RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

August 15th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.20, 8.1c a, m. 3.57p, m.,
and *7.55 p, m.
For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a.m. ad
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 Schuyikill and Susquehanna
Branch at 2.40 p. m.
For Aubura via 8. 8.8, Br. at 5.10 a. m.
For Aubura via 8.8.8, Br. at 5.10 a. m.
For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.60,
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 5.20 a.m.
Lop p. m. TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOL LOWS:

Leave New York, at 5.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.00 and *7,45 p. m. Leave Philladelphia, at 9,15 n. m. 3,40, and 7, Leave Reading, at +140, 7,40, 11,20 n. m. 1,30, Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a.m. and 4.85 nd via Schnylkill and Susquehanna Branch at

o A. 10. Leave Alburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at ±2.50 5.50, \$.55 B. m., 12.15,) and 0.0) p. in. SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5,30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7,30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4,40, 7,40, a. m. and 10,35

p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.80 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOUTEN, 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, Pas-senger trains will run as follows:

Pittsburgh Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag)
Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag)
Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which
is 13 minutes faster than Albona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time.

J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 23th, 1877, trains will leave Duncappon, as follows:

EASTWARD.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sundayat 8.12 a. M. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., Allantic Express 10.20 F. M., daily (flag)

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, Bridles, Collars,

and everything usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.

vs. FINE HARNESS a speciality.

REPAIRING done on short notice and at rea-

HIDES taken in exchange for work. Bioomfield, January 2, 1877.

PATENTS. Fee Reduced. Entire Cost \$55.

Patent Office Fee \$35 in advance, balance \$20 within 6 mouths after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold. and examination free. Patents Sold.
J. VANCE LEWIS & CO.,
Washington, D. C.

500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a grand picture. 22x28 inches, entitled "The Illustrated Lond's Prayen." 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

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 speciality.

JOS. M. HAWLEY.

Duncannon, July19, 1876,-11

New Pension Law.

NDER 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 soidler who heretofore only received \$8.00 per month pension is now entitled to \$10. per moth.

Soldiers who receive invalid pensions can now have their pensions increased to any sum or rate between \$8. and \$18. per month.

Soldiers who have lost their discharges can now obtain duplicates.

Fathers and mothers who lost sons in the service upon whom lacy were dependent for support, can also obtain pensions.

The undersigned having had over 10 years average of the contraction of the

Fathers and mothers who be pendent for which is the upon whom wasy were dependent for which is upon whom wasy were dependent for which is used in the case of the

New Bloomfield,

A SISTER'S LOVE.

" VOU WILL come home with us, Elsle of course !"

Elsie Conard, gentle, timid, and just seventeen, who had come within one hour from her mother's grave, side by side with her father's made fifteen years before, did not speak for a moment.

For the invitation given as a matter " of course," had come from her brother-in-law, her mother's staunch friend and adviser for many years, almost a second father to her own self from childhood. When he spoke as if there was no question about his decision, it was not easy for his timid little sisterin-law to dispute his assertion.

Was he not Maggie's husband, and was not Maggie herself ten years older than Elsie, and Robert Wayne seven years older than his wife, actually double Elsie's own age? Had not these two controlled Elsie from her babyhood far more than the gentle mother lying in her newly-made grave? Could she assert her independence to them, watching her with grave eyes, full of wonder at her hesitation?

Then between her own soft blue eyes and the faces of Robert and Maggie, Elsie, saw a pale, dying face, and imploring eyes, piteous, quivering lips, and again she seemed to hear the faint, plead-

" Oh, Elsie, care for poor Tom when I am gone!"

Poor Tom, pitiful only in his mother's eyes, a reprobate to all others, weak more than wicked, drinking to excess, industrious only in fits and starts, the black sheep of the family.

"Robert," Elsie said, the tears starting at the sound of her own voice, "you are very kind to wish it, but I will stay here.'

"Stay here! Nonsense!" eried Maggie. " How can you stay here?"

" Mother left me the house, and next year I shall have the five thousand dollars father left me." " Well ?"

Chill and hard the monosyllables fell from Robert Wayne's lips.

"And," said Elsie, desperately, "if I leave here who will care for Tom ?"

Then the storm broke. Tom was a disgrace to them all. Tom was twentyfour, and able to take care of himself .-Tom had sneaked away from the cemetery, and was probably drunk somewhere. Tom indeed.

But anger nerved Elsie. Had Robert and Maggie tried coaxing, or even argument, she would have found it hard to resist them, but she felt that she did not deserve reproach, and so braced her heart to resolution, and stood firm.

It ended in Robert and Maggie leaving the house in anger, leaving bitter, stinging words, and in Elsie lying upon the sofa sobbing her very heart away, for more than two hours.

"And Tom will stay on and on, spending Elsie's fortune as he has spent your mother's," Robert said fiercely, disgracing us all."

"I am sure I can't help it," Maggie sobbed. "I did hope he would go away when the house was closed till Elsie married or came of age."

And Elsie, sobbed faintly, exhausted, was lifted in two strong arms, and a voice that had comforted her many a

time and oft, said: "Dearie, don't cry any more. She's out o' trouble, and, God be praised, we can think of her a saint in heaven in-

stead of a sufferer on earth." Elsie nestled close in the old servant's

"Jane," she whispered, "It was not for mamma I was crying, but for poor Tom."

"And indeed somebody may well cry for him, for I think he'll go down hill faster than ever, now he'll have neither mother nor home."

"But, Jane, he will have his home."

"Eh, dearie!" " And his sister, if he can't have his

mother. I'm going to stay here - to take care of Tom." "Heaven save us! What will Mr. Robert say ?"

"He has said I am a fool, a conceited idiot," Elsie answered, her eyes flashing now through her tears, "But I'm going to stay. Tom is fond of me."

Tom was fond of her. All that miserable afternoon, ashamed, wretched, far more grief-stricken than any would have credited, Tom was wandering in a grove, skirting one end of Heron's Hill, the village where his name was a standing reproach. He knew nobody would believe in his sorrow, and his remorse cut deep as he realized how much his own wayward career had helped to break down his mother's health.

Never deliberately wicked, honest and truthful, he was too fond of good company, too indolent, too easily influenced by the temptation of the moment, to resist a love of drink amid its train of evils. But he did not drink to drown this misery of self-reproach and loneliness. To drink, he must face acquaintances, go through the village streets to the" ale saloon," where ale was cer-

tainly not the strongest drink handed over the bar.

And Tom craved solltude. Lying on his face in the rank summer grass, he pictured his life to come, striking lower and lower. He had not paid too much heed to his mother's prayers and petitions, yet he realized that mother-love and home influence had saved him deeper degredation to come. And Elsie! The one tender spot in Tom's heart held Elsie in sacred shrine. Her blonde beauty was angelie to Tom, and her soft hand and tender voice had led him from evil more than once. Well, mother, was dead. Elsle would go to Maggle, "of course;" home was closed. He would go tane one look at the darkened room where his lips had last pressed his mother's, and then-

Tom shuddered.

Then loneliness, temptation, despair. What mattered it to any one what became of him now?

So he went home slowly, with sullen brow and bowed head. He did not look about him, as he entered the entry of the cottage, where doors, front and back, admitted the evening air. He did not notice the home-book restored, where there had been the confusion of long Illness, the desolation of death. He went into the sitting-room, where the windows were once more open, and there a little figure stood waiting. Not cloaked or bonneted for farewell, but with a white apron over the black dress, white collar and cuffs, a bow of black ribbon in the fair waving hair-a home figure.

"I am so glad you have come, Tom," was his welcome; "tea is all ready."

"Ten! Elsie! I-I thought you had gone to Maggle's hours ago."

"I am not going to Maggie's," " Not going to Maggie ? Why, where are you going? Who will take care of

The little figure very close to Tom's side, the fair head rested on his breast, the sweet, sad face, was lifted to his and Elsie said:

"Will you not take eare of me, Tom ?"

A great rush of new-born true manliness choked Tom's voice. A sudden sense of man's protecting power filled his very soul as he looked down at the tender, confiding face. He did not speak until his arms closed about Elsie tightly, his lips pressed hers quiveringly. Then he said:

"God help me, Elsie, to take care of you, if you will trust yourself with

It was a prayer with a promise, and Jane, wiping her eyes as she softly returned to the kitchen, after hearing all, unseen, murmured :

"It will be saving of him."

The tea-table was temptingly spread, and Tom was hungry and weary .-There was no temptation after tea was over to leave the wide-armed chair, where, with Elsie beside him, he talked of their dead, very solemnly and lov-

But the next day the first trial came. Nobody was exactly willing to take Tom Conard into employment. He was a good workman at his trade, a cabinet maker, but a never-do-well, not to be trusted as steady, apt to disappoint customers. All day he tried in vain to find work, returning home dull and disheartened.

But Elsie was not discouraged. There were a few hundred dollars in the bank willed to Tom by his mother, despite of Robert's remonstrance, and when that was gone, her own small fortune could be commanded. She cheered him up by every kind, loving word her tender heart suggested, and then a great plan was proposed.

Elsie fairly trembled as she made it, but she had given it hours of thought and prayer, and ventured:

" Suppose you take that money, Tom and open a furniture store of your own. There is none on Heron's Hill and we have to go to N- for even a chair."

A store of his own! Ambition was a key note never before touched in 'Tom's heart. A store of his own! What would Heron's Hill say to that? And if he had such a weight of responsibility as the care of Elsie and a store of his own, he would not have any temptation to idleness, or worse.

Elsie, watching his face, said, pres-

"There is that little store of Hunter's, Tom. Nobody has been there for seven months, since he died, and it is right in the middle of Main street. And they could not refuse a trial if you pay one quarter's rent in advance; and it will give you quite a holiday to go to Nfor goods."

Could he? Dared he?

Tom felt his fingers straighten, his heart expand. Nobody had for years seemed to consider him fit for any responsible position. His mother's tender pleading was only to lead him from wrong; Robert exhorted him to "stop making a beast of himself;" Maggie wondered how he could so forget his family, but little Elsie trusted him, asked

him to take care of her, proposed to him to open a store,

"T'll do it, Elsle."

"And, after all," the tender heart argued, as Elsie rose from prayer before retiring, "they all said he would only waste the money in drink, and he cannot do worse than lose it in a store."

But he did not lose it. Heron's Hill was in a great flutter when Hunter's store was opened, and a great sign put over the door, bearing the inscription. "Thomas Conard, Furniture Dealer;" great vans came lumbering over from Nof the new goods, and repairing was promised upon a grand scale.

Curiosity was the first attraction for customers, and triffes of washstands, chairs, kitchen tables, and such inexpensive articles were found to be needed in every household. Elsie, perched at a high desk at the back of the store, was the cashier. Tom, Important and busy, was salesman, and the two were as merry as bables in a new doll's house.

It was wonderful to see how the new responsibility did steady "wild Tom Connrd.

The ale house knew him no longer; the sneers of his old boon companions had no effect upon him. Elsie's trust in him, and the fact that he was her protector, kept him in the straight path where all else had falled.

The new store prospered, and the cashler's place was filled by a clerk .-Tom was quite able to pay, and Elsie returned to her duty as housekeeperfor Tom; adviser for-Tom; friend, counselor, comforter, all-for Tom.

It took time - years - to convince Robert and Maggie, and Elsie's friends in general, that they had not made a mistake; but they were convinced at Inst.

Elsie war twenty-one, pretty as ever, gentle and loving, faithful to Tom, when one evening over the cosy tea-table a momentous conversation occurred.

"Elsie," Tom said, "I met Mr. Murray this afternoon, very downhearted." Mr. Murray was the new minister at Heron's Hill. Elsie grew rosy in a moment, stirred her tea and never said a

"Elsie, "are you treating him quite fairly? He is a good man.

"Yes," very faintly.

"An upright, splendid fellow; what I call a true Christian gentleman." "Yes, Tom."

"And he loves you?"

No answer.

"And you love him? Why did you send him away?" "Oh, Tom, you are cruel. It was all for your sake," she said in a burst of

Then she was running away, but Tom's arms caught and held her. "For my sake! so I suspected! But,"

and a brown mustache swept Elsie's cheek as Tom whispered-" I was only waiting for Mr. Murray to speak, Elsie, to be sure there was some one to take care of you, before asking-" "Oh! Tom.-Helen."

"Yes, dear Helen. Will you let her take-not your place, Elsie, for my heart has room for you both, but my wife's place in my new home."

So it was settled, and when the fair wife Tom won would speak loving words of him and her own happiness, Tom would say:

"I owe it all to Elsie. My sister's love, and trust made a man of a neverdo-well,"

SNIPKIN'S SOCIAL PARTY.

MR. SNIPKIN'S, a little man with wiry side-whiskers and a bald head, is very fond of having a social time. The other day he invited several of his fellow-clerks to spend the evening at his house, the programme embracing euchre and "hot stuff." The boys were to be up to the house at eight o'clock .-Mr. Snipkins went home to get his tea and prepare for them by working Mrs. Snipkins into the proper mood for the occasion. He was aware that unless that excellent lady was in a pliable humor, the possibility of working a half-dozen men into the house was the chimerical of all chimeras. At 8 o'clock the invited guests with two decks of cards and a quart bottle approached the house. They found Mr. Snipkins at the gate. He had been waiting for them. There was a troubled look on his face.

"It's too bad, boys," he said, apologetically, "but I'm afraid that-that we will have to postpone our little affair until another evening."

"Why, what's the row?"

"Well, you see," said Snipkins, hesitatingly, and with an apprehensive look to the house, "It's the old lady. I am sorry, boys, but it can't be helped - it really can't be helped. I didn't know she was doing it, of course, when I invited you for to-night, or I wouldn't a done it."

"Doing what?" asked the man who

had the bottle.

"Doing grapes," replied Snipkins. "You see the man came with them this afternoon, and she skinned them and had them on a biling when I got home;

and they've been billing ever since, but they don't jell. No, no," Mr. Snipkins shook his head despondently, "they don't jell worth a cent. She's got a roaring old fire, and she's as red as a beet in the face, and she whips around there without saying a word, but looking volumes. I tell you, boys, I'm mighty sorry, but it won't do. There's no use talking party when grapes act like them. We'll have to put it off another night." Mr. Snipkins spoke with so much feeling, and cast so many apprehensive glances toward the bouse that the party were convinced of the futility of their plans for the evening, and at once retired.

A Pointed Prayer.

A Connecticut clergyman once preached on the miracle of Gadara, where the exorelsed devils entered the herd of swine, and after the sermon asked a young man in the audience if he was a Christian.

"No," said he, "but I am all right; I am perfectly safe now,"

"How so?" says Mr. F. "Why," says the youth, "you have just told us that the devils were all drowned; so we are no longer in danger." Mr. F. knelt close by the young man and offered a very carnest prayer

as follows "O Lord, we read in thy Word that the swine all ran down into the sea, and we supposed they were all drowned, but It seems one hog swam ashore, and he is here right before me. Lord, cast the devil out of him." The result was the conversion of the young man, who became a very efficient Christian worker.

Irish Wit.

In a recent Sunday evening "discourse" on the Cove Promenade, John K. Lester told the following story to illustrate one of his points. How effective it may have been in the direction deponent saith not; but it is certainly as pure a specimen of the rough diamond known as Irish wit as most of those that make " the grand rounds" of the press. Mr. Lester said that when he was a boy 10 or 12 years of age, he was standing in Market Square with his grandfather, when four Irishmen came up, one of whom asked the distance to Pawtucket. He was told by the old gentleman that it was about four miles.

"Well, faith," said Pat, in a mock tone of encouragement to his three tired companions, "that's not bad at all-

only a mile a piece for us." "Whom do you want to see in Pawtucket?" inquired Mr. Lester, senior. "Be jabers," was the quick reply, "I

What He did Know.

want to see myself there most of any-

"I wish to ask you a question," said Mr. Sharp to our young minister, as he met him in the street. "I am anxious to know where hell is. The Bible I have read, geographies, histories and other books, and I can't make out where it is exactly. The young minister, placing his hand on his shoulder, and looking earnestly into his eyes, replied encourag-

ingly: "My dear sir, do not be discouraged; I am sure you will find out after a while. As for myself, I have made no inquiries, and really do not wish to know where hell is. About heaven I have thought and read and studied a great deal. I wish to make that my home, and by the grace of God I will. Ask me about heaven and I can talk. I don't know where hell is, and would rather not find out."

The Sin of Drankenness.

When we acknowledge that drunkenness is a disease, let us not forget that it is also a sin. No man is forced to become a drunkard; he drinks to excess with his eyes open, with his hands free, with his conscience upbraiding him, until he drowns it in the bowl. He voluntarily surrenders his reason, his taste, his judgment, his health, his character and his conscience on the altar of appetite; and is not that a sin? He knows that his habits of indulgence will disqualify him for the performance of the duties of child, husband, parent and citizen, and while they deaden the faculties which should elevate him above the dumb beast, they intensify and quicken all the animal and brutal insticts of degraded humanity; and is not that a

In a little village in the North of Ireland lived two old inhabitants known by the names of Darby and Pat, each in their own way rather eccentric and always ready with their answers. The former was one day taking his usual walk, when he met his friend Pat, and asked:

"What tolme moight it be now?" Pat, having a short stick in his hand. gave Darby a sharp crack over the head with it, and said :

" It's just shtruck wan."

Darby, looking up a little surprised, but always ready, said:

"Troth and it's a lucky job I wasn't here an hour sooner !"

Perry Co., Pa