

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

Nov. 10th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS

For New York, at 5.20, 8.16 a. m., 2.09 p. m., and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., 2.09 and 4.09 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. & R. 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 5.20 a. m. For Allentown, and Way Stations at 5.30 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, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 10.40, 7.40, 11.50 a. m., 1.20, 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. & R. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 12.20, 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 6.55 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 8.30 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 12.20 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.

Mifflintown Exp. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Exp. 11.22 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail, 5.51 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 a. m., flag-daily.

WEST.

Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Exp. 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 13 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.

Mifflintown Exp. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Exp. 12.58 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.20 p. m., daily (flag). Atlantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.58 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Exp. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Exp. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.30 p. m. WM. C. KING, Agent.

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We invite the Citizens of BLOOMFIELD and vicinity, to call and examine our Stock of GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, TIN WARE, A FULL VARIETY OF NOTIONS, etc., etc., etc.

All of which are selling at astonishingly LOW PRICES.

Give us a call and SAVE MONEY, as we are almost GIVING THINGS AWAY. Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK,

WEST MAIN STREET Nov. 13, 78-79

FOR YOUR WIFE,

Intended wife, mother, or sister, is one of our Nickle Plated and Polished Fluting or Crimping Irons, 4 Irons on one handle and at greatly REDUCED PRICES.

King Reversible Fluting Iron, \$3.50. Home Fluting and Crimping Iron, \$2.75. SENT FREE PAID on receipt of price.

Hewitt Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. P. O. Box, 588, or 166 Penn Avenue. AN AGENT WANTED IN THIS COUNTY W47.64

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YOUNG men prepared for active business life. Advantages unequalled. Course of study and business training the most comprehensive, thorough and practical in existence. Students received at any time. For circulars containing full particulars address: J. C. SMITH, A. M., Pittsburgh, Pa. Oct. 24, 1877

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LADIES and CHILDREN will find a splendid assortment of shoes at the one price store of F. 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 1850, 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 remembering the times that followed; the marching and counter-marching of our armies; the turning of our fields into battle-grounds 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.

I think that Charley's imprisonment

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' de last 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."

"I have no arms. You have taken my horses and cattle; not"—his color rising—"for the use of the army, but for thieves and murderers who plunder on their own account."

"Father! Father!" my mother whispered in terror, laying her hand upon his arm. "We are at their mercy."

"The old cock crows well," laughed the leader, "but its the young fowl we want."

"What do you mean?"

"Your son Charley has been seen prowling about the neighborhood.—We've orders to take him and hang him to the nearest tree."

My mother put her hands before her. "My son is dead," she said.

For a moment even these ruffians were silent.

"We'll soon see about that," cried the foremost. "Come, boys!"

They ransacked the house. The family could offer no opposition, being but women and children, with two old weak men to guard us.

My father sat trembling with rage and shame, poor old Dutton stood behind him. The negroes had all gone. Nobody was left but Yakob, duly at work as usual in the stable, for he had turned into aman-of-all-work when left alone.

He came out from the stable and going to the door of his shanty sat down and lighted his pipe.

"He would not move if they blew him up with a pitard," cried Sue, whose knowledge of warlike instruments was but hazy.

Presently they came up to him. "Hi, Dutchy! we've heard of you. What goes are you on, Reb or Yank?"

"I goes for mein own side."

"So do we. Stand out of the way. We want to go into this cabin."

"Nein; dish ish mein house," calmly.

"Get up, you pig!" prodding him with the point of his sword.

"Oh, yaw! I gets, up" slowly rising and putting his hands into his capacious pockets. He drew out a couple of revolvers, and pointed them full in the faces of his assailants.

"I gets up and—I fires."

"He did fire—once, twice, it seemed to me a dozen times, turning sharply from one side to the other.

The men staggered back dismayed. Two fell and were dragged off by the others. Like all other bullies, they were cowards.

For a moment they hesitated, as if uncertain whether to take the German by storm or take to their heels. A stinging bullet in the leader's arm decided the day in favor of Yakob.

They fired a few scattering shots as they retreated, but did not face the determined Dutchman again. I saw him totter as the last man fired, but he recovered himself, and stood with the same stolidity and regularity with which he hammered in a bean-pole. With oaths and yells the men hurried down the road.

pale and ghastly. My mother raised his head.

"He is dying!" she said. "Why did he throw his life away for the old shanty?" cried Sue impatiently.

Yakob shook his head. "Not de house."

The same thought came to us both. We pushed the door open. On the bed lay a pallid skeleton of a man—our brave, handsome Charley.

For more than a month Yakob had hid him there, afraid to trust even his mother with the secret.

If the faithful German had died for his friend, it would have been but one of many such sacrifices which that test time and again brought from men.

But Charley lived, and is now a sturdy farmer on the Shenandoah. Yakob is his steward and partner—known to tell the country-side as the ugliest, shrewdest most honest man in the valley.

A Long Speech.

THE longest speech on record is believed to have been that made by Mr. DeCosmos, in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a measure was pending whose passage would take from a great many settlers their lands. DeCosmos was in a hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the eve of the close of the session; unless legislation was taken before noon of a given day the act of confiscation would fall. The day before the expiration of the limitation DeCosmos got the floor about ten o'clock in the morning and began a speech against the bill.

His friends cared little, for they supposed that by one or two o'clock he would be through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came, and DeCosmos was speaking still—had not more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock—he was saying "in the second place." Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence, and insisted on reading it.

The majority began to have a vague suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till next noon and kill the bill. For a while they made merry over it, but as it came on to dusk, they began to be alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each one afforded him a chance to digress and gain time.

They tried to shout him down, but that gave him a breathing space, and finally they settled down to watch the combat between strength of will and weakness. They gave him no mercy. No adjournment for dinner; no chance to do more than wet his lips with water; no wandering from his subject; no sitting down.

Twilight darkened; the gas was lighted, members slipped out to dinner in relays, and returned to sleep in squads, but DeCosmos went on. The speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing, snoring and trying to look wide-awake. Day dawned, and the majority slipped out in squads to wash and breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It can't be said it was a very logical, eloquent, or sustained speech. There were digressions in it, repetitions also. But still the speaker kept on. At last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence, and a single man, who was triumphant, although his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were almost shut, and were bleared and blood shot, his legs tottered under him, and his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. DeCosmos had spoken twenty-six hours, and saved the settlers their lands.

Origin of Two Well-Known Phrases.

"CUTTING a Dido," is a phrase colder than most people imagined. The husband of Dido, Princess of Tyre, was Acerbas, priest of Hercules, and that respectable gentleman was murdered for his wealth by the King of Pygmalion, brother of Dido. The widow princess was enabled to escape from Tyre, bearing with her the wealth of her husband, and accompanied by a number of disaffected nobles. After a variety of adventures they landed upon the coast of Africa, where Dido bargained with the natives for as much land as she could enclose with a bull's hide. Selecting a large, tough hide, she caused it to be cut in the smallest possible threads, with which she enclosed a large tract of country, on which the city of Carthage soon began to rise.

The natives were bound by the letter of their bargain, and allowed the cunning queen to have her own way; and after that when any one played off a sharp trick, they said they had "cut a Dido." That was almost three thousand years ago, and the saying has come down to our day.

The phrase "to scrape acquaintance," comes to us from the Roman Emperor Adrian. He was at the public baths one day, when he saw one of his veteran soldiers scraping his body with a tile. That was such poor luxury that Adrian ordered that his old comrade should be supplied with more suitable cleansing materials, and also with

money. On a subsequent occasion, when the Emperor again went to the bath, the spectacle before him was highly amusing. A score of old soldiers who had fought under Adrian were standing in the water, and each was currying himself with a tile and wincing at the self-inflicted rubbing. The Emperor perfectly understood what he saw and what was the purpose of the sight. "Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, "you had better scrape one another, my good fellows." He added, "you certainly shall not scrape acquaintance with me."

How a Poet Gets Ready for Fishing.

BRET HARTE, the well-known writer and poet, who has been appointed to a commercial agency in Germany, is a careless, restless sort of a fellow, and has never learned to take care of money.

A prominent journalist of the Pacific Slope once told an amusing story of the way Harte used to do when he lived in San Francisco, and was in the zenith of his fame and prosperity.

He had an arrangement with a great New York publishing house by which the latter had the first right to refuse or accept any of his productions. One morning he came sauntering lazily into the San Francisco office of the New York house mentioned, and after seating himself in a comfortable arm chair, began to fan himself with his immense sambrero. The gentleman in charge of the office being well acquainted with Harte and his ways, said, "Well, Bret, what can I do for you?"

"I want to go-a-fishing," drawled out the poet, "and I haven't any money. I wrote this thing before I got out of bed this morning, and you can have it for \$500," and he handed over four or five sheets of manuscript of a poem. After reading it, the representative of his publishers said it was only worth a hundred dollars.

"All right," responded Bret, "I'll let the A—s have it."

"Hold on a minute, and I'll telegraph to New York for instructions," said the uneasy publisher.

When he returned from the telegraph office he found Bret sound asleep; waking him up, he shook a little bundle of bank notes in the poet's face and said, "There's your \$500. The firm said it is all right."

"Well, I knew that from the first," growled Bret, sleepily, and cramming the money into his pocket he started off to arrange for his fishing trip. In less than two weeks he came back to San Francisco "busted," and buckled into the harness again.

A Novel Fight.

A New Orleans gentleman tells the following curious anecdote: In Natchitoches parish a pedestrian noticed on a lonely road a frog fighting desperately with a tarantula and a tarantula returned the compliment by stinging the frog. Every time the frog got stung he would hop to the side of the road, where some green plantain was growing, and nibble off a piece after swallowing which he would hop back to the fight. This being repeated about half a dozen times, the human spectator resolved to satisfy his curiosity, took out his jack-knife and lopped off the plantain close to the roots, while the frog and tarantula were carrying on his duel. When the frog got stung for the seventh time he leaped back to where the plantain had been, and not finding it, uttered a peculiarly helpless cry, staggered a little, vainly tried to hop into the high grass, shuddered, fell over on his side and gave up the ghost.

A traveler, who was following a trail on horseback down the White Pine Mountains, in Nevada, recently, heard a rumbling noise above him, and on turning discovered that a vast volume of water at least ten feet high, was rapidly approaching him, a water spout having descended in the vicinity. He jumped from his animal and climbed one of the steep banks that rose abruptly on either side of the trail, which he did just in time to save his life. The horse was taken by the flood and rolled and tumbled down the ravine some hundred yards, where the owner found him after the water had subsided, lodged among the rocks and rubbish, dead.

A New Lead Mine.

A Kansas man dropped a little note to a neighbor's wife, inviting her to meet him under the pale silver moon. The husband got the note first, and kept the appointment. Two doctors have been at work on the Kansas man taking out lead for a week.

\$500 Reward.

They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for any thing impure or injurious found in them. Test it. See "Proverbs" in another column. 52 2t