough, Ferry county Penna., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned residing in the same place.

GRANNY BRIGGS' CLERK.

HE WAS a tall, thin, starved-looking boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of which crept half-way up his arms, and a hat that was nothing but a brim;

"Come here, sonny," said she, and the boy came. Before she could speak again, he said: "I didn't do it. I'll take my oath or anything I didn't do it. I ain't so mean."

"Why I broke that myself with my shutter last night," said the old woman. "I'm not strong enough to lift 'em that is a fact. I'm getting old."

"No," said she, "you can sweep the shop and the pavement, and put up the shutters for it." "Very well," said he. "Thankee then. If I sweep up first I'll feel better."

When the neighbors heard of it they were shocked. A street-boy—a boy whom no one knew! Did Mrs. Briggs really wish to be murdered in her bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe. She had so much time now that she was going to take in sewing. Dick attended to the shop altogether. He kept it in fine order and increased the business by introducing candies, dates on stick, and chewing gum.

And in the evening, after the shop was shut up, she began to take him into her confidence. Her great dream was to buy herself into a certain home for the aged. It would cost her a hundred dollars. She was saving for it. She had saved three years, and had fifteen of it. But it cost so much to live with tea at twenty-five cents a quarter, and loaves so small, and she had been sick, and there was the doctor, and Mrs. Jones' Martha Jane to be paid for minding her and the shop.

And I'll begin to make kites to-morrow, Mrs. Briggs," and you'll see the custom that will bring. If a little shaver sees the kites, he'll spend all he has for 'em, and then he'll coax his mother for more to buy the stick-dates and chewing-gum. I know boys.

"You're a clever boy yourself," said the old woman, and patted his hand. It was a plumper hand than it had been when it picked up the crust from the gutter, and he wore clean, whole garments, though they were very coarse.

suffocated, she for a moment found herself motionless and bewildered, conscious only of a draught of air from an open door and some confused noises.

"Gone! Gone! Oh, that was worse to poor Granny Briggs than even the loss of her money; for she had trusted him, and he had deceived her. She had loved him, and he had abused her love. The neighbors were right; she was a fool to trust a strange street boy, and had been served rightly when he had robbed her."

It was ten o'clock. Granny sat moaning by the empty hearth. Good-natured Mrs. Jones, from up-stairs, was "seeing to things," and trying to cheer her, when suddenly there came a rap on the door, and a policeman looked in.

"Mrs. Briggs?" said he. "Here she is," said Mrs. Jones. "Yes I'm that wretched critter," said Mrs. Briggs.

"Some one wants to see you at headquarters," said the policeman. "There's a boy there and some money." "Dick!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, I can't bear to look at him!"

"He's pretty bad," he said. "They'll take him to the hospital in an hour. I suppose you're prepared for that. 'He's nearly beaten to death, you know.'"

"You shan't take Granny's money from her," says he, and fought like a little tiger. If it's your money, old lady, he's given his life for it, for all I know."

Then poor old Mrs. Briggs clasped her hands and cried: "Oh, Dick! Dick! I knew you were good. I must have been crazy to doubt you," and then she wrung her hands and cried: "Oh, Dick, for just a paltry bit of money!" and so she knelt beside the pale, still face upon the pillow, and kissed it, and called it tender names.

And Dick, never guessing her suspicion of him, whispered: "I was so afraid he'd get off with it if he killed me, Granny, and you in such hopes last night."

He did not know what she meant by begging him to forgive her. It would have killed him if he had, for he was very near death. Dick did not die. He got well at last and came back to the little shop; and though Granny Briggs had her savings, she never went to the Old Ladies' Home; for long before she died Dick was one of the most prosperous merchants in the city, and his handsome home was hers, and she was very happy in it.

RATHER MIXED.

JASPER THROCKMORTON, who lives out on Summer Street is the father of ten children. Yesterday morning Mr. Throckmorton was just on the point of putting on his hat to start for the office, when Mrs. Throckmorton called after him from the kitchen.

"Stop at Stodder's and tell him to come up and fix the water-pipe, and get a big tin dipper and bring it with you this noon. Don't tell them to send it, they'll forget it."

And Mr. Throckmorton, pausing with his hand on the door, said he would get it, and then sighed and opened the door. Just then his oldest son shouted from the sitting room:

"Father! the man was up here twice yesterday for the money for my new boat, and I just gave him a note to you, and he'll call at the office to-day for his money, and will give you a pair of patent ear-loops, and a dip-net. Bring them up with you when you come to dinner."

Mr. Throckmorton kind of stifled a groan like, and saying he would attend to it, went out. As he passed down the porch steps his second daughter leaned out of the front window and cried:

"Oh pa; do stop at Parson's as you come to dinner, and tell them to send a man to lay the new hall carpet when they send it up, and you get ten pounds of cotton batting and you bring it up with you, for we want it right away and can't wait."

The parent paused with his hand on the gate latch, and with a visible effort promised to remember and bring up the cotton batting, and he opened the gate. But the voice of his younger son from the side yard, caught his ear and held him a moment:—

"Pap, oh pap! Want ten cents to pay for a winder I broke in the school-house, and I can't go to Sunday-school till I get a new hat and some shoes, and please can't I have a quarter to go to the picnic?"

Mr. Throckmorton silently registered a flogging for the broken glass, a negative for the picnic, and said he would get the boots and hat. Then he turned to go, but as he passed down the street his six younger children came running after him:

"Oh, pa, don't forget to stop and see if the old umbrella's fixed, ma says." "Stop at the dentist's and see when he can fill my teeth." "Bring my shoe home from the shoemaker's."

"Ma says be sure to tell the doctor to come up to-day and vaccinate the baby!" "Pap! Kin I go swimming in Hawkeye Krick to-night?"

"Pa, oh pa! gimme five cents to ride on the street cars." And Mr. Throckmorton went down town and amazed Fred Scott by telling him to cut off thirteen feet of water pipe, on the bias, and he asked Mr. Parsons to let him have eleven skeins of cotton batting and send him up a man with a tin dipper; he told Dr. Cochran, the dentist, to come right up and fill the baby's teeth, and begged the doctor to hurry right away and put a half sole on the school-room window, and then ran to the shoemaker's and asked him if he had vaccinated his little girl's shoe, and amazed a street-car driver by asking him for a bath ticket, and when the man came around with the ear-loops and dipper he told him to take them up and lay them in the front hall—the girls would show him where. And by 3 in the afternoon it had got all around that old Mr. Throckmorton was drinking as hard as ever again, and hadn't drawn a sober breath all day.

Well Done.

A young man called in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present to assist her in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous drinks, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and would have been drunk, but the young lady asked:

"Did you call upon me or upon papa?" Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer, "we called upon you." "Then you will please not drink wine; I have lemonade for my callers." The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added, "remember, if you call upon me, then you drink lemonade; but if you call upon papa, I have nothing to say." The wine glasses were set down with their contents untasted.

led for a part of his time, and part of his time itinerating, in Tennessee. During the last war with England he was patriotic enough to enlist as a common soldier, but his people would not allow it. Once upon a time he went to Kentucky to visit his relative and dear friend the Hon. William Bolton. Mr. Bolton was not a church member, but he was religiously inclined, and having respect for the clergyman's feelings, he cheerfully invited him to lead off in family worship every evening, which Brother Derwell gladly did.

One day Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, came to spend the night and perhaps to stop longer. When evening came Mr. Bolton felt somewhat embarrassed, as he knew that the Judge was one of the free and easy sort, who pay little or no regard to religious matters. So he whispered to the minister, that he had better make the services pretty short.

"The Judge is a good man," he said, "but is not used to family worship, and it might be unpleasant to him, in which case, of course, it would be unpleasant for both you and me." "Very well," replied Derwell, "I will take heed."

He opened the Bible and read the last two verses of the last chapter of Revelations. That was all he read; and then he knelt to pray. And he prayed something after this manner:— "Our Father which art in heaven, we know that we are poor, needy creatures, dependent upon Thee for life and for every needed good; and we would esteem it a blessed privilege to offer up to Thee our whole hearts in humble prayer and praise; but my cousin Willam says that Judge Cone and his wife are here from Nashville, and that they are not used to family worship, and as we would not distress those people, wilt Thou, O Lord, accept the offering of those who love Thee and excuse us from further service. Amen!"

The Judge and his wife were thunder-struck, and cousin Willam looked for a hole in which to hide himself. Finally, however, matters were explained and adjusted, and the old clergyman was persuaded to go on and conduct the service after his own heart.

Married After an Hour's Courtship.

In the Second Ward of this city, says the *Adrian*, (Mich.) *Times*, there resided, last week, a middle-aged widow, well preserved and highly respectable. In the country, a short distance from Adrian, at the same time, lived a widower, well preserved, a little more than middle-aged, a wealthy farmer, with all the comforts of life except a wife. One day, last week, he drove to town an elegant span of horses, attached to a handsome carriage, and drove to the widow's residence in the Second Ward. Widow and widower had never seen each other.— They were introduced, went out for a drive together, returned a little after noon, took dinner, went out for another drive, and returned later in the afternoon man and wife. But little over an hour's courtship sufficed. They had never, before that day, seen or written to each other, but each knew the other's name, reputation and desires, through mutual friends. The widower was wealthy and lonely; the widow poor and hard-working.

One Brief Year.

"Will you love me this way when I am old?" she asked, as he emptied five cents' worth of peanuts in her lap. "I will darling, I swear it!" he passionately asseverated, as he carefully laid aside his cigar and commenced on what was left of the nickel's worth.

That was when the flowers were budding and the birds were mating, one brief year ago. Last night they sat again in the gloaming, and who knows but that their memories reverted to the happy past; and yet, when she asked for a fifty cent parasol, he feelingly remarked that a woman whose face was as yellow as a duck's foot, and looked as if it had been cultivated crosswise with a patent harrow, needn't be so particular about her complexion.

A Little Heroine's Sad Death.

"Mother, I saved the house, but I shall die," said a six-year old girl to Mrs. Theodore Markman, as she entered her home, at High Market, Lewis county, N. Y., one day last week. The child while attempting to light a lamp to warm some milk for a baby set fire to her clothing. Her first thought was to run out of doors, fearing that the house would be burned and the baby be hurt, but noticing that shreds of her clothing had fallen upon the floor, she carefully extinguished the flames. Then she ran to the horse trough in the yard and plunged into the water. Returning to the house she waited patiently for her mother to return. She died an hour after the accident.

An Outspoken Clergyman.

IN A company of Methodist clergymen, not long since, I heard a story which I thought good enough to preserve. Rev. Dr. Derwell was a staunch and pious old Methodist minister, set-