

RAILROADS.

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

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., 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 p. m.

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 AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.25 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Millintown Acc. 7.35 a. m., daily except Sunday.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: EASTWARD. Millintown Acc. 8.12 a. m., daily except Sunday.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor. HAVING leased this property and furnished it in a comfortable manner, 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.

THE EAGLE HOTEL,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a. HAVING purchased this property and refitted and refurbished 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.

IRON

A full assortment of BAR IRON, ROUND IRON, OVAL IRON, SCROLL IRON.

STEEL AND IRON TIRE, Norway Iron, Nail Rods,

PLAIN AND GALVANIZED HOOP IRON, OF ALL WIDTHS.

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by the Patent Office may still, in many cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the Patent Office, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

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THAT TERRIBLE JUVENILE

COLONEL GRAHAMME was seated in the parlor awaiting the appearance of Miss Grey. He was a noble-looking man, scarcely past life's meridian, though an empty coat-sleeve told of an arm lost in the defense of his country.

"What's this? my little friend in tears!" "I've dot to have a tooth out," she said, pointing to a loose pearl which was being displaced by a new-comer.

Colonel Grahamme looked somewhat bewildered. "Taken gas! pray tell me, Lulu, what difference that would make?" He bent his head to receive the low-spoken confidence.

"Tause Aunt Mamie took it, and she's got the prettiest set you ever saw—so white and straight. Her teeth were awful crooked before!" Just then Aunt Mamie came in. Her cheeks took a rosier hue when she saw who was entertaining Lulu.

Lulu's speech, however, set him to thinking. Was he doing a foolish thing in standing aloof, and not trying his chances? Perhaps her own trial—for smile, if you will, he looked at it in that serious light—might make her think more lightly of his.

One morning he called and invited her out for a drive. After a time they drew up before a handsome residence with a conservatory at its side, whose flowers of every kind and hue attracted the gaze of passers-by.

"Miss Mamie, I would like to have you see a rare flower which spends its whole life-time in preparing one blossom, then fades and dies."

"Rather an exacting blossom I think, to require its parent's life! still I should like to look at it, all the same." A colored servant answered the colonel's ring.

Mamie uttered a cry of delight as she entered the bower of bloom and fragrance, and they spent a pleasant hour in searching out and admiring the rare blossoms, of which the colonel knew the name and peculiarities of every one, and described them in a way which made Mamie think him a miracle of entertaining erudition.

her of his love, and that life would be a desert without her sweet companionship.

"That was your greatest attraction to me. I would not love you half so well"—she stopped and blushed painfully, but her lover drew her to him and hid her crimson cheeks upon his breast.

Mamie looked up in surprise: visions of she knew not what floated through her mind. She well knew of Lulu's powers of observation and fondness of telling her discoveries.

So you thought Lulu meant me! I thank you kindly for investing me with such unexpected attributes to beauty, but shall have to occasion a woeful disappointment.

"Why? Do you think of buying it?" "It's mine already; and house and servants are waiting for a mistress."

"Not always. A rich man can be patriotic as well as a poor one; and though I can not work for my bride, I can take good care of her. Still, it is very pleasant to know that you thought in choosing a crippled lover you were fond of him to be willing to enter upon a life of self-denial."

It occasioned a great commotion in Mamie's home when the Colonel asked permission to address her. Lulu adopted her at once as her uncle, and puzzled her brain considerably at the quizzical way in which the Colonel dwelt on the title of "Aunt Mamie," and at her young auntie's smiles and blushes at what she, Lulu, considered the most natural title in the world.

A GHOST STORY.

MANY years ago, when the city of Providence was quite a village, an old house stood in a lonely place a couple of miles from town. It was in the centre of a large tract of land that had once been laid out in walks, and garden spots, and miniature lakes, for the occupants of the house had cultivated tastes, and the money with which to gratify them, so you may be sure it was a very beautiful place.

But one dreadful night a murder was committed there, and then the house was vacant for years, for the people, more superstitious in those days than they are now, believed that ghosts inhabited it, and no one could be found who would live in it. There it stood year after year, uninhabited and alone, the lovely flowers choked with weeds, the once well-kept walks overgrown with clover and grass, the fruit ripening and falling ungathered to the ground, for no school-boy, however daring, ventured to enter those walks.

At the time my story opens, a party of young men, my grandfather among the number, had planned a moonlight excursion, on horseback, to a neighboring town, and after some debate as to the place of meeting, they decided on the front yard of this old house, as they did not believe in ghosts, and the selection of the place exactly suited them.

very still. No sound was to be heard save the occasional note of the whip-poorwill, or the chirping of some insect.

He had sat upon the step some minutes, and had become quite lost in meditation, when he was startled by three loud raps, breaking the stillness of the evening air, followed by a deep, sepulchral voice, saying: "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!"

"I should not care to tell them, if they were here," he muttered to himself as he returned to the house, and commenced to pace back and forth, for he could not again sit down.

"What could it have been?" he suddenly exclaimed, in a resolute tone, as he stopped in his walk. "If it is a ghost, it cannot harm me, and come what will, I am determined to solve this mystery." So saying he opened the door and went into the hall, but there was nothing to be seen save seven bats flapping their wings in the damp air.

My grandfather recognized him as an old man who had wandered about Providence and vicinity for years, sometimes begging his bread, sometimes living upon the fruits and nuts he gathered in the woods.

He was slightly deranged, but as he had no friends and was perfectly harmless, the city authorities had allowed him to go on his way unmolested. This poor old man had taken up his abode in the uninhabited house, and in his crazy fancy, believing himself the judge of the dead, he had given the raps and spoken the words, which had always been attributed to ghosts.

Of course this discovery exploded the ghost story, and my grandfather was quite a hero for some time among the young people of Providence, and what was better still, the poor, half crazy old man was taken care of by the citizens ever afterwards.

Circumstantial Evidence.

The Charlotte, N. C. "Observer" says: The unreliability of circumstantial evidence has been strikingly exemplified within the last few days, in the case of the homicide which occurred here on Thursday morning. Shortly after the then mysterious shooting a letter was picked up on the floor of the house where the tragedy occurred. It was addressed to a gentleman of this city, was from a gentleman of a neighboring State, and was introducing a young man who had but lately come here.

Suspicion, of course, pointed to the young man whom the letter introduced, since it could point to no one else, the person to whom it was addressed being absent from the city, and having been absent several days. The young man would have undoubtedly have been arrested, but the timely confession of the principal witnesses of the shooting saved him this.

It was afterwards learned that the young man who had done the shooting had borrowed a coat of the lately-arrived young man and had it on at the time, with the letter and other property of its owner in the pockets. Suppose the slayer had fled, and his comrades had not confessed? Men have been hung on much slighter evidence than this letter furnishes against the innocent boy to whom it pointed at first as the slayer of the negro.

Not His Trunk.

A stranger sat in a corner of the car hence to New York, in easy attitude, his feet upon a large black trunk. The gentlemanly conductor, going his rounds at the first station, politely informed the stranger that the trunk must be put in the baggage car.

At the third station the vexed conductor more imperatively told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car or it would be put off the train.

The inmate of a certain cell in the Sacramento prison complained that it was haunted by ghosts. He said that he would certainly go crazy if kept there any longer, and was removed to another room. He now confesses that he lied, his object being to get more comfortable quarters; but his story was the cause of much suffering by several prisoners who successively occupied the cell in question.

An investigation proved that the noise was made by a passing railroad train, the lights from which shone into the cell between the bars of a door, making grotesquely moving shadows. The prisoner, already influenced by the ghost story, and sorely awake, could readily invest what he heard and saw with supernaturalism.

A Wicked Little Boy.

PART 1.—A wicked little boy of the Chrystie Street Public School yesterday sharpened his slate pencil and fixed it firmly to the seat of Frankie Frost's chair. Then he calmly awaited the arrival of Frankie.

PART 2.—Frankie sits down; but only for a moment. PART 3.—In the scene that ensued the teacher took a hand and the wicked little boy played an important but secondary part.

An hour later a surgeon of the Chambers Street Hospital extracted a pointed slate pencil from the fleshy part of a schoolboy's leg.—N. Y. Herald.

A Scared Undertaker.

An undertaker in New Jersey was recently called to prepare the body of a woman for burial. From some cause the lower limbs had been seized with cramps just before death and were drawn up out of shape. In the attempt to straighten them he was pressing them into the proper position in the coffin when something struck him from behind, and turning his head to see what it was he was confronted with the face of the corpse close to his own. The pressure upon the legs had tilted the body upright, but the poor undertaker not understanding the cause ran from the house in mortal terror.

A deep excavation is being made in Indianapolis for the foundation for a State house. A layer of sand three feet in depth has been removed, in which appear the trunks of trees accurately moulded in the harder soil. The explanation is that long ago trees were growing on a much lower surface; that the river changed its course and flowed over the spot, depositing the sand; that the river subsequently altered its course again, leaving the place dry; that the trees rotted away, and their places in the sand were filled by the accumulation of soil.