

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. May 12th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 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, 2.57 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., and 7.55 p. m., trains have through cars for New York. The 5.20, 8.10, and 2.00 p. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia. SUNDAYS: For New York, at 5.30 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., 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 11.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 7.30, 8.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m., and 1.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.00, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m. SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 11.30 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 12.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. 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. Middletown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnston Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 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. Middletown 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. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnston 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. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.31 p. m. W. M. C. KING, Agent.

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Changing His Matrimonial Views.

I CANNOT set down in so many words just when or how it came to be understood between my partner, John Stillman, and myself, that I was to marry his daughter Nannie, when she was old enough. I have a vague impression that she was in long clothes at the time we first talked of it.

Her mother died when she was a little girl, and old Mr. Stillman took her home to the family house at Owl's Corner, one of the prettiest little villages I ever had the good fortune to see. But Nannie was eighteen when I first met her a woman, and this was the scene of our meeting.

John had sent for me to come to Owl's Corner on a certain July day, promising to drive over to the station and meet me, as my elderly legs covered the ground but slowly.

We had retired from business, rich men both, some years before, and corresponded regularly. But I had been abroad, and this was my first visit to Owl's Corner in ten years. I remembered Nannie as a romping child, fond of swinging on the gates, climping up grape arbors, and imperiling her neck fifty times a day, John always saying on each occasion—

"She's a little wild, but she'll get over that one of these days."

I waited at the station for half an hour, then, seeing no sign of John, I started to walk to the house. It was mid-day and fearfully hot, and when I had accomplished half the distance, I turned off the road and started through a grove that gave me a longer walk, but thick shade. I was resting there on a broad stone, completely hidden by the bushes on every side, when I heard John's voice:

"Where have you been?"

There was such dismay and astonishment in the voice that I looked up in surprise, to find that he was not greeting me, but a tall slender girl coming toward him. Such a sight! She was dark and beautiful, dressed in a thin dress of rose-pink, faultless about the face and throat, but from the waist down, clinging to her, one mass of the greenest, blackest mud and water.

"In the duck pond," she answered, with a voice as clear and musical as a chime of bells. "Don't come near me."

"You are enough to wear a man into his grave!"

"There, don't scold," was the coaxing reply; "little Bob Ryan fell in face down. It did not make any material difference in his costume, but I was afraid he would smother, so I waded in. The water is not over two feet deep, but the mud goes clear through to China, I imagine. It is rather a pity about my new dress, isn't it?"

"A pity!" roared John; "you will come to an untimely end some day with your freaks. As if there was nobody to pick an Irish brat out of the duck pond but you!"

"There actually was nobody else about. There, now, don't be angry.—I'll go to the house and put on that bewitching white affair that came from New York last week, and be all ready to drive over to the station with you—at what time?"

"About three. Lawrence is coming on the 2:40."

And I had come on the 2:10. This accounted for the failure to meet me. I kept snug in my retreat until John and Nannie were well on their way home, wondering a little how many young ladies in my circle of friends would have so recklessly sacrificed a new dress to pick a beggar's brat out of the mud.

When I, in my turn, reached the house, John was on the porch, waiting for Nannie's re-appearance. He gave me a most cordial welcome, ordered luncheon, called Nannie, his mother, and a man to go for my trunk—all in one breath—and seemed really rejoiced to see me.

Presently a slender girl with a truly "bewitching" white dress trimmed with dashes of scarlet ribbon, and smoothly braided black hair tied with scarlet bows, came demurely into the room and was introduced. Never, however, in that first hour, could the wildest imagination have pictured Nannie Stillman wading into a duck pond. But the half shy, half dignified company manner soon wore away, and Nannie and I were fast friends before dinner. She sang for me in a voice as deliciously fresh as a bird's carol; she took me to see her pets—the new horse that was her last birthday gift from "papa," the ugly little Scotch terrier with the beautiful brown eyes, the rabbits, Guinea hens, and the superannuated old pony, who had preceded the new horse.

In a week I was as much in love as ever John could have desired. Nannie was the most bewitching maiden I had ever met—childlike and yet womanly—frank, bright, and full of girlish freaks and boyish mischief; and yet well edu-

cated, with really wonderful musical gifts, and full of noble thoughts. She was a perfect idol in the village—her friends and neighbors thinking no party complete without her—while the poor fairly worshipped her.

John allowed her an almost unlimited supply of pocket money, and she was lavish in all charity, from blankets for old women and tobacco for old men, to candies for the children and rides on horseback for the urchins. And she had away of conferring favors that never wounded the pride of the most sensitive.

We rode together every morning, we walked in the cool evening hours, we spent much time at the piano, and discussed our favorite authors; and, one day, when I asked Nannie to be my wife, she said, coolly:

"Why, of course; I thought that was all understood long ago!"

I was rather amazed at such matter-of-fact wooing, but delighted at the result. How could I expect any soft, blushing speeches? I suppose I ranked just where John and Nannie's grandmother did in her affections.

But one morning, when Mrs. Stillman was snipping her geraniums in the sitting room, and John was reading the morning papers, Nannie burst in, her beautiful face all aglow, her eyes bright with delight, crying:

"O, grandma! Walt has come home! I saw him from my window riding up the road."

She was going then, just as John exclaimed:

"Confound Walt!"

"Who is Walt?" I naturally inquired.

"Walter Bruce, the son of one of our neighbors. He has been like a brother to Nannie all her life, but went off to Europe two years ago, when he came of age. They wanted to correspond, but I forbade that. So he has turned up again."

It was evident that John was terribly vexed, and I very soon shared his annoyance. Walt, a tall handsome fellow, improved, not spoiled by travel, just haunted the house. He was generally off with Nannie as soon as he arrived, and blind to Mrs. Stillman's ill-concealed coldness and John's sarcastic speeches about boys and puppies.

As for me, by the time my sleepy eyes were opened in the morning, Nannie had taken a long ride with Walt, was at the piano when I came into room, and Walt was walking beside Nannie when the hour for our usual stroll arrived.

And the very demon of mischief possessed the girl. There was no freak she was not inventing to imperil her life—riding, driving, boating, and I fairly shivered sometimes at the prospect of my nervous terrors when it would be my task to try and control this quicksilver temperament.

But one day, when I was in the summer-house, a very ruel little maiden, with a tear-stained face, came to my side and said:

"Walt is going away!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and he says I'm a wicked flirt," with a choking sob. "I thought I would ask you about it."

"About what?"

"About our getting married. You know papa told me I was to marry you ages and ages ago."

"Yes."

"And I knew it was all right if he said so. But Walt says you must be a muff if you want a wife who is all the time thinking of somebody else. And you know I can't help it. Walt has been my friend ever since we were little, and we were always together. And when he was in Europe papa wouldn't let us write to each other, but I kissed his picture every night and morning, and wore his hair in a locket, and thought of him all the time. And he says you won't like it after we are married."

"Well, not exactly," I said, dryly.—"You'll have to stop thinking of him then."

"I don't believe I ever can. And so I thought I'd tell you, and perhaps—perhaps you will tell papa we don't care about being married, after all. I don't think I could ever be sedate and grave like an old lady, and of course I ought not to be an old man's wife."

"Of course."

"And I am so rude and horrid. I know I am not nice like city girls, and I am altogether hateful; but Walt don't care."

I rather agreed with Walt as she stood in shy confusion before me, her eyes still misty, her sweet lips quivering. It was a sore wrench to give her up, but I was not quite an idiot, and I said gravely:

"But your father?"

"Yes, I know; he'll make a real storm. But then his storms don't last long and maybe you would tell him that you have changed your mind. You have, haven't you?"

"Yes; the last half hour has quite changed my matrimonial views."

I could not help smiling, and the next moment two arms encircled my neck, a

warm kiss fell upon my cheek, and Nannie cried:

"You are a perfect darling—a perfect darling! and I shall love you dearly all my life."

So when I lost her love I gained it.—She flitted away presently, and I gave myself a good mental shaking up, and concluded my fool's paradise would soon have vanished if I had undertaken to make an "old lady" out of Nannie.

John's wrath was loud and violent.—He exhausted all the vituperative language in the dictionary, and then sat down, panting, but furious.

"Come, now," I said, "what is the objection to young Bruce? Is he poor?"

"No, confound him! He inherits his grandfather's property, besides what his father will probably leave him."

"Is he immortal?"

"I never heard so."

"What does all him, then?"

"Nothing; but I have set my mind on Nannie's marrying you."

"Well, you see she set her heart in another direction, and I strongly object to a wife who is in love with somebody else."

"What on earth sent the puppy home?"

"Love for Nannie, I imagine. Come, John, you won't be my father-in-law, for I will not marry Nannie if you are ever so tyrannical; but we can joggalong as usual, the best of friends—look!"

I pointed out of the window as I spoke. On the garden walk, shaded by a great oak tree, Walter Bruce stood looking down at Nannie with love-lighted eyes. Her beautiful face, all dimpled with smiles and blushes, was lifted up to meet his gaze, and both her little hands were imprisoned in his strong ones.

John looked. His face softened, his eyes grew misty, and presently he said:

"How happy she is, Lawrence."

"And we will not cloud her happiness, John," I answered. "This is right and fitting. Nannie is too bright a May flower to be wilted by being tied up to an old December log like me."

So when, half fearful, the lovers came in, they met only words of affection, and Nannie's face lost nothing of its sunshine.

She was the loveliest of brides a few months later, and wore the set of diamonds I had ordered for my bride at her wedding. And she is the most charming little matron imaginable, with all her odd freaks merged into a sunshiny cheerfulness, and her husband is a proud, happy man; while I'm Uncle Lawrence to the children and the warm friend of the whole family.

A Good Yarn.

FARMER HOBBS was a voracious old American dodger. His great delight was to secure the attention of some one while he spun a yarn about the cuteness of his boy Zeke.

"Ah," said old Hobbs one day, as he had fairly fixed his auditor, "Zeke is the most remarkable boy I ever set eyes on. He is like his old dad; you can't no more sarcumvent him than you ken a woodchuck. You recollect that choice apple tree that grew at the bottom of the hill, near the stump fence? Well, I tell ye, I was mighty savin' o' them there apples. I forbid Zeke touchin' 'em, as they brought a high price in the market, and every one counted; but he would get 'em in spite o' me. It was his way, you know, and all possessed wouldn't stop him."

"One day I caught the young scapegrace up in the tree stuffin' his sack with fruit, so I determined to punish him for it."

"Ezekiel, my son," says I, "your father is calling you—come down." I thought I'd be sort o' persuasive, so it would fetch him; but he smelt a rat and didn't budge an inch.

"I can't, dad; these pesky apples are in my way."

"Zeke," I continued sternly, for my dander began to rise, "come down—come down this minute, or I'll cut down the tree and let you fall." You see my poor old limbs would not permit my shinnin' up the tree after the boy, so I had to take other means.

"Oh, no, you won't, dad!" says Zeke. "Only think how you would mourn if ye couldn't sell the apples to stuff the old leather wallet that's locked away in the bureau!"

"That was too much—to have my own boy to accuse me of parsimony.—So what does I do but get the axe and cut away at the bottom of the tree.—"Zeke," I cried, when the tree was about half cut through, "will you come down now and save yourself?"

"Never mind, dad," said he: "I ain't splin'."

"It was no use; I couldn't fetch him that way; so I chopped away at the tree till at last it began to sway, and fell to the ground with a cr—"

"What, and crushed your own boy!" ejaculated his terrified listener.

"Not by a long chalk!" replied Hobbs, winking knowingly. "You couldn't

come it over Zeke so. He crawled out on a limb, and while I was chopplin' the tree down, he cut the limb off with his jack-knife, and when the tree fell, there he was, still up there on the limb."

For the Last Time.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene that you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street, where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time; the singer whose voice cracked hopelessly and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces, disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms; the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older.—Never again—always nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, "the last thing" which shall follow all last things and turn them, let us hope, from pain to joys.

We put away our boyish toys with an odd headache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry thoughts for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem to the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?

A Word to Parents.

If you wish to make your son like his business, place him in responsible places. Trust him; consult him about the work he is to do. He will take more interest in his work and be much more likely to succeed when he starts for himself.—Don't make slaves of your children.—For want of proper training many a child has grown up without discipline. He has been able to run through in an incredibly short space of time all that his strong-minded father left him. Twenty years ago we knew such a man. To-day his son owns only a poor and old span of horses and is living from hand-to-mouth—and a very poor living he gets at that. The fine estate slipped easily from the hands of his son who had no skill to manage it. So one generation makes money for the next generation to spend.

A Remarkable Case.

A very curious case is now on trial at Butler. Thirty years ago Emily Ward, aged 19, left her home. Since that the old homestead near Petrolia, which has been occupied by her brothers and sisters, has, in consequence of the oil discoveries, become immensely valuable. Recently a woman has appeared claiming to be the long lost Emily, and at first she was received by the other members in good faith as their sister. But doubts were soon afterward thrown upon her identity by her lack of familiarity with localities and events that the real Emily had been conversant with in the olden time, and she was discarded as an imposter, save by the youngest brother of the family. She has brought suit in the court to recover her share of the estate, and the trial is now in progress.—The family will, in the defense, endeavor to show that she is one Mahala Hill, a resident of Meadville, the divorced wife of one Grey, and the present wife of a man named Danforth.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall has a temperance article in the Ledger, in which he gives this description of German beer drinkers to be seen on East Side: "They look like small barrels with limbs attached, dull, phlegmatic, fat, stolid, to whom even a laugh is an unwelcome exertion, whose nerves, if they ever had any, are buried in many inches of unhealthy adipose matter. These are not the men to be hurried into wild spasms of mad excitement. They are not often drunk; but they are not often sober in the true sense of that word. They are like woollen goods to the fire." Then he goes on to say: "But take a man from Kerry or Galway—impulsive, all alive, his nerves on the outside, his blood retaining the heat brought long ago from the far East—and ply him with the stimulant he chooses. It is by the fire in a timber yard among piles of Virginia pine. The flames leap and roar and crackle. There is a rapid rain, in self-destruction or in the destruction of others." Dr. Hall advises Germans, Irishmen, and everybody else not to play with the fire of alcohol.

What point do people always overlook? The point of their nose of course.