

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 28th, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS: For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 and 3.57 p. m. For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 12.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 p. m. and 7.55 p. 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 9.15 a. m. 3.40, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 4.15, 9.15 a. m. and 4.25 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.05 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.00 p. m. The 2.30 a. m. train from Allentown and the 4.40 a. m. train from Reading do not run on Mondays.

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, 2.30 a. m. and 9.00 p. m. \*Via Morris and Essex Hill Road. J. E. WOOLLEN, General Superintendent.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table. NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Middletown Acc. 7.19 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Express 12.22 P. M., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 10.12 P. M., flag—daily.

WEST. Way Pass. 9.05 A. M., daily. Mail, 2.38 P. M., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. 6.05 P. M., daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 P. M., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.10 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, Nov. 27th, 1876, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: EASTWARD. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 7.53 A. M. Johnstown Express 12.52 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express 10.29 P. M., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily. Mail, 2.04 P. M., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.38 P. M. WM. C. KING Agent.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

THE "SINGER" SEWING MACHINE.



THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE is so well known that it is not necessary to mention ITS MANY GOOD QUALITIES: Every one who has any knowledge of Sewing Machines knows that it will do EVERY KIND OF WORK In a Superior Manner. The Machine is easily kept in order; easily operated, and is acknowledged by all, to be the Best Machine in the World. Persons wanting a Sewing Machine should examine the Singer, before purchasing. They can be bought on the

Most Liberal Terms OF F. MORTIMER, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., General Agent for Perry Co. Or of the following Local Agents on the same terms: A. F. KEIM, Newport, Pa. JAS. P. LONG, Duncannon, Pa.

REMOVAL. The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penna. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at REDUCED PRICES, Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition. Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. P. R.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe Findings made a specialty. JOS. M. HAWLEY, Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—11

TRUE PRIDE.

A GOOD STORY WITH A MORAL.

"RAYMOND THURSTON, I believe you are insane."

As Amabel spoke her voice had a sharp quiver of pain as well as anger.—She was very proud of her brother—proud of his handsome face, proud of his talents—and she considered he was about to degrade himself socially if not morally, by the stand he had announced himself to have taken. Seeing her passionate outcry had not moved him, she said, pleadingly: "Have you no pride left? You who had all the old Thurston pride once?" "I have just so much pride left, Amabel," he answered, "that I cannot sit here eating the bread of idleness another day."

"You know you are more than welcome here." "I do know it. I appreciate your husband's kindness at its full value, Amabel. I hope that the day will come when I can prove it. And sis, I am only too thankful that you have his true love and strong arm now, when we have lost so much. Now, darling, don't try to hold me back from honest employment." "But, Raymond, you can surely obtain some gentlemanly position?" "I have been trying faithfully for six months, you know with what success. There, don't look at me so pitifully, it will come right one of these days."

"I wonder what Bertie Haines will say when she sees you perched upon the driver's seat of an express cart." For the first time the forced composure of Raymond's face was stirred. A dark red flush crept to his very hair, and he rose and walked up and down the room. Glad to have him moved at last, his sister said: "Wither aristocratic ideas and the pride that is inborn in her family, she will never recognize you again, Raymond."

"Then I must lose the honor of her friendship," Raymond said, hoarsely.—"Don't say any more, Amabel." And unable to bear any further remonstrance, he left the room, and a little later the house.

The Thurston pride of which Amabel had spoken was stinging him sorely, in spite of the brave face he carried to cover it. He was a man of twenty-eight, and his life had held only the pleasures of wealth, the opportunities money gives for the development of intellect, for twenty-seven of these years. His parents died when he was a boy, and Amabel his only sister, fifteen years his senior, married before she was twenty, and gave her brother a home, whenever he was not traveling, or in some seminary or college. While he considered himself a rich man, Raymond had accepted this hospitality as freely as it was offered, and Amabel's jewel case, her husband's library, and her children's play-room bore witness of her brother's generosity. But suddenly, without warning, there swept over the country one of the devastating financial crashes so overwhelming in this land of speculation, and Raymond was recalled from Europe by his brother-in-law, informing him that his entire patrimony had been swept away. Investments that had seemed to the young man, ignorant in all business details, as secure as they were flattering, had fallen to ruin, and a few hundred dollars only were left of what had been a noble fortune.

At first Raymond did not realize the extent of his misfortune. He was still young, and well educated, in perfect health, and certainly the world had some niche where he could earn an honest living. But weeks of seeking employment gave him a keener knowledge of his misfortune. Friends who had been willing to smoke his cigars and drink his wines, who were yet willing to extend every social greeting, shook their heads when asked to confide any portion of their business to his keeping.

Brought up to study, to live a life of elegant leisure, Raymond Thurston, at twenty-eight knew absolutely nothing of business, nor had he studied any one branch sufficiently to qualify himself for a teacher. He tried faithfully to find some employment, spending what little remained of his fortune with the lavish hand that had not yet learned economy.

Society welcomed him home after two years of wandering, for Amabel Barclay kept open house for her friends, and Raymond was a favorite in her circle. Her husband, many years older than herself, had long retired from business with a large income, and while he gave Raymond a cordial welcome, had no opportunity to aid in finding occupation.

And Bertha Haines, the friend from whom Raymond parted two years before, in this renewed intercourse became to him more than ever friend before. They had not thought of love in the days when the girl was a debutante

in society and Raymond, one of its favorite beaux; but when they met after the long parting, some new emotion stirred both hearts. They did not know what made the hours pass so quickly when they were together, nor recognize the subtle charm that dwelt for each in the other's presence for many a week.

Raymond was the first to awaken to the knowledge that love was the charm that bound him to Bertha's side whenever she was present; that it was love that made her eyes, the dark, sparkling eyes, so beautiful in their expression; that love tuned her voice so musically, that love made her the dearest of all women in his eyes.

Amabel was delighted. Bertha was one of her own fast friends, and Bertha's father a merchant of standing and influence. Aside from this the girl had inherited money from her mother. Altogether, Amabel decided the match would be charming. But a hint to that effect met one of Raymond's sternest frowns, such as had never visited his face in the old sunny days.

"Never speak of it again, Amabel," he said. "I am no fortune hunter to live upon the money of a rich wife.—I'll carve out my own way first."

But carving his own way proved tedious work till, desperate at his many failures, he accepted a position, offered in jest, of driver to an express wagon.

"I do understand horses," he said, "if I cannot sell goods or keep books." It proved harder work, however, than in the first flush of his desperation he had imagined. Not the work; that he soon conquered; but the slights, rudeness, and stares of his old friends.—Some few recognized the true nobility that accepted honest labor rather than an easy dependence upon wealthy connections, but these were few.

A week passed, when one morning, delivering some goods at one of the most fashionable stores on Broadway, as he went out, Raymond saw Bertha Haines opening the door of her low carriage. An impulse made him start forward to hand her out, only to draw back crimson with confusion, and dropping the hand he was lifting to raise his hat. The sweet, musical voice he loved, spoke at once: "Please, Mr. Thurston, help me with this obstinate door. It will stick."

He went forward, then, with all the easy grace of manner that had ever marked his intercourse with ladies.—The little gloved hand was extended to meet his as she thanked him.

"It is too bad you are engaged," she said. "I should like to borrow your artist eye to aid me in selecting a dress for my reception on Thursday evening. But you will come and tell me how I succeeded alone, will you not?"

She said the last words very earnestly, rising her dark eyes to his face.

"Do you really wish me to come now?" he asked.

"I do!" "Then I will come! I must say good morning," and he left her with a most courteous bow.

But while the great express wagon rattled down the streets, Miss Haines turned away from the store she had been entering, and re-entered her carriage.

"To my father's," she said, to the driver, and a few moments later the merchant looked up from his ledgers to see his only child, in a faultless walking-dress, entering the counting-house.

"Another check!" he said, moving a chair to her. "How much this time?"

"Nothing! I want to talk to you.—Shut the door, so those horrid men can't hear me."

The door closed, and privacy in the sanctum secured, Bertha astonished her parental relative by bursting into a passion of weeping.

"Why, Bertha!" he cried.

"Never mind, papa. It is all over now. Do you remember what you said to me when Raymond Thurston asked for some employment here?"

"Not exactly."

"I do. You said that a man brought up as he had been would want a sinecure; that he never would come down to real work, and that you had no position for fine gentlemen; that his offer to take a subordinate position and learn business was simply a farce."

"Did I say all that, Bertha?" "To me you did. I suppose you dismissed him politely enough. But, papa, if you thought he was really in earnest—really meant to work for a living, would you give him a chance here?"

"Yes. He has capacity brains and a splendid address. But he has been an idler all his life." "He is no idler now. He is driving an express-cart." "Bertha!" "He is. I met him not an hour ago,

he thought I was going to cut him.—As if," she added, with magnificent scorn, "I would slight an old friend in adversity."

"Bless my soul! Driving an express wagon! Ned Thurston's boy! Educated at Harvard! Dear me! Did you notice whose wagon it was, Bertha?"

Bertha had noticed, and the old gentleman bustled into his coat and started for the office. At dinner he informed Bertha that Raymond had accepted a place in his own large establishment, with a frank confession of his profound ignorance of all business affairs, but in earnest resolution to learn well and speedily whatever appertained to the duties entrusted to him.

It was not many weeks before Mr. Haines congratulated himself upon the acquisition of his new clerk. He told Bertha marvelous stories of Raymond's rapid progress and the strides he was making in his new life, knowing of the long nights spent in pouring over ledgers and accounts, the many misgivings the new clerk felt. The same active brain and quick intelligence the new student had brought to gain college honors now stood in good-stand in mastering the intricacies in invoices, book-keeping, and counting-house mysteries, and Raymond gained favor rapidly in the eyes of his employer.

It is a question whether actual merit would have advanced him quite so frequently as he was promoted, hard as he worked, and steadily as he improved.—But Mr. Haines worshiped his only child, and the burst of tears in the counting house, told him the secret Bertha successfully concealed from all others. A self-made man himself, with an ample fortune to add to the one Bertha already held, he laid no stress upon money in thinking of a son-in-law.—Energy, industry, integrity, these were the foundation stones of his own fortune, and these were the qualities he desired in a life companion for the child who was the hope and pride of his old age.

The closer ties were bound that drew Raymond Thurston to him in business, the more he honored and esteemed the sterling worth of the man he so long regarded as a mere butterfly of fashion, one of fashion's spoiled children. And learning to respect his worth, he had also learned to love the frank, bright face, the clear, ringing voice, and the ever ready courtesy of the young clerk. It grew to be a very frequent occurrence for him to ask the support of the strong, young arm when the streets were slippery, and at the door to invite Raymond to dine, sure of a beaming look of pleasure from Bertha.

There came a day after two years of faithful service, when Raymond was informed in the privacy of his counting-house that a junior partnership was his if he would accept it. Some emotion checked the utterance of Raymond's heartfelt gratitude. He extended his hand, to meet a cordial grasp, and heard: "Yes, yes. I know. And now if you want to tell Bertha the news, you may take a holiday."

"May I tell her more? May I tell her I love—that the one hope of my life is to win her love in return?"

"You may tell her that I have been your most sincere friend and warmest well-wisher for two years. You may tell her," and the old man's eyes twinkled, that I have looked upon you as a son ever since the day she met you driving an express wagon."

"And behaved like an angel?" "Yes, yes, of course, they always do. There, get along with you. I'm busy. Take my love to Bertha, if you are not overburdened with your own."

And so—you know the rest. There was a wedding, and Amabel gave the bride a parure of diamonds, and owned, when in a burst of confidence Bertha told her the whole story, that, after all, Thurston pride was not so good in the end as Raymond's "TRUE PRIDE."

Only a Boot Heel.

WHILE two men, employees of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad company, were on their way to their work in the car shops of the company at Aurora, Ind., their attention was attracted by a boot heel, freshly torn off, sticking in the "frog" of the railroad track, a short distance from the shops. They stopped a moment to examine it, and found that the heel was so securely fastened in the "frog" that it required a smart blow with a crutch (one of the men had lost a leg) to remove it. Long nails protruded from the heel, and all the evidence went to show that it had taken a considerable effort to tear it from the boot. "It appears to me," said one of the men, "that some fellow has had a narrow escape from being run down by a train, or else he has been badly frightened and wrenched his boot heel off when there was no occasion for it." "It reminds me," replied his companion, in a low tone, "of a little adventure that happened to me several years ago upon the Pan Handle road. I

was then a young man, but it isn't likely that I'll ever forget it," and he cast a rueful glance at the empty leg of his pants. "The story is soon told," he went on turning the boot heel over in his hand as if to find inscribed upon it a story similar to his own. "I was walking on the track near Cadiz Junction, in Ohio. It was one dark and blustery night in February, and a heavy snow-storm was prevailing at the time. The snow and wind beating into my face was almost sufficient to have blinded one had it been broad daylight. I was walking briskly along, not dreaming of any harm—in fact, sir, I was then returning from a visit to my sweetheart; who had that evening promised to be my wife—when suddenly I found my foot fastened between two rails where a side track joined the main track, just as his heel was fastened in the frog here at our feet. At that moment I heard the still whistle of a locomotive, and looking up the track I saw, through the blinding snow, a light bearing down upon me. I had passed the depot a few minutes previous and had noticed several persons standing on the platform. The persons were waiting for a train, and here was one coming! It was an unusual hour for a train, and the idea of meeting one had not occurred to me before, but now the awful truth flashed upon me. I made a desperate effort to release my foot, and the horror of my situation was increased a hundred fold when I found that it was securely fastened between the rails. The light was so close that its reflection upon the new fallen snow blinded me. As a man will in a like situation, I thought of a thousand things in an instant, I thought of my aged parents, of events of my past life, of my promised bride; and the thought that I should be torn from her, or what was worse, to be maimed for life, was infinitely more dreadful than the thought of death. But I'll not trouble you with these painful details. What I supposed to be the headlight of a locomotive was blazing right in my face. It was this leg that was fastened," he said, swinging his stump back and forth, "and I just threw myself"—"Yes, yes," interrupted his companion, with blanched cheeks, "you threw yourself to one side and the engine severed your leg from your body!"

"Not exactly," returned the story teller, smiling blandly upon his victim. "The truth is, sir, I am almost ashamed to say that the light did not proceed from a locomotive, but from the lantern of a watchman who happened to be coming down the track."

"And the shrill whistle that you heard?"

"That I presently learned came from a one-horse sawmill not far off."

"But your leg—how did you lose that?"

"As many another brave man has lost his," came the answer, accompanied by a heavy sigh, and a far-away look as if to recall the scene of some field of battle. "I fell under a mowing machine and had it chopped off."

"Well, all I have to say, replied his companion somewhat disgusted at the turn the romance had taken against him, all I have to say is that I hope your girl went back on you and married an ax handle maker or some one else who could make her happy."

"She stuck to me," said the romancer. "stuck to me through good and evil report, and married me—married me one rapturous evening in the merry month of May, and now," and his voice grew husky with emotion, "and now I'd give the top of this bald and beetling pate if she hadn't!"

A few weeks since there died in England a man once widely known in America—Sir Henry de Houghton, the wealthy baronet, whose sympathies with the Southern Confederacy were strong enough to induce him to "invest" £200,000 in rebel bonds. He was understood to have held on to the last, and of course lost every penny of the sum—a million dollars in gold. A still larger fortune, however, remained to him. He was thrice married, and his last wife survives him, but he died childless, and the baronetcy devolves on his brother.—It is the second oldest baronetage in England, and the family is far older than the baronetage. It is stated that the lands of Houghton held by Wilhelmus de Houghton in 1147 have remained in the family to the present day, the £200,000 above mentioned, which did not remain, having been derived from some other source.

A poor boy, having written to Horace Greeley, asking what he should do to become rich, the philosopher of the "Tribune" gave him the following good advice: 1. Firmly resolve never to owe a debt. 2. Acquire promptly and thoroughly some useful calling. 3. Resolve not to be a rover; where you have stuck your stake stand by it. 4. Comprehend that there is work almost everywhere, for him who can do it. 5. Realize that he who earns sixpence a day more than he spends must get rich, while he who spends a sixpence more than he earns must expect to be poor.