

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. May 12th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 p. m., 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., and 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 2.40 p. m. For Allentown via R. & R. R. at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. The 5.20, 8.10 a. 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 6.30 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, 3.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 14.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 4.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m., and 4.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Allentown via R. & R. R. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 12.30 p. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. J. BARCLAY, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent. Does not run on Mondays. Via Morris and Essex R. R.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Middletown Acc. 7.22 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.23 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., flag, daily. WEST. Way Pass, 9.06 a. m., daily. Middletown Acc. 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 p. m., (flag)—daily, except Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag). Trains are 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, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon as follows: EASTWARD. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.18 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.39 p. m. W. M. C. KING, Agent.

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Accidentally Innocent.

NO LAWYER likes going into court with a thoroughly bad case, yet how can he help it sometimes?

I should have more patience with the question, "Do you ever think it right to defend a man whom you believe to be guilty?" were it less frequently put by people who spend six days of the week seeking to get the upper hand of their neighbors, and the seventh in trying to circumvent their Maker. To the honest inquirer, I commend the answer Dr. Johnson once gave to Beswell, "Sir, the lawyer is not the judge."

Was it in my place, when George Gilbert's little care-worn wife came with tears glistening in her eyes, to beseech me to do what I could for her imprisoned husband, virtually to turn my back, and leave her tired, troubled heart to break or not as it might be? I was neither a priest nor a Levite to find a ready excuse for passing by on the other side. Yet what could I do? George Gilbert had been sent on a collecting tour and had gambled away money received for his employers. It was a plain case of embezzlement and the penalty was a term of years in the State's prison.

"I am sure he never meant to be dishonest," pleaded the loyal little woman; "he was tempted by a crafty and designing man, but, instead of running away, as others would have done, he came back and confessed his fault, offering to let his whole salary go toward making up the lost money till every cent was paid. Mr. Meek, the junior partner, was willing to be merciful, but Mr. Mangle, the head of the house who returned just then after a year's absence, insisted that the law should take its course."

I gave her what poor consolation I could, for lawyers, like doctors, must keep their patients' courage up at times. "In the first place, I'll see Messrs. Mangle & Meek," I said, "Mr. Mangle may be brought to hear reason, after all—if he can only be made to see his interest in it."

The pale despondent face cheered up a little. My words seemed to have inspired a sort of undefined hope that I was far from feeling myself.

Mr. Mangle received me with stony politeness.

"Young man," his manner said, "don't waste your time in appeals to sentiment; you won't if you'll just look at me."

I took the hint and came at once to business, repeated Gilbert's offer, and put it as strongly as possible, that more was to be gained by leniency than harshness—all of which Mr. Mangle listened to with a conscientious scowl.

"I cannot be a party to compounding a felony," he answered, with a solemn intonation.

"Nor have I asked you," I replied, "not a little nettled, "I have merely mentioned a plan of paying back your own, leaving it to your generosity to press or not to press this prosecution."

"Oh! it's all the same," was the contemptuous rejoinder—"anybody but a lawyer; with his head full of quibs and quillies, could see that. Besides there is something rather cool in the proposal to retain your friend in our employ, under the pretense of working out the money he has stolen, with the opportunity of filching twice as much in the meantime."

I felt my temper rising and not caring to imperil my client's interests by an outright quarrel, I took a hasty leave.

Had I been in the prisoner's place on the morning fixed for the trial, I could hardly have ascended the court house steps with more reluctance than I did. And when I entered the court room and found Gilbert and his wife already there and noted the hopeful look with which the latter greeted my coming, my heart sickened at the thought of the bitter disappointment coming.

"The People vs. Gilbert!" called out the judge, after disposing of some formal matters.

A jury was immediately impaneled and the case opened by the District Attorney.

Mr. Meek was the first witness. The nervous, hesitating manner in which he gave his evidence would have greatly damaged its effect, had it not evidently arisen from a disposition to do the prisoner as little hurt as possible. But no softening could break the terrible force of facts he was compelled to relate.

In his partner's absence he had employed George Gilbert as a clerk; had found him competent and trustworthy, had sent him on a trip to make collections; on his return he had acknowledged that, after receiving a considerable sum, he was induced by a respectable-looking gentleman, with whom he had casually fallen in, to join a social game of cards, at first they played for amusement, then for money, and after losing all his own, in the hope of retrieving his loss, with the fatal infatuation which attends the first infection of the dreadful vice whose end is swift destruction, he had hazarded and lost the last dollar of

money he had in trust for his employers.

Mr. Meek's voice faltered as he closed his narrative. He was going to volunteer something about the prisoner's previous good character, when a disapproving glance from Mr. Mangle brought him to a halt.

Just then the prisoner chanced to turn his head and catching a glimpse of the senior partner, who had just entered and was standing among the crowd, he started quickly, then whispered hurriedly in my ear.

"Turn aside your face," I whispered back. And the case for the prosecution being closed—

"Have you any witness for the defense?" inquired the judge.

"I will call Hezekiah Mangle," I replied.

A buzz of surprise greeted the announcement, in the midst of which Mr. Mangle stepped forward and was sworn. "You have been absent for the past year, Mr. Mangle?" I began.

"I have."

"Traveling in different parts?"

"Yes, sir."

"The prisoner was employed by your partner, in your absence, and was arrested about the time of your return?"

"Such was the case."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Or met him in your travels?"

"If he will turn his head this way, I can tell better."

At my bidding Gilbert turned and faced the witness.

The effect was electrical. Mr. Mangle turned red and pale by turns.

"One other question, Mr. Mangle," I resumed. "Do you recognize in the prisoner a young man from whom you won a thousand dollars at 'poker' while on your travels?" and I named the time and place at which the prisoner had met with his misfortune.

The man of iron virtue hesitated worse than his more amiable partner had done. He was halting between a point blank lie, which might entail the penalties of perjury and the truth, which would cost him money. Cowardice performed the office of conscience and the truth came out. The firm's money, which George Gilbert had lost, had been won by the senior partner; and the court instructed the jury that, as the sum in question had actually been delivered to one of the joint owners, who was bound to account to his associate, the prisoner could not be convicted.

"God bless you, Mr. Parker!" faltered the happy little wife. "I knew you would bring us out all right."

It was evident the truthful woman's nature gave me all the credit of a result in whose achievement my share had been next to nothing.

The lesson was not lost on George Gilbert. His first false step was the last; and the richest fee I ever received was the heartfelt gratitude of his noble, faithful wife.

FOUR GIRLS' OPINION.

FOUR romantic girls sat together in a pleasant parlor one day. They were all country girls, and it so happened that they were soon to part. One said:

"And probably if we ever see each other anywhere, we will be married women."

"You may," said the tallest of the group, a black-eyed, very handsome girl, "but I doubt if I shall. I never will marry any one but a distinguished man—a man of high position in society and of very great talents. I don't think I shall ever meet any one quite distinguished enough to suit me."

"What I should care for," said the girl who sat next to her, blue-eyed morsel of a creature, "would be height. I must have a very tall man."

"And I should only be contented with a man who was very handsome," said another, "some really superb. I'm no beauty myself, and I want some good looks in the family."

"All I should desire would be that my husband should be a good talker," said the fourth. "I care more for a talent for conversation than for any other that a man can have."

At this moment the fifth girl entered the room, and took a vacant chair beside the others. She was the hostess, and had been out to see about tea.

"Talking about your future husbands?" she said. "I declare, that sooner than be an old maid, I'll have any one who asks me. I'll be married, even if I'm not suited in every particular, before I'm twenty."

"Good," said the first who had spoken. "Now, I've something to propose. Let us take that blank book we were looking at, and write in it each a description of the man we should choose of all the world for a lover. Ellen can keep the book, and when we are all married we will see whether the description tallies with our choice."

"It is a splendid idea," said Ellen; and ran to bring the book. Then they

all gathered around the table, and the tall, dark beauty wrote on the first page the words that follow:

November —, 18—. "I, Bella Norton, aged eighteen, declare that it would be impossible for me to marry any but a man of the highest social position, who had achieved distinction for himself in some profession or a wonderful deed. Personal appearance would be nothing to me. If no great man ever asks me to marry him I will remain single."

This she read aloud, amidst the applause of her friends. And the blue-eyed seized the pen:

November —, 18—. "If I ever marry," she wrote, "it must be a very tall and finely built man. I do not think little men are ever splendid."

FANNY ROSE, aged 15. "Never be ashamed of your sentiments," said the next in order, putting back her curls.

November —, 18—. "I, Nettie Grey, here record my intention to marry only a beautiful man. He must have a handsome face, or let him never offer himself to me. I am 16 years old."

November —, 18—. "I am nineteen and know my own mind. I will not have a husband who is not a brilliant conversationalist."

JEAN BROWN. November —, 18—. "And I," wrote the young hostess, "I, Ellen May, will have any nice man whom I can like. I don't mean to be too particular. I am 17."

Having laughed awhile over the record, the young girls shut the book solemnly into the bureau, and obeyed the summons of the tea-bell. It was a merry evening, and the last they ever spent together as girls. In a few days Ellen May was the only one of the five left in the town.

At first they corresponded regularly, but after awhile their letters grew fewer, and in time only occasional. She heard, however, of the marriage of each in turn. As for herself, she did not marry. She had offers, but none of them suited her, despite her recorded resolution; and at the age of forty she was yet single. So that four letters which strangely enough, reached her in one day, all were addressed to Miss May instead of Mrs. Somebody.

These four letters were from the four friends. Each had written to the other. They had resolved to come and pay her a visit, and they would be with her on Saturday with their husbands. Neither had ever seen the other's husband; it would be a general meeting and introduction.

Miss May on the receipt of these letters, first cried and then laughed, and then set to work to put her house in order, and to get ready some of the things "the girls" liked in old times.

As the day approached she grew quite nervous; and when early in the afternoon four black silk dresses fluttered upon her porch she really felt as though she should run away and hide herself. However, that would not do, and so the four ladies met next moment in the little parlor. They had all changed, but they were fine looking women still. Time had not done his worst.

"But where are the husbands?" inquired Miss May.

"Coming up on the evening train to tea," answered a chorus.

Then bonnets were removed and chat began; and after a while Miss May went to the old book case and took out the treasured blank book, and amidst much laughter, read what had been written so many years before.

"Has it all been carried?" she asked. "Is your husband great, Bell? Your's tall, Fanny? Your's so very handsome, Nettie? and, Jean, does yours converse so well?"

Silence fell upon the group. No one answered. At last:

"And have you never had an offer, Ellen?" said Bell—now Mrs. Smith. Ellen looked down.

"I've had five," she said; "but I—somehow I liked none of them. However—I've just accepted a gentleman—a person of suitable age, quite rich, very handsome, highly educated, and of good family. I could not feel contented to marry an ordinary person."

"So you carry out your intention," said Mrs. Smith, with a laugh. "Well, I congratulate you. And now, girls, I did not marry a great man. Mr. Smith is—a tailor, and he's very nice and very good looking, I found, somehow, I cared more for that; the distinguished men were so personally unattractive."

"Candid confession is good for the soul," said Fanny, now Mrs. Hope. "Small as I am, my husband is just my height; but he's such a dear fellow, you can't think—and girls are so silly."

"I suppose it is my turn," said Nettie, now Mrs. Clark. "I declared in that book yonder that I'd have a handsome man, or none; but dear Horace he is not handsome. He met with a dreadful accident in his youth and broke his nose and put out one of his eyes, and spoiled his face altogether; but he has such a good heart that he's only dearer to me for his blemishes;" and Mrs. Clark put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Jean—now Mrs. Hudson—said nothing.

"Perhaps your husband is a fine conversationalist," said Bella with a smile.

"I think he would be," said Jean trifling with her fan, "if—if—well, to confess the truth, my husband never spoke a word in his life; he was born deaf and dumb. But he's just the dearest soul, and so fond of me!"

"Good!" said Bella. None of us can laugh at the other, but since matters are as they are, what do you say to burning that book before the gentlemen come in?"

Every one agreed. Later in the day the husbands appeared upon the scene, and Miss May's suitor also arrived to take tea with them; and any unprejudiced observer must have admitted that of all the men Mr. Smith was perhaps the least distinguished; Mr. Hope, the shortest; Mr. Clark, the plainest, and Mr. Hudson, the dumbest they had ever met; while Mr. Porter, who was about marry the lady who had declared her intention of taking any one who offered, was distinguished, handsome, tall, and a fine conversationalist.

Elephants Piling Timber.

THE highly trained male elephants with tusks manage the pushing part of their work very skillfully. The trunk is used as a pad or buffer between the ivory and the wood, and the pushing is done steadily. An average log weighs about a ton and a half. When it has to be pushed into the river, the elephant feels the end of it with his trunk; and having ascertained where he can place his tusks with most advantage, he adjusts the buffer, and starts off, pushing the log steadily before him. Should it happen to be an extra heavy one, he stops occasionally to take breath; and as it slides down the muddy bank toward the water, he gives it a finishing slap, as if to say, "There, you're afloat at last!" Sometimes the logs are awkwardly jammed up together, so that the ends have to be raised in order to get the dragging chains fastened. This he does by putting his tusks underneath; and passing his trunk over the log to keep it steady, lifts it up to the required height. When it is a very heavy lift, he will go down on his knees to get a better purchase. He stacks the timber most skillfully, also, by lifting the end of the log as much as nine or ten feet in this manner, places it on the top of the pile, then goes to the other end and pushes it forward till he gets it quite flush with the rest. In all this he is of course directed by his rider the mahout, who uses certain words which the elephant has been accustomed to hear, and signs the meaning of which he knows perfectly. A push of the foot behind the right or left ear makes him answer the driver's wish as a boat answers the rudder, and a nudge behind the neck means "straight ahead."

A highly trained elephant, however, will work among timber by verbal directions as intelligently almost as a collie will among sheep. The finest and best-trained animals are reserved for employment in the saw-mills, where they work among the machinery with sagacity and precision. Strangers have sometimes been so much impressed with their admirable qualities in this respect that they have carried away slightly exaggerated impressions on the subject. In one case a spectator was so profoundly overcome by the careful manner in which he saw the elephant laying planks and slabs on the traveling benches to be cut, that he gravely reported the circumstance in an Indian newspaper, remarking that the animal shut one eye when it looked along the bench, to make sure the timber was laid on accurately for the saw.

A Skeleton in Every House.

The origin of the above is briefly this: A young student of Naples believing himself dying, and fearing the news of his death would break the heart of his widowed mother, who passionately loved him—after much reflection adopted the following device: He wrote to his mother, telling her that he was ill, and that a soothsayer had foretold that he could not recover until he wore a shirt made by a woman who had no trouble—in fact, who was perfectly happy and contented. The widow in her simplicity, thought that attaining such a garment was an easy task; but after inquiring of her friends, found that each had a secret care. At last she heard, from several sources, of a lady surrounded by every comfort, and possessing a husband who seemed to think of nothing but making her happy. The old lady hastened to her, and made known her wish; the lady made no reply, but took her visitor to an adjoining closet, where she was horror-struck at beholding a skeleton suspended from a beam. "For twenty years have I been married," said the lady. "I was forced to marry my husband while loving another; shortly after our wedding, my former lover came one evening to bid me farewell forever; my husband surprised us while together, and instantly stabbed him whom he unjustly suspected, to the heart; he then caused his skeleton to be preserved, and every day he makes me visit it." The widow concluded that no one was without trouble, and, as her son had desired, she became reconciled to the idea of his loss. Every one has his troubles—there is a skeleton in every house.