

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. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 and 7.55 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 5.30, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 4.00 and 7.55 p. m. The 2.20, 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 14.40, 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 9.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via S. & R. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.30, 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. WORTEN, 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.

Middletown 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, 9.54 P. M., flag, daily.

WEST.

Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily. Mail, 2.43 P. M., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. 6.55 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 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.

Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.58 A. M., daily. Mail, 2.09 P. M., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.16 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M. WM. C. KING Agent.

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All of which are selling at astonishingly LOW PRICES.

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Nov. 19, '78—14

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

INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN REJECTED

by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the Patent Office, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

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U 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 ladies. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere north for us. Now is the time—only once and terms free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. * 11 yr

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

THE WIDOW'S FRENCHMAN;

—OR—

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE.

"OH, WHAT A handsome man!" cried Mrs. Hunter; "and such a charming foreign accent too."

Mrs. Hunter was a widow—rich, childless, fair and thirty-five—and she made the remark above recorded to Mr. Bunting, bachelor, who had come to pay an afternoon call, apropos of the departure of Prof. La Fontaine, who had, according to the etiquette, taken his departure on the arrival of Mr. Bunting.

"Don't like to contradict a lady," said Mr. Bunting, "but I can't say I agree with you; and these foreigners are generally impostors, too."

Mrs. Hunter shook her head coquettishly. She was rather coquettish and rather gushing for her age.

"Oh, you gentlemen! you gentlemen!" she said; "I can't see that you ever do justice to each other."

And then she rang the bell and ordered the servants to bring tea, and pressed Bachelor Bunting to stay to partake of it.

There was a maiden aunt of eighty in the house, to play propriety, and allow her the privilege of having as many bachelors to tea as she chose, and Mr. Bunting forgot his jealousy, and was once more happy.

He was, truth to tell, very much in love with the widow, who was his junior by fifteen years.

He liked the idea of living on the interest of her money, too.

She was a splendid housekeeper and a fine pianist.

She was popular and good-looking. He intended to offer himself for her acceptance as soon as he felt sure that she would not refuse him.

But this dreadful Professor La Fontaine, with black eyes as big as saucers, and long side-whiskers—black also as any raven's wing—had the advantage of being the widow's junior.

This opportunity to make a fool of herself, is so irresistible to every widow. It troubled his dreams a good deal—not that he thought him handsome.

Oh, no! But still at fifty a man does not desire a rival, however he may despise him.

"She did not ask him to stay, and she did ask me," said Mr. Bunting, and departed, after a most delightful evening, during which the maiden aunt (who was at best, as deaf as a post) snored sweetly in her chair.

But, alas! on the very next evening his sky was overcast.

Professor La Fontaine took the widow to the opera.

He saw them enter the doors of the opera house, and, having followed and secured a seat in a retired portion of the house, also, noticed that the Professor kept his eyes fixed upon the lady's face in the most impressive manner, during the whole of the performance, and that she now and then even returned his glances.

"It can't go on," said Mr. Bunting to himself. "I can't allow it. She'd regret it all her life. I must remonstrate with her. No woman likes a coward. Faint heart never won fair lady. She'll admire me for speaking out."

And that very evening Mr. Bunting trotted up to the widow's, full of a deadly purpose, and with a set speech learned off by heart.

The speech he forgot as he crossed the threshold.

The purpose abided with him. There were the usual remarks about the weather.

The usual chitchat followed, but the widow saw that Mr. Bunting was not at his ease.

At last, with the sort of plunge that a timid bather makes into chilly water, he dashed into the subject nearest his heart.

"He's a rascal, ma'am, I give you my word."

"Oh, dear! Who is?" cried the widow.

"That frog-eater," replied the bachelor. "Upon my soul, I speak for your own good. I am interested in your welfare. Don't allow his visits. You don't know a thing about him."

"Do you allude to Monsieur La Fontaine?" asked Mrs. Hunter, solemnly.

"I allude to that fellow," said bachelor Bunting. "Why, his very countenance proves him to be a rascal, I—I'd enjoy kicking him out so much, I—"

"Sir," said the widow, "if you have not been drinking, I really think you must be mad."

"Ma'am!" cried Mr. Bunting. "Perhaps, however, I should take no notice of such conduct," said Mrs. Hunter. "Perhaps I should treat it with silent contempt."

"Oh, good gracious!" cried bachelor Bunting, "don't treat me with silent contempt. It's my affection for you that urges me on. I adore you! Have me. Accept me. Marry me and be

mine to cherish and protect from all audacious Frenchmen."

The widow's heart was melted. She burst into tears.

"Oh, what shall I say?" she sobbed. "I thought you merely a friend. I am—I—I am engaged to the Professor; he proposed yesterday evening."

Bachelor Bunting had dropped down upon his knees while making the offer.

Now he got up with a sort of groan—not entirely caused by disappointed love, for he had the rheumatism.

"Farewell, false one," he said feeling for his hat without looking for it, "I leave you forever."

He strode away, banging the door after him.

The widow cried and then laughed, and then cried again.

In fact, she had a genuine fit of what the maiden aunt called "stericks," and the chambermaid "highstrikes," before she was brought to, and prevailed to take a glass of wine and something hot and comfortable in the edible line.

After which the thought of her fiancé consoled her.

Days passed on. Bachelor Bunting did not drown himself or sup cold poison.

The wedding day was fixed. The housemaid informed her friend that Mrs. Hunter "kept steady company."

The maiden aunt, who had no income of her own, curried favor by being almost always in the state of apparent coma.

The widow was in the seventh heaven of bliss, and all went merry as a marriage bell until one evening, as the betrothed pair sat before the fire in the polished grate, there came a ring at the bell, and the girl who answered it soon looked into the parlor to announce the fact that a little girl in the hall would come in.

"Oh, let her in," said Mrs. Hunter, "I'm so fond of the dear children in the neighborhood. 'It's one of them, I presume?'"

But while she was speaking, a small, but very odd looking little girl in a short frock, with a tambourine in her hand, bounced into the room, and throwing herself into the Professor's arms, with a strong French accent screamed:

"Darling papa, have I then found you? How glad mamma will be! We thought you dead."

"I'm not your papa," said the Frenchman, turning pale. "Are you crazy, my dear little girl?"

"No, no, no; you are my papa!" cried the child. "Do not deny your Estelle. Does she not know you? Ah, my heart, it tells me true. Dear, mamma and I have almost starved, but she has never pledged her wedding ring, never. She plays the organ, I the tambourine. We have suffered, but now papa will return to us. Ah, heaven!"

"My gracious! the morals of furriers. He'd have married missus!" cried the girl at the door.

"She tells one black lie. Never before have I seen her; believe me, madame!" screamed the poor Frenchman. Ah, mon Dieu, am I dreaming?"

"Oh, Alphonse," cried the widow, "but there, I will be firm. My best friends warned me of you. Take your hat—go. Never enter my presence again. Go with your unfortunate child—your poor, half starved little girl. Go home to your deserted wife. Go!"

"Ah, madame, zense is falsehood!" cried the unfortunate Frenchman, losing his temper in his excitement. Belief!"

"Out of my house!" cried the widow. "Peggy, open the door. Go! What an escape I have had!"

The Professor departed.

Mrs. Hunter threw herself into her chair and burst into tears.

After a while she grew more calm, and taking a letter from a drawer, she perused it.

"Ah me! what deceivers those men are!" she said, as she pensively lay back on the cushions. "Only to think he could write a letter so full of love, and prove such a villain; but I am warned in time."

And she tore the letter into fragments.

The maiden aunt, who had not heard a word, demanded an explanation.

Biddy howled it through her ear trumpet in these words:

"The scoundrel has ever so many wives and families already playin' tambourine for their bread—the rascal!"

And in the midst the door bell rang, and Mr. Bunting walked in, with a polite bow.

Biddy and the aunt slipped out of the room.

Mr. Bunting approached the widow. "I called to apologize," he said. "I was hasty the other day. Had I known the gentleman was dear to you I should have restrained my speech. I wish you happiness; I—"

"Don't, please!" cried the widow.

"He is worse than you painted him. I have found him out. I hate him. As as for me, I can never be happy again."

"Not with your own Bunting?" cried the bachelor, sitting down beside her.

"I'm afraid not," said the widow.

"Are you sure?" asked Mr. Bunting.

"No, not quite, said Mrs. Hunter. "Then marry me, my dear, and try it. Do, oh, do!"

Mrs. Hunter sobbed and consented.

After having had a white colored silk made up and trimmed with real lace, it was too bad not to figure as a bride after all.

She married bachelor Bunting and was very happy.

It was well, perhaps, that she had not the fairy gift of the invisible cap, and did not put it on and follow Mr. Bunting to a mysterious recess in the rear of a theatre, whither he took his way after parting with the widow on the night of his engagement.

There he met a little girl, small but odd looking, the same indeed who had claimed the Professor as her lost papa, and this is what he said to her:

"Here is the money I promised you, my child, and you acted the thing excellently well. I know that by the effect produced. She believes that he's a married man, and he can't prove to the contrary. I knew you'd be able to act it out, when I saw you play the deserted child in the tragedy."

Then one hundred dollars were counted out into the little brown hand, and Bachelor Bunting walked off triumphant.

To this day his wife does not know the truth, but alludes to poor, innocent Professor La Fontaine as that wicked Frenchman.

How Joe Lost His Bet.

An old fellow named Joe Poole, very eccentric, and an incorrigible stutterer, was a constant loungee at a tavern in Waterford, Maine.

One day a traveler from a distant part of the State arrived at the tavern, and was met by an old acquaintance, a resident of the town. After some conversation on different topics the traveler was addressed as follows:

"By the way, Brown, look out for old friend, Joe Poole, to-night. You'll know him quick enough by his stuttering. He will be sure to come and offer to bet that you've not got a whole shirt to your back. If you take him up, you will surely lose by a trick he's got. He invariably offers to lay this wager and always wins."

"Very well," said the traveler, "I'll not let him get ahead of me. Much obliged for the caution."

The evening arrived and a large crowd was collected in the bar-room. Our friends were there, and old Joe Poole was present in his element.

"I tell you wh-what. You're nicely dressed, but I'll bet you ten to one you haven't got a whole shirt to your back."

"I will take the bet!" said the stranger.

"Put the money in the landlord's hands.

This being done, the traveler pulled off his coat, and was about following suit with his vest, when old Joe cried out:

"Ho-ho-hold on! Ha-half your shirt is in fr-front, and the other half is on your ba-back."

There was a roar of laughter, but the new-comer did not mind it, but pulled off his vest, too, and quietly turning to Joe, displayed to his astonished gaze a shirt neatly folded and placed under his suspenders.

Of course the laugh was turned upon Poole, who acknowledged that he had lost the wager.

An Odd Character.

READERS there is a man that we know of in Waterford, Oxford county, Me.,—a man I believe, who was never known outside of his home (and very likely it was the same there) to give a direct, legitimate answer to an honest, simple question. He was a gouty old codger—if he ever married I do not know it—owning considerable real estate and best known as a trader in horses and cattle.

Said one neighbor to another on a certain occasion:

"If you get from Old Hale a single direct answer to a simple direct question—an answer which shall convey information sought—I will give you five dollars; and I will take your word for the result."

The offer was made to a man named Anderson, who had then lately moved into the neighborhood. He had purchased a horse from Mr. Hale, and had no delicacy about attempting to earn the five dollars, and he believed he could do it.

A few days subsequent to the offer he chanced to meet the old fellow on the

highway, trudging home with a lot of goose-yokes strung upon his arm.

Here was an opportunity, and Anderson felt sure of his five dollars. Surely he could get one simple, direct answer from the man—just one. At all events he would try.

"Ah,—good day, Mr. Hale. I declare there is something like of which I have not seen I was a boy. They are goose-yokes, aren't they?"

"Wa-a-l,—they look like goose-yokes, don't they?"

"They, do certainly; and they were fashioned for that purpose, were they not?"

"Wa-a-l,—I didn't see them fashioned, but you can bet your life that they didn't grow like that."

"But," pursued Anderson, still pleasantly, determined to get a direct answer if possible, "you mean to put those yokes upon your geese, don't you?"

Old Hale looked at the yokes, and then at his interlocutor.

"Wa-a-l,—it strikes me that I'll hev ter catch the geese fast, and I shan't do it while I'm standing here, shall I?"—And away he went.

Anderson had a story to tell, but had not earned his five dollars.

On another occasion Old Hale had gone over to Fryeburg to attend the West Oxford County Fair. He had put up his horses at Johnny Smith's well-known hostelry, and was making his way leisurely towards the fair grounds, when a gentleman, driving a stylish team, pulled up by his side, and hailed him:

"Ah—good day, sir. Will you tell if this road will take me to the Fair grounds?"

"Wa-a-l, stranger, I can't say what it'll do for you; I trust my legs to take me."

And the gentleman drove on, evidently taking it for granted that the direction of the crusty man's face was a sufficient guide.

Matrimonial Curiosities.

The wedding of Amund J. Slowstead and Louise Schurle drew an assembly that filled a Chicago church. The ceremony was smoothly performed, and the married pair passed down the aisle on their way out. At the door the bride said that she intended to go home with her mother, instead of starting on the honey-moon tour that had been planned. Nobody could dissuade her, and she parted from her husband then and there. After waiting a month for her to change her mind, or make an explanation, Slowstead now sues for divorce. A trifle less hurried was the parting of Mr. and Mrs. Manning, who stayed in a Worcester hotel on their wedding night. In the morning the husband said that he was going out for an hour, and that was the last seen of him by the bride, who waited until afternoon, and then sent for her brother to come and take her home. Still another curious separation was that of Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, whose wedding tour took them to the home of the husband's relatives, in Dallas, Texas, where he learned that the bride was his step daughter, of whom he had known nothing since her childhood. Although there was no blood relationship between them, they decided it would be best to part.

Didn't Stutter.

"Would you mind readin' this for me, sir, I can't read myself." It was a snow-shoveler on Walnut street that spoke, as he handed over an envelope, enclosing a telegram, which read:

"Nashville, January 9, 1879. I will arrive at Louisville by the three o'clock train this evening. Jerry A. Taft."

"Will you read it again, sir?" asked the snow-shoveler. It was read again.

"You say it's signed Jerry A. Taft."

"That was the name."

"Please read it once more."

His request was complied with.

"It goes right straight along—just them er words, without any hitchin' or stumblin'?"

"Just that way."

"It can't be Jerry, then, it can't be Jerry," he mused. "Jerry couldn't say that many words without stuttering all to pieces, to save his life. Some fellow is tryin' to fool me, but I'm too smart for him, I am."

There are two classes of Christians—those who live chiefly by emotion and those who live chiefly by faith.—The first class, those who live chiefly by emotion, remind one of ships that move by the outward impulse of winds operating upon the sails. They are often at a dead calm, often out of their course, and sometimes driven back. And it is only when the winds are fair and powerful that they move onward with rapidity. The other class, those who live chiefly by faith, remind one of the magnificent steamers which cross the Atlantic, that are moved by interior and permanent principle, and which, setting at defiance all ordinary obstacles, advances steadily and swiftly to its destination, through calm and storm, through cloud and sunshine.