

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 7.53 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.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., and 9.55 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

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. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. 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. Johnstown Ex. 12.52 p. m., daily except Sunday.

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 every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.

PATENTS.

Fee Reduced, Entire Cost \$55. Patent Office Fee \$35 in advance, balance \$20 within 6 months after patent allowed.

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.

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.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

"YOU WILL come home with us, Elsie 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.

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?

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.

"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.

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

"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 instead of a sufferer on earth."

"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." "Eb, 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.

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.

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.

The undersigned having had over 10 years experience in the Claim agency business will attend promptly to claims under the above act.

tainly not the strongest drink handed over the bar.

And Tom craved solitude. 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 degradation to come.

The one tender spot in Tom's heart held Elsie in sacred shrine. Her blonde beauty was angelic to Tom, and her soft hand and tender voice had led him from evil more than once.

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.

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

"Tea! Elsie! I—I thought you had gone to Maggie's hours ago." "I am not going to Maggie's."

"Will you not take care of me, Tom?" A great rush of new-born true manliness choked Tom's voice.

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

"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 lovingly."

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.

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.

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?

"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 have 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 billing when I got home;

and they've been billing ever since, but they don't jell. No, no," Mr. Snipkins shook his head despondently.

"I'll do it, Elsie." "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."

Curiously was the first attraction for customers, and trifles of washstands, chairs, kitchen tables, and such inexpensive articles were found to be needed in every household.

The new store prospered, and the cashier's place was filled by a clerk.— Tom was quite able to pay, and Elsie returned to her duty as housekeeper—for 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 last.

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 word.

"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."

"Oh, Tom, you are cruel. It was all for your sake," she said in a burst of tears.

"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:

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 euvre and "hot stuff."

"I owe it all to Elsie. My sister's love, and trust made a man of a never-do-well."

"What toime ought 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!"

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 house 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 exorcised 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 earnest 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.

"Whom do you want to see in Pawtucket?" inquired Mr. Lester, senior. "Be jabbers," was the quick reply, "I want to see myself there most of any-body."

What He did Know.

"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.

"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 Drunkenness.

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 instincts of degraded humanity; and is not that a sin?

"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 toime ought 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!"