

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. November 5th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 3.57 p. m., and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00 3.57 and 7.55.

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.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 3.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 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, 9.51 p. m., flag—daily.

WEST. Way Passenger, 9.08 a. m., daily. Millintown Acc. 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 11.57 p. m., (flag)—daily, except Sunday.

DUNCANNOON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannoon, as follows:

EASTWARD. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 10.20 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.18 p. m. Atlantic Express, 11.53 p. m., daily (flag).

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO., Saddlery Shop

in Bloomfield, on Carlisle Street, two doors North of the Foundry, where they will manufacture HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, Saddles, Brides, Collars, and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment.

PATENTS. Fee Reduced, Entire Cost \$55.

500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled "THE LIGHTEST AND LOWEST PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success.

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.

New Pension Law.

UNDER an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, widows of officers who were killed, or died of disease contracted in the service, are now entitled to \$2.00 per month for each of their children.

A Girl's Adventure with a Robber.

THERE lived about five or six miles from Easton, Pennsylvania, a few years since, an honest farmer named Henderson, who had two very pretty daughters, Ellen and Maude.

Both of these girls were pretty, but Maude was perhaps the handsomer.—There was no lack of attentive young gentlemen at the farm, though the neighborhood was not very thickly settled.

By-and-by it came about that an earnest, handsome and sturdy young farmer fell desperately in love with Maude, and proposed to her. On her part, she loved Harry Masters above all the young fellows she knew, and told him frankly he might speak to her father.

Farmer Henderson was a straight-forward and open-mouthed man. That is he said exactly what he meant, no more or less, and that he uttered freely. When Harry Masters called him on one side and told his special errand, as to Maude, the father said, "Well, Mr. Masters, Maude is young. I wanted Ellen to be married first; she's oldest, and I have got a marriage portion of twelve hundred to give her; but I haven't laid by anything yet for Maude."

"I have got pretty well beforehand, Mr. Henderson, for a man but twenty-four years old, and we shall be able to do very well, I have no doubt." "You mean you'll take Maude without any marriage portion?" said the father.

"Yes, sir, very gladly." "Well, it's pleasant to hear you say so, because it shows your honest affection, Mr. Masters; but I am too proud, though a simple farmer, to let Maude marry till I can give her a thousand or two towards housekeeping."

"Then, again, I'd rather Maude wouldn't marry until her sister is married, because she's so much older, do you see, it will actually make her an old maid. It isn't fair, Mr. Masters." "Ellen is very popular with the gentlemen, and will soon be married," said the other.

"That's just what I have said to myself, and then I shall begin to pick up a marriage portion for Maude." "I trust that is the only objection, Mr. Henderson?" said Harry.

"Why, yes, you are a promising and respectable young man, and come of a good family," said the farmer; "but I can't let Maude go until I get together a respectable marriage portion to give with her hand."

"Perhaps you will think more favorably about it," said the lover, "I'll speak with you again." "All right, Mr. Masters," said the old gentleman.

Harry and Maude were very fond of each other, and now talked over the matter very seriously. Maude could not blame her father, and did not like the idea of going to Harry without a proper portion to contribute to their joint partnership in domestic life.

"Never mind, Harry," said the handsome young girl; "Ellen will soon be married. I have pretty good reason for knowing." "Ah, but then your father says he wants time to pick up a marriage portion for you, and that will take three or four years, perhaps."

"That is a good while, is it not, Harry?" said Maude, just blushing a little, for fear it sounded forward and bold. "It's ages!" said the young fellow.—"Think of waiting three years—why we shall be old folks by that time!" "Not quite so bad as that," said Maude.

the side-saddle on, and I'll be ready in five minutes."

The sorrel mare was brought up to the door, and Maude was soon on her way at an easy hand gallop toward Easton. She had an excellent seat, and was a good horsewoman. As she knew this very well, she would not have objected to have Harry see her just now; but he had gone a few minutes before in an opposite direction.

When Maude got into Easton she rode directly to the bank, but was unfortunate enough to find it closed. After a few minutes' thought she resolved to try to get the note changed at a grocer's or at some of the other stores, and went immediately to do so. Fate seemed against her for no one had small change enough to accommodate Miss Henderson.

At one of the stores where she stopped a very gentlemanly looking person took out his pocket book and said he thought he could change it for her, and she handed him the bill, but he returned it saying that after all he had not so much small money. He seemed to regret this, however, and even followed Maude to the door and assisted her to remount her horse.

She was forced to give up her errand as she did not like to run about among strangers asking them to change her bill, especially as no one seemed able to do so. She therefore turned her horse's head once more towards home. Scarcely had she passed the outskirts of the town when she was overtaken by the stranger who had spoken with her in the last store, and who at first thought he could change her bill. He was mounted upon a fine looking bay horse, and saluted her respectfully as he came alongside.

"Did you get your bill changed?" he asked. "No; small bills seemed scarce," she replied.

"Do you live near here?" "About five miles off." "Quite a ride." "Oh, we don't mind five miles in the country."

"You are an excellent rider!" "I have ridden since I was six years old," she said; "but my sister Ellen is a better rider than I am."

"You are generous to admit it," said the stranger. "Why, it's only the truth," she answered frankly.

After they had passed over about two miles, they came to a very lonely piece of road, quite removed from any dwelling houses. Still, as the stranger appeared so gentlemanly, and had addressed her so politely, she had not the least suspicion of any evil intention on his part.

Presently he said suddenly, "I will thank you for that bill." "What?" said she half smiling. "Please give me that bill." "What do you mean?" said Miss Maude.

"Just what I say!" he replied suddenly. "I shall do no such thing!" she answered firmly.

"I am sorry to draw a pistol upon a lady," he continued, suiting the action to the word, "but I must have that one hundred dollar bill at once."

"Do you mean to rob me?" "I must have the money." It was with difficulty she could believe that the man was in earnest, but when he now cocked his pistol and held it toward her with one hand, while he extended the other for the bill, she was forced to yield to the necessity of the situation.

She was a brave hearted girl, and even now she did not turn pale nor tremble in the least; she saw she could not help herself and so she made the best of it. Just as she held out the bill to him a sudden gust of wind blew it into the road and carried it gently several yards from them. The stranger alighted to get it and quick as thought Maude hit her horse a smart blow in order to get out of the robber's power. The sorrel mare was a spirited little creature, and sprang into a smart gallop at once; while the stranger's horse which had been standing beside her, also started off at full speed in her company.

Bang! went the robber's pistol after them, having only the effect to increase the speed of the flying horses, both of whom were now on the dead run. Maude did not care how fast she rode, the sorrel was as easy as a cradle at that speed, and in ten minutes she dashed into her father's yard followed by the riderless horse.

Her story was soon told, and her father was with difficulty prevented from starting after the robber with his pistols and rifle, but he knew that the scoundrel would naturally take at once to the woods where he could not follow or find him.

"Well, we've got his horse at any rate," said the farmer, "and he's worth more than a hundred dollars." "Hallo, master!" said the man John

who had been taking the saddle-bags from the strange horse.

"What is it, John?" "These bags are full of something." "I should think so," said the farmer as he unstrapped the leather bags.

They were found to contain some counterfeit plates, a quantity of counterfeit money in various bills, and also over fifteen hundred dollars in good money!

"Huzza!" cried the farmer. "What is it, father!" said Maude. "Why, your trip to Easton has proved a profitable one, at all events. Here's over fifteen hundred dollars, good money!"

"Ah, but it will be claimed by the owner." "Do you think a counterfeiter would dare come for the tools that would convict him?"—to say nothing of highway robbery!"

"I didn't think of that." That evening Farmer Henderson sent John over to young Masters with a message to call around and see him, to which Harry responded instantly.

"Mr. Masters," said the farmer, as he came into the large, old-fashioned sitting room, "you remember what you asked of me this afternoon?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, I give my consent. Maude has just furnished her own marriage portion. Take her, my boy, and be happy."

The Religious Card Player.

A PRIVATE soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before the magistrate of Glasgow, Scotland, for playing cards during divine services.

The account of it is thus given in an English journal: A sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had Bibles took them out; but this soldier had neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book, and pulling out a pack of cards he spread them before him. He first looked at one card and then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said Richard.

When the services were over, the constable took Richard prisoner and brought him before the Mayor.

"Well," said the Mayor, "what have you brought the soldier here for?" "For playing cards in the church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?" "Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you severely."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intention." Then spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace: "When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God. When I see the deuce it reminds me of the Father and Son. When I see the trey it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I see the four it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When I see the five it reminds me of the wise virgins that trimmed their lamps; there were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish, and were shut out. When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth. When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the work he had made, and hallowed it. When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved when God destroyed the world, viz; Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives.—When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. They were nine out of the ten that never returned thanks. When I see the ten it reminds me of the ten commandments which God handed down to Moses on tables of stone. When I see the King it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty. When I see the Queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. The King sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbows, the boys to the wrist; so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have described every card in the pack except one."

"What is that?" "The Knave," said the Mayor.

"I will give you honor a description of that too, if you will not get angry." "I will not," said the Mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave."

"The greatest knave that I know of is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Mayor, "if

he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack, I find 365, as many days as there are in a year. When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find 52—the number of weeks in a year. I find there are 12 picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year, and on counting the tricks, I find 13—the number of weeks in a quarter.—So you see a pack of cards serves for a Bible, an Almanac and a Common Prayer Book."

The Origin of Postage Stamps.

The origin of the stamp has a tinge of romance in it. It was thirty-seven years ago that Rowland Hill, while crossing a district in the North of England, arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over and over in her hand and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum and evidently the girl was poor, for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but that she had no money; and so she returned the letter to the postman. Touched with pity, Mr. Hill paid the postage and gave the letter to the girl, who seemed very much embarrassed. Scarcely had the postman turned his back when the young inn-keeper's daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs on the envelope told her all she wanted to know, but the letter contained no writing. "We are both so poor," she added, "that we invented this mode of corresponding without paying for our letters." The traveler, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving place to such frauds was not a vicious one. Before sunset Rowland had planned to organize the postal service on a new basis—with what success is known to the world.

Kissing.

There is a great deal in a kiss. Adam's first kiss of Eve must have been a queer sensation—like the feeling of a man who first ate an oyster. In ancient Rome, a kiss was a religious ceremony. The nearest friend of a dying person "received his soul" by a kiss, for the soul was supposed to leave the body through the lips. Pity thinks the Roman women began to degenerate when they kissed everybody miscellaneously. Among the early Christians, a kiss was "the seal of prayer." It was a treacherous sign in Judas the betrayer. In our times a kiss means a good deal—from the kiss between two young ladies, to the kisses recorded in the following stories. Here is number one:

"A tender swain reproached his fair one with letting a rival kiss her hand—a fact which she indignantly denied.—'But I saw it.' 'Nay, then,' cried the offended fair one, 'I am now convinced that you do not love me, since you believe your eyes in preference to my word.'"

A Fair Divide.

A good story for the times, be it true or untrue, is that they tell about the head of the French Rothschilds. During the days of the last Communist uprising in Paris, two of the red-capped gentry called upon him and said: "Baron, the Commune rules France now, and you, like other rich men, must divide your property among your poorer fellow countrymen."

"Ah," said the Baron, "is that so? Pray tell me how much I am supposed to be worth!"

"About forty millions of francs." "And how many people are there in France?"

"About forty millions." "And I must divide my wealth among them?"

"Yes, Monsieur." "Very well, then, here are two francs for you. You have got your share, and may go; for, of course, you do not wish to take any one else's."

Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self-interest forbid him ever to make false pretences.

We read in an exchange that "in the Himalaya Mountains trees grow up to a height of 11,800 feet." Only a young and inexperienced liar would write such a statement as that. An older prevaricator would have struck off the 800 to prevent the raising of doubts.

A Syracuse man left home "on business" for a few days, and now his wife is trying to solve the problem how his night-shirt grew a foot longer and became so nicely embroidered.