### RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

### November 5th, 1877.

For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00p. 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 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00 for Pottsville at 5.20 a.10

3.57 and 7.55.

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 Anburn via 8. & S. Br. at 5.10 a. m.

For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 8.57 and 7.55 p. m.

The 5.29, 8.10 a. m., 3.57 and \*7.55 p. m., trains have through cars for New York.

The 3.29, 8.10 a. m., and 2.00 p. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

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 4.5 p.m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISRURG, LEAVE AS FOL LOWS Leave New York, at 8:45 a. m., 1:00, 5:80 and

.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9,15 a. m. 3,40, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at \$1.40, 7.40, th 30 a. m. 1 20, 6.15 and 18, 35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a.m. and 1.20

. m. And via Schnylkill and Susquehanna Branchs.: .15 a. m. 8.15 a. m. Leave Auburn vm S. & S. Br. at 12 moon. Leave Albentown, at 15,30 5,56, 5,05 a. m., 12.15 4.30 and 9.0 vp. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.60, 7.40, a. m. and 18.35

p. m. Leave Allentowa, at2 30 a. m., and 9,05 p. m. J. E. WOUTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent. \*Via Morris and Essex R. R.

### Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Pas-senger trains will run as follows:

EAST. 

Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily, Mail., 2.43 p. M. daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. 6.55 p. M. daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 p. M., (Fing)—daily.ex-

Pittsburgh Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (fing)
Paoine Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (fing)
Trains are now run by Philadelphiastime, which
is 13 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minntes slower than New York time.

J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.

DUNCANNON STATION.
On and after Monday. June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:
EASTWARD.
Mifflintown 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
Mail. 2.09 p. M., dailyexceptSunday,
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.18 p. M.
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) II.33 p. M.
WM. C. KING Agent.

### KANSAS FARMS

-AND-

# FREE HOMES.

## The Kansas Pacific Homestead

is published by the Land Department of the Kan-sas Pacific Rallway Company, to supply the large and increasing demand for information respect-ing KANSAS, and especially the magnificent body of lands granted by Congress in aid of the construction of its road. This grant comprises

## OVER 5.000.000 Acres

OF LAND, consisting of every odd section in each township, for a distance of twenty miles on both sides of the road, or one half of the land in a belt of forty miles wide, extending to Denver City Colorado, thus forming a continuation of the belt of country which, from the Atlantic coast westward, is found to be in a climate, soil, and every production of nature, the most favored.

### THE KANSAS PACIFIC 'S 114 Miles the Shortest Road from Kansas City to Denver.

The lavorite route of the tourist and the best line to the

## SAN JUAN COUNTRY.

copy of the Homestead will be mailed from to raddress, by applying to S. J. GILMORE, b. E. CORNELL, Land Commissioner, Gen'l Passenger Ag't, Salina, Kans, Kansas City, Mo. March 5, 6mo

GOLD I Great Chance to make money. If you can't get Gold you can get Greenbacks. We need a person in EVERY TOWN to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best Hustrated amily publication in the World. Any one can become a successful agent. The most clegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One Agent reports making over \$100 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over \$00 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast.—You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well others.—Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive Outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once—It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages falls to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine.

# 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

will seil at

REDUCED PRICES,

Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I learne competition.

Market prices paid in each for Bark, Hides and skins. Thankful for past lavars, I solicit a continuance of the same.

P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a speciality.

Duncannon, July19, 1876.-11 JOS. M. HAWLEY.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Daniel Sharto, late of Carroll township, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned residing in the same township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having ciaims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

December 18, 1877. GEO. W. SMILEY.
CHAS. H. SMELEY, Attorney for Admir.

mil Morphise Hald shadutely and quadity cured. Paloises, no publisty, Seed shang for particular. Dn. Camaros, 185 Wakkington St., Chicago, 10.

### SHARPERS OUTWITTED.

MR. JOE BECKLEY stepped out on the ample porch of the Agricultural Club. He looked forth with disgust upon the dense fog in which London was enveloped, and then gazed with delight upon a ticket for Calais which he held in his hand.

Mr. Joe Beckley had an exceedingly rural air. Large and brawny and grizzly, his brown face covered with a se rubby beard, his joints all clumsily developed, he looked like a backwoodsman. Being a bachelor, also, his toilet lacked that adjustment which a wifely touch or suggestion imparts, and intensified his rural air.

But that Dr. Beckley possessed intelligence was proven by his wide-awake eyes, and by the fact that he had brought no baggage to Europe, except the little satchel now depending by a strap from his masculine shoulders.

The Hon, Felix Plimpot, M. P., stepped out on the porch with him.

"Bon Voyage, Mr. Beckley. When you get back to America, pray forward us your articles in the Spayde & Hoc whenever they appear."

"Good-by, Mr. Plimpot. The best time I've had in England I had on your demesne, sir; and when the land question comes up in Parliament again I hope you'll send me a copy of your speech."

" With pleasure, sir."

The two shook hands heartly, and Mr. Joe Beckley departed.

Ere he had gone half a block, a seedy gentleman in gray approached and slapped him familiary on the shoulder.

" How do ye do, Barry ?" When did ye get in from Ploverton?"

"You are mistaken in your man,sir," said Mr. Beckley.

"What! Ain't this Barry Baxter?" " No, sir. My name is Beckley."

"I beg pardon. I mistook you for Baxter. Same build—same whiskers. Where are you from, sir,"

" I am an American." "Possible? I have a brother in America. What part are you from ?"

"Near Springfield, Mass." "Ah, yes, my brother has been there. Stopping in town with your family,

sir ? "With my family?" replied Mr. Joe Beckley, a sly twinkle creeping into his eyes. "Yes. My wife and the twins

are stopping at the Merry-Go Inn!" "Ah! Well, sir, if you see my brother when you get back, please give him my love," and the seedy man in gray walked away.

Mr. Beckley looked after him in some surprise, then turned and went on.

Half a square beyond a voice bailed him:

"Cab, sir?"

" No; I'll walk," replied Mr. Beck-

The cabman dashed on, and, just as Mr. Beckley turned back his head, somebody stumbled out of the fog against him. It was a tall, spare man in clerical garb and necktie, with a sanctimonious air.

" Pray excuse me," he exclaimed. "What! Is this Mr. Beckley! It certainly is! How do you do, sir? How do you do ?"

And the spare man shook hands cor dially with him.

" Really, you have the better of me," said Mr. Joe Beckley, perplexed, "I don't recollect your name.

"Cowper, sir, Cowper! We met in Massachusetts some months ago, you

"Oh, did we?" Where was it-at the Horticultural meeting?" inquired Mr. Beckley.

He could have sworn he had never met the man before.

"Yes, that was the time. How is Mrs. Beckley, sir? And how are the twins getting on? I should like to see

them all. Are they in London ?" A light broke over Mr. Beckley's face. All his uncertainty vanished.

"They are with me, Cowper, at the Merry-Go Inn," he said.

"Ah! Glad to hear it. You are going that way? I shall be pleased to accompany you. When dld you come over?" "Last month," responded Mr. Joe Beckley. And the two walked on ap-

parently full of good feeling. "I am proud to welcome you to our country. And what do you think of

Hengland, Mr. Beckley." "Well, I think it superior to America in some respects, but I wouldn't care to live in England. You are well organized here, while America is still crude; but, after all, you have a great many poor people, while we have almost none.

What business are you in, Cowper?" "Stock-raising. I am just testing a theory of my own. I've learned in what temperature cattle will fatten fastest, and have built sheds, so as to keep them in that temperature all the year round. Don't know how 'twill operate. I'm in town now to sell some cattle. By-the-way, this reminds me-where are we? Oh, this is number 1,111. I have an errand at number 1,123. I took a lottery-ticket on a debt, and they say

it's a prize number. I'd like to step in and see if it is good for anything. Here we are now; just drop in a moment with me Mr. Beckley."

" No, thank you," sald Mr. Joe Beck-

"Oh yes, just a moment; then I'll go on with you."

" Very well." " It is upstairs, I see. Come on, sir. 17

Mr. Joe Beckley followed him up three flights of stairs to a little front office, where a clerk stood busily writing at his desk, behind a long counter.

"Good morning. Is this the office of the Rio Janerio Lottery ?"

" It is, sir."

"I have a ticket, number 22,222. Please see if it has drawn anything." The clerk looked into his books.

"It has drawn seventy-five pounds, two shillings;" and he went back toward his safe.

" Do you hear that, Mr. Beckley? Do you hear that? Luck, sir! I only allowed my customer three shillings for the ticket.

The clerk came back with seventyfive pounds in clean Bank of England notes, and paid them over the counter. "Where are the two shillings?"

"We never give small change, sir; I will give you two draws instead." "Oh! All right. Here, make it four

draws. Here are two shillings more." "A shilling a draw is cheaper than we usually allow, except for six draws at a time," said the clerk blandly. "Try a couple, Mr. Beckley."

" No," said Joe, " I guess not."

" I'll give you four then, at the sixrate, this time," said the clerk, and took the money. A drum-like box was produced.

Mr. Cowper put in his hand and drew out four envelopes, each containing one ticket. He opened them and called off the numbers. Three drew nothing; the fourth drew £4 1s.

Four pound were paid over.

"This is splendid luck, Beckley!" whispered Cowper. "Don't you want to try it?"

" I guess not," said Mr. Joe Beckley. "Gentlemen," said the clerk, confidently "I saw a remarkable sight here this morning. A man came in and gave me £100, and drew a bushel of envelopes. Will you believe me-there were only two prizes among 'em! Well gentlemen, after he went away, I found that the Queen sent him here to try for her-I was sorry she had such a poor pull, but I couldn't help it; we must be impartial, and let luck go where it will. All the royal family patronize us, and almost always have good luck. And I never knew such a quantity of blanks drawn out without a heavy run of prizes right afterward."

" You're right about that!" exclaimed Mr. Cowner, with enthusiasm, "Beckley, we can make a fortune here. Suppose we put in five pounds a piece, on

"No," said Mr. Joe Beckley, "I guess not."

" I will, anyhow," said Mr. Cowper. He paid the money and drew twentyeight pounds, sixpence.

" Luck is against me," said the clerk, mournfully. "There's going to be a run of prizes now, sure? " Do you see that?" Do you see that

Beckley? I tell you, we can make a fortune! Try a five-pounder!"

"No," said Mr. Joe Beckley. "I guess not. But I tell you, Cowper, you try two shillings for me; if it wins, I'll pay you back."

" But if it don't ?"

"Then I won't pay you anything." "Better try for yourself, sir," said the clerk, affably.

" No," said Joe, "I guess not." Mr. Cowper looked at him doubtfully, "Well, I'll try for you on those

terms,27 he said at last. He tried, and drew ten pounds. Mr. Joe Beckley took it and handed out two

shillings. " Much obliged," he said.

"You're welcome," replied Cowper. Now let's try five pounds together." " What did you say your name was ?"

"Cowper."

asked Mr. Joe. Beckley.

"Cowper! Cowper! I thought you said Cooper. I guess it wasn't me you met at Springfield ?"

"Oh, yes, it was," "It must have been my son James."

" No, it was you." " Or my son Jedediah, or Ephraim,or Samuel."

" No, it was you." "Well, then if it was me-good-by Cowper. 17

The men started. "What, sir! Surely you will try your luck again ?" said the clerk. "This is not fair !" exclaimed Mr.

" By no means! You must try, sir!" exclaimed the clerk. Joe Beckley retreated toward the door.

They followed fiercely, the clerk with club in hand. Mr. Beckley looked at them, then out

of the adjacent window.

liceman stood below, on the opposite side of the street. Joe Beckley suddenly threw up the broad window. "Do you see him?" he asked, pointing toward the officer. " I must leave you. Pray, don't object, or I shall have to call him. Good-day Cowper." They glanced out into the street, look-

dense, but looked through from the

housetops it is quite penetrable. A po-

ed at Joe Beckley's brawny, muscular form, and kept quiet, although livid

with rage, while he stepped out. In the hall Mr. Beekley looked at the ten pound note. To his surprise it was genuine.

He came back and opened the door. The two men stood confronting each other, disputing angrily.

"Oh! Cowper, if you visit America again, come and see me. We'll go coonhunting. You'll enjoy coon bunting, I know. The coon is an innocent-looking animal, Cowper, but he's mighty sly.'

He went down stairs, halled a cab, and was whirled toward the depot, with a shrewd smile on his Yankee face.

## Gossip about Great Men.

An interesting chapter might be written about the weakness of great men. The anecdotes of Archimedes will be remembered; he rushed through the streets of Syracuse, all fresco, crying " Eureka!" and at the taking of the city he was killed by a soldier while tracing geometrical lines on the sand.

Socrates, when filled with some idea. would stand for hours, fixed like a statue. It is recorded of him that he stood among the soldiers in the camp of Potidea, in rooted abstraction, listening to his "prophetie" or "supernatural" voice.

Democrites shut himself up for days together in a little apartment in his garden.

Dante was subject to fits of abstraction in which he often quite forgot himself. One day he found an interesting book, which he had long sought for, in a druggist's shop at Vienna, and sat reading there till night came on.

Scaliger only slept for a few hours, and passed whole days without thinking of food.

Sully, when his mind was occupied with plans of reform, displayed extraordinary fits of forgetfulness. One day in winter, when on his way to church, he observed:

" How cold it is to-day!"

der-clothes but his breeches.

" Not more cold than usual," said one of his attendants. "Then I must have the ague," said

Sally. " Is it not more probable that you are too scantily dressed ?" On lifting his tunic the secret was

discovered; he had forgotten all his un-

# The Shaping of a Ship.

[N preparing to build an iron vessel it I must be first decided what she is to do and how she is to be moved. The character of the coast a ship is to visit determines her shape and capacity. If she is always to keep in deep water and to follow the great commercial highways of the world, she must be built to sail in every sea: must be ready to encounter the dangers of every climate, hot monsoons of Indian seas or the freezing storms of the North Atlantic. If she is to visit our southern ports and rivers, she must be flat-bottomed and of light draft that she may creep over the shallow bars in safety. If she is to ascend swift and narrow rivers she must be provided with ample means of ventilation and shaded decks. If her way leads to northern ports she must be ready to ride the tremendous seas and the furious gales of the North Atlantic. If her cargo is to be coal, she will assume one shape; if cotton, quite another. If she is to have paddles, she takes one form; if a serew, quite another.

Having decided all this, having settled upon her length, depth, width and capacity, and fixed the cost, the next step is to make the model. A cabinetmaker carefully prepares a number of pieces of choice wood of exactly equal thickness-say from four to six inches wide and from a yard to one and a half yard long. At the same time he selects an equal number of pieces of veneer of same size, choosing a veneer of a dark colorora color contrasting with the other wood. These boards are carefully laid one over the other, with the veneer between each, and the whole is then glued together to make a solid block. Out of this block the designer shapes the model of one-half of the hull of the ship. He gives this block the exact shape the future ship is to assume when seen from side. Only a half model is made, as the two sides of the ship will be simply duplicates of the model.

Everything depends upon the skill of the designer. The ship's speed, capacity draught and safety depend upon the shape he gives this wooden modei. Men are not taught to make models; the imagination that can see the future ship in the block on wood, the sure eye that

Upon the level the London fog is can draw the exquisite lines of bow and stern, the delicate hand that can realize these lines of beauty come not by observation. They are gifts.

The architect making plans of houses and temples has comparatively an easy task. The drawing gives a clear idea of the appearance of the future building, and his work is perfectly plain and simple. The marine architect must combine science with beauty of form, or, rather, science must be expressed in a beautiful form. The model must be an exact copy of the ship in little. He must beable to point out how deep the ship will sink in the water, how the bows will part the water in front, how the displaced water may sweep past the sides and under the stern. The model must show how deep the screw will be submerged, how far the ship may keel over under the influence of her sails or the waves in safety, and how she will be upborne from moment to moment on the ever-shifting waves. His art is the careful adjustment of forces one against the other, the weight against the flotation or buoyancy the resistance of the water against the power of her screw and engines, the force of the waves and wind against her own stability. The finished model is full of grace and beauty; but it comesnot from the mere blending of sweeping curves and swelling lines, but from the balance of these forces. It is beautiful because the repose of forces in equilibrium is always beautiful. Certainly, if the architect is called an artist the model-maker is fully his equal.-Harper's.

### Salt River, Arizonia.

It was long supposed that the brackishness of Salt river, Arizona, was caused by the stream running over a bed of salt somewhere along its course. Its waters are pure and fresh from where it heads in the White mountains to within fifty miles of where it empties into the Gila. Fifty miles from its junction with the Gila there comes into it a stream of water that is intensely salt. This stream pours out of the side of a large mountain, and is from 20 to 30 feet deep. It is very rapid, and pours into Salt river a great volume of water. Here could be easily manufactured sufficient salt to supply the markets of world. All that would be necessary would be to dig ditches and lead the brine to basins in the nearest deserts. The heat of the sun would make the salt. Were there a railroad near the stream its waters would doubtless soon be turned and led to immense evaporating pounds. It is supposed that the interior of the mountain, out of which the stream flows, is largely composed of rock salt.

# The Judge's Cow.

The yield of milk from Northern dairy cows is incredible to people in regions where cattle are raised mostly for beef

and hides. Judge Grant was in Little Rock, Ark .. in attendance at the United States court. One morning he saw a farmer with a slouch hat and a genuine butternut suit. trying to sell a cow in the market there. It was a large, long-haired animal, and the planter was informing a man that the cow would give four quarts of milk a day, if fed well.

Up stepped the judge. "What do you

ask for the cow "About \$30. She'll give five quarts of milk if you feed her well," replied the planter, and he proceeded to describe her good qualities.

Said the judge: "I have cows on my

farm, not much more than half as blg as your cow, which give twenty to twenty-five quarts of milk a day." The planter eyed the judge sharply for a moment, as if trying to remember whether he had ever seen him before or not, and then asked: "Stranger, where

do you live?' My home is in Iowa." "Yes stranger, I don't dispute it. There was heaps of sogers from Iowa down here during the war, and stranger they was the all-firedest liars in the whole Yankee army. Mebbe you mout be an officer in some of them regiments?"

### The judge slid for the court house. A Modern Proverb.

"The wise daughter is the pride of her father, yea, her mother doth also delight in her, but the foolish maiden bringeth sorrow." She bangeth her hair over her right eye; she tippeth her hat over the back of her head. When evening cometh she walketh on Main street, and with her left eye she glanceth at the patient youth who cougheth on the curbstone and wipeth his nose with a red bandana. Her handkerchief is also seen. Then the youth smileth to himself, and followeth in her footsteps. She setteth a snare and scoopeth the wayfarer in. Selah!

# A Rather Singular Request.

Isaac Steele, a wealthy farmer living near Petrolia, Pa., had about \$75,000 in bank notes in safes in his house, a common log structure. A few days ago, according to a local paper, "a gang of professional thieves made overtures to the Petrolia officers for the privilge to commit the robbery. The refusal of the policy to aid in this matter is undoubted. ly the only reason why the affair wanever consummated.