

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. & 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 5.20 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, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 14.40, 7.40, 11.30 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 8.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon. 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 5.20 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.

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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, 9.51 p. m., flag—daily.

WEST. Way Passenger, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.45 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. 5.50 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 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 (flag). Atlantic Express 10.29 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 8.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.32 p. m. W. M. O. KING Agent.

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Nov. 19, 78.—11

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LADIES AND CHILDREN

splendid assortment of shoes at the one price store of F. Mortimer.

A SUDDEN CURE.

A WIDE cook-kitchen, with a breath of grape blossoms coming in at the open windows and a glistening tin pan on the table, full of berries waiting to be stemmed—this is our scene; and our dramatic person consists of Mrs. Perkins, whose drowsily clicking knitting needles, keep time to the purr of an overgrown Maltese cat, and a pretty young girl, with rather a flushed face, who had just entered from a doorway leading to the hall.

"Well," said Mrs. Perkins, looking up with that ineffably wise expression which is imparted to the human countenance by round silver spectacles perched obliquely on the bridge of the nose.—"He ain't asleep, is he?"

"Yes, he is," was the reply.

"Glory be thanked for that, at least," said Mrs. Perkins, apparently impaling herself on a long knitting needle which, however, entered harmlessly in the horn sheath that she wore at her side, incased in a scolloped red flannel. "There will be five minutes of peace, at least. You are tired, ain't you, Dora?"

"Yes," said Theodora White, "I am rather tired."

But her languid voice spoke plainly that the more accurate phrase would have been "very tired."

Theodora White was a tender, soft-eyed girl of eighteen, with a complexion of pearly clearness, and a rose apple on her cheeks—a girl with a poor, straight nose and a dimple on her chin, and a pretty pleading way of looking at you when she spoke. She sat down beside the window, where the mignonette-scented grape blossoms were swaying in the summer air, and leaned her forehead against the casement.

Mrs. Perkins eyed her with an owl-like glance of sympathy.

"It's a shame, so it is," said Mrs. Perkins, emphatically. "A man hasn't no business to be so tryin'—no, not if he was sick forty times over! Scold, snap, snarl—this ain't right, and t'other thing is wrong! That's the way he keeps it up. I'd as soon wait on the 'old boy' myself."

Theodora smiled faintly and arched her eyebrows.

"Why, Mrs. Perkins, you don't mean to compare my uncle Joseph with so obnoxious a personage as you allude to?" she said, demurely.

"Well," said Mrs. Perkins, reflectively, "they ain't so unlike, after all. I declare when he gets in his tantrums, I've two minds and a half to give him a good shakin'. There ain't no sense in a man being so unreasonable.—You can't please him no way you fix it."

"We can at least try, Mrs. Jones."

"Yes, and that's just what's a-spillin' him. He knows very well that if he was to want the moon, you'd hunt up the longest step-ladder and try to reach it down. It always did spoil children to let 'em have all they want, and your uncle Joseph ain't nothin' but a grown-up child."

"But I don't let him have all he wants, Mrs. Perkins."

"And a pretty kettle o' fish there'd be if you did. Humph!"

And the old house-keeper, pounced upon her ball as if she had, for a moment, identified it with the personage under discussion.

"It mightn't be such a bad idea," said Theodora, after a moment's thoughtful silence.

"Are you crazy?" demanded Mrs. Perkins, tartly.

"Hush!" Theodora started from her seat with uplifted finger. "He's awake; he wants me."

And she was gone, swift, noiseless as a white-winged dove, before Mrs. Perkins could volunteer to go in her stead.

"Yes," said Mrs. Perkins to herself, "it is a shame. He seems to think she is made of cast-iron and India-rubber—the old torment!"

With this rather illogical expression of her opinion, Mrs. Perkins resumed her knitting more vigorously than ever.

Meanwhile Theodora hastened upstairs into a cosily curtained sick-room, where a querulous old gentleman lay tortured with a great deal of "hypo" and a very little actual illness. But Uncle Joseph White choose to believe that he was ill; and who, pray, was a better judge of the state of his bodily health than himself?

He screwed his face up into the semblance of a nut-cracker as his niece hurriedly entered the apartment and came to his bedside.

"I've been thumping on the floor till my arms are ready to drop out of their sockets!" he groaned. "Are you all deaf down stairs? or has old Perkins forgotten there is any one in the world but herself and her snuff-box?"

"I am very sorry, uncle."

"Actions speak louder than words!" snarled Uncle Joseph, ungraciously.

"How do you feel, Uncle Joseph?" said Theodora, soothingly.

"I'm worse!"

"Are you?"

"Pulse higher—skin hot—face flushed; of course I'm worse. The confounded hot room is enough to throw any one into a fever! Open every door and window—quick!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Theodora unbarred the blinds, and threw open the four large windows and two doors. The light from the western sky streamed like a flood of fiery radiance into the room; the draft, whirling through, caught up newspapers, fluttered the leaves of books, and even upset Uncle Joseph's pet bottle of medicine.

"O-w-w-w!" roared the sick man with vehemence, and proved his lungs at least to be quite free from disease; "do you want to blind me—to blow me away?"

"You told me to do it, Uncle Joseph."

"Shut the windows quick—draw the curtains!" groaned Uncle Joseph.—"Who's that battering down the door?"

"It's only a very gentle knocking, uncle."

"Then I'm nervous. Go and see!" Presently Theodora returned.

"It's Major Crawford, uncle; he sends his compliments, and wishes to know how you are."

"Tell him to go to the deuce!"

"Yes, uncle."

"Well," said Uncle Joseph, as his niece returned to his bedside after a momentary absence, "what did he say?"

"He seemed very much offended, uncle."

"Offended! at what, pray?" demanded Uncle Joseph.

"I suppose at being told to go to the deuce!" answered Theodora, quietly.

"Girl!" ejaculated the invalid, raising himself half-way upon his elbow, "you didn't tell him that?"

"Yes, I did, uncle. You said yourself, 'Tell him to go to the deuce.'"

Mr. Joseph White fell back, flat and motionless, among the pillows.

"Theodora, you are a fool."

"I'm very sorry, uncle," said Theodora, beginning to whimper.

Uncle Joseph stared at her in surprise. Could it be possible that the dreary days and weeks of her steadfast attendance had weakened her intellect and turned her brain?

"Give me my water-gruel," he said briefly, after a few moments' pondering over the unwelcome possibility.

Theodora brought in a neat little china bowl, with a silver spoon lying on the snowy napkin that flanked it on the tray.

Uncle Joseph took one taste; and threw down the spoon with a petulant sound not unlike a bark.

"Trash! trash! insipid as dishwater. Throw it to the pigs."

Theodora took up the bowl and started obediently for the door.

"Here, here!" roared Uncle Joseph, where are you going to?"

"To the pig-pen."

"Are you crazy? The gruel's well enough, only Mrs. Perkins forgot the nutmeg."

"But, uncle," said Theodora, tasting daintily of the contents of the bowl, "it is insipid as dishwater."

"Will you allow me to have an opinion of my own?" snarled Uncle Joseph.

"It's very good, if that crone down stairs will add the nutmeg and give it another boil. Quick now—I'm getting hungry. A man must eat, if he is at death's door."

A minute afterwards Mrs. Perkins was surprised at Theodora's entrance.

"Well," said the housekeeper, "what is awaiting now?"

"A little grated nutmeg in this gruel, and uncle would like it warmed up once more."

"What are you smiling about?"

"Was I smiling?"

"Your were if your mouth wasn't," said Mrs. Perkins keenly.

"Will you be quick as you can, Mrs. Perkins?" said Theodora. "He says he is hungry."

But when Theodora re-entered her uncle's room, the invalid had taken another track.

"Why didn't you stay all day," he growled.

"Indeed, uncle, I hurried all I could," pleaded Dora. "Here's the gruel, all smoking."

But Uncle Joseph shook his head.

"It's too late, I've lost all my appetite," he moaned.

"Won't you have the gruel?"

And Uncle Joseph closed his eyes, as if to signify he was too weak to debate the question further. He waited anxiously for Theodora to press the question further, but she did not; and presently he opened his eyes the least little bit in the world.

"Theodora."

"Sir?"

"I'll try just one spoonful of that gruel before it gets cold."

"Why, uncle; I threw it away."

"Thew—my—gruel—away!" gasped the sick man breathlessly.

"You told me you did not want it, uncle."

"I told you so. Furies and fiddle strings! You might know by this time

that I don't mean what I say. Get me some more—quick. If I hadn't been bed-ridden for a year, I could go twice as fast as you do!" he added, grumbling.

"I never saw such a snail in my life. O, dear! to think I shall never walk again!"

Uncle Joseph lay counting the seconds until his niece brought in a second bowl of gruel, this time so deliciously made that even he could not find fault with it.

"Uncle," said Theodora, as she set it on the table by the bedside, "the doctor said yesterday that he really thought, if you were to try, you could walk as well as anybody."

"The doctor's a fool," said Uncle Joseph, "and you may tell him so with my compliments."

"I will, uncle, the next time he comes."

"Theodora."

"Sir?"

"If you do, I'll disinherit you."

"Very well."

"Theodora, you'll have to feed me.—This annoyance has weakened me terribly."

"Yes, uncle."

"Stop—stop—it's hot—you're choking me!"

But Theodora kept resolutely on.

"Stop-op!" spluttered Uncle Joseph, nimbly scrambling away to the other side of the bed. "What do you mean, Theodora? Didn't I tell you to stop?"

"I don't believe there's an inch of skin left on my throat."

"You told me yourself, uncle, that you don't mean what you say. How was I to know that this was an exception?"

An irate rejoinder trembled on Uncle Joseph's tongue's, when suddenly he caught sight of a blue column of smoke wreathing up under his window.

"What's that smoke?" he ejaculated.

"I think it's Mrs. Perkins, sir, putting fresh kindlings on the kitchen fire."

"No, it isn't!" yelled uncle Joseph, the house is on fire."

Theodora dropped the spoon and bowl and rushed out of the room, shrieking, the house is on fire! help! murder! thieves!"

The servants below stairs caught up the cry and echoed it in shrill dismay.—Uncle Joseph listened with bristled hair and dilated eyes.

"Help! help!" he bawled, but no one responded. Louder still he yelled, but yet in vain.

"Am I to stay here in my bed to be burned to death?" he asked himself, and scrambled out with an agility that fairly surprised himself.

The servants were arrayed on the lawn, staring in all directions to find the exact location of the fire, when the gardener uttered a shriek.

"If there ain't master, as hasn't left his bed for a year, a runnin' as if a tiger was after him!"

"Where—where's the fire?" panted Uncle Joseph, gazing wildly around him.

Mrs. Perkins rushed to the front door, her cap strings streaming.

"I never saw such a pack of born idiots in my life!" she gasped. "There ain't no fire—only a few pieces of green wood I put in the kitchen fire. One would think you'd never seen smoke afore, and—why, if there ain't master."

"Theodora," said Mr. White, looking somewhat sheepish, "where did you see a fire?"

"I did not see it, uncle, but you said the house was on fire," Theodora replied, demurely, "and of course I thought you must know. Please, uncle, go back to bed."

"I won't," said uncle Joseph, gathering the skirts of his wrapper closer about him.

"But, uncle, you are sick."

"No, I'm not."

"Uncle, do you really mean it?"

"Of course I do, Theo."

And he did mean it. The cure had been effected; and Theodora mentally congratulated herself on the success of her plan of treatment. And Uncle Joseph never alluded to the day on which his niece had taken him so implicitly at his word.

She Hit Hard.

IN THE country towns and villages of New England, in the good old times—even within the memory of the writer—young girls, of good parentage, often hired out to do housework, as did the young men hire out to do work on a farm, that they might learn the life lesson of self-supporting labor, and earn the wherewith to commence life on their own account. Very many of the best and most capable servants in our city homes, where of country families, and were treated, in many cases, like the other members of the family.

But there has been a change. Society, in the business centres, is not as it used to be, and in the change there has cropped out a certain class of aristocracy

which makes itself ridiculous. I witnessed a case not long since, and heard a reproof administered that was one of the hardest hits I ever saw given.

Mrs. Glitterly—we will call her—had been married four or five years, and during that time had resided in the city, where she had become very fashionable and fastidious—something of the Flora McFlimsy order. She was on a visit to her old friends in the town of her nativity, and was spending the evening with Mrs. Goodhue, who had given quite a party in her honor.

At the well-ordered tea-table—supper-table Mrs. G. always called it—a goodly company were assembled, and the girl—the girl who worked in the kitchen—with a neighbor's daughter who had been employed for the occasion, sat down to the meal with the rest.

Mrs. Glitterly beheld, and was amazed. Later in the evening, when the kitchen had all been done, and affairs in the big buttry attended to, the hired girl came in, dressed in a new calico, and sat herself to work and social enjoyment. She was a bright-faced, pretty girl and knew how to behave.

This seemed too much for Mrs. Glitterly, and when she saw that the hired help were really admitted to a party given especially in her honor, her pride rebelled. Turning to her hostess, she said, in tone loud enough to be heard over the room:

"My dear Mrs. Goodhue, how can you bear to allow your servants to stand on a social equality with yourself? I think servants should be taught to know their places."

"Really, Betsy,"—Mrs. Glitterly had fashioned her Christian name into Lizzie—said the hostess, speaking with distinctness and kindly frankness, "I think I enjoy it best to keep up the old custom. I always did it. You remember when you worked for me in the kitchen, I always treated you 'ust—"

A sharp cry of alarm from Mrs. Lizzie Glitterly arrested the good woman's speech. It seemed as though the atmosphere of the room suddenly became stifling. She rose and went to the window, where she could get a breath of fresh air, and where she could conceal the flaming of her cheeks, and which rouge and peal-paint could not hide.

Mysteries of a Lump of Coal.

For years no one supposed that a lump of soft coal, dug from its mine or bed in the earth, possessed any other quality than being combustible, or was valuable for any other purpose than that of fuel. It was next found that it would afford a gas which was combustible. Chemical analysis proved it to be made of hydrogen. In process of time mechanical and chemical ingenuity devised a mode of manufacturing this gas, and applying it to the lighting of buildings and cities on a large scale. In doing this, other products of distillation were developed, until, step by step, the following ingredients for materials are extracted from it: 1. An excellent oil to supply light-houses, equal to the best sperm oil, at lower cost. 2. Benzole—a light sort of ethereal fluid, which evaporates easily, and combined with vapor or moist air, is used for the purpose of portable gas lamps, so called. 3. Naphtha—a heavy fluid, useful to dissolve gutta percha, India rubber, etc. 4. An excellent oil for lubricating purposes. 5. Asphaltum, which is a black, solid substance, used in making varnishes, covering roofs, and covering over vaults. 6. Paraffine—a white, crystalline substance, resembling white wax, which can be made into beautiful wax candles; it melts at a temperature of 110 degrees, and affords an excellent light. All these substances are now made from soft coal.

A Curious Theory.

It has for a long time been an enigma to the ornithologist how certain species of small singing birds, which spend the winter in Southern or Western Europe, ever succeeded in crossing the Mediterranean, as many of them are not able to fly one quarter of a mile without resting. The Bedouins of Northern Africa say that they travel on the backs of larger birds, whiling away the dreary hours of the sea voyage by their song, and Bedouin poetry swarms with allusions to this charming picture of the songless stork carrying on its powerful back a cluster of small songsters across the sea. And, singularly enough, the peasants of Southern and Western Europe say exactly the same. Every European country has thousands of stories about the splendid gifts which the stork brings along from the Nile, and among these gifts are always mentioned as the first babies and singing-birds. But in spite of this remarkable unanimity in the lower spheres, none has ever dreamed of finding a fact at the bottom of these tales until lately, one great ornithologist after the other—Hengless, Both, H