

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., 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 5.40 p. m. For Auburn via N. & S. Br. at 5.30 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 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 14.40, 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 5.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via N. & S. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 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 7.30 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. Millintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.23 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. WEST. Way Pass. 9.05 a. m., daily. Millintown Acc. 2.43 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. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Atlantic Express 10.30 p. m., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.35 a. m., daily. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m. W. M. C. KING, Agent.

THE MANSION HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor. HAVING leased this property and furnished it in a comfortable manner, I ask a share of the public patronage, and assure my friends who stop with me that every exertion will be made to render their stay pleasant. A careful hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878. H.

THE EAGLE HOTEL, New Bloomfield, Penn'a. HAVING purchased this property and refitted and refurnished it in a comfortable manner, I ask a share of the public patronage, and assure my friends who stop with me that every exertion will be made to render their stay pleasant. H. L. HOCHENSCHILD, Proprietor. March 19, 1878. H.

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A PROVOKING MISTAKE.

I AM not a rich man—I never was, and very much fear I never shall be—for, notwithstanding I have courted and wooed Fortune, that fickle goddess has persistently turned her back upon me. Some few years back it was my chance to be invited to a large croquet party. Of course I went, and being a first-rate player, soon became an object of interest to the fair players, and one of envy to the sterner sex. Amongst the former was a Miss Sophie Wrenton—a fine, handsome girl of about eighteen. She played croquet admirably—almost as well as I did—and was dressed exquisitely. I played so that she could croquet me each time; therefore I need not say I lost the game—but I was rewarded with a glance that was worth all the games ever known. I led her to a seat—I procured refreshments—I strolled with her round the garden—I made love to her. She listened, and at last informed me that she always took a walk in Hyde Park at 11 A. M. Soon after this the party broke up, and we bade farewell to each other with a gentle pressure of the hand, and a glance that said as plainly as could be. "We part to meet again." Every morning at 11 o'clock, a tall, handsome man might be seen wending his way over that most celebrated equestrian way, yelet Rotton Row. Gentle reader, I was that man. At the same hour, approaching from the opposite direction, a tall, handsome girl of about eighteen summer's could be observed. That sweet girl was Sophie. We met, and—no; I cannot describe the rapture of our meeting! Things went on in this way for a couple of months. I found Sophie all that I could wish, and I was all that she desired. She scorned wealth; I was poor, and therefore escaped her scorn. She doted on mysteries; I was a complete one—therefore she doted on me. She loved romance; I had a particular reason for romancing. What two people in the world could be more suited to each other? During our walks I discovered that Sophie hated anything commonplace or low. Thus she would have no objection to my poverty forcing me to abstain from dinners for a week or a fortnight; but she would have hated me had I dared to mention that I was unromantically hungry, or expressed Mr. Pickwick's desire for chops and tomato sauce. I also found that I had a rival, but, luckily, a rich one—therefore Sophie scorned him, but at the same time used him to make me jealous and our situation more romantic. I muttered his name—which by the way was Jenkins—in deep sepulchral tones, that made Sophie tremble. I allowed my hair to grow, loosened my necktie, pulled down the ends of my moustache, and sighed like an American goat-sucker. Sophie had on her part learned my address. Indeed I made no secret of that, for it was a good one—being Bernard street, Russell square. She thought I had the drawing-rooms; I knew I had the back attic, but I felt it would not be kind to deceive her. It so happened that I had to go to Reading on a small matter of business during the week the races were held in that town. My journey there had proved unfortunate, and I returned home to my apartments—I always put the "s" in; it sounds better—a sad if not a wiser man, my heart full of care—my pockets void of money. Lighting a candle, which I found placed ready for me on the umbrella-stand, I crept slowly up stairs to bed, hoping to forget my troubles in sleep. Placing the candle on a chest of drawers which served as a toilet-table, I gazed in the glass at my haggard face. The sight was too much for me, and I turned away to find consolation in a flask of spirits that I always kept concealed in a hat-box. In doing so my eyes fell upon a pretty pink note that had been placed on my table during my absence. I seized it instantly, and, tearing it open, found it was from Sophie, inviting me to dine at her father's. Yes! the dear girl had persuaded her father to allow her to ask me to a dinner party. Next morning I arose and dressed at the same time, indulging in a light breakfast composed of weak coffee and one of the small fish for which Yarmouth is so famous, and ruminating over the state of my affairs. They stood thus: I was without money. Sophie's dinner party came on that very evening, and my necessity had compelled me to lend my dress suit to a supposititious uncle. What was I to do. It was true I had a gold watch and chain, but Sophie had admired them, and I did not like to appear before her without them, I sat down and pondered over the situation, and came to the conclusion that there was but one way, and that was to take off my dress suit, leaving my repeater in its place. I would wear the chain, and no one need know I was minus a watch. The evening arrived; I had completed my toilet, and stood before the glass admiring the fit of my

coat, and giving a few fine touches to my white cravat. Taking my latchkey, I fastened it to the end of my chain, instead of my watch, and fixed it to my waist-coat pocket; I then gathered up a few miscellaneous articles which I had removed from the pockets of my walking suit, and was driving rapidly toward the home of my dear Sophie. I cannot describe the luxury of old Wrenton mansion—it was tremendous. The very door had a rich appearance about it, having two brass knockers on it; the hall was completely furnished; the stair carpets were so thick that I felt as if I were walking on a hat-brush. I did all in my power to ingratiate myself with Sophie's father—a short, fat, pimply, purple man, who breathed heavily through a brilliant nose—and flattered myself that I succeeded, for when the servant announced that dinner was served, Mr. Wrenton desired me to take Sophie down-stairs. I saw my rival's look of envy, for he was handed over to a dowager; nevertheless, the wretch managed to be seated next to Sophie, and persisted in joining in our conversation. The party was a large one, the dinner excellent, and the wines superb. The conversation was general, and turned on traveling; and I was loud in condemning the English railways, compared them to those of the continent, of which I had a large experience, having had at different times to seek in foreign lands that protection denied me by my own country. "It may be as you say," said my rival, the horrid Jenkins, "but for my part I prefer the English lines. You get more attention and civility from the officials." "I'm sorry to say that I do not agree with you," I replied, "and I am sure you would own I am right had you been with me when I was going to Marseilles; or even more so had you traveled with me to Baden-Baden." As I spoke I saw Sophie glance at me with pride. "Things may have altered," said Jenkins, "but I traveled both France and Germany for ten years, when I was junior partner to Print, Calico & Co., but I never had any civility that I had not to pay heavily for." I placed my eyeglass in my eye, and surveyed Mr. Jenkins with a look of contempt, at the same time observing that I traveled for pleasure, not business. "I didn't," replied Jenkins; "I traveled for the firm, and very well it paid me. One thing you must own; our men are quicker and more correct." "Not at all," said I, triumphantly; "only last week I had to go to Reading, and on leaving the train I entered the refreshment room and had a cup of coffee; after which I left the station, forgetting to give up my ticket, as no one asked me for it." "You must excuse my scarcely crediting that, sir," said Mr. Jenkins; "are you sure you did not give up the ticket before entering the refreshment room?" "I am positive of that," I replied, "and to prove what I said is correct I will show you the ticket, which by chance I have with me." As I spoke I cast a glance of scorn at Jenkins; then turning disdainfully from him, I took the ticket from my pocket, and gave it to Sophie, to pass to him. Sophie glanced at it and screamed, and the brute Jenkins snatched it from her hand. "What's this?" he exclaimed; "this is not a railway ticket, but a pawnbroker's one for a gold watch, £3, 10s., Ernest DeVera, 30 Bernard street, Russell square, dated to-day!" A titter ran round the room, and I felt sinking through the floor. It was but too true. In mistake I had given him that horrid ticket in memory of my repeater, instead of the railway one. I tried to laugh it off, but it would not do. My disguise was seen through, and I was undone! A week afterwards I read in the newspapers that Sophie had become Mrs. Jenkins—sic transit gloria mundi. I still have that fatal ticket, but I will willingly part with it for a trifle.

The Origin of Steam Printing.

IT is remarkable that the steam engine was not called to the aid of the printing press sooner than it was; but it had long been used in many of the industrial arts before it became the handmaid to "the art preservative of all arts." The first printing by steam was on the issue of the London Times, for November 29, 1814. The improved hand presses of that day could only strike off from two to three hundred impressions an hour, with one man to ink the types, and another to turn the press. At that rate a very large edition of a daily paper was simply impossible, for one day's work could not be completed before the next day's must begin. The Times then printed from three to four thousand copies daily, and Mr. John Walter, the proprietor, (the second of that name), began as early as 1804 to consider whether the work might not be expedited in some way. In that year,

Thomas Martyn, a compositor in the Times office, got up a model of a self-acting machine for working the press, and Walter furnished the money for the continuance of his experiments. As usual, in the early history of labor-saving machinery, the attempt met with bitter opposition from the workmen, who supposed their craft was in danger. Martyn was in fear of his life because of the threats of the pressmen, and partly because Walter had small capital at that time, the scheme was given up. As soon, however, as Konig's printing machine was invented, in 1814, Walter consented that it should be tried on the Times; but for fear of the workmen, the experiment was made, not in the regular printing office of the paper, but in an adjoining building. Here Konig and his assistant, Bauer, worked secretly for several months, testing and perfecting the machine. On the 29th of November everything was ready for actual work on the paper, and the result is thus told in a biographical sketch of Mr. Walter, which appeared in the Times in July, 1847: "The night on which the curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode was one of great anxiety and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose invention might suspend their employment, "destruction to him and to his traps." They were directed to wait for the expected news from the continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press room, and astonished the occupants by telling them that the Times was already printed by steam; that if they attempted to use violence there was force ready to suppress it; but that if they were peaceable their wages should be continued to every one of them until similar employment could be procured. The promise was no doubt faithfully performed; and having so said he distributed several copies among them. Thus was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken and successfully carried through and printing by steam, on a most gigantic scale, given to the world.

Johnson's Experience as a Cook.

MR. JOHNSON, who had repeatedly found fault with his breakfast, remarked on one occasion that his wife seemed absolutely incapable of learning to make rice griddle-cakes. Whereupon the indignant woman announced that she should refuse to have anything to do with the next day's breakfast, and should lay the whole burden of its preparation upon her husband's shoulders. "Of course," she added, "you know how to make rice cakes better than the angel Gabriel, and you can just show, for once, what you can do." With great courage, Mr. Johnson undertook the unwelcome task, thus thrust upon him, and made his preparations with intelligent care. There were eight persons in his family, and, as he estimated that each one would eat a pint of rice, he decided to use four quarts of rice in mixing his griddle-cakes. To the rice he added four quarts of buttermilk and a quart of hot water, besides a few handfuls of flour and Indian meal in order that the cakes should look brown. He then reflected that it would make it light, and accordingly threw in a tea-cupful of cream of tartar, an equal quantity of saleratus, and half a paper of baking powder. Having thus mixed his cakes to his satisfaction, he placed it in the kitchen and left it to "rise" during the night. There is no doubt that it did "rise." Moreover, the rice swelled. On going into the kitchen the next morning, Mr. Johnson found that his rice cakes had overflowed and covered the floor to a depth of at least a foot, while in the immediate neighborhood of the pan a pyramid of "batter" reached nearly to the ceiling. That morning he breakfasted on dry bread and water, and subsequently employed three Irish women to clean the kitchen and an Irishman to carry away the miraculous batter.

Never Forget Anything.

A successful business man told me there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were ever afterwards of great use to him, namely: Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything. An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?" "You must not lose it!" "I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to." "But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for any such occurrence; you must not lose it!" This was a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing, he could do it. He made such a provision for every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a cer-

tain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to say: "When a man tells me that he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said I do not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again." I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting any important task to say "I forgot it." I told him that would not answer. If he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot it. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, was a lazy and careless habit of the mind, which he cured.

A Bear Story.

Morgan Gillis was a hunter of some renown, and a bold and a powerful man. One day, hunting in the piney woods, he killed a fine buck, and while engaged in skinning it he discovered several Indians creeping towards him. There was no time to deliberate or to tarry. Springing to his feet and leaving rifle and venison behind, he ran for life, and reached the swamp, where he noticed a large poplar which had been broken off near its top, and had the appearance of being hollow. A gnarled or snagged hickory which rested against this enabled him to easily climb the tree, when, to his great joy, he found it hollow, with an opening in the top sufficient for him to enter. He entered it, and sliding to the bottom, found it tenanted by two cubs, and at once discovered that he was in the den of a bear, which, fortunately for him, was not at home. About three feet from the bottom of the den was a small knot-hole, from which Gillis saw the Indians approaching, and who seemed much puzzled at not finding him.

After hunting around the Indians disappeared, supposing that Gillis had escaped to the river. Waiting some time, and the Indians not reappearing, Gillis thought it time to leave his hiding place and attempting to do so, found to his dismay that he could not climb out, and that he was entombed within the walls of a tree. Our friend was not the first man, nor the last, who had gotten into a scrape and found it difficult to get out. Gillis could not perish with hunger for some days, for he could eat the cubs; but he might perish for water. Having his large hunting-knife with him he commenced trying to cut his way out of the hollow, and while thus engaged he heard, as he supposed, some one climbing on the outside of the tree. He thought of the Indians, and gave himself up as lost. Soon the aperture at the top of the tree was darkened, and an object commenced descending, and, horror of horrors! it was the old bear. Bears always descend a tree backwards, and as Mrs. Bruin neared the bottom Gillis, in terror, commenced using his knife on her, and she not expecting such a warm reception in her quarters, hastily ascended, and Gillis, taking advantage of her discomfiture and hasty retreat, seized hold of her shaggy hair and was drawn to the top. He escaped and reached home in safety, a wiser if not a better man.

Giving a Bank Trouble.

"You don't remember old R—," asked Governor Vance, of North Carolina. No he left this country before you came here. He was a stone mason by trade, and 'operated' all over the country. About the time Dewey's Bank failed, I met him at a little gathering in Mecklenburg. After shaking hands he took me to one side, saying he desired to ask me a question. "Now, Governor," said he, "this is a matter of a little delicacy, and you are at liberty to answer it or not. I wish to know if McAden's Bank is going to have any trouble?" "Assuming an air of deep meditation the Governor replied, "Yes; I have no hesitation in telling you that I know it is going to have trouble." "Hang my luck!" replied the stone mason. "I knew something was wrong. I never put a cent in a bank in my life but what I was swindled!" "Hold," said the Governor, without relaxing one line in his masked features, "What I allude to is this; they have my note in that bank for \$2,500, and they'll have a darned sight of trouble getting the money."

"Will, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed coquette to her favorite beaux. "Yes, Sue, I have been for getting you these two years," was the suggestive reply.

Nothing aggravates a young man more than to have his sweetheart's little brother take his unfinished cigar from its hidden nook and surreptitiously scoot off with it.