

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

Nov. 10th, 1878.

TRAIN LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS

For New York, at 5:30, 8:16 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.

For Pottsville, at 5:20, 8:10 a. m., and 4:00 p. m., via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2:40 p. m.

For Auburn via S. & S. 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 5:30 a. m.

For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1:45 p. m.

TRAIN FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Leave New York, at 5:45 a. m., 1:00, 5:30 and 7:45 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, at 4:45 a. m., 4:00, and 7:20 p. m.

Leave Reading, at 1:40, 7:40, 11:50 a. m., 1:00, 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 8:15 a. m.

Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon.

Leave Allentown, at 5:20, 6:30, 9:30 a. m., 12:15 and 4:30 and 7:55 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5:30 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, at 7:20 a. m.

Leave Reading, at 8:40, 7:40, a. m. and 10:35 p. m.

Leave Allentown, at 2:30 a. m., and 6:05 p. m.

J. E. WOOTON, 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 Ave. 7:30 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12:30 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6:30 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Atlantic Express, 9:30 p. m., daily.

WEST.

Way Pass. 9:00 A. M., daily.

Mail, 2:30 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Mifflintown Ave. 6:00 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Pittsburgh Express, 11:30 A. M., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday.

Pacific Express, 5:15 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.

Mifflintown Ave. daily except Sunday 8:15 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12:30 p. m., daily, except Sunday.

Mail 11:30 A. M., daily, except Sunday.

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8:30 A. M., daily.

Mail, 2:00 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Mifflintown Ave. daily except Sunday at 6:15 P.M.

Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (Flag) 11:30 P.M.

W. C. KING Agent.

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Nov. 19, '78.—4f

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Oct. 24, 1877 (Pittsburgh, Pa.)

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LADIES AND CHILDREN will find a splendid assortment of shoes at the one price store of P. Mortimer.

ONLY YAKOB.

IT WAS THE family saying in the family that "Sue was the poet, Joe the financier, and Charley—had discovered Yakob."

It needs very little wit to give a saying long life in a lonely farmhouse, and Yakob was as remarkable a novelty among us as a poem or a good deal of money would have been.

He was a very short, very stumpy, very white-headed Dutch boy of seventeen, whom Charley had found on the Battery one winter's day. Charley went to New York every winter to buy groceries, for the plantation, and clothes for the slaves, and he had found Yakob on his last visit, in 1859, just before the war began.

Yakob had landed from an Antwerp schooner, and had fallen among thieves, who had left him in rags and penniless, when Charley came, like the good Samaritan, to his rescue.

"But what can you do with him?" my father demanded, when the queer looking creature stood before him, his big eyes staring straight at him.

"Oh, there will be some place open for him on the plantation, sir," said Charley. "He'll be of use somewhere."

"You could make more use of a sea horse," said Sue, pertly; and my mother nodded. Mother said she had an instinctive dislike to Yakob. But whatever Charley did was right in our mother's eyes; and besides, she would have been gentle and polite to Yakob even if he had been a sea horse.

So Charley, taking me by the hand, led Yakob to the tobacco-house, and set him to work there. He stared dismayed for a minute or two at the black faces (for he had never seen but two negroes, and had never been brought in contact with a black man), and then went to work intelligently enough and never raised his eyes again to them.

Charley and I went back to the house. I was a boy of nine then, and the torment and pet of my big brothers. We found father on the piazza reading the Richmond *Examiner*.

"I have brought you a first-rate machine, sir," Charley said, "as steady, as sure, and dumb, as if he was made of wood and steel."

"It's your property," said father, with a shrug. Now nobody but Charley understood German, and Yakob could not speak a word of English. It followed, therefore, that Charley had to take care of his "property." He gave him a little wooden shanty, which had been a tool-house on the edge of the woods, in which to sleep.

The German whitewashed and repaired his dwelling, and in the Spring planted vines and flowers about it. Instead of being longer on eyesore, it became the most picturesque spot in the plantation. But the "creature himself," Sue declared, "was an animal." Such mountains of pork and rivers of beans disappeared down his throat.

He showed no signs of interest in any living thing except Charley, whom he followed about like a dog whenever he could, never speaking, however, unless forced to do so.

The war came, of which I wish to say little. Our family, like many others on the border, was divided. Joe went into one army, and Charley into the other. My father held to the old flag. My mother and Sue presented banners and arms to Southern companies.

The negroes caught the excitement, some of the house servants followed their young masters. Yakob alone was unmoved as a stone. Either Joe or Charley would have been glad to take him as a recruit into their companies.

"Never! never!" he grunted. "No fight!"

"But don't you want to uphold the Republic?" said one.

"Don't you care nothing for liberty?" asked another.

"I care for mein kopf," clapping his hands on his head. "I keeps mein kopf on mein shoulders."

"Beast!" muttered Joe.

Even Charley looked disgusted, which Yakob quickly perceived.

"I come to this country for peace," he said, rapidly, in German, "and the men take each other by the throat. I know nothing of your North—your South."

"You know nothing but Yakob!" with a laugh.

The light eyes flashed a little.

"Yaw, and Yakob's work," he said doggedly, turning toward the tobacco-house.

Even we who were children remembered the times that followed; the marching and counter-marching of our armies; the turning of our fields into battle-fields and our houses into hospitals; the ravages of bushwackers and guerrillas, first of one side and then the other and worse than all, the bitterness of neighbor against neighbor.

Two years passed. My brother Joe had been killed at Bull Run. Charley had been a prisoner for almost a year.

With oaths and yeats the men hurried down the road.

We ran out. Yakob laid on the floor

was harder for my mother than even Joe's death; for one was at rest, while the sufferings of the other were continually in her mind. Such tales were told of the prison where he was, that I believe she would have been glad that he too, was dead.

One July morning she came down to breakfast looking more wan and haggard than usual.

"I had a strange dream last night," she said. "I thought Charley stood beside me with his rod in his hand, as he used to when he was going out to fish. I was putting up his lunch, and he was joking with father, as if the war had never been. It was all just as it used to be."

"And it will be again," said father, heartily. "Don't lose your trust in God, mother."

"I shall never see Charley again," she said; "if he should come home it would be to certain death."

Our house was at that time encircled by troops; not regular troops, but the rabble and followers of a great army that was encamped a few miles to the north. Until now the officers had protected us from outrage; but a change in the position of the forces had left us without their authority.

Just as we were rising from the table, Dutton, the coachman, opened the door.

The hollows about his jaws were gray with terror.

"Dey's come, massa! Dey's takin' ob de horses out ob de stables!"

My father was an old man and a cripple. He only wheeled his chair to the door and waited in silence. A tramping of armed men was heard upon the gravel walk. The next moment a dozen sturdy fellows, with bloated faces, pistols at their belts and rifles in hand, dashed open the door.

They paused, daunted by my father's calmness and coolness.

"Hubbard! You're Judge Hubbard, eh?" blustered the foremost.

"That is my name."

"Well, you've got to deliver up your arms and live stock to us for the use of the army."</