

**RAILROADS.**

**PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.**  
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.  
November 5th, 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 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., 2.57 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, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m.  
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m.  
Leave Reading, at 7.40, 7.49, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m.  
Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m.  
And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.  
Leave Allentown, at 11.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.  
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.50 p. m.  
Leave Reading, at 4.45, 7.49 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

**SUNDAYS:**  
Leave New York, at 5.20 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.  
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.  
Leave Reading, at 4.45, 7.49 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.  
J. E. WOOTEN, 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, Passenger trains will run as follows:

**EAST.**  
Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.  
Johnstown Ex. 12.23 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
Mall 11.57 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., flag, daily.

**WEST.**  
Way Pass. 9.08 a. m., daily.  
Mall, 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 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 13 minutes faster than Altoona 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:

**EASTWARD.**  
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m.  
Johnstown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m.  
Mall 7.50 p. m., daily.  
Atlantic Express 10.50 p. m., daily (flag).

**WESTWARD.**  
Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily.  
Mall, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m.  
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.53 p. m.  
WM. 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

**HARNESSES OF ALL KINDS,**  
*Saddles, Bridles, Collars,*

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

**FINE HARNESSES a speciality.**

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 \$25 in advance, balance \$20 within 6 months after patent allowed. Advice 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 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.  
F. S. — Blankets, Robes, and Shoe Findings made a speciality.

JOS. M. HAWLEY.  
Duncannon, July 19, 1875—11

**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 \$5. 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,  
Perry Co., Pa.

**THE MISSING PEDDLER.**

ON THE evening of September 10, 1858, Pablo Mortione, a peddler, trading among the scattered villages of the French and Spanish Pyrenees, applied for shelter from an approaching storm at the house of Antonio Maschez, a small farmer, who lived a couple of miles from St. Pol de Leon, in the Andorre Pass. He was well known to the farmer, as indeed he was to every one else for twenty miles around, and met with a cordial reception from both Maschez and his wife, a stalwart Cordovan woman, who ruled her husband and her household with a rod of iron. Both, indeed, professed extreme pleasure in seeing him, and with true mountain hospitality made him welcome to the best the house afforded.

While awaiting the preparation of supper in the great kitchen of the farmhouse, Mortione whiled away the time by displaying the contents of his pack to the little daughter of his host and hostess, and the mother in more than one instance neglected her cooking to feast her eyes, sparkling with cupidity, upon the gorgeous fabrics, the gaudy handkerchiefs, flashy jewelry, and a host of other attributes of the peddler's stock in trade.

When at last supper was announced, she devoted herself to a minute inspection of the pack while its owner satisfied the cravings of his appetite with an ample meal. That over, he bundled his stock together, and pleading the weariness of a long day's journey, went to bed on the floor of the next room. The little girl also retired to her pallet in a remote corner of the same apartment.

Shortly after, Maschez, who had gone out to secure his cattle from the storm and split some billets of firewood, returned. He bore an armful of wood, and a heavy hatchet with which he had been cutting it. He found his wife pacing restlessly up and down the kitchen, every now and then pausing at the door of the bed-room to listen to the heavy breathing of the tired peddler, already fast asleep, with his precious pack for a pillow. As he threw the wood noisily into the fire-place, she turned upon him with a warning gesture.

"Caramba! Wife, what ails you?" he asked, in amazement.

"Pah! Quiet! Do you hear how soundly he sleeps?"

"Well, he has had a long journey today, and is tired enough to sleep well."

"He must never wake from that sleep!" hissed the wife, close to his ear.

"How!"

"He must never wake, I say. Listen, Antonio Maschez. That man has enough wealth to make us rich, and with the contents of his pack I can dress better than the alcaide's wife, who will break her heart of envy. He must die!"

"What do you mean?" cried the horror-stricken farmer, starting back.

"Quiet, you poor, cowardly fool!" said his wife, fastening on his shoulder with a grip of iron, and snatching the sharp hatchet from his hand. "If you are afraid to do it, I am not."

"Do you mean to murder him?"

"Ay, and you too, if you give the alarm."

Standing in awe of his wife, as he did, the farmer dared not utter another word of expostulation. Clinging to the side of the fire-place for support, the miserable man watched the murderess stealthily approach the bed-room door. She set the candle close to the threshold, so as to obtain sufficient light for her purpose without running any risk of disturbing her intended victim.

In a moment more her figure disappeared in the gloom of the room where her child and her guest were sleeping. At this instant a terrific crash of thunder shook the earth, and the tempest broke down the narrow pass in which the house was situated with a frantic howl. All earthly noises were drowned in the conflict of the elements. A vivid flash of lightning, however, revealed the figure of Madame Maschez standing in the doorway. She still held the hatchet in her hand, but it was dripping blood.

In the brief moment which had passed a human life had been taken for the sake of a few gew-gaws and a couple of hundred francs.

Such was the tragedy which occurred in the Andorre pass on the night of September 10, 1858, as told at his trial by the husband of the murderess herself. So quick and noiseless had the crime been that the little child, who had been awakened by the crash of the storm, had heard no other sound than that which had disturbed her slumbers, and went to sleep again.

The female tigress compelled her cringing spouse, by furious threats, to assist her in dragging the body into the kitchen. Under cover of the storm this was done without detection, and the pack was likewise transported to the common room. The sheepskin over which the murdered man had been lying was soaked with his blood, and together with his clothing, was thrown into the fire. The pools of blood on the

earthen floor were speedily soaked up by the ground.

The only evidences of the murder left were the pack, the hatchet, and the corpse itself. This latter was quickly disposed of. In a shed at the back of the house were half a dozen wine casks, most of them empty. Into one of these the body was thrown, and at daylight Madame Maschez headed it up with her own hands and ran it full of water.

Several days passed, and the Maschez house was always so beset with visitors that no opportunity for a burial of the body occurred. No one had seen the peddler enter the house, and his absence was not noticed.

On September 18, the little girl, while at the village school of St. Pol de Leon, exhibited a very fine silk handkerchief one of a number contained in the peddler's pack. The handkerchief attracted the attention of the village priest who taught the school, and he asked:

"Where did you get this fine kerchief, my dear?"

"Mother has plenty of them," was the innocent reply. "The strange man with a bundle who slept at our house one night, and never went away again, had them."

The child had unwittingly betrayed her guilty parent. Suspecting something from her remark, the priest at once dispatched a messenger for the alcaide. He came, accompanied by a muleteer from Andorre, who, that very morning had called at his house to inquire for the missing peddler, to whom he wished to deliver some goods. Within an hour the school was dismissed, and a strong party of villagers assembled, and under the leadership of the priest and alcaide, set out for the Maschez house.

The farm-house was deserted. From a gully behind it, however, came a sound as of splitting wood, and guided by it, the party pushed on. As they crossed the patch of vegetable garden at the back of the house they noticed a smooth track on the ground as if a heavy wine cask had rolled over it. On reaching the gully this track was explained.

At the foot of the steep bank Maschez himself stood, spade in hand, beside a trench, newly dug, and deep enough to accommodate the body of a man. Madame Maschez, armed with a sharp but rusty hatchet, was beating in the head of a wine cask near by. Her face was flushed and her manner determined. Her husband, on the contrary, was pale as death, and trembling in every limb.

Without a word the party made a rush for the guilty pair. At the crash of their approach Madame Maschez beat the head of the cask in, and turned, with weapon uplifted, to meet them.

In the cask, almost full of water, they could see the head and shoulders of a man!

With a howl of fury the half savage mountaineers rushed at the murderers, unable to escape, the amazon faced them dealing blow after blow with the formidable weapon in her hand. Half a dozen of the assailants sustained fearful wounds. Then one of them with a frantic rush drove the tines of a hay-fork, with which he was armed, clean through the body of the murderess. With a furious cut of her hatchet she severed the stout staff as if it had been a reed, and fell. One of the tines of the fork had pierced her heart.

Maschez had disappeared at the commencement of the fight. Search for him, however, revealed him insensible from fright in the open grave.

He was taken to Andorre for trial, and the facts of the murder elicited. The entire spoil gained by the poor peddler's death was a little bag containing 200 francs, and the contents of his pack, worth perhaps twice as much more. For his involuntary complicity in the affair Maschez was sentenced to the galleys for life.

**Attitudes in Sleep.**

A WRITER says: "There are those who believe that no man can sleep in a satisfactory way unless the head of his bed is turned to the north. Whether this rule applies to women is doubtful, since the alleged proneness of the sex to sleep in a circular position renders it always difficult to decide toward which point of the compass the sleeping feminine's head actually points."

It is said that in well-regulated hospitals the patients are laid with the head to the north and the feet to the south, and the doctors report they recover fastest in this position. The reason assigned is that the electric currents flow from north to south. The men don't seem to care, but women have immense faith in physicians. But the husbands and fathers report the feminine form ever seeks the curled up position. Even in chairs when alone they take it. It is their natural and favorite one. The fair sex argue in a circle. Why, in cutting fabrics they assume lines similar to their own rounded forms.

Men take their's straight. In bed they stretch out full length to thoroughly rest the frame. Women, however, adopt the curve of the sleeping Venus of Titian. Again we must quote fathers and husbands who say women prefer everything round from a dollar to a founce, because their own forms are charmingly rounded. They love to sit on the floor in circles to talk. Their favorite position in slumber is a slight curve, with both hands thrown over their heads and frequently meeting in a circle over their tiny night-cap or pent-up curls—decidedly a more bewitching way than the half circle of felinity.

Why this difference between man and woman? some conundrum propounder may ask. The books don't tell, nor can the fathers. It is developed from infancy. Why one might as well ask why a woman sits on the floor to put on her stockings, while a man sits in a chair to draw on his socks? We are not giving reasons; only facts.

**A Masonic Joke.**

SATURDAY, Constable Bowen found the boys in high glee over the sport they were having with a chap on State street, who was making desperate efforts to prevent the road from flying up in his face. Marching him to jail, the officer waited until Monday morning, and then "Stev." came before Equire Stearns and took a chair. The following angular dialogue then occurred:

"From whence came you?"

"Vell, I was been from der city New York oder die New Jerusalem."

"What came you here to do?"

"I learn to subdue mine abbittes, and imbroof myself in brintin."

"Then you are a printer, I presume?"

"Oh yes, I'm so taken by all der fellows."

"Where were you made a printer?"

"Auf a regular Scandinavian brinter's office."

"How gained you admission to this city?"

"By a good many long walks."

"How were you received?"

"By a Cherman frennt, mit a glass beer?"

"How did your friend dispose of you?"

"Oh, he dook me doo drie times the city round, mit saloons in der south and west, and east, and den der ovvlier cooms."

"What did the officer do with you?"

"He daught me der way to der shall in der east, until my steps were more uprider and regular as before."

"Will you be off or from?"

"Vell, offer you should please, Square, I'll be off right away quick."

"Why do you leave the east and go west?"

"In search of work."

"Work being the object of your search you will descend a flight of dirty stairs, consisting of some five or seven steps, turn square about, get on a level road, put out of the city, and make a plumb line for Chicago, where the wicked are always troublesome, and the weary are as bad as the rest."

**His Title.**

NOT long since a young man with blonde hair, a freckled nose, and other marks of personal attractiveness, applied to the deputy-sheriff at San Antonia for a pass to see his father, who he had reason to suppose was an inmate of the county jail.

"What's your name?" asked the officer, turning to his register.

"I'm Jim M'Snifter, from the Arroyo, Colorado."

"What peculiar kind of playfulness has your fether been amusin' himself at—murder in the first degree?"

"Wusser than that," was the M'Snifterian response.

All levity vanished from the face of the officer, who was really a kind-hearted man, and there was sympathy, and perhaps a tear in his eye as he turned over the page and said in a low voice:

"Worse than murder? My God! he must have stolen a pony!"

"It was some misunderstanding about a mewel," observed M'Snifter junior, punishing his cowhide boots with his squirt.

There are none of the M'Snifter's in jail. Maybe I've got a capias for you.

"I bleeve in the last indictment the old man's name was spelt Bob White. The title of the suit was the State against White."

"Why didn't you say so at once? You mean that his title at court. Why certainly! Just you come along, and I'll present you to his royal Majesty. He is in the ground cell. Just come along; I want to see if the old rooster isn't trying to saw his hobbles off."

And buckling on his armor the deputy-sheriff conducted the crown prince across the square to the castellated summer palace of his royal parent.

**A Jackson Anecdote.**

It is related that when Andrew Jackson was military commander in Florida, he had tried at a drum-head court-martial, sentenced and hanged, two Englishmen who had tried to incite insurrection among the Indians. President Monroe feared that Great Britain would be indignant, and summoned Jackson to Washington to be reprimanded.—Secretary Adams defended Jackson and made a long argument, in which he quoted international law as expounded by Grotius, Vattel and Puffendorf.—Jackson listened in sullen silence, but that evening, when asked at a dinner party whether he has not comforted by Mr. Adams' citation of authorities, he exclaimed:

"What do I care about those old rusty chaps? Blast Grotius, blast Vattel and blast the Puffen-chap. This is a fight between Jim Monroe and me, and I propose to fight it out."

A bachelor permitted himself to be inveigled into Boston's baby show, and it was nearly the death of him. He stopped to gaze at a sweet cherub of the hundred and fifty pounds, with ears like full grown cabbage leaves, a mouth of much amplitude, and lungs of more than Keely motor power. While wondering whether the infant would develop into a President of the United States or disgrace his dotting parents by joining a base ball club, the youngster opened its entire face back to the ears, and set up a yell. And such a yell! Before the bachelor could hurry away, the mother caught her infant in her arms, and crooned, "What's the matter with mamma's precious petty-wetty! Did the nasty-pasty, ugly-plugly man frighten mammy-wammy's darling baby-waby?" The bachelor fainted dead away, and was not restored to consciousness for two hours.