

**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 7.55 p. m.  
 For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 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 New York.  
 The 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 3.57 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

**SUNDAYS:**

For New York, at 5.30 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 6.15, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 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 4.30 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. WOOTEN, General Superintendent.

**Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.**

**NEWPORT STATION.**

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, Passenger trains will run as follows:

**EAST.**

Mifflintown 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, 10.02 P. M., flag—daily.

**WEST.**

Way Pass, 9.08 A. M., daily.  
 Mail, 2.38 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
 Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 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.**

Mifflintown Acc. 7.53 a. m., daily except Sunday.  
 Johnstown Express 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
 Mail 7.30 P. M., daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M., Atlantic Express 10.29 P. M., daily (flag).

**WESTWARD.**

Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily.  
 Mail, 2.04 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
 Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.18 P. M.  
 Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M.  
 W. M. C. KING Agent.

**D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.,**



Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new

**Saddlery Shop**

in Bloomfield, on Carlisle Street, two doors North of the Foundry, where they will manufacture

**HARNESS OF ALL KINDS,**

**Saddles, Bridles, Collars,**

and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.

**WE FINE HARNESS a speciality.**

REPAIRING done on short notice and at reasonable prices.

HIDES taken in exchange for work.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO. Bloomfield, January 9, 1877.

**VICK'S**

**Flower and Vegetable Garden**

is the most beautiful work in the world.—It contains nearly 150 pages, hundreds of fine illustrations, and six Chromo Plates of Flower beautifully drawn and colored from nature.—Price 50 cents in paper covers; \$1.00 in elegant cloth. Printed in German and English.  
 Vick's Floral Guide, Quarterly, 25 cents a year. Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents; with elegant cloth cover \$1.00.  
 All my publications are printed in English and German.  
 Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

**VICK'S**

**Flower and Vegetable Seeds**

ARE PLANTED BY A MILLION OF PEOPLE IN AMERICA. See Vick's Catalogue—300 Illustrations, only 2 cents. Vick's Floral Guide, Quarterly, 25 cents a year. Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents; with elegant cloth cover \$1.00.  
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 Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

**500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a**

GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success.  
 For particulars, address:  
 H. M. CRIDER, Publisher, 45ly York, 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. B.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe Findings made a speciality.

JOS. M. HAWLEY, Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—11

**THE MANSION HOUSE,**

**New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,**

D. M. HINSMITH, Proprietor.

This well-known hotel has lately been enlarged, re-painted and re-fitted. Best accommodations afforded. Careful hostlers always in attendance.

933 11

**ENIGMA.**

I am composed of 35 letters.  
 My 1, 14, 6, 13, 20, 15 is the capital of one of the Territories.  
 My 2, 9, 11, 17, 24 is a county in Penna.  
 " 3, 14, 13, 5, 25, 23 is a Territory.  
 " 4, 23, 13, 10, 8, 7 is a city in Nevada.  
 " 5, 10, 11, 23 is a country in the Eastern Hemisphere.  
 My 6, 14, 12, 10, 17, 19 is a river in British America.  
 My 7, 2, 20, 16, 14, 10 is a river in Texas.  
 " 8, 3, 21, 5, 18, 11, 17 is a lake in the U. S.  
 " 9, 11, 12, 20 is a river in Africa.  
 " 10, 16, 15, 5, 9, 21, 17, 9 is a town in Penna.  
 " 11, 3, 1, 11, 23, 19, 5 is a state in the U. S.  
 " 12, 8, 6, 25, 17, 9 is a city in England.  
 " 13, 20, 19, 11, 16, 14 is a city in Italy.  
 " 14, 18, 11, 14 is a lake in the U. S.  
 " 15, 20, 25 is a river in the U. S.  
 " 16, 8, 3, 16, 17, 15, 25 is the capital of one of the U. S.  
 My 17, 9, 11, 8, 24 is a river in Vermont.  
 " 18, 2, 10, 10, 11, 5 is a country in Europe.  
 " 19, 3, 22, 11, 23 is a country in Africa.  
 " 20, 13, 22, 14 is a river in Prussia.  
 " 21, 2, 6, 11, 10 is a country in Africa.  
 " 22, 14, 15, 12, 11, 7 is the capital of Prussia.  
 " 23, 3, 11, 14, 10 is a mountain in South America.  
 My 24, 14, 2, 10, 30 is a river in S. Carolina.  
 " 25, 4, 19, 4, 23, 6, 3, 17, 7 is a town in Pennsylvania.  
 My whole is often heard, and much appreciated.

**THE TWO PRISONERS.**

It was night. The landscape reposed in tranquil beauty, the silver rays of the moon revealed each nook, and the mossy dell, while fancy might summon up elfin fairies from their dreamy homes in some flower's fragrant cell, to sport beneath the moonlight on the green sward; or its sportive play, bathe in the dew-drops that seemed distilling from leaf and flower.

The scenery in the back ground added the sublime to the beautiful in the picture. The mountains rearing their heather-crowned tops, which had battled with the storms of past ages, now canopied with the mantle of night—their forms in graceful outline, gradually receding in the distance, like frowning shadows of the past; while the most finished work of man might stand shadowless beneath the perfect penciling of nature.

The Connecticut river, at a distance, resembled a sea of sparkling diamonds reflecting on its broad bosom the countless eyes of night, that from the commencement of time have watched over the sleeping earth.

Far across might be seen the dim shores of Long Island, where lay encamped a foreign foe. The white canvass of their huts reflecting back the moon's rays—not a sound disturbs the stillness, the drowsy sentinels seem to have caught something of the general quiet, and are nodding at their posts.

In a tent, which seems the principal, a light burning, round a table are seated men in earnest conversation, whose uniform bespeaks them British soldiers.—The death of the gallant Major Andre, and the treachery of the traitor Arnold formed the topic of their discourse. At length it was proposed, if carried through with success, to obtain the person of the gallant General Silliman, in command of the Connecticut side, and hold him prisoner in retaliation for the death of Andre.

It is a hazardous project, but four bold men pledged themselves to undertake it. John Hartwell, a brave young officer, was selected their leader.

Soon as arranged, they proceeded to a boat, and made the best progress they could across the river; on gaining the shore, they made for a small clump of underwood, where they lay concealed, until they noted what direction it is best to take.

Here too may be seen the tents where repose the brave men who have sworn to protect their homes and country, or die in its defence against the invaders, who seek to control their free rights. Near may be seen a spacious farm-house, the abode of General Silliman—the brave soldier and faithful friend—who now slept unconscious of danger. Through some neglect, the sentinels on duty had wandered from their posts, never dreaming it possible that any one would risk a landing, or could pass the tents unobserved. By a circuitous route they gained the house, and here the faithful watchdog gave the alarm; a blow soon silenced him; and, ascending the piazza, Captain Hartwell opened the casement, and followed by his men, stepped lightly into the sitting room of the family.

They now struck a light, and with caution proceeded on the search—they passed through several apartments, while, strange to relate, the inmates slept on, unconscious of this deed of darkness.

They at length reached the General's room—two of the men remained outside, while Captain Hartwell, with another officer, entered, and stood, in silence, musing on the scene before them.

A night lamp burned in the room, dimly revealing the face of the sleepers—whose unprotected situation could not but awake a feeling of pity even in their callous hearts.

"Jack," whispered his companion, "by Heaven, I wish this part of the business had been entrusted to some one else—I could meet this man face to face, life for life, in the field of battle—but

this savors too much of cowardice."

"Hold your craven tongue, low," answered Captain Hartwell, "perform your part of the play, or let some one else take your place; you forget the scrape we are in, at the least alarm. We might happen to salute the rising sun, from some of the tallest trees on the General's farm—an idea far from pleasing."

"For my part, I could wish myself back on Long Island—but our General expects every man to do his duty—let yours be to prevent that female from screaming, while I secure her husband."

The ear of woman is quick, and from their entering the room, not a word had escaped Mrs. Silliman. At first she could scarcely refrain from calling out, but her uncommon strength of mind enabled her to master her fears—she scarce knew what to think, her husband's life, herself and family were at stake, and her courage rose in proportion as her sense of danger increased.

It is ever so with woman in the hour of danger or affliction; her weakness will become her strength, and what nature has withheld in her physical organization, is fully made up in her mental powers; her devoted love will hallow the object of its affections, and enshrines him in her heart's pure sanctuary.

She scarce dared breathe, and even the infant at her breast seemed to partake of its mother's anxiety, and nestled closer to her bosom.

The curtains partly shaded where she lay, and breathing a prayer to Heaven for protection, she silently stepped from the bed, scarcely knowing how to proceed.

Her woman's tact led her to appeal to their sympathies, if sympathies they had—if she died, she but risked her life for one dearer than herself, whose existence to his country was invaluable—and perhaps by this means enable him to escape. In an instant she was before them, her pale, beseeching face imploring what speech refused to utter.

The officers started—this sight was unexpected—the least hesitation, and all would be lost.

Captain Hartwell threw aside his heavy watch cloak, and said:

"Madam, let this uniform be the warrant for our honor—our object is to take your husband alive, if possible—that depends, however, on your silence."

At that moment Gen. Silliman awoke, and finding his wife in the hands of men whose calling he knew not, his good sword was soon in his hand, but a strong arm wrested it from him—handcuffs were placed on his wrists, and he stood their prisoner.

He inquired by what right they entered his house?

"Our object, sir," replied the officer, "is to convey you to Long Island—the least expression of alarm from you, that moment of breath your last—if peaceable, no violence will be offered."

Mrs. Silliman threw herself before them, and entreaties for mercy gushed from her agonized heart.

"Oh! spare him—take what money is here, but leave me my husband, the father of my children. Think, if you have wives or families, what their sense of bereavement would be, to see some murderous band tear you from their arms, and they left in horrid uncertainty as to your fate. Take all that we have, but leave him."

A sneer of scorn curled the officer's lips, as he coolly replied:

"Madam, we are neither robbers nor assassins—the compliment on our part, is quite undeserved. We are British officers."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Mrs. S. starting to her feet—her eyes flashing; her proud form trembling, as her own wrongs forgot in those of country—"Shame on the cause that sanctions such a deed as this—in the silence of night to enter a peaceful dwelling, and take an unoffending man from the arms of his wife and family. Truly, such an act as this would well need the covering of darkness. You may well call yourselves servants of Britain—that is your fit appellation. Take him—another victim is required for my country. But the vengeance of Heaven is abroad, and ere long, the men who war for the price of blood, will find the arm of him who fights for his freedom and liberty, nerved by the stronger consciousness of right."

"Madam," interrupted the officer, awed by the stern majesty of her manner, "I came not here to interchange words with a woman, or I might speak about warring against our lawful king. But you know, Tom," turning to his companion, "I never was good at preaching."

"Not to a woman, certainly," said Tom, laughing, "or rather you could never bring one to your way of thinking."

A slight noise warned them of the impropriety of their longer remaining.—The General having completely dressed, took an affectionate farewell of his wife, assuring her he would soon be enabled to return. They left the house—but to gain the shore was a matter of some difficulty.

The General was rendered incapable of making the slightest noise if he wished to, and they had tied Mrs. Silliman, and bound her mouth to prevent her giving any alarm. But the tents were not so easily passed. The morning was fast approaching, and the route they came would occupy too much time to retrace it—their only plan now was to make as straight a line as possible to the shore. Already had they passed one tent, when the cry of "Who goes there?" was heard. In a moment they gained the shadow of an adjoining tent, when a man suddenly stepped before them and demanded their business. No time could be lost—the two officers proceeded to the boat with the General, while the remainder overpowered the sentinel, and gained their companions as the dawn was faintly perceptible in the east. By the time an alarm was given they were far beyond the reach of pursuit.

Their prisoner was borne in triumph to their commander, who intended waiting superior orders as to the disposal of him.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Silliman was not idle. A council was called, and every plan was proposed that could tend to liberate her husband.

The womanly wit of Mrs. Silliman suggested that they should cross the river in the same manner as the British had done, and seize the person of one of their influential men, and hold him as an hostage, until terms could be agreed upon for the exchange of prisoners. It was a risk, and, if discovered no mercy could be expected.

The nephew of the General, a young officer of merit, and several others volunteered their services. The following night was arranged for the purpose.

The difficulty, when the time arrived, was to procure some mode of getting over. A whale boat was at length found, into which the adventurers got, disguised as fishermen. They soon arrived at Long Island, and proceeded to the residence of Judge Jones.

With some difficulty they secured that worthy functionary, and notwithstanding his assurance as to being a good patriot, which they assured him they did not in the least question, conveyed the good man to the boat, in spite of his wish to finish his sleep out, and embarked, pleased with their success. On reaching the house of Mrs. Silliman, they introduced their prisoner. Mrs. S. courteously apologized for the necessity they had been under for requesting his society without due time for preparation; assuring him the house and all in it was at his service while he honored it as his abode.

The Judge was taken quite at a loss. At any time he was a man of few words, but the sudden transition had quite bewildered his faculties. At times he doubted whether the good old cogniac, of which he had taken a plentiful supply before retiring to rest, had not turned his head.

He stood in the centre of the apartment, gazing listlessly around him, until the voice of Mrs. Silliman, politely inquiring if her guest stood in need of any refreshment, recalled his fleeting thought. The tempting repast before him did wonders in restoring his good humor, his sail having given him an appetite, and at any time a lover of the good things of life, and knowing arguments could produce no alteration in his fate, he submitted with as much good grace as possible; a little alleviated by the reflection that a woman's care was not the worst he could have fallen into. By a singular coincidence, Mrs. S. learnt her husband was an inmate in the house of the Judge, an assurance in every way relieving, having been placed in his charge until conveyed from Flatbush.

Letters were soon interchanged, the American refusing to yield their prisoner without the British doing the same.—Terms were accordingly entered into, and the Judge prepared to take leave of his fair hostess at the same time her husband was taking leave of the Judge's wife. The Judge has been highly pleased with the manners of Mrs. S., who did every thing in her power to render his stay agreeable.

The two boats with their respective prisoners at length set sail, and meeting on the river, they had an opportunity of congratulating each other in the happy termination of their imprisonment, which, thanks to woman's wit, so fertile in expedients, had saved them from what might have been a tragedy. With assurances of friendship they parted, the wives soon having the pleasure of embracing their husbands. Subsequently letters couched in terms of the warmest gratitude, were exchanged between the two ladies, for the attention paid to their respective husbands.

Thus a good man was restored to his family, and a gallant soldier spared to fight the battles of his country, while he lived to hear the shout of liberty re-echo from North to South, from East to West and the fierce invaders expelled from his country, which took its place among the nations of the Earth.

**KINDNESS REWARDED.**

"CARS stop twenty minutes!" called out Conductor Richardson at Allen's Junction. Then, as the train came to a dead halt, he jumped down upon the depot platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, where the engine was standing, and swinging himself into the cab, said to the engineer:

"Frank, I want you to come back to the first passenger coach and see a little girl that I don't hardly know what to make of."

Frank nodded without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily, smoky hands in a bunch of waste, took a look at his grim, dusty face in a narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam gauge, gulled off his short frock, put on a coat, changed his little black greasy cap for a soft felt hat, taking those "dress-up" articles from the tender box, where an engineer has something stowed away for an emergency, and went back to the car as requested.

He entered the car and made his way to the seat where the conductor sat talking to a bright looking little girl, about nine years old, oddly dressed in a woman's shawl and bonnet.

Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat evidently much interested in the child, who wore a sad, prematurely old countenance, but appearing to be neither timid nor confused.

"Here is the engineer," said the conductor kindly, as Frank approached.

She held up her hand to him, with a winsome smile breaking over her pinched little face and said:

"My papa was an engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead and my mamma is dead. She died first, before Willie and Susie. My papa used to tell me that after he should be dead there would be no one to take care of me, and then I must get on the cars and go to his old home in Vermont. And he said if the conductor would not let me ride because I hadn't any ticket, I must ask for the engineer and tell him that I am James Kendrick's little girl, and that he used to run on the M. & S. road."

The pleading blue eyes were now suffused with tears, but she did not cry after the manner of childhood in general.

Engineer Frank stooped down and kissed her very tenderly and then, as he brushed the tears from his own eyes, said:

"Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie Kendrick. I rather think that a merciful Providence guided you on board this train."

Then turning to the group of passengers, he went on:

"I knew Jim Kendrick well. He was a man out of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana, before I got acclimated, I was sick a great part of the time, so that I could not work, and I got home sick and discouraged. Could not keep my board bill paid, to say nothing of my doctor's bill, and I didn't care whether I lived or died.

One day the pay car came along and the men were getting their monthly pay and there wasn't a cent coming to me, for I hadn't worked an hour for the last month.

"I felt so blue that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head in my hands and cried like a boy out of sheer homesickness and discouragement.

Pretty soon one came along and said in a voice that seemed like sweet music in my ears, for I hadn't found much real sympathy, although the boys were all good to me in their way. "You have been having a rough time of it, and you must let me help you out."

"I looked up and there stood Jim Kendrick with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from his roll a twenty dollar note and held it out to me.

"I knew he had a sickly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time to pull through from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were steaming down my face, "Indeed, I cannot take the money, you must need it yourself."

"Indeed you will take it," said Jim. "You will be all right in a few days, and then you can pay it back. Now come home with me to supper and see the babies. It will do you good."

"I took the note and accepted the invitation, and after that went to his house frequently, until he moved away and I gradually lost sight of him.

"I had returned the loan, but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, and I guess Jim Kendrick's little girl here won't want for anything, if I can prevent it."

Then turning to the child, whose bright eyes were open now, the engineer said to her:

"I'll take you home with me when we get up to Wayne. My wife will fix you up and we'll write and see whether those Vermont folks want you or not. If they do, Mary or I shall go on with you. But if they don't care much about having you, you shall stay with us and be our little girl for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father—God bless you."

Just then the eastern train whistled. Engineer Frank vanished out of the car door and went forward to the engine, wiping the tears with his coat sleeve, while the conductor and passengers could not suppress the tears this little episode evoked during the twenty minutes' stop at Allen's Junction.