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. 2.00p. m., and *7.55 p. m.

For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a.m. 2.00 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 5.30 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., and *7.55 p. m., trains have through cars for New York.

The 5.20, 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. 4.00, 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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—AND—

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NOTTINGHAM'S PARTNER.

MRS. NOTTINGHAM, being unable to get the means from her husband to supply her necessities, at last informed him that she should resume her profession of teaching, so as to be as independent as she was before she was married.

"You're not in earnest, my dear?" said Mr. Nottingham.

"Of course I'm in earnest. Why not? Do you suppose I intend to go this way, begging and praying for every farthing I spend? I have been independent once, and I can be so again."

"No; but look here!" Mr. Nottingham had risen, and was pacing up and down rather uneasily. "My wife can't go to teaching. What is it you want?"

"What I can earn!" proudly retorted Mrs. Nottingham.

"But put it into words."

"Well, then, look here," said Mrs. Nottingham; "I have always done my own work and sewing. Considered as a cook, I demand three pounds a month; as a seamstress, one pound; as your wife and mother of your children, at least ten pounds more. And then I shall not consider myself properly compensated."

"Whew-w-w! Let me see—it's nearly fifteen pounds a month!"

"I consider my service worth that, at least," said Mrs. Nottingham, with dignity; "but if you would rather hire a housekeeper, I will prosecute my original idea of opening a select school."

Mr. Nottingham walked up and down the room once more, rumpling his hair into porcupine fashion, with his fingers.

"I'll consult Uncle Wetherbee," he said.

"Very well," said Mrs. Nottingham, "I am quite willing to abide by his decision."

Uncle Wetherbee, a bronze-visaged ex-sailor, who was comfortably smoking his meerschaum up stairs, was summoned at once. He came down—rather slowly, on account of a wooden leg—and listened to the pleading on either side with the utmost gravity.

"D'ye want to know my opinion!" Uncle Wetherbee asked, when they both had finished.

"Certainly," said Mr. Nottingham.

"Of course," said his wife.

"Then look here," said Uncle Wetherbee. "Matrimony's a co-partnership of joys and sorrows, and it ought to be of money, as well. My advice is, Nephew Nicholas, that you divide even with your wife."

"Divide — even!" blankly repeated Mr. Nottingham.

"Or, better still," went on Uncle Wetherbee, "take one third of the money yourself, lay aside one-third for household purposes, and give the other third to Phoebe."

"Yes, but uncle—"

"You asked my advice," said Uncle Wetherbee. "There it is; and I have nothing more to say."

And off he stumped upstairs again.

Mr. Nottingham looked at his wife. His wife looked back at him.

"Well," said Phoebe.

"I will try it," said Mr. Nottingham. "It seems a wild idea, but Uncle Wetherbee is a remarkably sensible man. Yes I'll try it."

And for the next three years Mr. Nottingham remained in partnership with his wife on these unusual financial conditions.

"Though for the life of me, I can't see what you do with all your money," said he, one day, to his wife.

"The very idea that has often suggested itself to me in regard to your money," retorted Mrs. Nottingham, laughingly.

"I had intended to buy a house for you, if it hadn't been for this unexpected appropriation of my funds," said Mr. N.

"I can wait, my dear," said his wife, serenely. "All in good time."

But one afternoon Mr. Nottingham came home early from business and rushed up to Uncle Wetherbee's room.

"My dear uncle," said he, "that house of Falkirk's is in the market at forced sale. Such a bargain! Only $3,000!"

"Why don't you buy it then?" said Mr. Wetherbee, scooping fresh tobacco out of his jar.

"Because I've only been able to lay up $2,000 out of that deucedly small allowance of mine," said Mr. Nottingham. "Ever since I divided with Phoebe, according to your suggestion—"

"Yes," nodded Uncle Wetherbee, "according to my suggestion—"

"I've been a comparatively poor man," sighed Mr. Nottingham. "One can't lay up anything on such a pittance as that."

"Perhaps your wife thinks so, too," chuckled Uncle Wetherbee.

"Oh, that's altogether a different matter," said Mr. Nottingham. "I've been thinking I ought to reconsider that affair."

Uncle Wetherbee stared intently at his wooden leg, and said nothing.

"But," added Mr. Nottingham, "about the Falkirk place? It's a little gem of a house, and I've always wanted a house of my own. This rent-paying business don't altogether suit me. And I could give a mortgage for the $1,000, if you would allow me to use your name as security."

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" said Uncle Wetherbee; "use it as much as you like."

And Mr. Nottingham went off rejoicing.

But Wiggs and Sangster, the agents in charge of the Falkirk place, were exultant when he arrived.

"Two thousand dollars and a mortgage for the balance, is very well," said Mr. Sangster, "but they had another offer that morning—of cash down! And they considered it their duty to Mr. Falkirk to close with it. Very sorry—but perhaps they might suit Mr. Nottingham with some other piece of property."

Mr. Nottingham went home sadly dispirited.

"What's the use of trying to save money?" said he. "I'm going to give it up after this!"

"I don't agree with you there, dear," said his wife. "I've been saving money for the last three years, and found that it pays."

"You have?" said her husband.

"Of course I have. Do you suppose I spent all that money? Not a bit of it. I put the best part of it out at interest, always following Uncle Wetherbee's advice in my investments, and I've bought a house with it!"

"What house!"

Mr. Nottingham's eyes opened wider and wider.

"The Falkirk house," said Mrs. Nottingham, her lips and cheeks dimpled all over with satisfaction. "I completed the bargain to-day. "My dear, she added, stealing one arm around her husband's neck, "how do you think I have held up my end of the business partnership?"

"Better than I could have done myself Phoebe," said Mr. Nottingham, with a curious moisture coming into his eyes. "My plucky little wife, I am proud of you!"

"It was your money, Nichols," said his wife, in a faltering voice.

"But it was your prudence and economy that stored it up, Phoebe."

"Then you don't regret the terms and articles or our partnership?"

So the young couple moved into the Falkirk house when the first of May came around, and the coziest room in the house, with a south window and an open fireplace for a wood fire, was reserved for Uncle Wetherbee.

And Mr. Nottingham is never tired of telling his friends that his wife bought the place with her share of the partnership profits.

"The most charming woman in the world," says Mr. Nottingham.

THE MAN WITH A BRICK.

ONE bright morning in the month of November, some years ago, I was preparing to go down town, when the servant informed me that a man was waiting at the front door to see me. "Tell him I'll be down in a moment," said I. On going to the door a man of tall stature and robust appearance, and calling me by name, requested assistance, saying that he had a large family, a wife in delicate health, and no means to procure food for them. "You appear to be strong and healthy, why don't you work?" said I.

"Simply, sir, for the reason that I cannot procure work."

Not having any work to give him. I thought I would test the sincerity of his intentions.

"If I give you work what do you want?"

"Anything, sir, you choose to give me so long as I can obtain means for my suffering family."

Very well," said I, "I will give you twenty-five cents an hour if you will carry a brick on your arm around the block for five hours without stopping."

"Thank you, sir; I will do it."

After hunting awhile I found a brick, placed it on the man's arm, started him on his walk, and then went down to my business.

Not having the least faith in the man's promise, I though but little more of it, but as I knew I should be back within five hours, I determined to see if he performed his work. My business kept me away rather later than I expected, so I had to forego my usual walk home, and took a Fourth avenue car to be back within five hours.

As I approached the corner of the street where I reside, I found a great crowd of persons gathered—two fire engines, a hose cart and a hook and ladder truck. Upon inquiring where the fire was, I was informed that it was a false alarm, and that what brought the people together and occasioned the agitation was the spectacle of a tall man carrying a brick on his arm for nearly five hours. The neighbors were looking at him from the windows and doors as he passed along; some thought he was crazy, but when spoken to his answer was—

"Don't stop me—it's all right."

As he interfered with no one, he was allowed to walk on undisturbed.

"Where is the man now?" I asked.

"There, you can see him at the other end of the block, walking with his head down," was the answer.

He was just about turning the corner, and I waited until he had performed his circuit, then, taking him quietly by the arm, I marched him to my house, followed by a lot of boys. In the meantime the fireman, engine, hose cart and truck rattled off. The man was thoroughly tired out when I took him into my hall and seated him on a chair, while my servants went for a little wine and something to eat. I paid him forthwith a dollar and a half. He informed me that while making one of his rounds, a lady came out of a house and inquired why he was carrying that brick, and on his giving her the reason he received a dollar. The object soon became known, for as he passed the houses small sums were given to him by different persons, and he was well satisfied with the day's work.

"But," said he, "what shall I do tomorrow?"

"Why," I replied, "go early in the morning to the houses from which you received the money ask for work, and no doubt you will find some one who will put you in the way of getting it; then report to me."

The following afternoon he informed me that he had been sent to a German who kept a pork establishment on Third avenue and who wanted a clerk to keep his books. He was to get five dollars a week if his work proved satisfactory, and his duties began on the following day. Before leaving me he asked for the brick which had brought him such good luck and I gave it to him. Within a year I ascertained that the man had been transferred to a larger establishment of the same kind, with a salary of one thousand dollars.

Three or four years after this I was riding in a street car, when a well-dressed man accosted me with a smile, and asked me if I knew him. Seeing me hesitate, he said:

"Don't you remember the man who carried the brick?"

He then informed me that he was doing a prosperous business on his own account, had laid up money, and expected to build himself a house up town.

"What became of the brick?" I inquired.

"That brick, sir, has always occupied a place on our mantel-piece, and we value it as the most precious of our little possessions. It has made our fortune.

How Brown Marries an Heiress.

BROWN always declared that he would marry an heiress, but being next door to penniless, himself, his friends didn't quite believe him, though he had never been known to tell an untruth. One evening at a political meeting he made the acquaintance of a great cotton lord, Sir Calico Twill, and happening to say "Hear! hear!" in the right place several times whilst Sir Calico was speaking, the old gentleman took a fancy to him, and asked him home to supper. There he met with his host's daughter, a charming young lady with eight thousand a year, fell desperately in love with her, popped the question in the conversation and was refered to her papa."

"Before I take the matter into consideration," said Sir Calico, when Brown had stated his case, "you must answer me one question. What is your, fortune?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," answered Brown, being uncertain whether that was a threepenny, or a fourpenny under his tobacco-jar at home; "but let your daughter become my wife, and I promise that she shall have endless gold."

"Endless gold is rather an exageration, eh?" remarked Sir Calico.

"Scarcely in my case," said Brown, "as my wife and I be as extravagant as we might, should never be able to get through it."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"The truth, I swear it!"

"Then take her my boy, said Sir Calico, grasping Brown's hand, "and happy I am that my child has been saved from the clutches of rogues and fortune-hunters."

"Well, they were married, and Brown made the money fly at such a rate that when his wife's milliner bill came in he was obliged to confess himself stumped. Mrs. Brown immediately sent for her papa.

"What's this?" said Sir Calico.—"Stumped! What do you mean? What's the endless gold you promised, eh?"

"I've kept my promise, answered Brown.

"Kept it!" said his father-in-law, beginning to lose his temper. Kept your promise, and can't find the money to pay a paltry milliner's bill. Why, you—you—"

"Calm yourself, old boy, interrupted Brown. "I promised to give your daughter endless gold, which both of us, be as extravagant as we might, should never be able to get through. Was it not so?"

"Yes, and you."

"Don't fluster yourself now. "I've kept my promise."

"How?"

"Why I gave her a wedding ring—that's endless gold isn't it? And my dear," added Brown "turning to his wife" do you think that both of us could ever get through anything which only just fits one of those taper fingures.

Sir Calico looked as though he was going to have a fit, but a timely remark of his daughter's, probably averted the catastrophe.

"Well, papa," she said, "there's still one thing in our favor. No one can say that I have got a fool for a husband."

So the storm blew over, and now Brown and his wife, though they do have to manage on eight thousand a year, are the happiest couple in the two hemispheres.

Whisky Barrel Explodes and Kills a Boy.

Whisky is a dangerous thing in any shape or form, and is constantly at the bottom of some mischief. Last Thursday an explosion of gas generated by two gallons of whisky in the saloon of John Slaughtery, of Steubenville, Ohio, from which James Slaughtery, his son, received fatal injuries. In the evening, while Mrs. Slaughtery was attending to business in the store, her son James, aged about seven years, passed between the barrel and the window, and probably shaking the barrel and heated liquor, gas—carburetted hydrogen—was rapidly generated. The presumption is that about this time the lad lighted a match, which was probably dropped into the "vent hole," resulting in a terrific explosion. The huge barrel was lifted and crushed through the ceiling above, the heavy "chime" striking the boy on the forehead as it went up and fracturing the skull. The boy was then hurled by the force of the explosion through the front window and out into the street, some ten feet distant. The explosive force of the whisky must have been terrific, from the shattered condition in which things were left. The barrel heads were of inch white-oak, and were bent and twisted in a manner that exhibited the effects of intensely greater power than we had ever supposed whisky possessed—conceding all the dynamic virtues claimed for it.

A Warning.

Some nine or ten years ago Mr. Edward J. Oakley, the cashier of the Merchants' Exchange National Bank, of New York, who had risen to the position by a service of some twenty-seven years in the bank and had hitherto occupied a high standing, was discovered to be a thief, having stolen from time to time a large amount of bank funds. He was indicted, and, being released from confinement on bail, he forfeited his bail and fled to Canada, where he has remained ever since, until a few days past. Hoping that the law had forgotten him, he returned to New York, being a wretched, poor, friendless, broken down man; and, being recognized, he was last week arrested, and now is likely to spend a good part of what remains of life in the state-prison.

The Bible says that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and the case of Mr. Oakley is an impressive commentary upon the statement. But for his theft he might and probably would have held his position to this day and enjoyed its respectability, its emoluments, and its comforts. He exchanged it for that of the thief, the beggar, and the doom of a culprit. Let all who have trusts confided to them take warning. They had better honorably die than to make the first mis-step. The first one in most cases will prove the fatal step.

☞ The large bones recently found in a cave near Mount Ararat, on the Jefferson branch of the Erie Railroad, prove to be those of a mastodon. The jawbone is four feet long and thirteen inches thick; the vertebra twenty-three feet eight inches long; knee-cap eighteen inches in length and nine and a-half inches in width at the narrowest point; thigh bones six and a quarter feet long, and the bones from the knee to the foot seven feet in length. The skeleton will be boxed and shipped to the Smithsonian Institute.

☞ Some few weeks ago Mr. John Murry, a farmer in East Nantmeal township, Chester county, hung out an old coat in his corn field for the purpose of striking terror to the birds. Shortly after a little wren espied the fluttering garment, and at once took possession of one of its pockets and in it built her nest. Not being interfered with, she soon brought forth a brood of ten little wrens, and Mr. Murry says he never saw a happier bird in his life than she was over her little ones in the old coat pocket.