

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 3.57 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 3.40 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 2.00 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown and New York 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 10.20 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, 5.30, 8.05 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 Rail 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, 5.54 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 15 minutes faster than Allentown 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. daily except Sunday at 7.58 a. m. Johnstown Express 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily (flag). 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 6.16 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M. WM. 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 specialty.

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 Catalogue—300 illustrations, only 2 cent. 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. All my publications are printed in English and German. 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. CHIDDER, Publisher, 48 1/2 York, Pa.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a. 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. For instructions, only 2 cents. P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a specialty.

JOS. M. HAWLEY. Duncannon, July 19, 1876—4f

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Flower Plat with the first number. Price only 25 cents for a year. The first No. for 1877 just issued in German and English. Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, in paper 50 cents, with elegant cloth covers \$1.00. Vick's Catalogue—300 illustrations, only 2 cents. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

The answer must accompany all articles sent for publication in this department.

ENIGMA.

For The Times.

I am composed of 33 letters. My 7, 10, 21, 8, 27, 30, 9, 29 is a form of government. My 3, 26, 31, 25, 20, 28 15 is a wild animal. My 11, 23, 1, 4, 6, 14, 16 is a low level country. My 32, 28, 13, 2, 27, 5, 26 is a tract of land destitute of trees. My 22, 33, 24, 19, 20 is a woman's name. My 18, 17, 12, 4, is void of no force. My whole is the name and address of a subscriber to the Times. Answer next week.

Was It a Mean Trick?

I HAD lately been appointed a deputy sheriff in a backwoods county. I had gone West to begin life, and this being the first employment offered me, I gladly accepted it.

"Here, Scott," said the head deputy, as I entered the office one morning, "is a warrant for you to serve; it's for Jim Dade. You'll see directions there how to find him," he added, tossing me over some papers.

Elliot, the head deputy, had treated me far from civilly from the start. He seemed piqued at the partiality shown me by our principal, who was serving his last term, and whose influence for the succession, to which Elliot aspired, the latter was especially anxious to secure.

The warrant appears to be an old one," I remarked, after examining the date.

"More reason that its execution be not further delayed," was the gruff response.

I made no reply, but ascertaining from a memorandum pinned to the warrant, the locality of Dade's residence, I prepared to set out at once to do the duty assigned me.

The writ contained a serious criminal charge. But what manner of a man the accused might be—whether one likely to obey or to resist the law's commands—I could not surmise. As Mr. Elliot had said nothing about furnishing assistance, I hesitated to broach the subject, fearing he might attribute the suggestion to timidity.

The country was thinly settled, and abounded in game; and, being somewhat of a sportsman, on starting on my mission I donned my hunting accoutrements and shouldered my rifle.

I went afoot, for two reasons—first, the nearest way lay through the forest, and next, I had a better chance of getting a shot at something on the way.

I sauntered along leisurely, keeping, for a time, a keen lookout; but seeing nothing worth the waste of powder, my thoughts gradually settled down to the business I had in hand. I must confess I wished it well over. Jim Dade might prove to be an ugly hand to deal with in a lonesome place, without witnesses. At any rate, the testimonial to his character, then in my pocket, was not such as to increase my confidence.

"Do you know Mr. Dade?" I inquired, at length, of a settler whom I found cleaning up a patch of ground near his cabin.

"Jim Dade?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "can you direct me to his house?"

"You'll hardly find him thar, stranger," was the answer; "you see, him an' the sheriff's folks been kep'in' outer one another's way like, for awhile back—Jim, he bunks in the woods mostly, with his rifle for a bedfellow, an' t'others, I guess, don't keer to schrouge him too close."

"Is he a dangerous character?"

"Wall, no—not of you give him his own way an' take all his sass, an' don't jaw back. But Jim is a leetle kantankerous sometimes, ef you rile him. Jest ask Jabe Elliot," continued the settler, with a chuckle. "He came out here to nab Jim awhile ago. Wall, Jim, he pnted his rifle at him, and sarved notis onto him to git, and Jabe did git, makin' a leetle the best time ever seed in these parts."

This cleared up considerably Mr. Elliot's motive in detailing me for the present service.

"Ef you've partie'lar business with Jim," the settler added, "you mout run agin him over thar in them woods, 'cross the gulch," waving his hand in the direction indicated.

I felt it my duty not to return without making an effort to accomplish the object of my coming, so thanking the man for his information, I started to make what use of it I might.

I had not proceeded far when the report of a gun drew my attention. Following the report I soon came in sight of a man standing beside a fine buck, probably just brought down by the shot I had heard. The huntsman was in the act of reloading his rifle, when he finished by putting on the cap as I approached.

Turning quickly at the sound of my advance, the face he revealed was to the last degree sinister and repulsive. "Something told me I had found my man. If

so, it was no child's play I had before me.

"You've had better luck than myself, friend," I accosted the hunter blandly; "I've been out all day without getting a shot."

"You'd likely a missed of you had," he growled, with a contemptuous glance at my new rifle and trappings.

"I count myself a pretty fair shot," I rejoined.

"Humph!—you sniptious chap ain't much out yer in the woods."

"I would like to try a shot at a mark with you," I said, pretending to be a little nettled.

"Stranger, do you want ter have the consate tooked out o' yer?" returned the woodsman.

"I am willing for a trial of skill with you," I answered.

"Name your distance, and bet your gun agin mine," he said.

"Sixty yards, and done!" I replied.

Wetting a little powder, he blacked a round spot on the white bark of a beach, indicating the centre by the intersection of two lines across it. The distance was stepped off and all was ready.

"Which one shoots first?" queried my opponent.

"Go ahead," I answered; "I want to see what I have got to beat."

"It's all one to me," he replied, leveling his rifle carelessly, and firing with a quick aim. "You'll find I've druv the centre," he said, as we advanced to look. And so, indeed, he had.

"Wall it's your turn now," he added with a look of triumph.

"Wait a minute," I said; "your name is Jim Dade?"

"Wall, what in thunder difference does that make?"

"Only this," I answered. "I'm a deputy sheriff, and I have a warrant for your arrest. Here's a copy," and I thrust it into his hand.

"Wall, what are you going to do about it?"

"Take you with me, dead or alive!" I exclaimed, stepping back and presenting my rifle.

The desperado saw the game was up. He gave me a fierce scowl, and glanced around as if meditating flight.

"If you move a step," I said, in a determined tone, "I'll send a bullet through your head. I'm marksman enough for that, you'll find."

"Put your wrists in these, I added, holding out a pair of handcuffs, at the same time standing aloof and keeping a sharp lookout lest I should be sprung upon and overpowered unawares.

"It's a drotted mean trick you've sarved me, after drawin' my fire," whined Jim, completely cowed.

With a snap the manacles were fastened, and taking my prisoner's arm, I marched him to jail without further trouble.

The story of Jabe Elliot's fast time got out before the next election, and that worthy, instead of gaining his succession, retired to the shades of private life.

THE CROSS.

Quaint though the construction be of the following poem, yet never has the story of the Cross been told with more beautiful simplicity:

Blest they who seek, While in their youth, With spirits ineb, The way of truth. To them the sacred scriptures now display, Christ as the only, true, and living way; His precious blood on Calvary was given To make us heirs of endless bliss in heaven. And 'e'en on earth the child of God can trace The glorious blessings of his Savior's grace. For them He bore His Father's crown; For them He wore The thorny crown; Nailed to the Cross, Endured its pain, That His life's loss Might be their gain. Then haste to choose That better part, Nor e'en dare refuse The Lord thy heart, Lest He declare, "I know you not." And deep despair Should be your lot. Now to Jesus, who on Calvary died, And trust on Him alone who there was crucified.

The First President.

THE opinion that Washington was our first President is a very prevalent one; and yet it is by no means the literal truth. Undoubtedly he was the first President under our present Constitution; but he had fourteen predecessors under the revolutionary government and confederation. The first of these was Peyton Randolph of Virginia, who was chosen September 6th, 1774, and who died in office shortly afterward—October 22nd, 1774. He was succeeded by Henry Middleton of South Carolina, who remained in office until May 24th, 1775, at which time John Hancock of Massachusetts, was elected. The latter served until November 1st, 1777, when Henry Laurens of South Carolina succeeded him. Next came John Jay of New York, who was appointed December 10th, 1778. In 1779—September 28th Samuel Huntington of Connecticut entered upon the discharge of the duties of the office. His term continued until July 10th, 1781, when Thomas Dean of Delaware was appointed. His successor was John Hanson of Maryland, who was chosen November 5th, 1781. Next

in order was Elias Boudinot of New Jersey, who was elected November 4th, 1782. Thomas Mifflin of Pennsylvania was appointed November 3rd, 1782.—Next came Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, November 30th, 1784; Nathaniel Gorman of Massachusetts, June, 6th, 1786; Arthur St. Clair of Pennsylvania, February 2nd, 1787; and Cyrus Griffin of Virginia, January 22nd, 1788—who was succeeded by George Washington, first President under the Federal Constitution, April 30th, 1789.

Didn't Care for Expenses.

HE CAME into the office of a West End undertaker, yesterday, with a look of great care upon his honest face. His eyes were heavy and slightly blood-shot, telling of nightly vigils and loss of sleep. The soft hearted man of coffin looked upon his visitor with a gaze full of pity and thankfulness—pity, for the customer's loss, thankfulness for his patronage. He was so young to be burdened with the loss of a dear one by death.

The manufacturer of burial cases nodded a silent assent and condoling recognition; the young man from the country said:

"How'd ye?"

Then ensued a painful silence, broke at length by the man of grave business.

"Can I do anything for you to-day, sir?"

"Wall, I reckin' so, stranger!"

Another silence. Once more the undertaker began by suggesting: "Your sister?"

The young man stared a moment, then, as a light gradually broke upon his perplexed mind, he smiled a smile more suggestive of sorrow than happiness, and replied:

"No—my wife."

"Sudden?"

"No—expected su'thun' of the kind for several months."

"When did it happen?"

"Bout 5 o'clock this morning."

"Looks natural?"

"Rather." (Spoken carefully, and expressive of some doubt.)

"About what do you want the cost of it to be?"

"Don't care a darnation for expenses, git it up kinder nice. I'll treat her handsum', because she is the first one I ever had."

"Very well, my friend; you'll have it lined with white satin, I suppose."

"Jest as you say, stranger."

"Silver headed screws, too, I suppose?"

"Y-a-s, I s'pose so. An', stranger, just put a bully top to it."

"Oh, of course; and you'll want a glass in it, also, I suppose?"

"Y-a-s—oh certainly—you bet. Git her up sniptious, you know, old fellow. None of your drotted one-horse fixin's for me. No, sir'ee."

"Just so. Silver handles, of course?"

"Eh? What's that you say, stranger—silver handles? I kin stand silver screws, and sich, but there's no use makin' the hull tarnation tray of silver. The thing has to be moved, and must have handles, but I ain't quite so stuck up as that now—not quite, stranger."

"Very well," acquiesced the man of obsequies. "I'll put ordinary handles on them."

"Eggs—talkin'—them's em, mister—now yer actin'. Ord'nary handles'll do. But I say, stranger (reflectively) make the wheels glisten like thunder."

"Wh—wh—wheels?"

"Yas, wheels. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"But who ever heard of wheels to a coffin?"

"Coffin?" shrieked the dejected looking young man. "Coffin! No! who the dickens said anything about coffins?"

"Why, don't you want a coffin?"

"No! darn your coffin! I want a cradle—a trap to rock my baby in."

"And isn't your wife dead?"

"Not by a jug-ful. Don't yer make cradles for sale?"

"No, my friend, I am an undertaker."

"Undertaker of what?"

"I make coffins."

"Oh, Lord, let me ketch the feller that sent me here."

And the grief-stricken youth crammed his hat over his eyes, ran his hands deep down into the pockets of his trouser-looms, and pounced out on the streets searching for vengeance.

A Meteor Precipitates a Lawsuit.

A lawsuit over a meteor is an event undoubtedly without a parallel in the history of jurisprudence. Two years ago this month a large meteor went splurging around over Iowa, and finally burst to pieces in Iowa. A man named Maas found one of the pieces, weighing 75 pounds, in a road that he was traveling over and took it home, only to be soon notified that it didn't belong to him but to a society which owned the lands through which the road ran.

He refused to give it up and the society brought suit. Maas claimed it was his by right of discovery, but the society insisted that it had fallen on their land and belonged to the realty by accretion from natural causes, and the court sustained this view. The society will present the chunk to the Iowa State University, and it will go into history as the meteor that there was a lawsuit over.

A Drummer Boy's Presence of Mind.

COLONEL CYRUS LELAND, of Troy, Kansas, who raised and commanded the Fifth Kansas Volunteers in the late war, relates the following incident: "In the spring of 1864, we were marching along in a broken and woody country in southern Arkansas, southward, when one day the infantry, about two hundred strong, acting as escort to my mule train, of about one hundred and sixty wagons, was moving just in advance of it. As they passed a sharp turn in the road by a corner of a field fence, a strong body of rebels suddenly rushed out from the timber and brush and attacked them, killing and wounding the officers and some men, and two of the three musicians. Our escort was thrown into confusion and ran back; so did the little drummer-boy, with his drum over his shoulder. The head of my train was just approaching the turn of the road, but I had now halted. Five of us—myself, clerks and orderly—were sitting on our horses, revolvers in hand, as the infantry came running back toward us; but the little drummer-boy, on arriving at the fence corner just before me, looked up, bare-headed as he was, and seeing us and the train, at once wheeled round and began beating the 'long roll,' which meant 'fall in line.' The little black-haired played his level best, and the flying men hearing the roll-call, and seeing the brave boy beating so furiously and resolutely, with his face to the approaching enemy, began falling into line, and soon nearly all of them were in battle order, and blazing away at the coming rebels. The drum, however, could still be heard above the din and rattle of the musketry. We discharged our revolvers at the enemy across the corner of the field fence, and the fire of our now rallied escort was so hot and effective that the rebels soon retreated and ran into the timber out of sight, leaving many dead and wounded. I rode up to the little drummer-boy, and patting him on the head, said he ought to have a captain's commission, for he by his coolness and courage had stopped the panic and saved the train from capture. 'Wall, said he, 'the long roll will stop a panic if anything will.' I don't know what became of that brave boy, but I hope he was rewarded. I reported the whole affair to the division commander, and especially praised and recommended the boy for promotion."

On Her Dignity.

A GOOD story is recalled of the wives of two officers, who, soon after the close of the war (apparently oblivious that the situation forthcoming might lessen pretension), went shopping on the avenue. One, the wife of a Captain, the other an old veteran who had attained at the age of seventy his majority army service (both Brevet Major-Generals, of course), and wedded a fair maid of five-and-forty. Entering the store, which happened to be somewhat crowded, they fancied themselves slighted, and that they were not receiving the attention due the dignity the brevet assumption demanded, and were about leaving, when the proprietor, really a gentleman, advanced, saying: "Ladies, I hope you won't leave; I'll send you a clerk in a moment to wait upon you."

"Why," said the irate dame, Mrs. Maj. (her maiden blushes had vanished, and printed furrows of age were too visible for guile), "have you any idea who we are? This is Mrs. Gen. —, and I am the wife of Gen. —, both of the regular army."

"Madam," said the merchant, "I haven't got a clerk in my establishment under the rank of Colonel, and have only three Brigadier-Generals, and Col. Owen, the tailor (now deceased), whom I hoped to get, has just refused a Major-Generalship. I am negotiating with Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee, now that the war is over, for their services, and if you will look in next week I hope to have some of sufficiently exalted rank to wait on you."

The old ladies went to the next door for their winter flannel.

Often when traveling among the Alps, one sees a small black cross planted upon a rock, or on the brink of a torrent, or on the verge of the high-way, to mark the spot where men have met with sudden death, that others may shun the danger. So God in his word has marked the spots where men fell, and the sins by which they perished that those who follow after may know where perils lie.