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. 2.00p. 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., 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, 5.30 and *7.45 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m. 4.00, and 7.20 p. m.

Leave Reading, at †4.40, 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 8.15 a. m.

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

Leave Allentown, at †2.30 5.59, 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 7.20 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.

Mifflintown 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, 9.54P.M., flag,—daily.

WEST.

Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily,
Mail, ... 2.43 P. M. daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 P. M. daily except Sunday.
Pittsburgh Express, 11.57P. 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.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M.
Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 P. M., " "
Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag)

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily
Mail, 2.09 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 P. M
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33P. M.

WM. C. KING Agent.

FOUND HIS MATCH.

MAURICE DE SAXE was a son of the King of Saxony, and a fine lad he was—tall and strong and handsome, and as brave as a lion. But the King, like a certain old woman of whom you may have heard, had so many children that he didn't know what to do; and so, as Maurice had such a lot of elder brothers as not to have much chance of inheriting the crown, or anything else that would keep him in bread and butter, his father sent him out to seek his fortune, like many another prince in those days. So he went over to France and entered the army of King Louis XIV.

Now at that time there was always a war going on somewhere or other, and the French armies were fighting in every part of Europe, and the King cared very little who his officers were, or where they came from, if they were only brave men and clever fighters, and ready to go wherever he liked to send them. So, as you may think, it was not long before our friend Maurice, who was as brave as any of them, and a great deal cleverer than most, began to make his way.

First he got to be a lieutenant, then a captain, then a major, then a colonel, and at last, while he was still quite a young man, he came out as Count de Saxe, and field marshal of the army of Flanders, with fifty thousand men under him. This was pretty good promotion, wasn't it?"

Curiously enough, the one thing that this great general specially prided himself upon was neither his skill in warfare nor his favor at court, but simply his strength. There was nothing he enjoyed so much as showing off the power of his muscles, and astonishing the people about him by bending an iron bar or felling a horse with one blow of his fist, and he was found of saying that he would give his purse and all the money in it to any man who was stronger than himself, if he could fall in with him.

Now it happened that, one day, while the French and German armies were lying pretty close to each other, Marshal de Saxe sent a message to the enemy's camp, asking some of the German officers to dine with him; and after the meal he began to boast of his strength, as usual, till at last an old German general who sat at his left, said that he would like to see a specimen of what his excellency could do. Saxe made no answer, but took up a large silver dish, which was standing before him, in his strong white fingers (for, big and powerful as his hands were, they were white and smooth as any lady's, and he was very proud of them), and, without more ado, rolled it up like a sheet of paper.

"Can your honor unroll that dish again?" asked he, handing it to the German; and although the general was a strong man, and tried his best, he found the task too hard for him, and was forced to own himself beaten.

"Your excellency's strength is very great," said he, "but nevertheless I venture to think that there is one man in Flanders who can match it."

"And who may he be?" asked Saxe, frowning.

"A blacksmith in the village of Scheveningen, Dick Hogan by name.—All the country around knows of his exploits, and when I met with him myself, I saw such things as I should have thought impossible had my own eyes not witnessed them."

When the marshal heard this he looked blacker than ever, and the first thing he did the next morning was to send off messengers in every direction to inquire for a village called Scheveningen, and a man named Dick Hogan. The smith, had been living there till quite lately, but that now he had sold his forge and gone away, and nobody knew what had become of him.

This was a decided disappointment for our friend Saxe, but he had something else to think of just then. The enemy's army had lately received strong reinforcements, and seemed inclined to attack him, and he was riding out one morning to reconnoitre their position, when suddenly his horse stumbled and cast a shoe.

"There's a village just ahead of us, your excellency," said one of his officers. "Shall I ride on and see if I can find a blacksmith?"

"Do so," answered Saxe; and the officer came back presently to say that he had found what he wanted. So the horse was led to the door of the smith, and the smith himself came out to have a look at it.

The moment he appeared the marshal fastened his eyes upon him as if he would look him right through. And well he might, for this smith was such a man as one does not see every day—very nearly as tall as Saxe himself, while upon his bare arms the huge muscles stood out under the tanned skin like coils of rope.

The marshal felt at once that he could never be comfortable till he had a trial of strength with this sturdy-looking fellow, so he bade him bring out one of his best horse-shoes.

The smith did so; and Saxe, looking at it, said, quietly:

"This ware of yours is but poor stuff, my friend; it will not stand work.—Look here!"

He took it in his strong hands, and with one twist broke the iron like a biscuit.

The smith looked at him for a moment, and then, without seeming at all taken back, brought out a second horse-shoe, and a third, but Saxe broke them as easily as he had broken the first.

"Come," said he, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot; give me the first shoe that comes to hand, and we'll cry quits."

The smith produced a fourth shoe and fitted it on, and Saxe tossed him a French crown—a coin about the size of a silver dollar. The Dutchman held it up to the light and shook his head.

"This coin of yours is poor metal, mynheer," said he, saying the words just as the marshal had spoken his. "It won't stand work. Look here!"

He took the coin between his finger and thumb, and with one pinch cracked it in two like a wafer.

It was now the marshal's turn to stare and the officers exchanged winks behind his back, as much as to say that their champion had met his match at last. Saxe brought out another crown and then a third, but the smith served them in like manner.

"Come," said he, imitating the marshal's voice to perfection, "It's no use picking and choosing among such a trash lot, give me the first crown that comes to hand, and we'll cry quits."

The Frenchman looked at the Dutchman—the Dutchman looked at the Frenchman—and both burst into a roar of laughter so loud and hearty that the officers who stood by could not help joining in.

"Fairly caught!" cried the marshal, suddenly, and added, "What's your name, by fine fellow?"

"Dick Hogan, from Scheveningen."

"Dick Hogan!" cried Saxe. "The very man I've been looking for! But I have found him in a way that I didn't expect."

"So it seems," said the smith, grinning. "I needn't ask who you are—you're the Count de Saxe, who was always wanting to meet with a stronger man than himself. Does it seem to you as if you had met him now?"

"Well, I rather think it does," quoth Saxe, shrugging his shoulders; "and as I promised to give him my purse whenever I did meet with him, here it is.—And now, if you'll come along with me, and serve as farrier to my headquarters' staff I promise you that you shall never have cause to repent of having met with Maurice de Saxe."

And the marshal was as good as his word.

UNCLE JAKE'S COURTSHIP.

NO, BOYS,—I didn't start with the idee of being an old bachelor; and, what's more, I don't believe that any livin' man ever did do it, for the longin' for a mate is born natural in every breathin' being. But, you see, this is a disappointin' world, and somehow I must have got mustered in on the unlucky side.

I went a-courtin' once. It was a long time ago; but, I reckon, not so long but I can remember most of the p'ints. You see, I served my time to old Zeke Brown, father to Zeke who owns the forge over to Slaterville. He has been dead nigh on to twenty years now; the old man, I mean. I always was a steady, hard-workin' boy, never tryin' to shirk work or sass back; and, when my time was out, the old man was so pleased with me, that he gave me, beside my freedom suit, an old silver watch and the offer of a share in the forge. This was a handsome thing in Brown, and a good chance for me; but, as is always the way with good luck, instead of makin' me thankful, it puffed up my conceit, and made me think that I ought to have somethin' better. So I thanked Brown, and told him I hadn't quite made up my mind what I'd do yet; but I guessed, any way, I'd take a rest for a spell, and look around.

Brown gave a couple of snorts, and then said:

"All right," and we separated.

I think it was about a week after this that it happened.

I had spent the time loafing around the village in my best clothes, telling the time o' day, and putting on airs generally—for I tell you boys, times was different then, and a 'prentice just out of his time, with a watch and my prospects, was no small pertaters.

As I said, I had been going on this way about a week, when one day I met Alviry Hart comin' out of the grocery. Now, I had known Alviry all my life; but somehow this day she seemed to strike me all new. Her eyes were brighter, her cheeks redder, and her curls blacker. She seemed about the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Now, I never was much of a feller after the girls: in fact, they was the only thing I was afraid of, and I was skittish of them.

As I said, I expected to be married some day; but that was a goods ways off, and I thought it would come round in the nateral way without my having much to do with it. But, just as Alviry turned the corner, the idee popped into my head:

"Jake, my boy, that's the girl for you. Strike in and win."

And the thought did strike in so deep, that the next Sunday night I walked 2 miles, in the teeth of a searching wind, to old Hart's. Talk of love of the present day, boys! Where could you find the man who would do that now, eh?

I tell you, it was a cold walk; but when Alviry herself opened the door for me, and showed me inter the best room, where a bright fire was blazin', I forgot all about the cold, and would have walked twice the distance right over again without a growl or a-carin' a bit.

Well, we set and talked about the weather, the chanches for sleighin', and other things, till the clock struck nine, and I heard the folks in the settin'-room go to bed. Then I hitched my chair a little closer, and we talked about singin'-school and quiltin'-bees for another hour, when I took another hitch.

Alviry blushed this time, and I begun to feel bolder.

Then all at once a loud mew broke the silence.

Alviry jumped up and said:

"O my!"

I jumped up too, and asked:

"What the matter?"

"It's Aunt Dolly's cat," she says.—"It's out in the wash-shed; and I must catch it, and take it up to her, or I will get it in the morning. O dear! I wish it was dead."

"Leave it out," says I, "and may be it will be in the morning."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare to," says she.—"And what would be the good? she'd have another in a week. I must go for it. Mr. Simmons, will you please hold the light for me?"

"Certainly," I says.

And I took up the candle, and followed across the settin'-room and kitchen to the wash-room that opened off the kitchen.

The door was shut. She tried to open it; but it stuck fast.

I gave it a push; but no go; and gittin' r'iled, I let out a little of my muscle, when all of a sudden it flew open, and let in a gust of wind, that blew out the candle, and left us in darkness.

"O my!" says Alviry. "what shall we do?"

You see we didn't go round with our pockets full of matches in them days.—So I says:

"I'll go back to the sittin'-room, and light the candle."

But she says:

"You'll never find the way. Give it to me, and you wait right here till I come back."

I gave her the candle, and she left me there in the cold and dark.

I heard her open the parlor door, and then a low mew drew off my attention; and looking out into the shed, I saw a pair of shining eyes that seemed right in front of me.

"Heigho!" says I to myself, "here's a chance for me to make a p'int. I will catch the beast before Alviry comes back.

And I started for it.

But, alas for vain ambition! at the second step, whack went my shins agin somethin' hard and sharp, and I pitched forward. I threw out my arms, to catch myself; but no good. The next minute my hands was tryin' to clutch some soft stuff that would keep slipping through my fingers, and my head was buried to my shoulders in the same mess.

Jericho! but I can feel that stuff now—sousin' in my eyes, nose, and mouth, and slippin' down my collar. I thought my time had come; that I had found the bottomless pit, and was sinkin' into it.

I tried to get my head up; but the blamed thing held me like a pump-sucker. I couldn't scream, and a begun to smother.

At last, in despair, I gave a desperate jerk, and my head came up; but at the same minute one of my hands slipped from under me, and I came down on my stomach across somethin' hard, that knocked all the remainin' breath and a fearful yell out of me, just as Alviry appeared with a light.

She echoed the yell, and turned to run. But her woman's curiosity got the best of the scare; and she come back just as I crawled to my feet, and stood dripping with the infernal stuff.

I expected, of course, she'd come to my help. But not a bit of it; she just looked at me a minute, and then said:

"Oh my! if he ain't spilt all ma's soft soap!"

This was too much. I gave one look of rage, and, yelling, "I ma's soft soap!" rushed from the house, leaving my hat and overcoat behind me; and I took that wind on my bare head for two miles without feeling it.

The next day, when I was in bed with influenzy, Alviry's little brother brought me my hat and overcoat, with the message that his sister didn't want to have nothing more to do with a young man that used profane language.

Well, boys, she got her wish, and I never went courtin' again.

John Chinaman in a Railroad-Car.

The following laughable incident is told by a well-known government office-holder who has numerous tales to tell of his observations and experience:

"There were two seats in the car turned so as to face each other. One was occupied by a lady and the other by a Chinaman. Evidently, the lady did not relish the presence of the Chinaman. She explained to him that she wanted to take cushions and their frames and place them lengthwise across from seat to seat. John said 'all lighte,' and got out in the aisle while she proceeded to lie down on the bed thus improvised, with her head resting on her valise. She supposed that the Chinaman would take the hint that the lady wanted to rest in the space usually occupied by four persons. But John proceeded at once to crawl in, and stretched himself by her side, with his head on a little bundle of his own.

These Chinese are an imitative race, and like to do as others do, you know. The lady, as soon as she discovered that she had a bedfellow, got up a little wildly and started for the next car, to the infinite amusement of the passengers, who had been watching the little scene with some interest. John took no notice of the fun he had created, but went to sleep with the whole bed to himself."

A Little Girl's Reproof.

An army officer, on returning home from camp life, went to visit a relative, and like some who imitate their associates, he indulged in profane language. A little girl walked out with him to his horse, and as he was talking to her in great glee, she gently said:

"I don't like to hear my cousin swear."

He replied:

"I know, my dear, it is wrong."

In the same mild tone she rejoined:

"Well, then, if you know it is wrong, why do you do it?"

The captain confessed to a friend, on relating the story, that he never felt a reproof so much as the one given by that little child. He had good reason to feel it, for he deserved it. The old verse says:

"Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise; To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise.

Don't Judge by Appearance.

You are walking through a forest. On the ground, across your path, lies stretched in death a mighty tree, tall and strong, fit mast to carry a cloud of canvas and bear unbent the strain of tempests. You put your foot lightly on it and how great your surprise when, breaking through the bark, it sinks deep into the body of the tree—a result much less owing to the pressure of your foot than to the poisonous fungi and foul crawling insects that have attacked its core. They have left the outer rind uninjured, but hollowed out its heart. Take care your heart is not hollowed out and nothing left but a crust and shell of an empty profession. Shallow rivers are commonly noisy rivers, and the drum is loud because it is hollow.

☞ Dr. Barton, of Texas, has a habit of talking to himself when walking along the road. On a certain occasion, while indulging in this eccentric habit, he was met by a friend and thus accosted: "Hellow, doctor! What the deuce are you talking to yourself for?" The doctor pulled up his horse and replied: "For the very reason, sir, that it pleases me to talk to a gentleman who is capable of minding his own busines. Get up, Paul!"

☞ If your girl turns up her nose at an invitation to take a sleigh ride, just cutter and ask somebody else's girl. If her fellow objects, sleigh him on the spot.