

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 7.55 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.

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 5.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.20 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

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

Proposing Under Difficulties.

"YOU, Uncle Nicholas? In love!" roared my nephew, Thomas Fielder.

"Yes, I," I made reply, not without a little pique. "And why not? I am not quite a fossil yet."

"Why, you are fifty years old, Uncle Nick."

"Granted. What then?"

"And your teeth are false and you dye your hair!" persisted Tom.

"I am not the only man in New York in the same predicament, Master Tom."

"Well, I never heard such a jolly lark!" exclaimed Tom, with a long breath. "But I wish you joy, I am sure."

"You are premature," said I solemnly.

"I haven't proposed yet."

"Oh!" said Tom. "I thought it was all signed, sealed and settled! And who is the radiant object of your adoration, Uncle Nicholas?"

"Tom, my boy, don't chaff. It is a serious business with me, I can tell you. Do you know Miss Barbara Garland?"

"Don't I? That fat old girl with the prodigious emerald and the complexion like a red, red rose. And she's to be my aunty-in-law, eh?"

"I regard her as the sweetest and best of her sex." I made answer solemnly.

"Well," observed Tom, dubiously, "all's well that ends well. I must say, Uncle Nicholas, that it was rather a stagger at first, but I am getting reconciled to it by degrees. Won't Julia be astonished?"

Julia was my nephew's wife—a dimpled young bride of eighteen, who, of course, thought that nobody out of their teens had any right to marry or to be given in marriage. Besides, if I took a wife, what was to become of the expectations that had been built up on my bachelor head.

However, fate was fate, and Julia reconciled herself to the inevitable, on condition that I would take a dozen tickets to the private theatrics which she and her sister, Miss Genevieve Darling, were getting up.

"It is nothing to you, dear Uncle Nicholas, with your wealth," said Julia, fixing her appealing blue eyes upon my face. "and it is so much for the cause of charity. Say two dozen tickets, Uncle Nicholas?"

"Then you'll call on Barbara and welcome her into the family, if—if—"

"If she'll consent to join us, yes, of course," said Julia, all the dimples playing around her mischievous mouth.

I gave a check for thirty-six dollars for the twenty-four engaged seats, and presented most of the tickets to clerks in my office. I didn't dare send one to Barbara Garland, for Mrs. Garland was thrifty, and would not approve of money dealt out in this reckless sort of fashion. And I went myself and sat through the dreary lapses of "London Assurance," done in a very jerky, amateur style, with a great deal of audible prompting, and no end of awkward pauses and sudden gaspings at the end of dismembered sentences.

And I split a pair of kid gloves open in applauding Julia as "Lady Gay Spanker," flung a dollar bouquet at Genevieve as "Grace Harkaway," and felt that I had done my duty and bought the allegiance of my nephew Tom and his family.

All this came to pass between one and four of a sultry afternoon, and from the pretty little private theatre I jumped into a cab and went straight to the house of Barbara Garland.

Barbara didn't live anywhere, she only boarded; but she had a handsome parlor all furnished in blue and white cretaine, with Dresden shepherdesses and the windows filled with mosses, ferns and foliage plants.

I was silently surveying these floral specimens, and trying to rehearse a fitting form of speech in which to declare my love, when the door creaked, and Barbara came in, a plump, pretty young woman of forty. And Barbara in her black Grenadine, with red cheeks and glossy brown hair, was equal to any bread and butter school girl that I ever saw.

"I whirled around on one heel, precipitately forgetting my lesson."

"Go—good-morning, Miss Barbara," said I. "I mean good-afternoon. I hope you are not engaged particularly to-day?"

Barbara Garland tossed her head and looked rather ominous.

"There are other people that are engaged besides me," said she.

"Oh, yes, of course," said I a little puzzled.

"But I don't suppose it is necessary to proclaim it to all the world," retorted Barbara Garland, snipping the crimson leaves off a rose that she wore at her belt.

"No, to be sure not," assented I, more bewildered than ever.

"Did you wish to see me?" frigidly inquired Barbara.

"Of course I did," said I plucking up my courage. "Miss Garland, I have something to say to you—something—ahem! very special indeed!"

"Perhaps then," said Barbara speaking very distinctly, "you had better say it and have done with it."

This was not encouraging, but I was not in a mood to be discouraged by trifles. I had made up my mind to propose, and I was not to be deterred.

"Miss Garland," I said, "I love you."

"Indeed!" said Barbara, still plucking at the rose-petals.

"And I have come here to ask you to become my wife. Sweetest Barbara will you be mine?"

"Stop!" said Miss Garland, retreating skillfully behind a Gothic-topped arm chair as I advanced with pleading countenance and out-stretched arms. "Mr. Fielder, I am astonished at you!"

"How dare you ask me such a question?"

"My Dear Barbara, why should not I?"

"I am not your dear Barbara."

"Pardon me for contradicting you, Miss Garland, but you are!" I insisted.

"Well, then, you've no business to be!" retorted she.

"Barbara," said I, "I don't understand you!"

"And I don't understand you!" said Barbara, with another toss of the head.

"Will you oblige me by explaining?"

"Well, then," said Barbara, hysterically, "what are you coming here for when you've engaged already? That's what I would like to know!"

"But I am not engaged!" roared I, beginning to get desperate.

"You're ticketed so!" said Barbara.

"Ticketed?" repeated I.

"Yes," said Barbara, "ENGAGED. It says so in fat black letters so anybody can read 'em without the aid of eyeglasses."

"Where?" said I, staring around the room.

"On your back," said Barbara. "Oh, there's no use in making an electrical eel of yourself," as I twisted around in the vain effort to obtain a good square view of my own spine. "Look here."

And, in leading me to a pier-glass that hung between the windows, she treated me to a good look at myself.

"ENGAGED!" There it was, printed in jet-black capitals on a strip of pasteboard, which had some way worked on behind two coat-buttons at the small of my back, and stared the beholder in the face in a most prominent and aggressive manner.

"ENGAGED!" I knew in a second where it had come from, those confounded red velvet sofas at the "Theatopian Theatre," where every reserved seat that was taken was ticketed after this fashion. I had sat down on my particular ticket and it had affixed itself to me with a tenacity which was simply diabolical. I tore it away and rent it in twain.

"Barbara," said I, "it's a lie! I am not engaged! I never will be engaged to any one but you."

"Are you really in earnest, Nicholas?" said Miss Garland, softening considerably in her manner.

"Of course I am in earnest," said I. And then I told her all about the private theatrics and the engaged seats, until she laughed as heartily as I did.

"And now, queen of my heart," said I, "will you have me?"

"Yes," said Barbara, "I will."

We are to be married in the fall, and I am the happiest old—oh, middle-aged—bachelor in the city.

How the Boys Fixed Him.

NOT FAR from Lafayette Place, in New York City, is a livery stable, in which is employed an eccentric Irishman named Peter Hoolan. He is something of a blower, and pretends that he fought nearly every battle of the recent war. One of his chief delights is to tell about his adventures out West with John C. Fremont, the pathfinder. According to his assertions, Peter has killed more bears, catamounts, and wild animals than a whole brigade of trappers could kill. The boys pretended to "take in" his yarns, but wanted him to cease telling them.

Not long since the chance offered.—Peter was suffering with boils, and some one told him that cream of tartar was a remedy. He bought a package and took a dose, and left his package on a windowsill. In a few minutes a label with the word "arsenic" on it was transferred to Peter's package. His employer coming in, and noticing the medicine, told him it was dangerous to leave poison lying around in that manner. Peter said it was cream of tartar. His employer contradicted him, and said Peter could not read. Peter took up the package and there staring him in the face, was the death-suggesting word "arsenic."

He turned pale and said:

"I am poisoned; the druggist made a mistake."

The boys now dropped in, and were quickly informed of the fatal mistake.—They tested the medicine, and with ominous shakes of their head, informed him it was arsenic. They told him to lie down, as he was a "goner," and suggested if he had any word to leave, now was his time.

He commenced to pray, and Riley asked him if he desired to send any word out West.

"No, he never was West, never had been out of New York; it was all a lie! Would some one go for a doctor?"

Accordingly, a doctor who lives near by, and whose horses are left in the stable, was sent for and came around.—He made him eat a number of raw eggs, and walk around the stable till he was almost ready to drop with fatigue and fright. The doctor then asked him to show him the arsenic. Peter brought it out, and the doctor pronounced it cream of tartar, and showed him one label pasted over the other.

To say that Peter was mad poorly expresses his demoniac frenzy. He stamped and raved, and swore he would not work another day in the same place with such a lot of scamps. The boys kept shady for a while, fearing a fresh outbreak of Peter's rage. No one dare fool with the old man since then, and he tells no more yarns.

Wedding Anecdotes.

A YOUNG clergyman at the first wedding he ever had, thought it was a very good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act.

"I hope, Dennis," he said to the coachman, with his license in his hand, "you have well considered this solemn step in life?"

"I hope so, your riverence," answered Dennis.

"It's a very important step you are taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir—I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait awhile."

"Perhaps we had, your riverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister, hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhortation, and seeing the fees vanishing before his eyes, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said:

"Yes, of course, it's solemn and important, you know; but it's a very happy time, after all, when people love each other. Shall we go on with the service?"

"Yes, your riverence," they both replied.

And they were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony, and that young minister is now very careful how he brings on the solemn view of matrimony to timid couples.

A clergyman was called on upon one occasion to officiate at a colored wedding.

"We assure you, sah," said the gentlemanly darkey, "that this yere wedding is to be very *aprepos*—quite a *la mode*, sah."

"Very well," replied the clergyman, "I will try to do everything in my power to gratify the wishes of the parties."

So, after the dinner and dancing and supping were over the groom's best man called again on the minister, and left him the usual fee.

"I hope everything was as your friends desired it," said the urbane clergyman.

"Well, sah, to tell the truth, Mr. Johnson was a little disappointed," answered the groomsman.

"Why, I took my robes," said the minister.

"Yes, sah—it wasn't that."

"I adhered to the rubrics of the church."

"Yes, sir—that was all right."

"I was punctual and shook hands with the couple. What more could I do?"

"Well, sah, Mr. Johnson he kind o' felt hurt, you see, because you didn't salute the bride."

The European Plan.

Yesterday evening a stranger, clad in a duster and carrying a carpet-sack, entered a hotel on Delaware avenue. He marched straight up to the counter, where the amiable landlord stood picking his teeth, and the moment he set his bag down the amiable landlord whisked it off and set it down with the pile of other baggage in the rear of the bar.

"Please register your name," said the landlord, passing him a pen.

"How much is it, mister?"

"That depends on what you get. We keep hotel here on the European plan."

"I say mister," said the countryman, all in a tremble, "please give me that bag, and I will get right out and not say a word."

The landlord gazed at him, but made no movement toward the bag.

"Please mister, give me my bag.—There's nothing in it but a few shirts, indeed there isn't. Here's the key. I'll let you search it," continued the stranger, trembling still more violently.

The landlord passed him the bag, and as the stranger instantly shot for the door the former exclaimed:

"Well, blame me if I ain't puzzled to know what kind of a fool you are?"

But the stranger paused to hear no compliments, and he was a good half mile away before he took the courage to lean against an awning-post and mutter:

"Gracious! What an escape! Keeps a house on the rope in plan, does he?—I suppose he wanted to rope me in and perhaps kill me. Lord, what wicked places these cities are. I'll go home immediately."

And he kept his word.

Never was a better answer made than a poor Irishman made to a catholic priest while defending himself for reading the Bible.

"But," said the priest, "the Bible is for the priests, and not for the likes o' you."

"Ah! but, sir," he answered, "I was reading in my Bible, 'You shall read it to your children,' an' sure the priests have got no children."

"But, Michael," says the priest, "you cannot understand the Bible. It's not o' you to understand it, my man."

"Ah! very well, your riverence, if I cannot understand it, it will do me no harm, and what I can understand does me a heap o' good."

"Very well, Mike," said the priest, "you must go to church, and the church will give you the milk of the word."

"And where does the church get it from but out of the Bible? Ah! your riverence, I would rather keep the cow myself."

A Curious Use for the Magnet.

A curious instance of the utility of the magnet is mentioned in the *Acelaide Register* of June 14th. A young lady sat down on a settee on which a needle had been carelessly left. It pierced her thigh and totally disappeared in the flesh. Medical men said it could only be reached by a large incision, and concluded to leave it for a time in the hope that it might work itself out. The pain, however, became so severe that the young lady was confined to her bed. So a magnet was suggested, and a powerful one being procured and applied, in four hours the needle reached the surface, raised and protruded itself through the skin, and was instantly extracted.—It had been in the flesh for three weeks.

Lovers of new mackerel have noticed that the flesh of some of the fish is white and of peculiarly fine flavor, while that of others has a yellowish tinge, and is decidedly inferior to the white in point of quality. An old dealer in salt fish in this city explains this difference in appearance and taste in this way:

There are two methods of catching mackerel—the hook and the seine. When the fish are taken with the hook they are immediately cleaned and prepared for salting away, but when the seine is used and large catches are made, this cleaning is necessarily delayed with a portion of them. The fish caught in the seine are thrown into large piles, where they frequently remain for more than a day before it is possible to clean them for packing, and it is this delay after they are taken from the water that causes the yellowish tinge in the flesh and impairs its quality.—*Philadelphia Evening Star*.

As a train was passing a certain place under full headway a man appeared on the track ahead waving an impromptu flag, and the engineer, thinking there must be danger, brought the cars to a stop. The man on the track then asked for the conductor, whereupon the following brief dialogue ensued:

"Are you the conductor on this train?"

"Yes, sir. What will you have?"

"If you see any of the Cheney's I wish you would tell them to keep their bull out of my lot."

History or tradition does not inform us whether the victimized conductor freed his mind by quoting selections from the classics or from modern blank verse.

An Ohio young man sat down the other day and wrote on the backs of a couple of postal cards. Then he turned them over and directed them, but by some mischance placed the address on the wrong cards. The result was that a shirt-manufacturer got a very polite invitation to go carriage riding somewhere out in Ohio, while the young man's girl was made frantic by receiving the following: "Please send me samples of the stuff your shirts are made of."

Plenty and indigence depend upon the opinion every one has of them; and riches, no more than glory or health, have no more beauty or pleasure than their possessor is pleased to lend them.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.,



Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new

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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.

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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 19, 1876.—1f

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.*