

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 7.50 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 7.50 p. m.

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 7.50 p. m. Leave Reading, at 1.40, 7.40, 11.50 a. m., 1.20, 6.15 and 10.35 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 3.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.

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 except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.50 a. m., daily except Sunday.

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.

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.

VALENTINE BLANK, WEST MAIN STREET

FOR YOUR WIFE,

Intended wife, mother, or sister, is one of our Niece 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, other compounds, ornamental designs, trade marks, and labels.

REJECTED by the Patent Office, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly.

INVENTORS send us a model or sketch of your device; we make examinations free of charge, and advise as to patentability.

We refer to officials in the Patent Office, to our clients in every State of the Union, and to your Senator and Representative in Congress. Special references given when desired.

Wanted to Cure one Case of CATARRH. In each neighborhood to introduce our BLACK FOREST OIL CATARRH REMEDY.

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you \$15 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us.

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

A YOUNG MAN'S REWARD.

BY ALFRED L. SEWELL.

I WANT to tell the boys about a friend of mine whose faithful performance of present duty led him into higher positions than he ever dreamed of filling, and gave him what we would all like to reach—honor and success.

In the years of my experience as a printer in Chicago, more than twenty years ago, our firm did a good deal of printing for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, and because of this I came to know a young man who is the subject of my story.

He came from Massachusetts; he was poor, and had no influential friend to even give him a letter of recommendation. He sought employment on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and after waiting a time, at last secured a position as a brakeman on a freight train—salary thirty dollars a month.

He was faithful in this position, and being both intelligent and industrious, he was soon made a conductor on the train, with wages nearly doubled. He soon attracted the attention of his superior officers, who saw in him an honest, faithful, conscientious conductor, one not seeking his own ease or pleasure, but constantly devoted to the interests of the company that employed him.

He did not apparently have a high opinion of his own abilities; there was a total absence of that swagger and strut so often seen in those who come to similar subaltern positions. It seemed as though he thought that to properly conduct his train—to secure the comfort of his passengers, and rightly serve the interest of his company—required the full exercise of all the powers God had given him.

One of the sternest and most exacting, and yet one of the noblest, ablest, and most conscientious men who ever filled a similar position, was then General Superintendent of the road. This man (Col. G. C. Hammond) watched every employe of the road with an eagle's eye. He measured every man, knew the ability of each, and seemed intuitively to know which were the faithful workers and which lazy shirks.

On Friday night, train number four moved slowly out of Chicago under the care of my young friend, who, only intent on doing his work as well as he knew how, seemed to have no higher ambition than to be a good conductor—salary nine hundred dollars a year. About noon, when he stopped at the station, he found a telegram from the head office, ordering him to leave the train in care of—, and take the first train for Chicago.

This was an unusual thing. Wondering what could be the matter, conscious that he had tried to do exactly right, and yet remembering how exact was the General Superintendent, he feared that unintentionally, he had fallen under his displeasure. Reaching Chicago late Saturday evening, he found Colonel Hammond had gone home, and knowing how strict he was in his observance of the Sabbath, the conductor waited impatiently for the coming Monday morning, when with a fearful heart he presented himself at the office of the Superintendent.

"Good morning, Mr. Hammond; I've answered your telegram, and come to see what it means."

"Good morning," growled the chief; "I see you have, sir. I have concluded to take your train away from you."

The conductor's heart sank lower than ever. What before was only fearful foreboding, was now painful truth. He had served the company to the best of his ability; he had kept the affairs of his train in complete order; his reports had been carefully and correctly made; and yet, after all, he had lost his position; he knew not why, and felt that his case was sad indeed. He inwardly resolved that, having missed his calling, he would quit railroading and try some other service, where faithful work would be appreciated. He dared not hope to reverse the decision of the official, yet in as calm a voice as he could command he politely asked the reason for his summary dismissal.

Colonel Hammond waited a while before he answered. Then the muscles of his face relaxed a little, and he said,

"I want an assistant superintendent in my office, and I have called you to take the place."

"True worth is always modest, and our thunderstruck conductor could only stammer, 'But I am not competent, sir, to fill the position!'"

"You can do as I tell you; you can obey orders, and carry out the details of work laid out by the chief." To these duties he brought the same faithfulness and thoroughness that had made him noticeable as a conductor. His elevation did not make him vain or spoil him. He was as plain, and modest, and hard-working as before—the salary at first was one thousand and eight hundred dollars.

After a few years of service under Col. Hammond, and an advance of salary to two thousand and five hundred dollars, the plain young man was invited to take the office of General Superintendent of a new road, at a salary of four thousand dollars. Distrusting his own ability but determined to do his best, he accepted the call, and succeeded, until the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, realizing how much they had lost in parting with him, invited him to resume his old position by the tempting offer of six thousand dollars a year.

In the meantime Col. Hammond had become Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railroad, running from Omaha to Ogden where it connects with the Central Pacific road. The latter road was owned by four or five millionaires, who had built it, one of whom was its General Superintendent. However good a business man, he knew but little about railroading, and under his care the road was anything but prosperous, until the owners and directors resolved upon a radical and sweeping change.

But where could they find a general superintendent who had the ability, and would dare to re-organize the road and put its affairs upon a better basis? They consulted Col. Hammond and other railroad men, and the result was that, most unexpectedly, our whilom modest and hard working conductor one day received a telegram, asking him if he would undertake the duties of General Superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad at the salary of ten thousand dollars. He was satisfied with his appreciation by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, who proposed to increase his pay to seven thousand dollars, and as he preferred to remain in Chicago, he declined the princely offer made by the California road. Then another telegram asked at what salary he would become the chief of the Central Pacific. Almost hoping to discourage his tempters, he telegraphed, "Thirteen thousand a year in gold." At once came the answer "Accepted."

So, taken in his own trap he had nothing to do, but to bid adieu to the city that had served him so well, and turn his face toward the land of gold. My story would be too long if I should try to tell you the unexpected difficulties he encountered from the old officers of the road, who had determined that they would not be superseded, and that the new superintendent should never enter upon his duties; how they, before his arrival, set the whole press and people of California against him; how, supported by directors of the road, he quietly took control, disarmed prejudice, conquered submission and earned success.

This was nine years ago. He is still general superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, one of the most important railroads in the world. With its connections with California, this quiet man, not yet forty-eight years old, now superintends 2784 miles of railroad, and over fifty connecting steamers, besides dictating the tariffs of the China, the Australian, and the Panama line of steamships. While other young men preferred present ease and comfort to the interest of his employers, wasted money and time in billiard halls, and theatres, and drinking saloons, Albion M. Towne was at work, building up a character as well as reputation, and now fills one of the most important positions in California, and instead of three hundred and sixty dollars a year as brakeman on a freight train, he now draws the comfortable salary of twenty thousand dollars a year in gold.

"Lucky man," said one.

"Lucky" had but little to do with it; modest worth did it; work did it; faithfulness in the performance of present duties, however humble, did it.

His untiring faithfulness in the humbler duties not only attracted the notice and won the appreciation of his superiors, but fitted him for the higher positions which, without his seeking, he was called to fill.

I have long desired to tell this story of a young man's faithfulness, and consequent success, for I consider it a lesson that boys and young men of the present day can study to advantage.

"Keep your dog away from me!" said a dandy to a butcher's boy. "Darn the dog; he's always after puppies," said the boy.

WHO WAS FOOLED.

BUNGAY, the real estate agent over in Pender, suspected that Mrs. Bungay didn't care as much for him as she ought to. So one day he went up to the city, after leaving word that he would be gone two or three days. While there he arranged with a friend to send a telegram to his wife, at a certain hour, announcing that he had been run over on the railroad and killed.

Then Bungay came home, and slipping into the house unperceived, he secreted himself in the closet in the sitting room to await the arrival of the telegram and to see how Mrs. Bungay took it. After a while it came, and he saw the servant girl give it to his wife. She opened it and as she read it she gave a little start. Then Bungay saw a smile gradually overspreading her features. She rang for the servant, and when she came, Mrs. Bungay said to her.

"Mary, Mr. Bungay's been killed—I've just got the news, I reckon I'll have to put on black for him, though I hate to give up my new bonnet for mourning. You just go round to the milliner's and ask her to fetch me some of the latest of widow's bonnets and tie a piece of black crape on the door and, then bring the undertaker her."

While Mrs. Bungay was waiting, she smiled continually, and once or twice she danced around the room, and stood in front of the looking glass, and Bungay heard her murmur to herself:

"I ain't such a bad looking woman, I wonder now what James will think of me?"

"James!" thought Bungay, as his widow took her seat and sang softly, as if she felt particularly happy. "Who in thunder's James? She certainly can't mean that infamous old undertaker, Toombs? His name is James, and he's a widower; but it's preposterous to think that she cares for him, or is going to prowl after any man for a husband as quick as this."

"Mr. Toombs, Bungay is dead; run over by a locomotive and was chopped all up."

"Very sorry to hear it, madam; I sympathise with you in your affliction."

"Thank you, it is pretty sad. But I don't worry much. Bungay was a poor sort of a man to get along with, and now that he's dead, I'm going to stand it without crying my eyes out. We will have to bury him, I suppose?"

"That's the usual thing to do in such cases."

"Well, I want you to 'tend to it for me. I reckon the coroner will have to sit on him first. But when they get through if you will collect the pieces and shake him into some kind of a bag and pack him into a coffin, I'll be obliged."

"Certainly, Mrs. Bungay. When do you want the funeral to occur?"

"Oh, most any day. Perhaps the sooner the better, so's we can have it over. It will save expenses, too, by taking less ice. I don't want to spend much money on it, Mr. Toombs. Rig up some kind of a cheap coffin, and bury him with as little fuss as possible. I'll come along with a couple of friends; and we'll walk. No carriages. Times are too hard."

"I will attend to it."

"And, Mr. Toombs, there is another matter. Mr. Bungay's life was insured for twenty thousand dollars, and I want to get it as soon as possible, and then I shall think of marrying again."

"Indeed, madam!"

"Yes; and can you think of anybody who will suit me?"

"I dunno, I might. Twenty thousand you say he left?"

"Twenty thousand; yes. Now, Mr. Toombs, you'll think me bold, but I only tell the honest truth when I say that I prefer a widower, and a man who is about middle age, and in some business connected with cemeteries."

"How would an undertaker suit you?"

"I think very well, if I could only find one. I often told Bungay that I wished he was an undertaker."

"Well, Mrs. Bungay, it is a little kind of sudden; I haven't thought much about it; and old Bungay's hardly got settled in the world of hereafter; but business is business, and if you must have an undertaker to love you and look after that life insurance money, it appears to me that I am just about that kind of a man. Will you take me?"

"Oh, James! fold me to your bosom!" James was just about to fold her, when Bungay, white with rage, burst from the closet and exclaimed:

"Unhand her, villain! Touch that woman and you die! Leave this house at once, or I will brain you with the poker? And as for you, Mrs. Bungay, you can pick up your duds and quit. I've done with you. I know that you are a cold-hearted, faithless, abominable wretch. Go, and go at once! I did this to try you and my eyes are opened."

"I know you did, and I concluded to pay you in your own coin."

"That's too awful thin. It won't hold water."

"It's true anyhow. You told Mr. Magill you were going to do it, and he told me."

"He did, hey? I'll burst the head off of him."

"When you are really dead, I will be a good deal more sorry, provided you don't make such a fool of yourself while you're alive."

"You will? You will really be sorry."

"Of course."

"And you won't marry. Toombs? Where is that man Toombs? By George, I'll go for him! He was mighty hungry for that insurance money! I'll step around and kick him at once while I'm mad. We'll talk this over when I come back."

Then Bungay left to call upon Toombs, and when he returned he dropped the subject. He has drawn up his will so that his wife is out of with a shilling if she employs him as the undertaker.

A Fulton County Lady's Strange Death.

The Everett Press narrates the circumstances of the sudden illness and death of Miss Mary Catharine Fisher, of Hustontown, Fulton county, at Kansas City, Missouri, which have an air of mystery about them. About the first of last September she left the home of her brother in Everett, where she had been stopping for some months, in company with her father, on a visit to relatives in the west. After an absence of some weeks, the old gentleman returned alone, leaving Kate with her friends in Kansas, where she had concluded to spend the winter. Some time during the month of January she left her sister's home (Mrs. E. M. Skinner) in Clay Centre, to visit an uncle in Morris county. After spending a few days there she went up to Topeka, and visited a cousin in that place. From that point she concluded she would return home, and about the 21st of January started on her journey, purchasing a ticket through to Mount Union. And that is the last that is positively known of her life by her friends. She had not communicated to her relatives in Pennsylvania her intention to come home, but thought to give them a surprise—but it was not the happy surprise she had planned for them, poor girl. It was a sad—a heart-breaking surprise. The only person in the east who knew of her intended homeward journey was her affianced lover, Harry Jones, of Orbisonia, to whom she had written of the day of her proposed departure and the date of her expected arrival at Mount Union: Several weeks passed, and when she did not come he made inquiry of her friends about her, and they inquired of her friends in Kansas, when the fact was discovered that she was missing. Mr. Skinner got on her trail and followed her to Kansas City, but could trace her no further. After several unsuccessful efforts to find her he engaged the assistance of a detective, and after much trouble and many failures to find her alive, the thought of hunting for her dead was suggested. Accordingly they visited the morgue or dead house, where it was ascertained that a young woman answering her description had been buried from that institution some weeks ago. This was a clue. The undertaker who buried her was visited and shown her photograph, and he thought it looked like the young woman whom he had buried. The house whence the dead and unknown body was brought to the morgue was visited, and the photograph shown to and instantly recognized by the woman of the house, who said that one day some time in January she was on the train from Topeka to Kansas City, when she noticed a young woman passenger on the train to be very ill. She spoke to her, and did what she could for her relief. When the train reached Kansas City, the young woman was so very ill that she had to be put off the train, and as she was the wife of one having something to do with the trains, she had the sick woman taken to her house, where everything was done for her relief that could be done; that she lingered in a state of unconsciousness from the first for eight days and died without being able to give any account of herself—not even her name; that her body was removed to the morgue and held there for six days for recognition, when, no one coming to claim it, it was buried by the authorities. The woman exhibited the dead girl's clothing, gold watch, rings, and other articles, which were fully identified. With this evidence in their possession a permit was obtained from the authorities to exhume the body, when the lifeless remains of Kate Fisher were unmistakably exposed to view. The fact was at once telegraphed to W. Scott Fisher, her brother at Mount Union, who hastened to Kansas City, and returned to Everett with the remains last Thursday morning. Miss Fisher was in her 30th year. Among the mysterious things connected with sad affair is that Miss Fisher had a through ticket and two large trunks packed with good clothing which cannot be found. Why she was ejected from the train in the condition the strange woman says she was, needs explanation.