

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 Auburn via S. & R. R., at 5.10 a. 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 1.15 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 4.35 p. m.
 And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.
 Leave Auburn via S. & R. R., at 12 noon.
 Leave Allentown, at 1.30, 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 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.
 Johnston Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mail, 5.04 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., flag, daily.

WEST.

Way Pass. 9.05 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 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.
 Johnston Ex. 12.52 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mail 7.30 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Atlantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 2.59 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m.
 Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 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, Bridles, 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.

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.—H

SURPRISING!

JUST OPENED

A VARIETY STORE,

UP TOWN:

We invite the Citizens of BLOOMFIELD and vicinity, to call and examine our Stock of

GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, TIN WARE, A FULL VARIETY OF NOTIONS, &c., &c., &c.

All of which we are selling at astonishingly

LOW PRICES.

Give us a call and SAVE MONEY, as we are almost GIVING THINGS AWAY.

Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK,
 West Main Street.

38 1/2

JOB PRINTING of every description neatly and promptly executed at Reasonable Rates at the Bloomfield Times Steam Job Office.

Managing a Maid.

"DON'T tell me anything about it, Maria," said Mr. Jones. "I think I've stated the case clearly. A good mistress makes a good servant; and if you give orders to Nora—well, say as I give mine to my clerk, all would go on as it should. Try being very reasonable and very kind, yet very positive. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Maria, but I could manage this house and see that the bit of cooking, and all the dusting, and sweeping, and trifling of that sort was properly done without stirring from my seat in the parlor. We live very plainly, and really this talk about house-keeping is absurd."

"But, Albert, my dear," said Maria, "you don't understand. I merely mentioned that mutton must never be sent to the table *rare*, and she—"

"There, there, Maria," said Mr. Jones. "I don't want to offend you, but it's all your want of calmness. Now I must run, I'd no idea it was so late. But if you'd only take my plan, Nora would give you no trouble whatever."

Mrs. Jones said no more, but she kissed her husband good-morning with a look in her eye that meant something, and when Mr. Jones came home at night, he found his wife with a handkerchief about her forehead, lying on the sofa. She had a terrible headache, and, moreover, it was no better in the morning.

"And if you can stay at home, dear," said Mrs. Jones, "I'll be so thankful."

"Very well, my dear, I can stay; and I will," said the husband, "and perhaps I'd better go for the doctor."

"No," said Mrs. Jones; "nothing ails me but a headache; but it is not possible for me to attend to anything. So, now, love, you can show me how Nora can be managed."

"I think I can," said Mr. Jones. "I think I can, Maria. What will you have for breakfast now?"

"Oh, nothing but toast and tea," said Maria, "and there is steak in the house, you know, and eggs, and you must give out coffee."

Mr. Jones nodded and rang the bell. There was no answer.

"I suppose Nora is not up yet," said Mrs. Jones. "I generally wake her."

"I should never think of waking my clerk," said Mr. Jones. "Nora should be taught to rise at a proper hour to begin her daily duties. However, I'll rap at her door."

Having climbed the steps for this purpose, Mr. Jones succeeded at last in producing from the interior of Nora's department, a loud—

"Lord save us, is the house affre-mum that you're batin' in the door?"

"The house is not on fire," replied Mr. Jones, with dignity, "but it is time that you were up. In future rise at seven without being called."

"Did I ever hear the like!" retorted Nora. "Do you think a gurl is an owl to slape wid one eye open?"

"I have given my orders, Nora," said Mr. Jones, gravely.

"Then I'll take none from you, sir," said Nora.

However, shortly after, she came flapping down stairs in her morning slippers and was heard splitting kindling wood in the kitchen, whereupon Mr. Jones again rang the bell. This performance producing no effect, he rang it six times in succession, and at last, growing hot with indignation, bounced down stairs.

"Did you hear me ring, Nora," he asked.

"I did; and I was wonderin' if you found it amusing," replied Nora.

"I rang for you," said Mr. Jones.

"Ye'll ring long," said Nora. "Kape a second gurl ef you want bells answered, and what's happened to the missus that she sends you after me?"

"Mrs. Jones is not well," said Mr. Jones.

"I'm sorry, then," said Nora, "for she's a decent-behaved lady, and that's more than I can say of some others."

Her tone was personal, but Mr. Jones pretended not to notice it.

"Mrs. Jones will have tea and toast," he said, "and I will have coffee, steak, and some eggs."

"For the same breakfast?" asked Nora.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones.

"Ye'll take tay the same as her, then?" said Nora.

"No, I will take coffee," said Mr. Jones.

"Ye'll not git it," said Nora. "I've niver made tay and coffee for the wun breakfas' for any wun, and I'll not begin."

"I will have coffee, Nora," said Mr. Jones, calmly, and proceeding to unlock the pantry door and produce coffee sufficient for a breakfasting regiment. Then he walked calmly upstairs and waited. Hours rolled on, nothing came into the dining-room but smoke. Mr. Jones knew too much to ring the bell this time. He went down stairs again and penetrated the clouds of smoke that filled the kitchen.

"Is breakfast almost ready, Nora?" he said.

"Sorra a happorth!" said Nora. "The range won't light."

"It's this damper," said Mr. Jones. "It's pushed the wrong way." And he altered it.

"I've not lived on twenty years," said Nora, "to be larnt now about a range by a man."

"Very well," said Mr. Jones, "it is as I say. Breakfast in fifteen minutes Nora."

"Harken to him," said Nora through the smoke.

Mr. Jones retreated. An hour afterwards breakfast was served—the steak a cinder; poor Mrs. Jones' tea flavorless, warm water, no coffee whatever, and the eggs, too soft to be eaten. As for the toast, it was scorched in black bars, and had been done on the gridiron on which fish had been broiled.

"You see," said Mrs. Jones, "I always see to things a great deal, I suppose you couldn't, dear."

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, "I think Nora must have a peculiar character. I have not yet found the key to it. I must be more decided, I suppose. I'm sorry your tea and toast don't relish. I'll see that you have something better soon. Do you know, I believe the military style of command is the best. I'll adopt it. Since Nora was not engaged to answer the bell I must call, I suppose."

"Nora!"

Nora appeared.

"Clear away," cried Mr. Jones. Nora put her arms akimbo.

"Clear away," said Mr. Jones, as an officer might cry, "Shoulder arms."

"What?" said Nora.

"Remove breakfast things!" bellowed Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Jones retired to the sofa and shut her eyes.

Nora walked out of the room with a grin of derision. Mr. Jones followed her.

"Remove breakfast things," he said again.

"If you mane clear the table," said Nora, "I'll do it when I'm ready. There is a dale to do yet before that time'll come."

Mr. Jones retreated. Mrs. Jones watched him as he re-entered, with eyes that were very bright for one with a headache.

"H'm!" said Mr. Jones. "I suppose you had rather give orders about tidying bedrooms, and so on—eh?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Jones, "I leave it all to you."

She shut her eyes again. Mr. Jones read the paper. About an hour elapsed when Nora came to clear the table. Thereupon Mr. Jones tried his military system again.

"Neatly arrange the whole house," he said with emphasis on every word.

"What do you mean by that?" said Nora, scowling.

"Arrange the whole house neatly," said Mr. Jones.

"The like o' that," said Nora, and she marched out of the room. Mr. Jones followed.

"Did you hear my command?" he asked.

"You get out of my kitchen," said Nora. "I'll take no more orders from you."

Thereupon Nora threw a dish cloth at him, and he, naturally infuriated, threw it toward her again. Whereupon Nora at once tied up her eye in a large pocket handkerchief and vanished through the door.

Poor Mrs. Jones! Her headache would not have lasted so long had she known what the result of her husband's method would be. She had expected a little fun, but not quite this.

Nora, who knew only too well how such things were managed "made a charge" against her cruel master for assaulting her with a dish cloth. Not only had Mr. Jones to pay a fine and receive a reprimand, but the reporters got hold of him, and he was published over the length and breadth of the land, name and residence in full, as one of the greatest brutes living. In some papers he had beaten his servant girl with a poker. In some he had broken her head with an ax. He had inflicted wounds on her with a carving-knife, and he had shot her with a five-shot revolver.

In every case she was presented as innocence in grief, and he was an armed ruffian. For the next week he spent his time in writing contradictions to the papers from which Mrs. Jones in floods of remorseful tears cut the paragraphs concerning him; but he never boasted of his method with servants again, which, after all, must have been some comfort to Mrs. Jones.

A Sensible Woman.

The wife of a Pennsylvania clergyman when dying recently, called him to her bedside and said: "Don't grow morbid when I am gone. Go into society, be cheerful, and let no regard for my memory check you when you see fit to marry again. It is my wish; the children must be cared for; you will need a helper in

your work. You cannot live alone; your temperament is against it; only choose a cheerful woman, and teach her to love our children. Don't answer me, and don't be governed by what the world says or thinks."

A SCHOOL ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote was a favorite one with the late Amasa Walker.—The moral is applicable in these days:

There was a district school in the old town of North Brookfield that was particularly difficult to govern. In fact, for several winters the boys had succeeded in barring out the teacher and closing the school. The selectmen were anxious to put a stop to this kind of work, and it was finally decided that the selectmen should advertise for a teacher, the advertisement to set forth all the difficulties such a teacher would have to contend with, and offered increased compensation to any one who would undertake the job. The advertisement was duly inserted in the county paper and in the Boston and Providence papers.

But a few days had elapsed when a young stripling, and undergraduate of Brown University, made his appearance before the selectmen and applied for the school. The selectmen looked at him, and at each other, in perfect astonishment. At last the chairman said:

"Do you think you can teach this school?"

"I can try, sir."

"But no one else has succeeded."

"That is what the advertisement says."

"And are you willing to undertake it?"

"That is what I am here for."

"What method, may me ask, do you propose to pursue?"

"I will tell you at the close of the term."

"But if you fail?"

"I don't propose to."

"Are the terms satisfactory?"

"Well, yes; but as you doubt my ability to teach the school, I will further amend by making the proposition that if I do fail I am to receive nothing, and if I do succeed, the price to be doubled."

This was agreed to, and the teacher engaged. It was not long before the fact got noised through the district and over the town. As usual, the school commenced on the Monday after Thanksgiving. The teacher had been employing the intervening time in making a choice selection of hickory sticks with knots well defined on the surface.

That district school-house had never before been so well filled on the first day of the term. The teacher addressed the school, laid down his rules, and then proceeded to grade the scholars.

When the first class was called out, according to a preconceived plan, a giant youth, the son of the village blacksmith, stepped into the middle of the floor and commenced to raise a disturbance.

"Take your seat, sir," said the teacher.

"When I get ready," was the defiant answer.

"Step this way, sir?"

"Well, yes, I guess I will," said the young giant, and then went for the teacher. When within a few steps of him he was ordered to halt. The blue eyes of the teacher looked right at him, and he cautioned him not to come any nearer. The boy, measuring the relative strength of both by bulk kept on. The teacher struck out from the left shoulder and laid the huge form of the boy on the floor; he again sprang to his feet and was knocked down the second and third time. The teacher then reached round and took one of his sticks and belabored the fellow till he bawled with pain.

There was no more trouble that day, but the victory was not won. This the teacher understood. The next morning, after the school had been called to order, there was a knock at the door. The teacher opened it, and was met on the threshold by a man of about forty years of age, huge in stature, with face begrimed and a long coarse, grizzly beard.

"What do you wish?" mildly asked the teacher.

"To enter school."

"All right, sir; step in and take a seat in front of the desk, and I will examine you shortly." The man swaggered in, casting his eyes round the room with an expression that was perfectly understood.

"Now, sir, stand up, and I will see what class to put you in." The man stood up, and with some difficulty succeeded in getting through the alphabet, but failed in words of two syllables.

"You will take your seat in the primary class," said the teacher.

"I'll see you—first."

"Sit down," was the quiet but determined order.

The man with a demoniac grin sprung for the teacher, but found himself sprawling on the floor. He jumped up in a perfect rage, but the practical eye and hand of the teacher met him, and he went down again and again ignominiously.

"I have got enough," he cried at last.

"But I have not," said the teacher, and he proceeded to select his hickory, with which he belabored the giant till he howled with pain and sprung for the door.

"Come back and take your seat—the school is not dismissed." The bravo came back like a whipped spaniel.

The school was kept, the selectmen were satisfied, and the teacher received his advance.

A Hotel Keeper's Story.

"STEAL!" said the old man, in accents of intense scorn. "Steal! Why, you would be astonished to find how large a proportion of the traveling public are infernal thieves. They steal the bed clothes, pillows, boot-jacks, soap, soap-dishes—everything, in fact, which they can carry off. Everybody steals soap. We expect that, and don't kick. You'd be surprised to hear that a noted Indiana politician makes a practice of putting the soap into his valise every time he pays his bill. He doesn't seem to use much of it himself, but I think he takes it home to his children. The first thing to be done when a fellow comes to the office to pay his bill is to send the porter up to his room to see if anything is missing. When a fellow comes down with his valise in his hand we are unusually suspicious. The only way to get even with the thieves is to keep a 'thief account.' Whenever anything is missed I charge it up at a fair value, and the next time I catch a thief in the act I make him pay the entire amount or go to jail. One day a nice looking fellow came down with a valise in his hand and inquired the amount of his bill. The minute I saw him I knew he had stolen something, so I rang the bell and gave the porter the wink. I potted about the books while the porter was gone, and could see he was getting uneasy. He had a notion to bolt, but just then the porter came down, and I saw by his eye that something was missing. I jumped over the counter and grabbed the rascal by the throat—

"Open that valise, you d—d thief," says I. He got very white about the gills, and began to beg. When the valise was opened, sure enough there was a new bed-spread for which I had paid \$5. "Bill," says I, "bring me the account." I footed it up, and it amounted to just \$57. "You pay that," says I, "or go to jail." He thought it was d—d hard to have to pay for other men's stealings, but on the whole concluded that it was cheaper than to go to the penitentiary. Compounding a felony? Well, yes, it did have that complexion. But may be it nipped a thief in the bud. The girls are generally honest, though once in a while we catch one of them. One time there was an infernal tree peddler stopped with us, and he had a black vest stolen. I paid him \$5 for it. He described it very accurately. There was a yellow spot on the collar, where he had dropped some acid on it, and his name in full was written on the leather with which it was bound at the bottom. I suspected the girl Mary. We watched her for a week or two, and concluded we were mistaken, when one day a fellow came in with a black vest, and there was a round yellow spot on the collar. It was Mary's sweetheart. I collared him, jerked up his vest and found the name of the tree peddler on the leather. He owned up that Mary had stolen the vest and given it to him. At that time the thief account was only \$7, and so he got off cheap."

A Curious Lawsuit.

Los Angeles has had a novel lawsuit. It came before a justice's court, and was to this effect: A. had a sick horse which was in great suffering, and which he thought was sure to die. So he took the horse to B, a livery stable keeper, and said: "I will give you five dollars to kill this horse for me." "All right," said B. So A paid the five dollars, left the horse in charge of B and went away. B could not, however, summon sufficient nerve to kill this poor animal, so, in his turn, B said to C: "If you will kill this horse for me I will give you five dollars." "All right," said C, and took the horse away with him. C, however, did not kill the horse, but doctored him and restored him to health. A, much to his surprise, one day saw C driving a fine animal, which A unmistakably recognized as his formerly sick horse. A demanded the horse from C; C refused to give him up, and A brought suit against C to recover possession of the horse. The jury decided that C was entitled to the horse. We understand that the case will be appealed to the county court.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Express.