

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. Nov. 10th, 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 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., and 2.00, 4.00 and 7.55 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 4.00 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, 4.00 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 a. 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 AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, and 7.55 p. m. Leave Reading, at 11.40, 7.40, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m., and 4.30 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. 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 7.40 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. 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 5.54 p. m., flag, daily. WEST. Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown 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. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.52 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily. Atlantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday. 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.



HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption. This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR-BALM, extracted from the LIVE PRINCIPLE of the forest tree AERIS BALSAMEA, or Balm of Gilead. The Honey of Horehound SOOTHES AND SCATTERS all irritations and inflammations, and the Tar-balm CLEANSSES AND HEALS the throat and air passages leading to the lungs. FIVE additional ingredients keep the organs cool, moist, and in healthful action. Let no prejudice keep you from trying this great medicine of a famous doctor who has saved thousands of lives by it in his large private practice. N. B.—The Tar-Balm has no BAD TASTE or smell. PRICES 50 CENTS AND \$1 PER BOTTLE. Great saving to buy large size. "Pike's Toothache Drops" Cure in 1 Minute. Sold by all Druggists. J. N. CRITTENTON, Prop., N.Y.

PATENTS obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade-marks, and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the PATENT LAWS, promptly attended to. INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN REJECTED by the Patent Office may still, in most 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. INVENTORS send us a model or sketch of your device; we make examinations free of charge, and advise as to patentability. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. We refer to officials in the Patent Office, to our clients in every State of the Union, and to your Senator and Representative in Congress. Special references given when desired. Address: C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington. U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you; \$12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time—cloudy outside and terms free. Address: TRU & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THE CIPHER DISPATCH.

IT was a singular looking paragraph. Here it is and see if you don't think so. "Ozib—Nevy uv haggfusz mrtay eg. 127 Urv hgtvvg." It was, in Italian, about half way down the "personal column, conspicuous only for its singular and most aggravating combination of letters and figures, the sole clue to the whereabouts of the gem I had been after for over a week, scarcely resting, eating or sleeping in my anxiety to secure the reward offered in a heavy burglary case—and something else. That "something else." Ah! my heart sank within me as I flung aside the enigmatical puzzle before me, and learning back in my chair gave myself up to the gloomy reveries of the past. Edna Dayton—how I loved her! How fair and beautiful as a summer's idyl had been the week in which I had met her, had loved her and had been told that my affection was returned! How well I remember the bitter parting—a hopeless one it seemed to me—when I learned my fate from her father's lips and passed down the brown stone steps of the Dayton mansion, wondering if the inclination of moneyed men towards stone residences was not caused by the existence of a similar hard material in that part of the human anatomy known as the heart. I was a poor man he said, and the profession of a detective was a precarious one. His daughter loved me; he could not deny that, but she was his only child and her wealth and position demanded a match with some social equal. He would not break her heart by absolutely refusing to sanction our engagement, but if within a year I could secure a fortune of twenty-five thousand dollars and a lucrative business and Edna was still of the same mind—well, he would consider it. Twenty-five thousand dollars! I grew sick at the thought of the condition imposed, upon which I was to purchase future happiness. In the reception of a meagre salary and utterly unknown, where was I to raise this amount? And what business capacity had I, the son of parents who had given me every luxury and neglected practical education, until a crash came that left us homeless and in penury? Day and night for over a month I brooded over my sorrows, and when one day I was aroused into renewed life by the reception of a formal but courteous note from Mr. Dayton, requesting my immediate attendance at the mansion. My feet winged as I hastened to the house of my loved Edna. What did it mean? Had he relented? Was Edna sick or did business await me at the pleasure of my hard-hearted censor? I was ushered into the library, where I found the old gentleman in an intense state of excitement, pacing the floor, the window broken in, papers and boxes scattered about the apartment, and a safe in the corner broken open. I stared at him in amazement. "You seem agitated, Mr. Dayton," I ventured to suggest. "Agitated! agitated, sir! I am wild. Late last night, or early this morning, burglars entered this apartment by means of yonder window and broke open the safe. When I came down this morning I found affairs as they are now, and nearly one hundred thousand dollars in money, bonds and jewelry gone. I started mutely. The immensity of the robbery petrified me. "No," he thundered, coming to a full stop. "I have no confidence in a police force which fails to protect a house from such an audacious burglary and expects one-half of the booty for its return. Here is the room and yonder is a list of the stolen property. I believe you are honest and I leave the entire affair in your own hands. Call upon me for whatever money you require in an attempt to recover the property or to detect the thieves. If you succeed within a month, I will pay you thirty thousand dollars. If you fail I will pay your expenses for a month and place the case in other hands. Are you satisfied? I gasped spasmodically. Thirty thousand dollars! A fortune—more than the price of my happiness! And then the pride of my profession came to my aid, and I told him that I should succeed. I examined the apartment. The burglary had been effected very simply, apparently. Edward, the footman—a tall, lank specimen of humanity—had heard a noise in the night in the library, but had paid no attention to it, as Mr. Dayton was in the habit of writing very late, and he thought it was his employer. What puzzled me the most was the means of entrance and egress adopted by the burglar or burglars. The library was fully fifteen feet from the ground, had a bay window, and, except the broken pane of glass, there was not the slightest sign to show how the window had been gained. A ladder, nor no signs of footsteps exhibited themselves in the

damp ground, wet from recent rains. I was sorely puzzled. I examined the servants one by one, but could find no clue to justify the slightest suspicion of complicity in the affair on their part. The work had evidently been done by scientific burglars, and they had worked at their leisure. I inquired into the antecedents of Edward, the footman; but Mr. Dayton averred that he would allow no suspicion to rest on so faithful a servant to the family. I resolved to inquire more about him, however; but I found nothing against the man, and temporarily dismissed him from my mind as having no connection with the case. "You heard no noise on the night of the robbery?" I inquired of Mr. Dayton. "None, I slept unusually sound last night." I went away thoughtfully, for I had found in the library an empty bottle which, from the scent, I knew to have contained chloroform, and I had noticed the marks of muddy boots leading from the apartment, while around the window none were to be seen. The glass, too, had been broken by a quick blow, not cut out. Altogether, it was a most mysterious piece of business. I watched all dens frequented by the crackmen of the city, and worked like a beaver. I could not obtain a clue to the perpetrators of the daring burglary, and, after three days of unremitting toil, I was considering if it would not be as well to call in professional assistance, when the advertisement in the Herald, at the head of this story, attracted my attention. Instinctively I divined some connection with the "crooked" business, and whether it referred to my case or not, I resolved to ascertain its meaning. I went down to the Herald office that morning, and, introducing myself, attempted to obtain some description of the person who had handed in the advertisement. The clerk stated that it had been received by mail, in a letter enclosing the amount requisite for its insertion in the paper. "Could I see the original copy?" He would see; and a message was sent to the composing-room. Luckily, the copy had been preserved. It was written in a disguised hand on a little scrap of paper. I asked leave to retain it, and, permission being granted to me, I returned to my room at once. I pored over the cipher for a long time, and, discouraged at my inability to make out one word of it, was finally about to abandon, when, I chanced to look at the reverse side of the paper. There were figures and I read, "United States bonds, 10,000," and other memoranda, indicating that it had been a loose wrapper for the valuable papers. Then I knew that the advertisement bore an important relation to the robbery. And so until the day upon which the story opens I was unable to make head or tail of the secret enigma. So wearied was I that I fell asleep with my head upon my desk, and I did not awaken until noon time. It was wonderful how a brief repose will clear the mind. I took up the paper with renewed energy, and a bright idea flashed over me. Simple as it was, I had not thought of it before. The entire message was written on the substitution of letters, based on the reversal of the alphabet. Instead of a, z, the last letter, was substituted; instead of b, y was used; the alphabet reversed was the key to the solution of the puzzle. I gave utterance to a shout of joy, for following out the theory, it read: "Larry, meet me Saturday night at 127 Fire street. NED." And "Ned," or Edward, was the name of Dayton's footman. I began to see a very large niche. But Fire street—there was no such thoroughfare in the city, and I was "floored" again. Gradually, the thought occurred to me on the basis of reversal and opposites adopted by the sender of the message, why should not "fire" mean "water," its direct reverse? I dashed down the stairs, and, hailing a cab, (for I did not forget that it was Saturday, and that evening was the appointed time for meeting of the two burglars, if such they were,) I soon had reached Water street. Vacant! Number 127 was an empty lot! I paused disappointed, and dismissed the vehicle again having recourse to the puzzling enigma! So near the solution and yet doomed to be balked at the last, and— A sudden inspiration of renewed energy and I had forged the last link in the chain of evidence? There had been reversal in the order of numbers from one to ten, as in the letters of the alphabet, and 127 meant 1804. I looked at my watch—three o'clock, I went to the nearest local telegraph office and sent the following dispatch to the Chief of Police: "Send to this office three efficient men in citizen's clothes."

I signed my name, lit a cigar, and awaited the arrival of evening and my companion officers. It was dark when we reached the place for meeting appointed by the two men. It was a vile groggery, kept by a woman, and a resort for the very lowest class of ruffians. I had put on a felt hat and a pair of false whiskers, and I entered the bar-room, having first placed my men in advantageous positions on the outside. Within half an hour there entered an old woman, veiled, bearing some bulky object under her cloak. She made a sign to the woman behind the bar and went into the next room. I caught sight of her feet as she passed through the door; they were encased not in shoes, but in men's boots. I went quickly to the bar and made a sign to the woman. "Is Larry in there?" I inquired in a loud voice, pointing to the other apartment. She looked at me sharply, and then replied in the affirmative. "Keep everybody that comes out," I said, significantly. "We are going to divide the swag." And I opened the door. There was no one in the first room, but in the second, by a table, on which lay a large tin box, was my game—Larry, the burglar, and a tall, spare form in female attire, with veil thrown back and terrified face, and the footman, Edward. "You can drop on that little dodge, gentlemen," I said, quietly whipping out a brace of revolvers. "The house is surrounded, and any resistance will only make it worse for you. Larry, open the door. He unbolted the rear door under the silent, persuasive eloquence of my revolver, and the three officers entered. Need I tell the rest? Edward, the footman, had admitted his accomplice into the house, and had chloroformed his employer. He had kept the booty hidden in his room, not daring to go out to communicate with his pal, except as has been seen, for fear he was watched. The property had not been disturbed, but justice was cheated, for both the men escaped before conviction, and were never heard of again. As for me, I quietly handed \$5,000 to the department, resigned, engaged in business and married Edna. A Boy's Pluck. SAM was the eldest son of a Welsh family who owned and worked a small hill farm in central Ohio; then a new country, almost, and spoken of by Eastern people as the West, though it is a long way from the West of to-day, whatever it may have been in 1835 or thereabout. Sam, like many another boy in that country and in those days, longed for an education, and the progress he had made, surrounded as he was with difficulties, gave evidence of this prominent desire as one of the characteristics of his life, which the incident I am about to relate fully proves. A great drawback troubled him, and this was the want of suitable shoes; for as yet he had never been the owner of a pair of shoes that really protected his feet from frost and snow, having only fallen heir to his father's old ones, well worn at that. Now, however, as he saw the years go slipping by and the period drawing near when boyhood and youth would be passed and he would be expected to take up the responsibilities of manhood, he made up his mind that the coming winter's school should find him on hand early and late with a determination to make such progress as he had never made before; and to this end he managed to carry to market by extra work sufficient tan bark to buy for himself leather for a pair of shoes, and the neighborhood shoemaker had been promising their completion now for weeks. Either from a press of work or for fear Sam might not prove as prompt a paymaster as some others of his customers, the time for the commencement of the usual three months term came on and the shoemakers' promise was yet unfulfilled, and Sam did not put in his appearance at the school-house. Two weeks of weary waiting had passed and for want of his shoes Sam had not commenced his attendance at school. The morning of the third Monday Sam came to his breakfast with a piece of board about twelve by eighteen inches and a couple of inches thick, and putting it down as close to the fire as he could and not burn it, he answered the inquiring look of his mother with the declaration: "I am going to school." "Without your shoes?" "Yes, shoes or no shoes, I am going to school, mother;" and he explained the proposed use of the board. Having eaten his breakfast and gathered up his scanty supply of books, he took his hot board under his jacket and started for the school-house, a mile or more distant. Half way between his house and the school-house was the house of a neighbor where Sam knew he would be

welcome to halt and warm his bare feet and reheat his board. "So, at a good round double-quick, he was off, and when half way to this neighbor's he halted, and, putting his board on the ground, stood on it until his benumbed feet were warm and limbered up for another run, when he took up his board and made the second stage to neighbor Jones'. Here he warmed his feet and board and repeated the same feat to reach the school-house. When the boys saw him come up with his board under his arm and understood its use they greeted him with a little wood-natured chaff on his unimproved mode of travel and saving of shoe-leather; but there was too much genuine admiration for his pluck to allow any show of undue mirth at his expense, while the master was filled with pleasure at his appearance and the spirit with which he came to school. Whether the shoemaker saw in this the promise of pay for his work, or was moved by admiration of the plan for doing without shoes, I can't say; but Sam soon got his shoes, and was able to bid defiance to the weather for the rest of the winter. The boy was but the blossom of the man, and he grew up to take his place as one of the leading men of his country and State. How Lincoln Made a Match. IT was about a year before the fall of Richmond, when both North and South seemed tottering to ruin, that a young lady, who had known Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln for years, visited Washington. She was an exceptionally sensible, warm-hearted, refined woman, gifted with a marvelous voice and a graceful figure, but she was very homely. She called at the White House, and when she had gone with his wife into a private room, Mr. Lincoln expressed his surprise to a friend that "some good man had not been lucky enough to marry her." Adding: "L— herself would be much happier if she were a wife and mother." A few moments later Major C—, a volunteer officer, thoroughly respected by the President, and a bachelor, came into the study. Mr. Lincoln looked at him thoughtfully. "What are you going to do when the war is over, C—?" he asked suddenly. "Seek my fortune, I suppose," was the startled reply. "There it is in that room." A frank girlish laugh was heard at that moment. "No, you can't go to seek it now; business first. But there it is." That evening there was a reception at the White House. The President beckoned to Major C—. "Listen!" he said. A lady, whom they could not see because of the crowd, was singing, in a voice of great beauty and sweetness, a gay song. The Major would have moved forward, but Mr. Lincoln detained him, his eyes twinkling with shrewd fun. "Wait a bit," he said. "Don't look at her face yet." Presently she sang a ballad with such pathos that the Major's eyes grew dim. "Now go. She's as good and true as her song." The good word of Mr. Lincoln probably influenced both parties. In a few months they were married, and the union has proved a most happy one. "I did one wise thing in 1864," Mr. Lincoln said, rubbing his chin, as was his wont when pleased. "I made that match." Almost a Mistake. John Parry, incomparably the most humorous comic singer England ever had, used to sing a song about a short-sighted man who, when the marriage ceremony was concluded, found to his horror that he married his intended wife's waiting maid. A few weeks ago a similar sort of blunder really nearly happened. A couple residing in Devon, England, went to the parish church to be married. The bridegroom, instead of taking his intended bride at the church door and accompanying her to the altar, walked thither with the bride's sister, who was one of the bridesmaids. The bride appeared to have thought that her intended husband had changed his mind at the last moment, and she retired into a pew in a very dejected state of mind. The ceremony proceeded, and it was not until the clergyman came to the important question: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" that the bridegroom was conscious of his mistake. He then looked round the church with astonishment, and exclaimed: "This is the wrong maid, sir?" The right maid was soon found, and the right maid was married to the right man. We are always anxious to know why we are loved; women only care to know how much we love them.