

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

May 12th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
 For New York, at 5.20, 8.16 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 Auburn via S. & S. Br. 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 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, 5.20 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., 1.20, 6.40 and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.25 p. m.
 And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.
 Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon.
 Leave Allentown, at 12.30 3.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.20 a. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.45, 7.45 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.
 J. E. WOOTEN, 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.
 Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.
 Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mail 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Atlantic Express, 8.54 p. m., flag, daily.
WEST.
 Way Pass. 9.05 a. m., daily.
 Mail 2.43 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, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag).
 Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 13 minutes faster than Allentown 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.
 Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M.
 Johnstown Ex. 12.22 P. M., daily except Sunday.
 Mail 7.30 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., daily except Sunday.
 Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.12 P. M.
 Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M.
 WM. C. KING Agent.

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SAGACITY OF DOGS.

Interesting Anecdotes.

MANY years ago, Mr. Maitland, a respectable farmer, died in one of the settlements of Canada. He left a widow, a pious and amiable woman, and three small children. Mrs. Maitland thought herself unable to manage her large farm, and after renting a cottage in the nearest village, she leased her land for a number of years, and then sold off everything except the necessary furniture for her new home.

After the sale was over, a friend went into the house and congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, remarking at the same time that she could not feel secure in her unprotected state while in that lonely house.

"Not unprotected," replied Mrs. Maitland, with a sad smile, "you forget that I am under the especial care of Him who remembers the fatherless and the widow in their desolation."

The farm house was a solitary one—not another within half a mile, and that night there was a good deal of money in the house—the proceeds of the sale. The mother, her three young children and a servant girl were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest, but the wind was howling fearfully, and shaking the old house at every blast. This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noise, apparently at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, seemingly just beneath her bed room. This alarmed her still more, as they kept no dog on the place. She immediately arose, and going to the servant's room awoke her, and they went down stairs together. There was a moon, though the night was cloudy, but still light enough to distinguish objects faintly. They saw a large black dog in the hall scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen whence Mrs. Maitland thought the noise she first heard had proceeded.

She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was scratching so violently. The girl was a fearless creature, and she did so without hesitation, when the dog rushed into the kitchen and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them, when a violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident from the occasional yelping of the noble dog, that he was sometimes getting the better of it. The noise of the contest gradually receded till Mrs. Maitland could only hear a faint and distant bark. The robbers, and perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass which enabled them to undo the fastenings of the window, when but for the dog, they would have, doubtless accomplished their purpose.

The mistress and servant now dressed themselves; for sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had scarcely gotten down stairs the second time when they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. When it was opened he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them to be petted for his valor. He then stretched his huge body at full length and went to sleep. Such a breakfast as he got the next morning! but nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry and they never saw him again. Neither had they ever seen the dog before and did not know to whom he belonged.

This little story, gleaned from the journal of a missionary in Canada, not only adds another bay leaf to the crown awarded the most faithful and intelligent of brutes, but what is better, confirms the sweet and restful assurance that "He who keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps."

Argus was an old watch-dog, and belonged to a farmer's family in Albany, N. H. Having long outlived his usefulness (as it was presumed,) his owners had determined to put him out of the way, and had several times disposed of him, as they thought, but he always returned to them alive and well.

Finally a neighbor called one day, with his rifle in his hand. He had been out after a fox. One of the boys agreed with him to take Argus out in the woods and shoot him. The old dog was always crazy to follow a gun. He lay in the shed and heard the conversation, and when, finally, the rifleman called to him, he got up and followed him out, around the rear of the barn, and there disappeared.

It would seem that he understood exactly the meaning of the compact which had been framed against his life. At all events, he disappeared, and for six days we saw him not, though two or three times we fancied we could detect his tracks, where he had been at the swill-tub during the night.

The seventh night of the dog's absence was the night of Saturday. During the day soap had been made and boiled down, and a heavy baking done, in the oven. Somewhere past midnight all hands were aroused by the barking and howling and whining of old Argus. We knew the voice, but determined not to let him in. He redoubled his cries and scratching upon the door.

At length the head of the family, in his wrath, took down a loaded musket, loaded for a hawk, and threw up the window of the sitting-room. No sooner was the sash raised than the dog came in with a bound, and without stopping to see what his reception was to be, leaping through the door opening from the great kitchen out into the wash-room and wood-shed, where he howled and scratched like one possessed.

John and I knew that something must be wrong outside, so we unfastened the door, and as we opened it the dog bounded out to the shed, where there was a great wooden box half filled with ashes.

But we had to go no further to learn what was the matter. The shed was filled with smoke, and a sharp crackling broke upon our ears. The ash-box was on fire, from coals which had been carelessly thrown in during the afternoon, and the fire had taken to the dry pine partition between the shed and wash-room, and had made its way almost to the roof.

A smart wind was blowing, and in ten minutes more the fire would have been beyond our control, and those ten minutes would have been given to the enemy but for the dog. As it was, having water handy, we put out the fire with only the loss of an ash-box and part of the partition; but the experience gained was worth more than that.

Grand old dog! He had crept to the house to satisfy his hunger from the poor swill-bucket fearing death if he were discovered; but when he found danger to the family,—a danger which he must have comprehended, instantly, and completely,—he thought no more of himself; to save those whom he loved became his sole object, and how he did it we have seen. Be sure there was no more thoughts of killing that dog, nor of giving him away.

The Quincy (Ill.) Whig tells this dog story: "A few evenings since, while a number of persons were chatting in a drug store, a gentleman came in followed by a small dog. While the master was procuring some medicine the dog walked around the store-room, and picked up something and ran to one of the gentlemen and attracted attention by scratching his clothing. The man looked down and noticed that the dog had a piece of paper in his mouth, but thought no more about it. The dog not satisfied, repeated his apparent appeal but not with success, and then went to his owner, who took the paper and saw it was a \$10 bank note. The dog had found it on the floor and evidently knew that it was valuable. It subsequently transpired that the money belonged to Dr. I. T. Wilson, and it was returned to him. The dog was rewarded for his sagacity by the present of a handsome new collar."

Warned by a Dream.

ONE winter evening about 50 years ago, a post-chaise, with a single gentleman inside of it, drove up to the little inn on the Pentland Frith, in the north of Scotland, where passengers who were going to cross to the Orkneys usually spent the night. The person, whom we will call Mr. MacT., was the owner of a large estate, and an old house which had belonged to his family for hundreds of years, in the Mainland, or chief of the Orkney Islands, and was now about to visit his property. It was a blustering stormy night, but that only made more pleasant the cigar and the glass of whiskey and the crackling wood-fire by which MacT. sat chatting with the landlord, who was an old friend both of his father and himself, and who was proud of entertaining the "young laird," as he called him, with his wildest tales of adventure on the sea. They did not, however, sit late, for the Orkney packet sailed very early in the morning, and MacT. soon found himself in his cozy, well-appointed little bed-room. The wind was chanting a grand Berserker melody, and the sea was roaring a deep bass accompaniment. MacT. loved those sounds, for they had often been the lullaby of his childhood, and soon fell asleep. For some hours he slept without an image or a thought reaching his mind; but at length, when the morning was glimmering gray in the east, a strange dream came to trouble him. He dreamed that he was in the ancient banquet hall of his old house in the Mainland, sitting at the head of a very long table. The banquet hall was in reality almost a ruin, but in his dream MacT. saw it hung with tapestry and blazing with a hundred lights. The table was filled on both sides, and he thought he glanced curiously down at its length to see who his guests were. As he looked he shuddered in his dream.

Those who sat at the table with him were all his dead ancestors for many generations back. He knew their faces and dresses well from their portraits in the picture gallery. Next to him sat his own father, who had died about a year before. And at the bottom of the table sat a fair-haired man in a dress of skins, who was a Norse chieftan, the founder of the family. It seemed to him that he sat for some minutes as if spell-bound, while the spectres murmured together in low, hollow tones. At length they all rose, and slowly one by one, in turns, left the hall. But before they went, each one paused at the door, and turning, raised his hand in a warning attitude, fixed his eyes on MacT., and said in a deep voice, the word "Beware." "The packet starts in twenty minutes, sir," cried a loud voice at the door, rousing MacT. suddenly from sleep. Confused at first, yet soon remembering where he was, he sprang out of bed and began hurriedly to dress himself. Being a bad sailor, his first glance was naturally enough at the sea, close to which the inn stood. The wind had risen in the night. The waves thundered on the shore, and the little Orkney packet was tossing up and down like a limpet shell. As he gazed, his strange dream rose up with sudden distinctness before MacT.'s mind. He was infected with a good deal of thorough Scotch superstition. Besides he did not much like the look of the sea, and so he resolved not to go till to-morrow. That day the Orkney packet was lost with every man on board, and MacT., and his little wife, who was left at home with the babies, had to thank that warning dream for his life.

Stroke by Stroke.

"FATHER!" said James Barker. He spoke as one who is about to ask a favor which he fears will not be granted.

Mr. Barker was washing his face at the pump. He raised his dripping head long enough to ask in his gruff way, "What do you want?"

"I want to go to the academy this winter."

"Well, you will have to wait, I expect."

"Now, father," interceded Mrs. Barker, "it does seem too bad. You know he has gone as far as he can at the school house, and Miss French says he is a right smart scholar."

"Can't help it," replied Mr. Barker. "There'll be schooling to pay, books and clothes to buy, and I haven't got the money."

With a sad heart, James sat down to the supper table. His father, kind, though rough, saw his disappointment and tried to think of some way to help matters. At length he said:

"I've got the job of clearing Mr. Martin's wood lot. You may come in and work with the men; and if you can earn enough before school begins to pay for your schooling and clothes, I will give your time and board while you are at school. You are not really strong enough to chop, and you'll find it pretty hard. Most likely you will give out, but you can try."

Very hard work James found it. One day he was tempted to give it up. He was at work at a large tree, upon whose firm grain his inexperienced blows made little impression. Tired and discouraged, he sat down on a log to rest. "It's no use," he said, dolefully.

"What's no use?" said an old wood-chopper, just behind him.

"For me to try to cut down that tree."

"Pooh, my boy, you can do it. Just keep at it. Stroke by stroke will cut down the biggest tree that ever grew. Don't expect to cut it down with one blow. Remember, 'stroke by stroke.'"

James did remember; and whenever the wished-for schooling seemed a good thing that he could never gain, he would think 'stroke by stroke,' and struggle on. The watchword which had helped the chopper was not thrown aside by the student. Did a problem baffle, a lesson seem unconquerable, James thought, 'stroke by stroke,' and took courage. 'Stroke by stroke' carried James through school, and made of him an active, successful man.

Terrible Results of a Thief Trap.

A Richmond (Va.) dispatch says: News has just reached this city of a horrible and fatal case of wholesale poisoning at Elk Garden, Russell county, Va., in the southern part of the State. It appears that Mrs. Martha Micalitor, a well known farmer's wife, had been much annoyed of late by thieves stealing large quantities of butter. She bethought herself of a plan to stop the repeated thefts, and it was this: She put strychnine into all the rolls of a certain firkin and placed the firkin in a convenient place for the robbers.

The firkin was promptly stolen, and Mrs. Micalitor was satisfied that the thieves would die. But oh! horror instead of the thieves eating the butter they sold it! It went broad-cast through the country. Mr. Jackson, a prominent

planter, purchased several pounds of it, and supposing it all right, the servant placed it on the supper table, where there were twelve persons at the repast, of whom four died in a few hours after eating the butter. They were Andrew, Joseph and James Jackson, three brothers, and Miss Alice Gatewood, who happened to be a guest of the Misses Jackson; beside, three other persons at the table were taken dangerously ill, among them a young lawyer who was paying attention to Miss Gatewood.

The greatest excitement prevails in the county. Neither the thieves who stole and sold the butter, nor the lady who used such a dangerous trick, have been arrested, but doubtless exertions will be made to lynch the men who sold it.

How to Make Home Happy.

LEARN to govern yourself, to be gentle and patient.

Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble and soften them by prayer, penitence and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

Never speak or act in anger, until you have prayed over your words or acts, and concluded that Christ would have done so in your place.

Remember that valuable as is the gifts of speech, the gifts of silence are often much more precious.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect; and should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forgiveness and forbearance ourselves.

Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Beware of the first disagreement. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.

Study the character of each one, and sympathize with them in their troubles, however small.

Do not neglect small things, if they can effect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

Avoid moods, pets, and fits of sulkiness.

Learn to deny yourselves, and prefer others.

Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers. Never charge a bad motive if a good one be conceivable.

Be gentle but firm with children.

Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.

Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sabbath.

Do not allow them much spending money.

Remember the grave, the Judgment seat, and the scenes of eternity, and so order your home on earth that you shall have a home in heaven.

Prudent Mr. Berg.

In New York recently, a physician undertook to get the better of Mr. Henry Bergh's argument against the existence of hydrophobia by offering the philanthropist \$2,000 if he would consent to be inoculated with mad dog virus. This Mr. Bergh declined to do for prudential considerations, whereupon a Scotchman of that city promptly comes forward and offers himself as a substitute, saying that for \$2,000 the doctor may inoculate him to his heart's content, and in the full belief that, if the patient dies, the fact will prove the existence of hydrophobia, because there will be no play of imaginative fears to kill him.

The Marriage of a Woman to a Woman.

Marancy Hughes was married in September last to a person who was known as Samuel M. Pollard. Her relatives opposed the match, and she eloped and was married without their knowledge, and a short time after their marriage Pollard confessed to her that she was a woman; that she had trouble with her relatives in the East; had lost her property, and assumed the disguise of a man for the reason that avenues for making money would be open to her in that character which would be closed to her as a woman. Pollard has never given her any particular reason for doing her this great wrong, but is believed to have been actuated by a foolish pride in appearing in the character of a married man. The victim was ashamed to acknowledge that she had been so imposed upon, and shrunk from admitting the truth. Pollard, without actually threatening her life, repeatedly intimated that it would be bad for her if she exposed her, and so she kept silence until a fortnight ago, when her aunt got an intimation of the fact, and questioned her closely, and she related to her the whole story. The victim says that the woman's real name is Sarah M. Pollard, and that her trunk is filled with feminine apparel. A complaint was filed last week by J. C. Howerton, accusing Pollard of perjury in swearing when he took out the marriage license that he was a male.