

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., 2.00 p. m., and 7.55 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.20 and 7.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.20 a. m.

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.

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 9.08 a. m., daily.

Mifflintown Acc. 8.38 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Mifflintown Acc. 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.

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A FAITHFUL MAID.

THE blood red ribbons of the storm threatening sunset were fluttering in the west; the huge oak trees and pines of the forest were murmuring ominously, and the one chimney of the small farmhouse on the edge of the woods sent up its blue column of smoke, like cheery a hand beckoning to the way-worn traveller over the hill.

"A girl?" said Mrs. Myers, dubiously, as Dora Klein proffered her meek request. "I did talk about hiring a girl, but I don't know anything about you."

"Well, let her come in and stay all night; a bowl of bread and milk and one night's lodging won't break us."

"You women are so impulsive," said the honest farmer, shaking his head. "Suppose she should turn out bad?"

The last November leaves were fluttering down one clear, cold afternoon, when Mrs. Myers stood at the door, ready to join her husband and baby in the wagon, to attend a merry making at the nearest village, some miles beyond, while Dora Klein was to remain at home to "keep house."

"Come wife, come!" called out her husband, from the wagon. "And if the house should catch fire or anything!" added this prudent little edition of Martha, troubled with many cares, "remember, that the money is in an old stocking under the old board by the south window, and the silver in a japanned box near it."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife. "To tell that girl just where our valuables are kept?"

Why, the doors and windows were all open as I came by the crossroads, just where ye can see cross the medder to your back door, and there was two or three men in the kitchen. I thought it was some of your folks, till I see your wagon just now."

and the old wood rushing past them like the scenic splendors of a panorama, while to the anxious hearts of wife and husband, every moment seemed an age. The house was dark when they reached it. Mr. Myers flung the reins over the dashboard and sprang out.

"Dora! Dora Klein!" he called, but there was no answer save the faint echo of his own voice.

"Who are you?" demanded Dora, with feigned valor, "and what do you want?"

"The money, then? I know there is money, for I saw him come out of the bank yesterday with a wallet full. Quick, we haven't any time to lose."

"What should we hurt you for?" scornfully demanded the ruffian. "Go up stairs, Jack, and see, while I stay here to keep this girl from raising the neighborhood."

But the heavy footsteps of the men had hardly sounded at the head of the stairs when Dora's languid assumption of indifference vanished. Like a winged spirit she flew across the room, and noiselessly prying up the loose boards with a knife, she caught up the japanned box and the stocking, and hiding them in her apron, jumped from the low window to avoid the noise of the rusty door hinge, and struck into the woods at the back of the house.

No hare ever darted more swiftly through the tangled forest than did Dora Klein, until at last safe in the deepest recesses, where no one who was not nimble as a deer and slender as herself, could follow. And then, crouching down among the undergrowth, she watched and waited. As night approached, and a friendly dusk crept over hill and dale, she ventured by degrees to approach the side of the woods, where the north star beamed overhead, reassuring her of her whereabouts. And when at last the hoarse voices of the two men, hurrying down a secluded by road struck momentary terror to her heart, the afterthought followed with blessed relief—the certainty that they were gone and she was safe.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Myers. "Why, the doors and windows were all open as I came by the crossroads, just where ye can see cross the medder to your back door, and there was two or three men in the kitchen. I thought it was some of your folks, till I see your wagon just now."

James Myers looked at his wife. Mrs. Myers' white anxious face returned the gaze.

dew drop or so from his eyes, confessed that little Dora Klein had been as true a heroine as Joan of Arc herself.

An Unpleasant Bedfellow.

JACK FEATHERLEY lived in a log cabin at the base of one of the mountain ranges of the Adirondaeks. He had been brought up in the woods from infancy, and the rocks, trees and flowing water were his lesson books, for in that desolate region schools were out of the question.

It did not take Jack long to build his shelter, and when it was completed he sat down under it, and ate some cold meat and corn bread, which he had in his haversack. When he had finished his supper he pulled a quantity of moss for a bed, spread it upon the floor of his rude tent, wrapped his blanket around him and lay down.

"We have no silver," said Dora, falteringly. "What should poor people like us do with silver?"

Was Jack frightened? Put yourself in his position and tell me what you think about it.

My opinion is, that as brave as he was, he would have been better pleased with a different bedfellow. Not that Jack knew there was anything to fear from this strange neighbor, but the suspense was something even more uncomfortable than fear.

Cautiously he reached out for his rifle; his fingers closed upon it, inch by inch he dragged it toward him till the barrel lay across his breast and he could touch the lock. His thumb passed the hammer, but even now he dared not cock it, for the click might startle his bedfellow and force a battle before he was prepared.

Would the morning never come! Jack dared not fire in the darkness, for if he missed his aim, and the creature proved indeed a beast of prey, there was no chance for him. With his finger upon the trigger and his hand upon the lock, he waited in aching anxiety for the first light to show him the outlines of his dreaded companion.

Minutes seemed like hours. Never before in his life had the boy passed such an hour.

his long suspenses, cautiously turned his head.

There, close to him, stretched out in an attitude of repose, lay a full grown panther! Carefully and silently the boy drew his rifle forward a little more. What if the cap should not explode? What if the rifle was not properly loaded? He raised right arm gradually until the muzzle was within an inch of the panther's ear.

A Hog Story.

ONE of the dealers in pork of our city, is the butt of the joke of the season.

The other day he visited his hog lot, on the other side of Timber Creek, and found that his "porkers" had made a trail across the ice and were calling on their neighbors (J. B. Lynn's hogs), on this side of the creek.

One of the most cowardly acts a man can do is to commit suicide. In about two-thirds of the cases loss of money or employment, or unrequited affection, suggest the rash act.

Nay, even more; often the trials and disappointments of life, so grievous to bear at that time, are the best perfectors of character, and do more to develop the true man than any amount of prosperity.

"Breddern, my 'sperience is dat it ain't de perfession of 'ligion, but de 'casional practice of it dat makes a man 'ceptable up yonder. When yer gits to de golden gate an' Peter looks yer right in de eye and yer shows him yer long creed an' says, pompus like, dat yer 'longed ter de big 'Piscopalian church, de 'Postle 'll shake his hand an' say, 'Dat ain't nuff ter get yer through.'"

Poverty and Suffering. "I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost—I know it.

A WORKINGMAN. 6 21

SURPRISING! JUST OPENED A VARIETY STORE, UP TOWN! 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.

VALENTINE BLANK, WEST MAIN STREET, Nov. 19, '78.—14 The most useful present

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.

Hewitt Mfg. Co. Pittsburgh, Pa. P. O. Box, 868, or 166 Penn Avenue. AN AGENT WANTED IN THIS COUNTY

PATENTS obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade marks, and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the PATENT LAWS, promptly attended to.

REJECTED by the Patent Office many still in need of a Patent. We can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

INVENTORS send us a model or sketch of your device; we make examinations free of charge, and advise as to patentability. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

Wanted to Cure Case of CATARRH. In each neighborhood introduce our BLACK PUMICE OR CATARRH REMEDY. One can at package free to those who will pay to pay express charges (25c). If received by Adams or Union Ex. Co's. Address: F. Z. SOWERS & CO., 925 4th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you; \$12 per day at home made by the instructions. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time—Come out and see terms free. Address: TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. * 11 lyr LADIES AND CHILDREN will find a splendid assortment of shoes at the one price store of F. Mortimer.