

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 3.20, 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 5.20 a. 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., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.00 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. 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. Middletown Acc. 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday. Milltown Acc. 4.55 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 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. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.52 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.54 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday. Milltown Acc. daily except Sunday at 5.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.32 p. m. WM. C. KING, Agent.

Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 15 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time.

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Nov. 19, '78.—1f

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INVENTORS

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LADIES AND CHILDREN

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

The Wrong Pig by the Ear.

OLD DR. JOHNS lived in the little village of Honeyhurst, and for forty years he had been the sole physician in the district where he resided. No one cared to enter the list against him in that locality, for the simple inhabitants fully believed that there was not such another master of the healing art in the known world, and so he drove his red wheeled gig over the lanes and byways of the country side without a rival, and doted and bullied the inhabitants in his rough and kindly fashion to his heart's content.

The doctor lived in a great rambling house half way down the village street, with a wide expanse of lawn in front, and his little brick office in one corner next to the sidewalk. His wife had died many years ago, so his household was conducted by a housekeeper. But as the doctor's family was small and he loved society, he was hardly ever without a student, to whom he taught the healing art in the back office. Thus it was that Charlie Horton came to Honeyhurst to study medicine with the doctor, and, as his predecessor had done before him, occupied the back office and the northwest chamber. He came from a town somewhat distant, and was unknown to the town folks, and, like every stranger who came among them, was made the subject of great critical examination, as he walked up the broad aisle of the village church the Sunday evening after his arrival.

"Well, doctor, how are you?" said Farmer Smith, as he leaned over the gate of his cornfield the next morning as the doctor came driving by. "Ah, Smith, how do you do!" replied he, as he drew rein on the gray mare and stopped. "How's your folks?"

"Tolerable, thank'ee; wife's a little ailing this mornin'. See you've got a new young man; see'd him yesterday at church, eh?" said the farmer, laughing.

"Yes, I think so," replied the doctor. "Think ye hain't got the wrong pig by the ear, eh, doctor?"

"Well, don't know," replied the village Esculapian; "can't tell yet." Now, "getting the wrong pig by the ear" was one of the doctor's great expressions, in fact his favored one. Like Shakespear's justice, he was "full of wise saws and modern instances," and had a proverb or apt quotation upon every occasion. With him, if a man made a mistake it was "getting the wrong pig by the ear." Of course this peculiarity was well known throughout all the country about where he practiced, and hence the quotation of Farmer Smith.

Time passed on and Charles Horton became fully domesticated in the doctor's household. He was a fine young fellow, somewhat over confident, perhaps, and needed the rein a little. This the doctor was not slow to put on, and he mingled his instructions in the healing art with admonitions about "getting the wrong pig by the ear," until Charles was heartily tired of the home-proverb. But he was a good fellow, nevertheless, and a great favorite.

Two years passed away, and Charlie's studies with the old doctor were drawing to a close, when suddenly the idea popped into his head that he would go to Paris and finish his medical education with a course through the Continental hospitals. Dr. Johns pooh-poohed the idea, and thought it utterly useless.

"Why, boy," said he, "what do you want to go galivanting off to France? What bee have you got in your bonnet now? Can't you be satisfied with home learning, but must go and tuck on some new-fangled tom-foolery, that will knock all your sensible knowledge out of your head? Go to Paris? Nonsense! Don't get the wrong pig by the ear?"

But Charlie was not to be talked out of his new idea. He was bound to go to Paris to study and see the world, and so one day he packed his trunks, bade his friends good-bye, and, mounting the stage-coach, was wheeled out of the village world.

But before going, the old doctor called him into his office, and, shutting the door, thus began:

"Now Charlie, you are off to foreign parts, and I hope you will enjoy yourself. Stick to your books and get what knowledge you can out of those fellows over there, although I don't suppose they know so much more than other people. But, nevertheless you may learn a few things. I don't suppose you'll be apt to acting, for you have been too well brought up for that? and now I've got something here that I want you to take with you. It's a recipe that it has taken me a good many years to find out. You will find it of great value in your practice. It will cost you five pounds."

And the doctor, with a very grave face held out a huge yellow envelope sealed with red wax and tied with a blue ribbon.

Charlie was rather tired of this long-winded harangue, for although he liked the doctor, he considered him something of an old fogey. But the offer of this receipt excited his curiosity. What was it? So he paid the five pounds, and became possessor of the huge envelope and its mysterious contents.

"Take good care of it, Charlie, and don't open it until you are out of the country."

A day or two after, when at his hotel at Folkestone waiting for the steamer, he bethought himself of the mystic receipt and hastening to his room he locked the door and opened his valise.

There it was, safe and sound, in all its glory of yellow envelope, red seal and blue ribbon. Charlie took it out; turning it over. It was very solemn and ponderous; a perfect panacea for all the evils that flesh is heir to. He turned it over and over, and finally untied the ribbon, and breaking the seal drew out a sheet of foolscap carefully folded. Taking it to the window he read as follows:

"Don't get the wrong pig by the ear."

DR. MARTIN JONES

Dashing the paper to the floor, Charlie burst out:

"The old swindler, to cheat me out of five pounds in that way! I'll come up with him, though. See if I don't pay him off." So he contented himself with concocting a scheme for vengeance in secret.

Three years passed away before Charlie Horton finished his studies and returned home. Meanwhile he had changed greatly, and from a smooth-faced stripling, with the merest suggestion of a mustache, he was now bearded like the pard, and looked so different that his own mother hardly knew him. But he had not forgotten Dr. Johns, nor his promised revenge.

It was Saturday night when the stage coach set Charles Horton down at the door of the village inn at Honeyhurst. He gave a false name to the landlord, and smoked a cigar with him after supper, and inquired about the village, without that functionary once suspecting his identity.

In the course of the conversation, Charlie asked "who it was that lived in that large house with a front garden down street."

"That's Dr. Johns—been here a good many years; clever man. I'll introduce you to him, if you wish. The doctor and I are pretty good friends."

"Well," slowly replied Charlie, as if considering it, "he ought to know his danger, and it would be best for him. It may not be too late yet."

And on they started down the street, toward the doctor's residence.

"What did you say was his name," asked Charlie, as they marched along.

"Dr. Johns," replied the host.

"Johns—Johns," said Charlie, thoughtfully: "I know a fellow in Europe—Charlie Horton by name—who said he had studied with Dr. Johns, an old man, and somewhat of a character. I wonder if your doctor is the same man?"

"To be sure he is," replied the innkeeper. "I knew Charlie Horton well. He went to Europe three or four years ago. So you know him, do ye? Is he there yet? The doctor will be doubly glad to see you if you bring news from Charlie. He thought a great deal of him."

By this time they had reached the doctor's office, and he greeted the landlord heartily, and looked inquiringly at the stranger.

The landlord introduced Charlie as Dr. Holmes, and added that he brought news from Charlie Horton.

At this Dr. John was overjoyed, urged the pseudo Holmes to come in, and inquired affectionately about his old pupil.

Conversation was carried on for an hour, when Charlie, looking the doctor earnestly in the face, said:

"Dr. Johns, how is your health now?"

"First rate, sir—first rate. Never felt better in my life!" and he certainly looked it.

"You don't find old age creeping on, do you, sir?" blankly inquired Charlie but still looking very intently into the doctor's face.

"Well, a little stiffish in the joints now and then; but—bless you sir—I can ride as many miles and as many hours as I ever could."

"Dr. Johns," said Charlie very impressively, "do you ever meet in your practice people who look and feel the perfect embodiment of health, yet whose constitutions are being sapped by a fatal disease and they not conscious of it?"

"Well, yes, I have met such cases," replied the doctor.

"And did you ever apply them to yourself, sir?" again asked Charlie in solemn tones.

"Why, Dr. Holmes, what do you mean? Do you think that my constitution is undermined by a secret dis-

ease? Nonsense, man!" and he laughed outright.

Then Charley began. He told the old doctor all that he had told the landlord, and much more. How he had many such cases. He knew the doctor felt his age, and he cleverly used those symptoms, twisting them about, showing that it was not age, and in two hours' time the doctor was so thoroughly frightened that he believed his end liable to occur at any moment, and besought "Dr. Holmes" to do whatever lay in his power to give him relief. Dr. Holmes promised to think it over during the night. Dr. Johns would not hear of his returning to the inn, but insisted upon his taking a bed at his own house.

Charley, with a grave face, finally consented; but before going to bed he advised the doctor to take "anodyne," assured him that there was no immediate danger, and cleverly managed to slip an emetic into the doctor's glass of rum-and-water, which he always took before retiring, and had done so with great regularity for thirty years.

About the middle of the night the old housekeeper called Charley up in great haste and terror. Dr. Johns was very sick, and had asked her to call Dr. Holmes as soon as possible. Charley went into the bedroom and found him tossing around and groaning at a great rate. He felt now he had an attack of the disease mentioned by Charley, and besought him to do what he could speedily.

Charley made an examination, looked grave and shook his head.

"Bad, is it, Dr. Holmes?" asked Johns, faintly; "tell me the worst sir."

"It is a bad case, Dr. Johns," said Charley. "I can do only one thing and that is a costly one. I can give you a prescription, but it will cost you twenty pounds. I am obliged to ask that for it, as I obtained it under peculiar circumstances. It may give you relief. I have seen it used with very good results."

"Twenty pounds?" asked the old doctor, eagerly. "All right; I will give it, sir. What is the prescription? Here is the money."

Charley wrote on a slip of paper, folded it up and handed it to the doctor. He received it eagerly, opened it with trembling hands, and by the light of the bedroom lamp, read:

"Don't get the wrong pig by the tail."

DR. CHARLES HORTON.

With one bound the doctor was out of bed, but Dr. Holmes had vanished.

"Charley," said Dr. Johns next day, "I'm getting old; you must come and take my practice. Your twenty pounds will help to give you a start."

The doctor says he never got the "wrong pig" but once.

Anecdote of Webster.

LAWYERS sometimes resort to questionable methods in order to destroy the effect which the testimony of a truthful and intelligent witness has upon a jury. Mr. Webster once tried, in an ungallant way, to break down a woman's evidence, and he met more than his match. It was in the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bogden's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court. Webster appeared as counsellor for the appellant.

Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. William Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly-looking woman, with a keen black eye, a woman of great self-possession and decision of character, was called to the stand, a witness on the opposite side from Mr. Webster.

Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it was of any importance, would have great weight with the court and jury. He, therefore, resolved, if possible, to break her down. And when she answered to the first question put to her, "I believe," Webster roared out; "We don't want to hear what you believe, we want to hear what you know!"

Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony.

Notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto. Then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front, he blew his nose with a report that rang distant and loud through the crowded hall.

He then said—"Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bogden a neat woman?"

"I cannot give you full information as to that. She had one very dirty trick."

"What was that, ma'am?"

"She took snuff."

The roar in the court-house was such that the defender of the Constitution sat down, and neither rose or spoke

again until after Mrs. Greenough vacated her chair for another witness, having ample time to reflect upon the inglorious history of the man who had a stone thrown at his head by a woman.

The Abbe's Surprise.

AT THE time the Abbe Cochlin lived in the seminary of St. Sulpice, he was allowed a double louis a month for pocket money by his family, which he spent in charity. Among the recipients of his alms was a poor mother of a family, whom the Abbe found on one holiday at the gate of the seminary, where she was waiting his coming out to beseech his charity, on account of some additional affliction.

It was the end of the month, and the Abbe told her she must wait a few days longer, for the good reason that he had no money. The woman upon this urged the impossibility of the thing, and how-ever little he could give her it would save her life; the Abbe looking abashed, protested that he did not possess one farthing! The woman then seemed seized with a fit of inspiration; she exclaimed that he was a Saint, and that it was in his power to work miracles, and if he would only take the trouble to feel in his pocket she was quite assured that he would find something that he did not expect, and which would suffice for her immediate wants.

For the sake of peace and quiet, the holy Abbe was going to turn his pocket inside out, but in fumbling what should he find, to his great surprise, but three franc pieces! He gave them, instantly, to the wretched woman; and then, full of joyful humility, ran to throw himself on his knees in the chapel of the Virgin of St. Sulpice, where he spent the remainder of the day in thanksgiving for the miraculous gift that had been bestowed on him, and entertained a holy fear of the power of which he was the depository.

On his entering the seminary he heard an exclamation of "There he is!—there he is!"

"Let us humble ourselves," said he; "let us humble ourselves."

"Upon my word Cochlin, you have put me terribly out!" cried the companion who shared his cell with him, and who was waiting for him at the door, "you have left your small clothes here instead of mine in which I had eighteen francs!"

A Hill Full of Serpents.

Mr. J. H. Beeson, the well-known Central Branch contractor, gave the *Patriot* a pleasant call a few mornings since, and from him we learn the particulars of the most remarkable snake story we have heard. In the extension of the Central Branch road from Beloit to Cowker City the line passes through the town of Glen Elder. A short distance from Glen Elder, on the Solomon river, is a steep and rocky bluff, about fifty-five feet high, a large portion of which had to be blasted away to make room for the road bed. A few days ago, while the excavation was in progress, a blast of nitro glycerine caps and giant powder tore off an unusually large part of the bluff, and down the declivity there came writhing and rolling a bunch of snakes, which Mr. Beeson assures us was almost as large as a barrel. They were of different varieties, rattlesnakes predominating, with racers, garters, etc.

When first disturbed from their warm bed, they were active and dangerous, but coming out into the severe cold they were soon comparatively harmless, and were killed by the men without much trouble, or covered up in the dump by earth and stone. But this is a very small portion of the story. Every day and every blast, since the first batch appeared, has brought another huge bundle of reptiles. Every hour a moving, writhing lump comes rolling down the hills, and what escape the laborer's pick and shovel, crawl off to get covered up in the dump. Thousands of them have been unearthed and killed, and every blast brings thousands more, far out-rivaling in number the famous snake den of Concordia.—*Atchison (Kan.) Patriot.*

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want to know how you kept yourself and family so well the past season when all the rest of us have been sick so much and had the doctors running so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.

When a young man arrives at the conclusion that his employer cannot get along without him, he has always arrived at the most fatal step on his journey through life. Fatal, because the places on earth have always been filled by those coming after them.