

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 Auburn via S. & B. Br. at 5.30 a. 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, a. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.30 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, 8.50 and 7.45 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m. 4.00, and 7.20 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 4.40 p. m.
 And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 5.15 a. m.
 Leave Auburn via S. & B. Br. at 12 noon.
 Leave Allentown, at 11.30 a. m., 9.05 a. m., 12.15 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.

Milltown 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, 8.51 p. m., daily.

WEST.

Way Pass, 9.05 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Milltown Acc. 5.55 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 Allentown 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.

Milltown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m.
 Johnstown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily, except Sunday.
 Mail 7.30 p. m., daily.

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Milltown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.18 p. m.
 Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m.
 WM. C. KING, Agent.

THAT HOG OF MINE.

BY A. HOGG RAYZER.

WE LIVED in the West, Cynthia and I. We were born in the East, but, as our washerwoman kindly admitted when we bade her never mind the change from a dollar bill which we handed her in payment for seventy-five cents worth of labor, "People ain't to be judged too hard for the places they're born in." We were trying to keep house and keep up appearances on the salary of five hundred dollars which the principal storekeeper in the town paid me for my services, and if Atlas had half as much trouble in keeping the world up on his shoulders in the good old times when men were always doing more than ten hours' work a day, I can only say that the ghost of Atlas has my sincere sympathy. The little account book in which we kept our record of receipts and expenditures slowly became more terrible in our sight and our dreams than a collection of stories by the late Edgar Allan Poe would have been, and we dreaded its contents more than we did those of a certain great book which, as good church members, we should have been seriously concerned about.—We resolved upon many stringent economies, but no sooner had we put one of them into practice than some unforeseen but absolute household necessity came up to balance it.

We devised various plans of increasing our income, and I even sunk so low as to write a number of verses which I sent to certain popular magazines, with a request for a check as an equivalent. The only check I received was upon my own aspirations toward fame and fortune, for those poems came back with such unanimity that the (printed) letters of declination which accompanied them gave us material for a year's supply of lamp-lighters.

Matters went on in this way until they became worse, for by a method peculiar to young married people our family came to consist of three people instead of two, and the newest member, though by far the sweetest and best of the trio, soon became much the costliest. He could not walk, so we had to set up a carriage for him, his mere appearance brought with it a new bill (from the family physician) and he needed more new clothing before he was born than his mother and I had owned between us since we had been married.

One evening, soon after my wife had recovered from the newcomer's advent, I sat moodily over our little account book, thinking of how delightful it would be if figures could only lie, when Cynthia abruptly exclaimed:

"I have a revelation."

"So have I," I replied, pointing to the account book, "a whole book of revelations, but there aren't any golden streets in it."

"Don't be irreverent," said Cynthia, "I am in earnest. Let's keep a pig."

"We have one," said I, pointing to the baby, who was rapidly resolving a bottle of milk into a hollow void.

"Be sensible, Sam, there's a dear," expostulated Cynthia. "You know what I mean,—a hog,—a four-footed animal that is killed when he is big enough and fat enough, and that is turned into hams, and bacon, and lard and things. We throw away enough of table-scrap and leavings every day to keep a pig happy and fat."

"You're an angel, my dear," said I, "and we will have a pig."

And we did. There were several breeds of pigs in the county, and I was at first at a loss from which of them to select my own private porker. I explained the cause of my indecision to Cynthia, and her womanly intuition came at once to my rescue.

"Get the thinnest one you can find," said she. "The thinner he is, the less he will cost, and the more there will be of him to fatten. If we get a nice fat one, his weight won't increase enough to pay for the trouble of feeding him."

Thanking heaven for giving me such a wife, and determining to knock down the first man whom I heard saying that women were incapable of logic, I enquired among my employer's customers and soon learned that the thinnest pigs in the neighborhood belonged to an Irishman who never fed his swine, and who lived several miles from any forest where the animals could find nuts and acorns. It was held, by some, that this man's pigs were thin because they had to exercise too much in getting their food; others, however, declared that they were not of the fattening kind, and that everything they ate turned to bone. The latter opinion Cynthia declared unreasonable.

"There is an end to all things," she said. "After an animal has gained its full growth, its bones can not go on growing; if they did, they would stick out through the flesh, like knobs on a hat-rack. Get a full grown pig, and what he eats must turn to fat—there's nothing else it can turn to."

In this course of reasoning there was

not the least perceptible flaw, so when I next saw the Irishman passing the store I called him in and contracted with him for a pig, stipulating that he should be full-grown.

The man was so overjoyed at the idea of getting some money that he promised to bring the animal at once, and when I reached home at supper time I found the pig, the Irishman, and the three sons of the latter, all in a tangle of ropes, sticks and profanity at my gate. I paid the man the money agreed upon and opened the gate.

"Where do ye want the dhivil?" asked the man.

"Just put him in the yard," I replied.

The animal's late owner gazed at me so strangely that my wife whispered he must have been drinking, and begged me to get rid of him at once. So I opened the gate, the pig started in the opposite direction, the man and two of the boys tugged at the ropes and the other boy plied a stick vigorously, the profanity recommenced, and Cynthia clapped her fingers to her ears.

"Let's be afther h'istin' him," said the Irishman finally. Then he grasped one of the pig's ears, one of the boys took the other, another seized the tail; then they lifted the pig bodily over the low fence, while the third boy shut the gate. Then they loosened the ropes, gathered their sticks and departed, and Cynthia and I were left alone with our new possession. We made haste to contemplate him from the parlor window. Both of us kept silence for a moment or two, and then I remarked that he was not a beauty.

"Very true," said Cynthia, "but you must remember no one appears at his best when suddenly placed amid strange surroundings."

I admitted the truth of this plea, but was unable to perceive from what portion of the anatomy he could exhibit beautiful line, even when surrounded by his chosen friends and every luxury that heart could reach.

He was as long and lean as a Confederate blockade-runner which I had once seen brought into a northern port, and when he was attending to business, which he speedily did under the attractions of a defunct cabbage, his legs raked forward as sharply as the masts of the aforesaid vessel. His head, by its shape and size, reminded me forcibly of a baby's coffin. His eyes were small, but alive with suspicious inquiry, and his ears were as long as those of a rabbit. The bristles on the back of his neck and upon his shoulders seemed, in the gloaming of eventide, nearly as long as a peacock's plumes, and his ribs were as prominent as the hoops of a barrel. But, as Cynthia remarked, there was almost innumerable places about him where fat could be deposited.

When he had finished the cabbage he espied us, and approached with the air of a modest interviewer (if the reader's imagination can picture such an individual as possible). He stood under the window looking up, and suddenly thrust forth his snout.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Cynthia, starting back a step or two, and getting behind me, "what's that?"

"What's what, my dear?"

"That funny, dreadful thing on the end of his nose. It looks like the new moon, only it isn't quite as big."

"That's his snout," I replied, "he seems to be able to elongate or withdraw it at will, doubtless for some wise purpose in the economy of nature."

"Let's draw the shade," said Cynthia, shuddering. "I'm sure I'll dream about that dreadful thing."

A good supper enabled Cynthia to recover her self-possession, and we spent the evening in calculations of our probable profits upon that pig. It soon became evident, however, that even the most hopeful figuring would not enable the animal to make up the deficit which our exasperating account-book showed, so we determined to buy several additional pigs, and to do so before any one else should be as shrewd as Cynthia in determining what breed to select from.

We arose early next morning to look at our new treasure, but the pig seemed to have been up several hours before us. Cynthia had scarcely reached our chamber window when she exclaimed:

"Why, who has been digging our potatoes? 'Tis too bad, Sam—some one has been stealing them during the night. See how irregularly they have dug."

I looked, and my heart sank as I realized my stupidity. How the hog had learned that a fine crop of Early Rose's lay a few inches underground I do not know, but he had found them, and rooted up and eaten a great many. Fortunately every other garden crop had been gathered, so while Cynthia hastened into the yard and drove the hog into a corner, I went out and hired a man to come at once to dig such potatoes as remained. Then we ate breakfast. After the meal was finished I went into the yard and was thus accosted by my potato-digger:

"Did you take him for a debt?" This,

with a nod of his head toward the hog.

"No," said I. "We got him to eat up our table-scrap and kitchen-refuse."

"He'll do it," said the man, "and," continued the potato-digger, who was an humble member of the same church with ourselves, "he'd clean out all the flesh-pots of Egypt, if you had 'em, without growlin' at being overworked."

"Then he'd grow enormously fat," said I, adopting the aggressive form of argument, in my anxiety for a favorable expression of opinion about my live stock.

"Fat?" echoed the man, leaning upon his potato-fork, "why, all the fat of all them hogs that's lived since Noah turned their dad out of the ark wouldn't be enough to grease a rusty needle."

"What—what are they good for, then?" I meekly asked.

"That's just the question," said the man, as he resumed his work.

The man's apparent reticence annoyed me somewhat, and I informed my wife of it.

"Well," said she, "as we are going to have several hogs we can experiment with different kinds. Suppose we get some of those cunning, white, roly-poly pigs, such as we saw at the county fair. To be sure they're already fat, but if we buy young ones they will grow taller and broader."

Again I blessed the star under which my sensible wife was born. That day I purchased two plump shoats which the seller assured me contained a very fine mixture of blood. They were in the garden when I went home to dinner, and though they had just arrived, they were busily examining the earth from which all potatoes were now removed.

"That potato-digger," said my wife as she met me at the door, "seems to be full of a cruel hatred for that hog of ours. If the animal just walked upon the grass-plot, which isn't near the potatoes, the man threw great clods of earth at him. And I know they must have hurt him dreadfully, they made such a hollow sound."

I promised to demand an explanation of the potato-digger, and we proceeded to dinner; after dinner, however, we looked into the garden and beheld our original hog and his two new companions all busily engaged in upturning with their noses the bit of grass which grew between the four clothes-line poles.

"Oh, isn't it dreadful!" exclaimed Cynthia. "That first hog evidently thinks there are potatoes under the ground anywhere, and he has taught the others to do as he does."

Fortunately the garden was narrow, so I had three stakes driven in a row behind the grass, sent down some fencing wire from the store, and by night had the pigs fenced off in the back part of the yard, though not until they had disarranged my grass-plot until it looked like a highly magnified section of the moon's surface, with its abrupt cavities and elevations. But even then my tribulations were not at an end. Around the yard, close to the fence, were hardy herbaceous plants which had died down to the roots, the autumn being well advanced; there were also dahlias, gladioli and tuberoses which had not been taken up; all of these were rooted up by my pigs, and some of them were destroyed.

The new animals seemed to prefer soft ground, but the patriarch was above any such slothful tendencies; he in a single morning reduced a long section of garden walk to the condition of irregularly plowed ground, and though his own walk was not straight and narrow as that of the righteous should be, he atoned for an occasional irregularity by his persistent industry.

"What are we to do?" exclaimed my wife, as she tip-toed nervously in from the garden, holding at arm's length such of her precious plants as she had been able to rescue from the general ruin. "It's almost as bad as having the house ransacked by thieves."

"I don't know, my dear," said I, "but I'll inquire."

And inquire I did, though the first result of my questions were counter-enquiries which compelled me to display my ignorance and its deplorable results. But one good-natured old fellow who had laughed heartily at my recital led me aside after I had concluded and said:

"If you don't want a hog to make trouble you must treat it as you would a sweetheart—give it a ring. Come around this evening and I'll show you how."

There was a prayer-meeting that evening to which I should have gone, but I kept my engagement with the old man. He brought from a closet an odd looking pair of pincers, another and a larger tool which was a sort of combination of pincers and tongs, and several little loops of coppered wire.

"Now," said he, "you fit one of these loops of wire in the pincers, which you will notice are indented to receive the ends of these loops, or rings; with the other hand you seize the animal with the tongs, putting the smaller point un-

der his lower jaw and the arched end across his nose; while you hold him still with the tongs you hold the pincers so that one point of the loop is just behind the animal's snout, and the other as low on the nose as possible. Press the pincers suddenly and firmly, and the loop bends, the points pierce the snout and meets inside; then remove the pincers, and you will see that your hog has a *Triangular* ring in his nose. Then whenever he tries to root, this ring causes his nose to slide along the top of the ground; you could turn him loose in a field of newly planted corn, and he couldn't get a grain."

"But it's a cruel thing to do," said I, "it must hurt the poor brute dreadfully."

"Scarcely a bit," said he; "the snout of a hog is mostly cartilage, you know. The wound will heal almost instantly."

I took my ringing appliances home and five minutes after I entered the yard in the morning the two shoats were admiring (or coveting) the ornaments in each others' noses. With the patriarch I did not succeed so easily. Whether he had conscientious scruples against the use of jewelry, or whether he had peculiar ideas on the subject of personal liberty, I do not know, but certain it is that just as I gripped him with the tongs he gave his head a vigorous twitch which threw me into a position in which I could have rooted with ease had Providence endowed me with a nose of porcine peculiarity. Calling a neighbor to my assistance, however, and warning him to use both hands upon the tongs, the patriarch was speedily ornamented like his friends. He retired to a corner for contemplation, and then, apparently realizing that time was precious, put his nose to the ground and attempted to root. He soon found that he could not thrust forth his snout in the usual manner, and for a moment or two his futile endeavors to see what prevented him, gave me my first impression of a cross-eyed hog (with four legs). Suddenly the truth flashed upon him that I was in some way responsible for the inconsequent manner in which his nose rambed over the ground; the sad, reproachful look he gave me then I shall not forget to my dying day.

But that very day that hog of mine, that lean, capacious, loose-skinned hog, began to gain in flesh. Deprived of his customary exercise, and knowing no other, he devoted his entire attention to eating and sleeping. And now you have my story about THAT HOG OF MINE.

Big Words.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are sometimes employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated people use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common, but very egregious, mistake, to suppose the long words are more genteel than the short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. These are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed;" and, instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation; and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood, and affectation delight in what Horace calls *verba sequepallia*—words "a foot and a half" long.

We commend the following to our readers, and at the same time suggest that those to whom it specially refers commit it to memory and act accordingly: "Some twenty-five years ago a young man just entered into business, was one day reading a monetary article, when the follow paragraph struck him with so much force, for its soundness, that he cut it out and pasted it over his desk in a position where he could see it whenever he sat down to write a letter. It is as follows: 'That man who is not content to loan his money at legal rates, but makes haste to get rich by embarking into hazardous enterprises, is a dangerous man to the community.' Twenty-five years' experience and careful observation strengthen my approval of this maxim."

A Boy's Speech.

A little Quaker boy, about six years old, after sitting in silence like the rest of the congregation, and being expected to speak first, as he thought, got up on the seat, and folding his arms over his breast, murmured, in a clear, sweet voice, just loud enough to be distinctly heard on the front seat. "I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left."



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INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN

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