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. 2.00p. 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.

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. & S. Br. 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 1.45 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 †4.40, 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. & S. Br. at 12 noon.

Leave Allentown, at †2.30 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.
Johnstown Ex. 12.22 P. M., daily " Sunday
Mail,............ 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday
Atlantic Express, 9.54P. M., flag,—daily.

WEST.

Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily,
Mail,.............. 2.43 P. M. daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 P. M. daily except Sunday.
Pittsburgh Express, 11.57P. 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 Ex. 12.53P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 P. M.................. " " "
Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag)

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily
Mail, 2.09 P. M.............. daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 P. M.
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33P. M.

WM. C. KING Agent.

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HOW BARRY WON HER.

AT THE unripe age of thirteen, Barry Munson and Tom Finch were fast friends. Social difference did not trouble them. Their interest in base ball was equally intense, and their antipathy for algebra was equally deep rooted. Tom worked out Barry's mathematical problems, and Barry wrote Tom's compositions, and either would have made any reasonable sacrifice to secure for the other admission to a circus.

When Barry Munson's sister Louise said that Tom Finch was not "a proper associate," her brother defended his friend stoutly.

"I guess he knows more'n you do, or that goggle-eyed Maynard, either."

This was a doubly cruel thurst. Miss Louise Munson had finished her education—had any one doubted it, she might have produced her diploma from the Raritan Seminary—and, moreover, Miss Louise Munson was an ardent admirer of Mr. Frederick Maynard.

As boys, then, Tom and Barry were the best friends. They had but one quarrel, that is, of a serious nature, and that was caused indirectly by Bessie Charlock. On his thirteenth birthday Barry gave a party, to which, in spite of many protestations from Miss Louise, Tom Finch was invited.

When it came supper-time, Barry offered to escort Bessie Charlock to the dining-room. Bessie refused to go; "had company." Barry was at first astonished and afterward indignant. Not, however, at Bessie. It was perfectly right that she should keep her word and go with somebody else, as she had promised. Barry's indignation turned upon that somebody else, who proved to be Tom Finch.

"I wanted to take Bessie Charlock to supper," said he, later in the evening.

"Why didn't you ask her, then?" rejoined Tom.

"Cause you got ahead of me!"

"Well, if she would rather go with me, I s'pose its all right, isn't it.

This was more than Barry could stand.

"She wouldn't rather go with you," he said, feeling the blood mount to his face. "She went because she knew nobody else would go with you."

"Oh, wouldn't they, now?" demanded Tom, indignantly, "I guess my girl would have gone it I had asked her, and if she hadn't, I wouldn't go blubbering 'round to the fellow who got the best of me."

"You just wait till to-morrow!" said Barry, as he moved away from the corner where this unpleasant dialogue had been held.

"What's the use of getting mad about a girl!" said he. And this conciliatory overture effected a perfect re-union. Tom and Barry became closer friends than ever.

All this, remember, at the unripe age of thirteen.

At seventeen Barry went to college, and Tom went to work. Then it was that they began mutually to appreciate the dissimilarity of their lots in life. When Barry came home at the end of his freshman year he treated Tom kindly, but with a certain patronizing air, which was more offensive to the young mechanic than insult direct. The lusty friendship of their boyhood was at an end.

At the end of another year Barry's college training began to make itself conspicuously manifest. His sister Louise, now Mrs. Frederick Maynard, had no need to caution him against the impropriety of associating with Tom Finch. Along with his æschylus and calculus he had learned some other things not laid down in college curriculum.

"Tom Finch is a good fellow, but fresh—exceedingly fresh."

It was apparent that time had effected a striking metamorphosis in him. This same magician, with a gentle touch, had wrought also a change in Bessie Charlock. He had moulded her girlish figure into outlines of symmetrical beauty, crowned her with a wealth of luxuriant hair, deepened the rich color of cheek and lip, and freshened her with a vigor of perfect health. She was amazingly pretty. Barry said, "Deucedly charming." He met her not many days after his return to Barborough, at a croquet party. They were antagonists in the game, but the best of friends between shots.

"I hoped you would come up to commencement with Louise and Fred," said he twirling his mallet over his fingers as his *alma mater* had taught him to twirl a cane.

"I should have enjoyed it, I am sure," answered Bessie. "Your oration, I suppose, was the best of them all. What was it about?"

"The effect of Platonic philosophy upon modern thought," replied Barry with an unmistakable consciousness of the depth of his subject.

"Gracious me," exclaimed Bessie, rising her curved eyebrows. "How interested I should have been in that! Can't you repeat some of it now, Mr. Munson?"

In spite of himself, Barry felt his cheek grow hot. This girl of 19 knew nothing of Platonic philosophy, of course. Yet her ridicule made the self-satisfied bachelor of art wince not a little.

"You would find it decidedly stupid, Miss Bessie," said he at last.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't. How could anything be stupid that comes from your pen? And then Plato—how nice it must be to tell the world all about his philosophy? Let me see. Was he the one who loved good things to eat? No, of course not. That was Ep— Ep—"

"Epicurious," suggested Barry.

"Yes. How ignorant in me not to know! Why didn't you write about the the effect which his philosophy has on modern thought? I am sure you are qualified to treat this subject, Mr. Munson."

Before Barry could interpret this remark the young lady was at the other end of the ground, driving an unobtrusive "rover" out of the way.

The croquet party seemed "deucedly dull" to Barry Munson. Bessie, on the other hand, enjoyed the game hugely.

"Odd sort of a girl Bessie is, isn't she?" observed Barry to Miss Helen Brighton.

"I hope she won't invite Tom in to play!" exclaimed the young lady, filled with horror at the possibility of such an event.

"Is Tom still one of Bessie's admirer's?" inquired Barry, carelessly.

"Perhaps she could answer that question better than I," replied Miss Helen.

Acting upon this hint, Barry put the question bluntly to Bessie herself when she had returned from her conference with Tom. As bluntly Bessie answered it.

The people of Barborough began to suspect, before the autumn had crimsoned the leaves, that Barry Munson was in love with Bessie Charlock. The same suspicion assumed a form of conviction in Barry's own mind. Never, perhaps, had he been more deeply impressed with this truth that on a certain October afternoon, when they walked together under the overarching elms that gave grandeur to the quiet Barborough street.

"Bessie, would it surprise you very much if I told you that I loved you?"

She did not answer at once; but when she did her voice was clear and unshaken.

"No it would not surprise me very much to hear you say so; but I should doubt your words."

"Suppose you were convinced of their sincerity, might I hope that you would promise to become my wife?"

"No Barry; I do not love you well enough for that. When I promise a man to become his wife, I must feel for him a deeper respect than I do for you."

She turned her wondrously truthful eyes toward him, and kept them fixed upon his face. The steady gaze brought the color to his cheek.

"What have I ever done to forfeit your respect?" he asked after a painful pause.

"Nothing; and you have done nothing to gain it. You have brains, education, opportunities—everything to fit you for a noble life. You ought to win a name among men. Instead of making the effort, you choose to do nothing—to spend the money which somebody else has earned, and to waste the time which might be put to good account. Your mind seems to be occupied chiefly with thoughts of your personal appearance. You never did an hour's work in your life. Barry, you have not grown into the manhood you ought. You have no purpose, no aim, no ambition. I hate a man without ambition."

"What is a fellow to do, Bessie? The war is over; there isn't any chance to become a hero now-a-days. And I don't know that there is any work for me to do unless I go into law; which I detest cordially. You wouldn't have me become a machinist like Tom Finch, would you?"

"I would have you become anything,' answered she, "to show yourself a man."

In the glory of the autumn sunset Barry Munson made his way homeward with those words ringing in his ears.

The fall of 1873 brought with it disaster to the Barborough iron works of Mr. Abner Muson. One morning the clocks of Barborough struck seven, but the whistle of the Barborough iron works did not echo the hour. The whirl of machinery was hushed, the fires in the furnaces were out, the works were closed. Men stood about the smoky doors, anxious-eyed and moody. No fault of theirs made them idle; it was labor that they sought, and found not.

And while Barry Munson was still dreaming of what he should do to astonish the world, behold! the world astonished him. He awoke to find himself not famous, but poor. And before he could fully know what poverty was, a great sorrow fell upon him, whose black shadow darkened his life and chilled his heart.

The body of his father Abner Munson, was found stark and lifeless, in the office of the Barborough Iron Works.—On the floor, by it's side lay a pistol.

A just settlement of the claims against the estate left the family of Abner Munson without a dollar.

"We must give up the house, the furniture, everything, Barry," said his mother. "We have nothing left now."

Then Barry, pressing the hand of his mother said:

"I have my youth and your love.—Let them take all else; I can provide for us both."

The Barborough Iron Works passed into the hands of a joint stock company. A superintendent was needed; one with practical knowledge of the business, and competent to raise the works to their old level of prosperity. For this responsible position there were fifty applicants. The directors were pleased to select a man who had made no application.

This was Tom Finch.

"He's young," said the President of the Board, "but he's reliable as — iron."

The portly President intended to make the comparison "steel," but iron struck him as more appropriate.

To his old school-fellow went Barry in search of employment.

"I should have sent for you," said Tom, "but I didn't suppose you would accept the place. You shall take charge of the books, if you will, and help me in many ways. The position will pay you $1,300 a year only, but that is better than nothing."

"Infinitely," said Barry.

And with that he threw away his eyeglasses, gave up all thoughts of astonishing the world, and went to work in his father's old office, for the moderate compensation of $25 a week. It is to be presumed that book-keeping was not altogether to his taste, but nobody ever heard him grumble, and he applied himself so diligently to his work that Tom Finch declared from the first that without Barry he should have made a miserable failure of the superintendency. As it was, he made a complete success. The Barborough Iron Works weathered the storm and found smooth waters.

Bending over his books, Barry Munson recalled often that memorable afternoon when he and Bessie walked side by side under the overarching elms. He saw her but rarely now. The sudden changes which a year had wrought, the sorrow and responsibility which had come to him since that October day, had driven the thoughts of self from his mind. Yet ever in his ears rang, these words:

"I would have you become anything to show yourself a man!"

What triumphs could he hope to achieve in the narrow confines of that office? What chance of heroism over those musty books? What hope for fame, adding long columns of figures? What noble aim in life, beyond caring for his dependent mother?

Something of all this he said to her in the twilight of another autumn day, walking again beneath the Barborough elms. And she turning her truthful eyes upon him, made answer, saying:

"Barry, you have shown yourself a hero. You have won my respect."

"I have nothing to offer you now, Bessie, but my love," he added quietly.

"And if you had all the world to offer me," said she, "I would prize only that which you now give."

And thus it came to pass that Barry Munson, the book-keeper, wedded the girl whom Barry Munson, the declaimer on philosophy, wooed in vain.

Detected by a Seal Ring.

RECENTLY the Sheriff of Dodge county, Neb., passed up the Texas Central railroad, having in charge a man named Marcus Withersau, accused of murder. Withersau was paying court to a young lady named Bradley, who resided in the town of Fremont, Neb., and was engaged to be married to her when a stranger named Joel Lauridge came to the town. Lauridge succeeded in a short time in claiming a good part of the lady's attention. This greatly displeased Withersau, who is of a very jealous temperament, and he was not slow in giving his apparent rival many evidences of his ill-will, openly insulting him whenever an opportunity was afforded.

Yet young Lauridge, being received with favor by the young lady, continued to visit her. The engagement between Withersau and his affianced was unbroken, however, and the wedding day been fixed upon.

One evening, Withersau, while on his way to the town to visit his affianced, met her in company with Lauridge out riding, and, seized by a fit of jealousy, he galloped up to them and shot Lauridge, killing him almost instantly. He fled the country, and it was thought he had gone back to Canada, where he had formerly lived. He wore on his hand a seal ring of the young lady, which was mounted by a gold cross, and it was that that led to his capture.

A young man named Swazey, a cousin of Miss Bradley, had enlisted in the U. S. Army, and was ordered along with his company to Fort Duncan, on the Rio Grande. He had never see Withersau, but had frequently heard his cousin describe the ring belonging to her, which Withersau wore when he killed Lauridge.

One day he saw a strange man at the fort wearing the identical ring, but on inquiring the stranger's name he gave it as Bill Poindexter. The soldier wrote to the authorities of Fremont, giving a description of the man and ring, and the Sheriff, being satisfied that the wearer of the ring was Withersau, came after and captured him.

Badly Frightened Celestials.

A boy, while on his way to the Richmond charcoal pile above the furnaces, espied an old wagon wheel on the hillside. With true boyish impulse, he stood it on its rim and started it down the hill. With the usual perversity and cussedness of all inanimate things it took a straight course for a Chinaman's shanty, and gathering force and velocity by the momentum of its downhill revolution, it dashed with full force against the Celestial residence, and tore it from its moorings, carrying wreck and destruction to the interior.

A dozen terrified and scared Celestials tumbled out of the back windows and sought safety on the flat below. The boy had taken to his heels and disappeared over the crest of the hill, and there was no visible cause in sight to account for the apparent earthquake.—After a long consultation, the bravest barbarian cautiously crept back, peered around the corner of the shanty, and finally ventured to the doorway. His companions joined him, and the gesticulating, outpouring of choice speech and the testing of the capacity of their native language in the way of profanity, was wonderful.

The boy forgot to return that way to explain the cause of the accident.—"Eureka Sentinel," Nev.

Badly Sold.

A well-known Sacramentan who had been out with "the boys" until about 3 o'clock in the morning felt a trifle uneasy as to what his wife would say upon the subject, and determined to adopt a little piece of strategy.

He entered the house cautiously, noiselessly removed his boots, and then made his way to their bedroom. He was not so obfuscated but that he knew it would be dangerous to attempt to get into bed, so after disrobing he took up a position by the side of the baby's cradle and began rocking it like a '49-er.

His wife, aroused by the noise, discovered him, as it was a part of deep-laid plan she should, and called out:

"Why, what on earth are you doing there?"

"Doing?" he replied, keeping the kinks out of his tongue by an almost superhuman effort; "doing? I'm trying to get this—baby asleep! She's been crying half an hour, and you've slept through it all?"

His air of righteous indignation was well put on, but it wouldn't do — luck was against him.

"What do you mean?" his better half sternly responded. "I've got the baby in bed here with me; and she hasn't cried to-night! When did you come home?"

Out-Done by a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand-boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing about being so small, and said to him:

"You will never amount to much, you never can do much business, you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"*I can keep from swearing!*" said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

☞ The Malay policemen of Batavia are armed with a singular weapon—pitchfork. It is not, strictly speaking, a weapon at all, either of offense or defense. It is a policeman's aid. When at night he meets a drunken sailor, noisy and obstinate, the policeman puts the fork around "Jack's" neck, and makes him walk along. That Jack may move along willingly, the points of the fork are curved inward. If he tries to escape, or moves his head violently, he tears his neck. He may advance slowly, but move he must, and in the way the propelling policeman directs.

☞ The less a man knows, the more he knows about the hereafter.