

RAILROADS. PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. November 5th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 6.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 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 via S. & R. R. at 5.10 a. m., 8.20, 9.45 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 14.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.50, 6.15 and 8.30 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 via S. & R. R. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 3.50, 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, 9.40, and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOFEN, Genl. 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.

Milfintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Milfintown Ex. 7.22 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail, 8.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., flag, daily. WEST. Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday. Milfintown 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 15 minutes faster than Alabama 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. Milfintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.24 a. m. Milfintown Ex. 12.53 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 except Sunday. Mail, 2.29 p. m., daily except Sunday. Milfintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m. W. M. C. KING, Agent.

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WHY HELEN FAINTED.

MISS HELEN LORIMER dropped her handkerchief; Richard Warner picked up the dainty lace trifle and gave it back into the little pink-gloved hand from which it had slipped. In return for the service he received a smile, a bow and a musical "Thank you."

"A very fine-looking fellow—that young Warner—don't you think so, Mr. Stickney?" she asked, arching her pretty brows in a very patronizing manner, as her father's clerk passed.

"Passable," replied the young man addressed, lifting, with exquisite tact and grace, and eye-glass to the weakest of his weak eyes, and scrutinizing Warner through it with one of those long stares peculiar to some people. "But who is he?"

Now Mr. Stickney didn't ask the question for information. He knew, as well as he knew that the habit of wearing No. 4 (ladies' size) gaiters was giving him some most excruciating corns, that the gentleman about whom they were conversing was only a salaried clerk in the employ of his pretty companion's wealthy father.

"Oh, he's nobody, to be sure! But father has some very eccentric notions, and insists upon our asking him to all our parties, as much as though he were a young lord."

Mr. Warner had made the circuit of the room again during this conversation and was approaching the place where they stood—this time with Miss Adelaide Lorimer on his arm. There couldn't have been a greater contrast had some little roseate morning cloud taken it into its head to run away with its grandfather, the midnight, that there was between the above-named couple—Warner, with his tall, proud figure, in the suit of well-worn, but glossy, black broadcloth; his dark, handsome, manly face and magnificent black eyes—and Adelaide—slight, sylph-like; sunshine in her robes of some white gossamer fabric, in her violet eyes, rose tinted cheeks and soft curls floating to her waist like a golden mist.

They looked well together, nevertheless, and Miss Helen angrily bit a line of milky little teeth into the rose of her under lip on seeing them in each other's company. She had been thinking for the past few minutes what a nice person Mr. Warner would be to flirt with. She was tired of the yellow mustache, weak eyes and insipid gallantries of her devoted Augustus, and though she intended in the course of time to become Mrs. Stickney, unless some suitor with an extra thousand happened along, she could not see why for that reason she might not entertain herself by breaking the heart of her father's handsome clerk in the meantime.

What right had Miss Adelaide to step in thus unceremoniously between her and her intended victim? It was downright mean, and she wouldn't submit to it. Somehow, by some careless motion of the lady's wrist, her jeweled fan was jostled from its place, and, sliding down her long skirt of rose-colored satin, fell directly at Mr. Warner's feet, as that gentleman was passing. Of course he could do no less than disengage his arm from his companion's and restore the misplaced article (Mr. Stickney had turned his head for fear of an introduction), and of course he saw no attempt at fascination in the beaming glance with which Miss Helen's superb eyes acknowledged the politeness. Of course, too, he failed to be aware of any art in the way that charming young lady managed to engage in a sentimental conversation, or any coquettish manoeuvre in the skillful manner in which it came about that almost before he knew it, Miss Adelaide was promenading the room with Mr. Stickney, and her haughty sister was clinging, a bewildering and affable substitute, to the sleeve of his plebeian coat.

Perhaps, however, he noticed the little shadow of disappointment which flitted over Adelaide's pretty face, as the evening drew to a close, and he found no chance to speak with her again.—How could she know that it was not his inclination, but Miss Helen, that held him captive! At any rate he muttered to himself in the solitude of his chamber that night.

"How provoking it was! Helen's face may have the more artistic beauty, but Adelaide's is sweet as an angel's. I wonder when Lorimer intends to raise my salary?"

At the same moment Miss Helen, languidly disrobing herself, was remarking, with a wearisome yawn which stretched her little rose of a mouth to a width that might have surprised her delicate and fastidious Augustus, that "that Warner was a presuming fellow, and came near making love to her. She would take him down a little, if she died for it. She did wish Stickney would dye his mustache," while Adelaide, listening with burning cheeks, snuggled her golden head down deeper into the great downy pillows, and let the embroidered sleeve of her night robe fall across her

face in such a way as to conceal the suspicious glitter of something very like to tears on her silken lashes, and which made her blue eyes look like May violets after a dash of summer rain has sprinkled the meadows.

Mr. Richard Warner went to the post office one morning and got a letter. A very important looking document it was—thick, awkward and with a foreign post-mark. He had only two correspondents in the world—his mother and his cousin Lizzie. And he turned the strange epistle over two or three times in his hand before opening it, knowing that it came from neither of them, and wondering where and who it could be from.

He broke the seal in the street; read a few lines and turned white; a few more and turned red; a few more and started on a dead run down the street, making be-er-nofned ladies stare and bundle-laden errand boys dodge one side; knocking the breath out of two or three corpulent gentlemen's bodies, and giving a broad leap over the back of an old apple-woman who was stooping by her fruit-stand to pick up a stray bit of change, and who looked up just in season to see the gentleman's undignified coat-tails fly like a pair of black wings around the corner.

The next thing known of him he was standing in the counting-room of his employer, Mr. John Lorimer, panting, flushed, trembling—trying to stammer out something, between laughter and tears, about giving up his situation—\$100,000—old aunt—East Indies—dead—left him heir, etc., etc.

The amount of it was the poor clerk had suddenly become a rich man. But when he repeated his intentions of giving up his clerkship and entering into business for himself—Mr. Lorimer demurred—hesitated a moment—slapped him on the shoulder—called him a capital fellow (a facetious allusion to his unexpected acquisition of capital probably) and offered him a partnership in the firm of Lorimer & Co.

Mr. Warner looked out of the window and whistled; looked up at the ceiling and sighed; down to the carpet and smiled; into Mr. Lorimer's face and blushed.

"On one condition he would accede to Mr. Lorimer's proposal."

"What was it?"

"That he should allow him to enter into two partnerships at the same time—one mercantile, the other matrimonial—one with himself, i. e., Mr. Lorimer, the other with Mr. L.'s daughter."

"Twas agreed if the daughter had no objections. He meant Miss Helen, of course?"

"No, Adelaide."

But he couldn't spare Adelaide. She was nothing but a child. Helen was just the right age to marry, and besides—besides—beside—

Mr. Lorimer stammered there. He didn't like to say that Helen was twenty-four years old—going on twenty-five—and that he was anxious to get her married off. No, indeed; that wouldn't do. He scratched his head and looked puzzled for a moment. His face brightened all at once.

He believed Adelaide was engaged to a young lawyer—couldn't say certain.—Mr. Warner needn't look so crestfallen. Helen wasn't engaged. Was certainly the handsomer of the two. Would make the best wife, he thought.

Mr. Warner didn't think so, but was too polite to contradict. Hinted that Helen would not marry him.

"Yes, she would."

"No, she wouldn't."

"Try her and see."

Mr. Warner did not like to—knew he should fail. A bright idea struck him all at once.

"Might he have Adelaide if Helen would not marry him?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Lorimer wouldn't say anything to Helen about his sudden inheritance?"

"No—no."

"He might go right up to the house and ask her, then?"

"Haden't he better wait until after dinner?" Mr. L. thought so.

"No—he must go then. He shouldn't take any comfort until his mind was settled."

"Well, run along then."

And he did run along. And Mr. Lorimer, looking after him, rubbed his chin with the back of his hand in a disconcerted kind of a way, and muttered to himself:

"What a deuce of a hurry the boy is in. The jade will refuse him as sure as the world—and I shouldn't wonder if the both of them did. If he only hadn't made me promise not to say anything about his good fortune!"

He stood with a little vexed shadow on his face for a moment. Then another bright idea was born into his brain.

"But I didn't promise not to write anything about it, did I? Ha, ha! John Lorimer, you're an old one. You'll fix it yet."

He went to his desk and dashed off a

few lines on paper, called his errand boy and put it in his hands.

Miss Helen Lorimer's hour of triumph had arrived. Mr. Warner had come to the house and asked for a private interview with her. Of course she knew what he had to say. She wouldn't be afraid to wager anything, from her new gold bracelets to her camel-hair shawl (cost \$500) that he had come to offer himself.

Wouldn't she wither him with her disdain—the presuming beggar?

A servant came to the door and handed her a note, just as she was getting ready to descend to the parlor. She glanced at it and threw it on the toilet table.

"Father's handwriting. Shall have time enough to read it by and by; but this fun is too good to be delayed."

She swept down the stairs and into the richly furnished drawing-room like a Princess.

It was just as she expected. Mr. Richard Warner made her a plump offer of his heart, hand and fortune, couching his proposal in words rather too cold to give her much of a triumph, and dwelling at much length on his poverty.

Richard fidgeted uneasily in his chair during the moment of silence which followed his offer. Poor fellow! He began to be afraid she would accept him in spite of everything.

But the lady's first words set him at rest on that score.

"Sir, is it possible that you have misunderstood my condescension in this way? You are very presumptuous!—My father shall hear of this, and I fear you will lose your situation. Shall I call a servant to show you the door, or can you find it alone?"

"Don't trouble yourself, Miss Lorimer. I beg leave to inform you that it was your father's wishes and not my own that brought me here," replied Warner, with a smile so strange and self-possessed as to bewilder his companion. "Any information which you can give me will therefore be unnecessary. If I had not been sure what your answer would have been to my offer, I should never have made it, as nothing could be further from my real desire than to call you my wife. If you please, I will speak with Miss Adelaide a moment."

With a blazing face, the baffled coquette left her unseated victim and ran up to her room to drown in a flood of angry tears the shame, mortification and wonder which her interview with Warner had occasioned.

An hour later, Adelaide, stealing in, blushing and happy, to tell of her betrothal to Richard Warner (for she, like the dear, true-hearted little girl she was, had accepted him in spite of his supposed poverty), found her just tearing open her father's note, and going up beside her, leaning over her shoulder and the two sisters read together:

HELEN—If Warner offers himself, accept him. He's just come into possession of a splendid fortune. I've no time to explain. I shall take him in partnership next week. Be sure and accept him. 'Tis the best match in town.

J. LORIMER."

P. S.—Old Stickney has failed.

Helen fainted.

How Lawyers Swear Off.

"I SWORE off once—let me see—yes, it was twenty-six years ago last first day of January, Church Blackburn and I swore off."

Judge Cady pushed aside his judicial ermine, and leaning his arm upon the desk, the tears welled up from his soul into his eyes as he pondered upon those happy days.

"You see," pursued the Judge, forcing back the lump in his throat, "you see, Church Blackburn and I were great friends. He had a law office adjoining mine, and we were together a great deal. Well, Church used to drink considerable and I used to take an occasional drop myself; so says I to him one 1st of January: "Church," says I, "let's swear off!"

"Agreed!" says he, "I've got sick of wearing this red nose of mine around town; so let's quit this miserable drinking and lead the virtuous lives of total-abstinence men."

"Well, we swore off, and agreed that whichever one of us first broke the pledge should buy the other a suit of clothes."

"For six months I kept the pledge like a Spartan hero—I never quailed before the blandishments of the white-robed bartender, and Blackburn seemed to be doing well, too. We were together just as much as ever and I never caught him taking a drink in all that six months' time.

Twice a day we used to go down to the Planters' House saloon and get a couple of big lemonades to cool our parched throats, and show the boys how true to our resolutions we were.

"Now, all this time Blackburn's nose was just as red as ever, and I couldn't understand why this change of life shouldn't give it more of a tone of repose.

"Well, one hot July afternoon we dropped in at the Planters' and ordered our big lemonades as usual. The bartender fixed them up as usual; but when I tasted of mine, I spit it out quick-like and a shudder ran all over my body.

"Look here," says I to the barkeeper, "you've put gin in this lemonade!"

"Well, you never saw a man as scared as that bartender was. He looked at me and then at Blackburn, and then leaned up against the bar, pale as a ghost and speechless as a mummy.—Blackburn turned red and white, and all sorts of colors at once. He tried to stammer out something, but failed ignominiously.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"I gave you the wrong tumbler," faintly moaned the semi-comatose barkeeper.

"Then Blackburn came out like a man, made a clean breast of it, and I could not help laughing when I heard how outrageously I had been duped. Why, for five long months, twice a day Blackburn had been drinking gin and lemonade to my lemonade. He had made an arrangement with the barkeeper, and had guggled away, time and again, until at last, by some awkwardness, the barkeeper had given me Blackburn's gin instead of my lemonade."

"Well, you got the suit of clothes?"

"Yes; and Blackburn paid for them like a man. Humph! Ten o'clock!—Call the court to order, Mr. Marshall."

Our Guide's Story.

HERE is a snake story equal to the venerable one of the little girl and viper that ate their bread and milk together.

"You think a snake has no mind of his own?" said our guide—who delighted in a joke—through the Blue Ridge last summer. "You're mistaken. A black snake now keeps up a lot of thinking, and likes his joke. He's a constrictor, you know, and he knows as well as you do he can't hurt a flea by striking.

"When the Yankee army was quartered along hyar, before the s'render, that was quarter-master—a New York fellow—who was powerful afraid of snakes. Comin' down you hill with him one day, we passed a black racer full six feet long, taking his ease under a log.

"The nature of that snake is to run if you look at him; but he watched the Yank, and he meant to have his bit of fun out of him. He gave the fellow chase sir. He did! Seldom heard of such a thing afore! Down the mounting went the quarter-master, yelling like mad, and after him went the snake his head straight up, lookin' frightful enough. When he gained on the man, he sprang on him, strikin', him on the neck precisely as if he had fangs. Play-in' rattlesnake, yer see. Four times he did it, hitting the fat fellow sharp in the neck, and then the Yankee fell flat.

"I'm a dead man!" says he.

"If you'll believe me, that black critter went off slow and cool, and wagged his tail as he went. He was secesh, yer see, and he'd had his joke."

How a Horse Kept Warm.

One morning last March, a well-known physician in Meriden, Conn., drove up to a house on Crown Street, let his horse standing in front of the door, and went in to visit a patient.

The horse was one of those that could be trusted to stand without tying; but the weather being cold, he soon began to feel chilly. He stamped and pawed the ground, he moved this way and that, hoping every moment that his master would be ready to drive on.

At last, feeling that he could not wait any longer without exercise, the horse started off at a brisk pace, toward Olive Street. When he had gone several rods, he turned the buggy round as neatly as though guided by a skillful driver, and trotted back to the standing-place.

Here he stopped, and waited again full five minutes. Then he trotted on several rods towards Main Street, turned round as skillful as before, and in place of a boy who tried to stop him, (fancying that he was a runaway), pranced back to his old station in front of the house, and waited patiently for his master.

When the doctor came out, there was the horse standing at the hitching-post, as demurely as though he had never thought of leaving it. This is a true story.

A Sure Test.

An agricultural paper gives several directions "How to tell a good egg."—They are not altogether satisfactory, however. The quickest and surest way to tell a good egg is to place it in one hand and smash it with the other. If an odor arises that leads you to believe that a bone boiling establishment and Limburger cheese factory have telescoped, the egg is not good, and you want to throw it away and wash your hands. The method never fails.