

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 5.57 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 Anburn via S. & B. 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 3.57, 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, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 4.00, and 7.20 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 4.55 p. m.
And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 5.15 a. m.
Leave Anburn via S. & B. 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 7.20 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. WOOLLEN, 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. 12.25 P. M., daily. Sunday Mail, 5.54 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Atlantic Express, 9.34 P. M., flag—daily.

WEST.
Way Pass, 9.08 A. M., daily.
Mall, 2.43 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown 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 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. 12.35 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mall 7.30 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.
Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily.
Mall, 2.08 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown 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.
March 19, 1878. H

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A WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

"FRANK!"
"All right, Dolly!"
He sat before the glowing grate, his feet on one corner of the mantel, his chair tipped back. His young wife looked at him, and her pretty black eyes, which only a minute before had been brimful with tears, emitted sparks of fire. Her rosy mouth closed with a firm impression and her dainty foot came down upon the rug in a very decided manner.
"I won't stand it," she said, under her breath; "I can't—'twill kill me! To see him thus, night after night, besotted, degraded, ruining both soul and body. I must do something—I must save him for my baby's sake!"
Then she sat and meditated. They had been married a little over two years, and the babe in the wicker cradle was a thriving boy. No happier woman than Dolly, the wide world held but for one thing. Her young husband would drink.
He loved his social glass, his wine suppers, his club dinners. He did not neglect his wife, but often he came home in the small hours, in rather an unsteady condition.
Dolly tried everything—tears, entreaties, persuasions—but he only laughed her off.
"Where's the harm, Dolly? Can't a fellow be merry now and then with his friends?"
But Dolly saw the fatal evil growing upon him day by day, and knew what the end would be. She shuddered, and her eyes filled with tears, but the minute after they flashed fire, and she smiled.
"I'll try," she said to herself; "if it does no good, it can't do much harm."
Then she said:
"Frank!"
Her husband roused up, and opened his eyes with an imbecile stare.
"All right, Dolly."
"Frank, you believe that a wife should follow in her husband's steps, don't you?"
"To be sure. You're a sensible woman, Dolly."
"And you're a sensible man, Frank. What's right for you to do is right for me, isn't it?"
"Precisely, Dolly, just so, exactly. You're a wise woman, you are."
Dolly smiled quietly.
"Very well, Frank, if you go to the tavern any more of nights I'm going too!"
Her husband looked up, half sobered.
"Nonsense, Dolly," he said, "that's running the thing into the ground. You'll do no such thing."
"You'll see that I will, Frank!" she answered, resolutely; "I love you, and what you do I shall do too! If you see fit to ruin yourself, soul and body, and shame your son, I shall follow your example. I care for nothing that you cannot share. As you do, so will I."
His cheek paled and his lip quivered. Her words touched him to the quick. He sat silent for a minute, then he got up and said:
"Nonsense, Dolly. Come, to bed little girl."
She followed him obediently, and nothing more was said on the subject. For three or four nights Frank came home punctually, then his old habit mastered him.
Dolly had his supper all waiting, and his slippers and dressing gown before the fire, but he did not come. She waited patiently till ten o'clock, then she called the house-maid, and put on her wraps.
"Sit by baby's crib, Mary, and when Mr. Mayfair comes tell him I have gone to the Reindeer. Ask no questions, and take good care of baby, and you shall have a dollar extra this month."
"Very well, ma'am," with wondering eyes.
Twelve o'clock, one and then the young husband let himself in with his latch key, and came reeling into the sitting room. There sat the maid beside the sleeping child!
Frank looked about him a little anxiously.
"Ah, fast asleep, fine little fellow," he said, bending over the crib. Mary my girl, "where's your mistress? Gone to bed?"
"No, sir, she's gone to the Reindeer hotel."
He stood and stared.
"What do you say girl?"
"She went out at ten, sir, and bade me tell you when you came that she'd gone to the Reindeer."
The young husband stifled something like an oath, and sat down before the hearth. Half an hour went by then he started up and glanced at the clock.
"Great Heaven! 'tis nearly two o'clock and she not here!"
He seized his hat and rushed from the house like one mad.
By the time he was half way to the Reindeer, he was perfectly sober.
"Could she have meant what she said?" he asked himself over and over again.

Presently a carriage came down from the lighted tavern on the hill, and as it passed him a woman's voice rang out, singing the chorus. "We won't go home till morning."
It was a wife's voice. He caught at the horses' heads, frantic with rage. Dolly's pretty curly head looked out as the vehicle stopped.
"Frank, old fellow—hic—is that you? Get in, get in—why didn't you come up? Oh, we had a jolly time—hic—we did. Such a dance. Don't blame you for going out, Frank. Didn't know it was so pleasant—hic—I—mean to go every night."
"You do?" he gasped leaping into the seat beside her. And grasping her arm. Ever dare to do such a thing again, you will be no wife of mine."
Dolly laughed uproariously.
"Nonsense, Frank. Let me do as you do, that's fair. Let go my arm, you hurt, and you'll break my flask, 'tis prime brandy, Frank—taste a drop."
"He caught it from her hand and flung it out of the window."
"Bah," said Dolly, her cheeks flushed, her hair awry; "I wish I'd stayed at the Reindeer. What makes you so cross, Frank?"
"Hush! say no more, Dolly," he answered, his teeth set hard. "I can't bear it. I—I may do something I'll be sorry for. Keep silent—I don't want any more crooked looks."
"Ram's horn, if I die for it!" cried Dolly.
Then she clapped her hands, and laughed gleefully, breaking off into, "A Moonlight Night for a Ramble."
Frank let his head fall into hands.
"Good Heaven!" he groaned; "I'd rather have died than have seen this sight!"
He got her home and into her own room, at last, but she was very unmanageable, and persisted in cutting up all manner of capers; dancing and singing, her cheeks flushed and her hair steaming, and asking him if they would not go again another night—it was such jolly fun!
His pretty, modest little Dolly! Long after she had fallen into a dead sleep, her husband sat over the smouldering fire, with his face hidden in his hands.
"Dolly," he said, when she awoke late on the following morning, "what happened last night must never happen again."
She looked up with her clear eyes.
"Very well, Frank, that is for you to say. Just as you do so will I."
He was silent a moment.
"I would rather die than see what I saw last night over again," he said then.
"Frank," she said, her lips quivering. "I've seen the same sight once or twice every week since the day I married you and only God knows what it has cost me."
He caught her close to his heaving heart.
"Poor little wife!" he almost sobbed, you never shall see such a sight again. I shall sign the pledge to-day."
"So will I, Frank."
They both signed it, and kept it too. Ten years after, Mayfield was a rich man, and one of the most renowned temperance men of the day.
"Frank," said his pretty wife one day, as they watched their children playing on the lawn, "I did fool you handsomely that night, Frank, it was all make-believe. I didn't go to the Reindeer that night, and not a drop of the hateful stuff had passed my lips. Didn't I fool you handsomely, and cure you into the bargain?"
"You little witch," he cried, but the instant after his eyes filled—"Yes, Dolly," he said, drawing her close to his side, "you cured me of a habit that would have been my ruin. Heaven bless you for it."

MARRIED JUST A LITTLE.

SOME men are fastidious in selecting wives. Others are not at all nice in matters matrimonial. But a breach of promise suit in Arkansas, in general, is far too rare and serious to leave a loophole for a laugh to come in. Mr. Johnson Topp moved from Tennessee, into Arkansas. He was not wholly averse to matrimony, but he had a fear of widows. Grass widows especially were a terror to him. He had moved from East Tennessee to Middle Tennessee, and finally over into Arkansas, to escape from real or fancied matrimonial danger arising from enterprising, perhaps very charming Tennessee widows. This being Mr. Johnson Topp's history, it surprised his friends that his name should appear as defendant in the case of Dublin vs. Topp; suit for breach of promise. But the Circuit docket of Crittenden County disclosed the fact of the suit, and the affidavit of Mrs. Malina Dublin set forth the particulars. The plaintiff was put upon the stand to tell how wickedly she had been led into false hopes by this middle-aged bachelor. "I live at home with my old dad," she said, "and this feller kept

coming round thar, makin' bleeve he wanted to trade mules. After that was done a time or two till that was played out, he wanted cotton seed. I knew he only wanted an excuse to come and see me, and I told pap when he come again to bring him in and see whether he would talk turkey or not if he had a chance. And that was just what he wanted. You never see a man set up to a woman pearter than he did as soon as pop introduced us, telling him "This is my darter, Malindy." He was powerful shy at the offset; but let him get fairly started on mules or shonts, and he was dead sure to end with sparking. And it appeared that he couldn't wait more than a minute for a woman to say yes. I—I didn't fool with the man as lots do but I said yes; and about the next thing that happened he was trying to crawlfish. That's about the whole story.
But the lawyer did not think it was her whole story, and he was right—there was more to be told. "Will you state to the jury how it happened that the defendant, Topp, went back on his word after he had asked you to marry him?"
"Well, as I said before he was the most uneasy man until he got his answer which was yes. The Fourth of July, I allowed, would be soon enough for the wedding day, but he couldn't wait till then—it was impossible. I told him to call pap in and talk it over. I went over to the kitchen to get up a square meal, and show the man I could do the tallest kind of cooking in Arkansas, when I let myself out for it in dead earnest."
"And what happened when your father and the defendant, Topp, talked it over?"
"Before I left 'em I told pap the man was on the marry, and I reckoned it was all right. Pap allowed they'd bet-have something to take. I sent on the whisky and sugar, and then there was cooking to do; if they preferred mint in their's they knew just where to get it. When I came back I saw there was something wrong. The first thing the man said, and he looking soberer than a funeral, was:
"Curnel Dublin, I allowed your gal, Malindy, was a single gal till this mornin'. Is she single, or has she ever been married afore?" And pap he told the truth, looking at him plump in the eye: "She's been married onst, but—only a little—only a little." And I said; "that's so; he's talking the gospel facts—only a little. The man lit out then, mighty sudden; and me and pap thinks if thars any law in Arkansas he orter pay."
The defendant urged that he didn't want a wife who had been married ever so little. He though he had been deceived. But the jury thought differently. A little married didn't count in Arkansas—he must pay; and he did pay.
Records of Old Age.
THE greatest age attained by an individual in modern times was one hundred and sixty-nine years. More extreme cases have been recorded, but Haller, who investigated them with great care, doubted their authenticity. In not a few of these instances, as has been said of Moses, there was no senile decay exhibited in life, nor was any found in the bodies of the old men after their decease. Thomas Parr, the Shropshire peasant, whose history is rendered doubly interesting by its association with Harvey, affords a striking example. He lived one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months, having enjoyed most perfect health until within a few days of his death, which was attributed to plethora of the lungs brought on by change of air and habits. His viscera were all sound and strong, and his heart was large and fat. The learned court physician could find in his organs no reason why he might not have lived many years longer if he had remained at home in the country.
Parr was a poor farmer's servant, and lived by his daily labor. His second wife, whom he married when over one hundred and twenty, reported of him that he never betrayed any signs of infirmity or age during the twelve years they lived together. Charles I. was curious to see so rare a specimen of manhood, and invited the old peasant to London, where he was treated in so royal a manner at court that a congestion of his lungs was induced, which soon terminated his life.
Henry Jenkins, a fisherman, who reached one hundred and sixty-nine years, was still able to swim across rapid rivers after he had gone beyond a century.
Draakenberg, a Dane, resolved to get married, settle down, and "lead a tranquil life," after having spent one hundred and eleven years of it principally in the army; and out-living one wife, a woman of half his age, he sought, in his one hundred and thirtieth year, the hand of a young country girl, but finally, after several rebuffs, concluded to remain single, and in that state lived to see his one hundred and forty-sixth

year. He is described as having been a man of "rather violent temper," and of great bodily strength, many proofs of which he exhibited during the last years of his life.
Effingham, of Cornwall, died in the one hundred and forty-fourth year of his age, having hardly known what sickness was up to his one hundredth year, working to the last as a day laborer, and walked three miles only eight days before he died. Stender, of the Duchy of Holstein, who reached his one hundred and third year, it is said, "was never sick, and could never be put out of humor."
A remarkable instance of longevity was reported by Dr. Orstein, surgeon-in-chief of the Greek army, a year ago. Stravarides, a Greek, died toward the close of 1876, at the age of one hundred and thirty-two years. His history was that he had led a rather intemperate life, consuming daily more than one hundred drachms of brandy, and yet, up to the time of his death, he was in possession of all his senses, and still retained his teeth. He was quite active, dancing when intoxicated. He was born twenty-six years before the great Napoleon, and witnessed the reign of nine sultans.
The natural duration of man is conjectured by Hufeland to be two hundred years, the life of animals being, as a rule, eight times the period of their growth, and man reaching maturity only at twenty-five. But there is the serious difficulty in the way of this hypothesis, that no human being since the age immediately succeeding the flood has attained to two hundred years. Abraham reached only one hundred and seventy-nine, and Jacob, the most aged of the patriarchs, only to one hundred and eighty.
In truth, we have to confess that we know not what is the natural term of human life. We are unable to explain these cases of extreme longevity; nor can we tell why the duration of life varies so much among animals, why the swan and the crow among birds, for example, are "many wintered," while the domestic fowl, which matures at the same age, lives only a few years.
Judge Mullin's Teapot.
JUDGE MULLIN, of Watertown, is reported as telling a newspaper reporter the other day, at Hendersen Bay, the following story of his encounter with a New York policeman. The narration runs thus:
"Judge," said I, "they tell me that you once fell into the hands of a policeman while visiting New York, and that he accused you of stealing a silver teapot."
The Justice smiled and drew his coat collar around his neck, for the night air was a little chilly. "Well," he replied, "there is a grain of truth in the report, but the incidents were much exaggerated at the time. My wife had a silver teapot, on which she sat great store. From constant use it received several dents on the sides, and she was anxious to have them taken out. I told her that when we went to New York we could take the teapot down with us and have some expert jeweler pound out the dents. This was ten or twelve years ago. Soon afterward we visited the city and put up at the St. Nicholas Hotel. She had wrapped the teapot in an old newspaper, and packed it in the trunk. One afternoon, after dinner, I tucked it under my cloak and started for Tiffany's. As I was going down the corridor of the hotel I felt a tap on the shoulder. On turning, a police officer caught me by the arm.
"There's been a good many things stolen in this hotel lately," said he, "and I want to see what you've got under your cloak."
"I told him that I was a guest, and that I was taking my wife's silver teapot to the jeweler's to have the dents taken out of it. He gazed at me doubtfully for a few seconds, and walked off as though perfectly satisfied. I went across Broadway, left the teapot at Tiffany's, and returned to the hotel within a few minutes. As I was going up to our room I met the same officer. Thinking that he had consulted the register and learned who I was, I said: "I presume you are now perfectly satisfied that I am all right."
"Oh, yes," he answered.
"How did you find out?" I asked.
"Find out?" he repeated, in an off-hand manner, "Why, I followed you, of course."
The Justice paused, and a small meteor flashed in the moonlit sky. "I have never seen the man since," he continued, after a yawn, "but I have always thought that he displayed remarkable common sense."
A meddlesome old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said, "I declare a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!"
"Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.