

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, 5.27, 7.55 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. 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 7.55 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 11.40, 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 4.55 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.50, 8.50 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m. SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.55 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.20 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. 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. Millintown Acc. 7.35 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.51 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 8.51 p. m., flag—daily. WEST. Way Pass, 9.05 a. m., daily. Millintown Acc. 2.15 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Ex. 5.55 p. m., daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 p. m., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag). Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 15 minutes faster than Atlantic 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: EAST. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily. Atlantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.35 a. m., daily. Mail, 12.39 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.39 p. m. W. M. 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.

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 19, 1876—1f

New Pension Law.

UNDER an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, widows of officers who were killed, or died of disease contracted in the service, are now entitled to \$2.00 per month for each of their children. The guardian of a minor child of a soldier who heretofore only received \$5.00 per month pension is now entitled to \$10. per month. Soldiers who receive invalid pensions can now have their pensions increased to any sum or rate between \$8. and \$15. per month. Soldiers who have lost their discharges can now obtain duplicates. Fathers and mothers who lost sons in the service upon whom they were dependent for support, can also obtain pensions. The undersigned having had over 10 years experience in the Claim Agency business will attend promptly to claims under the above act. Call on or address LEWIS POTTER, Attorney for Claimants, New Bloomfield, Pa.

A Country Woman's Story.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

I HAD heard it was considerable of a store, but good land! it was bigger than all the shops in Jonesville put together, and 2 or 3 10 acre lots, and a few meetin' houses. But I wouldn't have acted skurt, if it had been as big as all Africa. I walked in as cool as a cucumber. We set down pretty nigh to the door and looked round a spell. Of all the sights of folks there was a comin' in all the time, and shinin' counters all down as far as we could see, and slick lookin' fellers behind every one, and lots of boys runnin' round, that they called "Cash." I says to Betsey.

"What a large family of boys Mr. Cash's folks have got, and they must some of 'em be twins, they seem to be of about a size." I was jest thinkin' in a pitying way of their mother; poor Mrs. Cash, when Betsey says to me: "Josiah Allen's wife, hadn't you better be purchasing your merchandise?" Says she, "I will set here and rest till you get through, and as Deah Toppah remarked, study human nature." "She didn't have no book as I could see to study out of, but I didn't make no remarks. Betsey is a curious critter anyway; I went up to the first counter—there was a real slick lookin' fellow there and I asked him in a cool tone, "If Mr. Stewart took eggs, and what they was a fetchin' now?"

He said "Mr. Stewart don't take eggs." "Well," says I, "what does he give now for butter in the pail?" He said, "Mr. Stewart don't take butter." "Well," says I, in a dignified way, "It hain't no matter, I only asked to see what they was fetchin' here. I haint got any with me, for I come on a tower." I then took a little roll out of my pocket, and urdone 'em. It was a pair of socks and a pair of striped mittens. And I says to him in a cool, calm way: "How much is Mr. Stewart a payin' for socks and mittens now. I know they are kinder out of season now, but there haint no danger but what Winter will come, if you wait long enough." He said, "We don't take 'em."

I felt disappointed, for I did want Alexander to have 'em, they was knit so good. I was jest thinkin' this over, when he spoke up, again, and says he, "we don't take barten of no kind." I didn't know really what he meant, but I answered him in a blind way, that it was jest as well as if they did, as fur as I was concerned, for we hadn't raised any barter that year, it didn't seem to be a good year for it, and then I continued on, "Mebby Mr. Stewart would take these socks and mittens for his own use." Says I, "do you know whether Alexander is well off for socks and mittens or not?" The clerk said "he guessed Mr. Stewart wasn't sufferin' for 'em."

"Well," says I in a dignified way, "you can do as you are a mind about takin' 'em but they are colored in good indigo blue dye, they hain't pusley color, and they are knit on honor, jest as I knit Josiah's." "Who is Josiah?" says the clerk. Says I, a sort of blindly, "He is the husband of Josiah Allen's wife."

I wouldn't say right out that I was Josiah Allen's wife, because I wanted them socks and mittens to stand on their own merits, or not at all. I wasn't goin' to have 'em go, jest because one of the first wimmen of the day knit 'em.—Neither was I going to hang on, and tease him to take 'em, I never said another word about his buyin' 'em (only mentioned in a careless way, that "the heels was run.") But he didn't seem to want 'em, and I jest folded 'em up, and in a cool way put 'em in my pocket. I then asked to look at his calicoes, for I was pretty near decided in my mind to get an apron, for I wasn't goin' to have him think that all my property laid in that pair of socks and mittens.

He told me where to go to see the calicoes and there was another clerk behind that counter. I didn't like his looks a bit, he was real uppish lookin'. But I wasn't to let him mistrust that I was put to my stumps a bit. I walked up as collected lookin' as if I owned the whole caboodle of 'em, and New York village, and Jonesville, and says I: "I want to look at your calicoes." "What prints will you look at?" says he meanin' to put on me.

Says I, "I don't want to look at no Prince," says I, "I had ruther see a free born American citizen, than all the foreign Princes you can bring out." Says I, "Americans make perfect fools of themselves in my mind, a runnin' after a parcel of boys, whose only merit is that they happened to be born before their brothers and sisters was." Says I, "if a baby is born in a meetin' house, it don't make out that he is born a preacher. A good smart American boy like Thomas Jefferson, looks as good to me as any of your Princes." I said this in

a noble, lofty tone, but after a minute's thought I went on: "Though if you have got a quantity of Princes here, I had as leave see one of Victory's boys as any of 'em. The widder Albert is a good house-keeper, and a first-rate calculator, and a woman that has got a right. I set a good deal of store by the widder Albert, I always thought I should like to get acquainted with her, and visit back and forth, and neighbor with her."

I waited a minute, but he didn't make no move towards showin' me any Prince. But says he: "What kind of calico do you want to look at?" I thought he came off awful sudden from Princes to calico, but I didn't say nothin'. But I told him "I would like to look at a chocklate colored ground work with a set flower on it."

"Shan't I show you a Dolly Varden?" says he. I see plainly that he was a trying to impose on me, talkin' about Princes and Dolly Varden, and says I with dignity: "If I want to make Miss Varden's acquaintance, I can, without asking you to introduce me. But," I continued coldly, "I don't care about gettin' acquainted with Miss Varden, I heard her name talked over too much in the street. I am afraid she haint a likely girl. I am afraid she haint such a girl as I should want my Tirzah Ann to associate with. Ever sense I started from Jonesville I have heard that girl talked about."

"There is Dolly Varden!" and "Oh look at Dolly Varden!" I have heard it (I bet) more'n a hundred times sense I sot out. And it seems to me that no modest girl would be traipsin' all over the country alone, for I never heard a word about old Mr. and Mrs. Varden or any of the Varden boys.—Not that it is anything out of character to go off on a tower. I am off on a tower myself," says I, with quite a good deal of dignity, "but it don't look well for a pound girl like her to be streamin' round alone. I wish I could see old Mr. and Mrs. Varden I would advise the old man and woman to keep Dolly at home if they have any regard for her good name. Though I am afraid," I repeated, lookin' at him keenly over my specs "I'm afraid it is too late for me to interfere, I am sure she haint a likely girl."

His face was jest as red as blood. But he tried to turn it off with a laugh. And he said somethin' about her "bein' the style," and "bein' gay," or somethin'. But I jest stopped him pretty quick.—Says I, givin' him an awful searchin' look: "I think jest as much of Dolly as I do of her most intimate friends, male or female."

He pretended to turn it off with a laugh. But I know a guilty conscience when I see it as quick as anybody. I haint one to break a bruised reed more than once into. And my spectacles beamed more mildly onto him, and I said to him in a kind but firm manner. "Young man, if I was in your place, I would drop Dolly Varden's acquaintance." Says I, "I advise you for your own good, jest as I would Thomas Jefferson."

"Who is Thomas Jefferson," says he. Says I, in a cautious tone, "He is Josiah Allen's child, by his first wife, and the own brother of Tirzah Ann." I then laid my hand on a piece of chocklate ground calico, and says I, "This suits me pretty well, but I have my doubts," says I, examinin' it closer through my specs, "I mistrust it will fade some. What is your opinion?" says I, speakin' to an elegantly dressed woman by my side, who stood there with her rich silk dress a trallin' down on the floor.

"Do you suppose this calico will wash mam?" "I was so busy a rubbin' the calico to see if it was firm cloth, that I never looked up in her face at all. But when I asked her for the third time, and she didn't speak, I looked up in her face, and I haint come so near faintin' since I was united to Josiah Allen. That woman's head was off!"

The clerk seen that I was overcome by somethin' and says he "what is the matter?" I couldn't speak, but I panted with my forefinger stiddy at that murdered woman. I guess I had panted at her pretty nigh half a minute, when I found breath and says I, slowly turnin' that extended finger at him, in so burnin' indignant a way—that if it had been a spark he would have been dead on it.

"That is pretty doin's in a christian country!" His face turned red again—and looked all swelled up, he was so mortified. And he murmured somethin' about her "bein' dumb," or "dumb," or somethin'—but I interrupted him—and says I: "I guess you would be dumb yourself, if your head was cut off." Says I, in awful sarcastic terms, "It'd be pretty apt to make anybody dumb." Then he explained it to me that it was a wooden figure, to hang their dresses and mantillys on. And I cooled down

and told him I would take a yard and three-quarters of the calico, enough for an honorable apron. Says he, "We don't sell by retail in this room." I give that clerk then a piece of my mind. I asked him how many aprons he supposed Tirzah Ann and I stood in need of? I asked him if he supposed we was entirely destitute of aprons? And I asked him in a awful sarcastic tone if he had a idea that Josiah and Thomas Jefferson wore aprons? Says I, "anybody would think you did." Says I, turnin' away awful dignified, "when I come again I will come when Alexander is in himself."

I joined Betsey by the door, and says I, "Let's go on at once." "But," says she, in a low, mysterious voice: "Josiah Allen's wife, do you suppose they would want to let me have a colored silk dress, and take their pay in poetry?" Says I, "for the land's sake, Betsey, don't try to sell any poetry here. I am wore out."

"If they won't take socks and mittens, or good butter and eggs, I know they won't take poetry." She argued a spell with me, but I stood firm, for I wouldn't let her demean herself for nothin'. And finally I got her to go on.

A Politician who Kept a Promise.

PROBABLY the oddest genius who ever occupied a public position in Missouri was the late Robert M. Stewart. He lived in St. Joseph, where he arose in political power. The first President of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, he was called his father. He was elected governor in 1857.

When Doniphan's expedition was organized to go through New Mexico and to co-operate with the main United States army in 1847, Bob Stewart was a member of the company raised in Buchanan county. Four days out his gun was accidentally discharged, the contents, entering one of his legs, shattering a bone and disabling him. One of the company, William Grover, was detailed to remain with Stewart. Grover watched over his friend with the care of a brother, and Stewart not then dreaming of his future distinction, said, "Bill, old fellow, I'll pay you back some day! The time will come!"

Ten years later, Bill Grover, the friend of Stewart was arrested as a participant in a political crime, tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. Not long after his conviction Stewart was nominated for governor. He saw his friend before he was incarcerated, and said, "Bill, the first thing I'll do after I'm inaugurated will be to pardon you out. And I'm sure to be elected."

Bob was elected and inaugurated. True to his word and the native instincts of gratitude, he went to the penitentiary and inquired for Bill Grover. He was not there. He was one of a detail called out to dig a well in Jefferson City, and was then engaged in that work.

Off the governor posted to the well in which Grover was at work. On reaching the place, he leaned over the well and cried out:

"Bill, are you there?" "Who's that?" asked a voice from the subterranean depths below. "It's me—Bob Stewart! Come up out o' there d—n you! I've pardoned you."

In a few minutes Grover was hauled up out of the well. Then was exhibited a curious spectacle of the Governor of a great State walking through the streets of the capital arm in arm with a stripe-suited convict. He took his friend up to a clothing store, rigged him out in a new suit and made him a guest at the Governor's mansion, afterward providing for him a start in business.

The Sailor's Story.

"I'VE BEEN fourteen years a sailor, Miss, and I've found that in all parts of the world I could get along as well without alcoholic liquors as with them, and better, too. Some years ago, when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and amongst the rest, the second mate. The doctor had given him brandy to keep him up, but I thought it was a queer kind of 'keeping up.' Why, you see, it stands to reason, Miss, that if you heap fuel on the fire it will burn the faster, and putting brandy to a fever is just the same kind of thing. Brandy is more than half alcohol, you know. Well, the doctor gave him up, and I was sent to watch with him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead.—Towards midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest I could, and gave him all he wanted, and if you'll believe me, Miss, in less than three hours he drank three gallons. The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off, and I thought sure he was gone, but he was sleeping, as sweetly as a child.—In the morning, when the doctor came,

he asked me what time the mate died. "Won't you go in and look at him?" said I. He went in and took the mate's hand.

"Why," said he, "the man is not dead! He's alive and doing well. What have you been giving him?" "Water, simply water, and all he wanted of it!" said I. I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did, and no doctor puts alcoholics down me, or any of my folks, for a fever, I can tell you. I'm a plain, unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn me up with alcohol."

Hastily Formed Intimacies.

You can always judge better of a person's character by her manner of talking with others, than by what she addresses directly to you, and by what she says of others than by what she says to them. A conversation like this ought to put you on your guard against any intimacy of a girl capable of it. The vivacity of youthful feelings is such that it often hurries girls into intimacies which soon prove uncongenial and burdensome. You mistake an accidental agreement for real sympathy,—one agreeable interview for an insight into the whole character; and thus, by judging too hastily, you judge wrongly. Far be it from us to recommend a suspicious character; we would rather see a young heart deceived again and again, than see it nourishing suspicion as a habit of the mind; but we would have you make it a rule never to pledge yourself to any intimacy until you have taken time to consider your first impressions, and to distinguish between the charm that really belongs to a new acquaintance, and that which was thrown over your first interview by accidental circumstances and associations.

Poor Girls.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them.—Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. If misfortune comes upon their friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless. The most forlorn and miserable women upon earth belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round; the rich are very likely to become poor and the poor rich. Skill to labor is no disadvantage to the rich and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their children to work. No reform is more imperative than this.

No Pretty Indian Squaws Among the Sioux.

A pretty Indian squaw does not exist among the Sioux—they are all fat, short, stumpy and ungraceful in movement. The tall, slender Alfaratas and Wanaitis are purely creatures of romance and far removed from these fat squaws, with their faces painted in vermilion hues, and their skirts and homely moccasins. The beaded embroidery on moccasins, leggins and blankets are for the braves only, and it is surprising to notice the tasteful designs in which some of their pieces are ornamented. The squaws never greet us in as friendly a manner as the braves, and their stolid stare is quite different from the benign smiles and "how" of the men. When they meet a lady driving they make remarks that must be sarcastic, from the way in which they are enjoyed, and when a lady on horseback presents herself, their laughter is immoderate. As they ride with a foot in each stirrup, a side saddle cause them to stare, jeer and shout with laughter.

The following dialogue is reported as having taken place between a game-keeper and a patient looking through the iron gate of a French lunatic asylum: "Patient—That's a fine horse, what's it worth? Keeper—\$500. Patient—And what did the gun cost? Keeper—\$100. Patient—And those dogs? Keeper—\$80, I believe. Patient—What have you got in that gamebag? Keeper—A woodcock. Patient—Well, now, you had better hurry on, for if our governor catches a man who has spent \$950 to get a woodcock worth thirty cents, he'll have him under lock and key in no time, I tell you."

Mary O'Connor was a widow, young, plump, and pretty. Charles Neligan was a husband, and fifty years of age. They were neighbors in North Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Neligan fell sick, Mrs. O'Connor attended her, and Neligan fell in love with the fair nurse. Courtship went on briskly while Mrs. Neligan was slowly dying, and the pair in health agreed to marry as soon as convenient after death had removed the only impediment. Death did its expected work, but the widower's ardor soon cooled, and he refused to keep the engagement. Mrs. O'Connor has just been awarded \$400 by a jury.