

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.

SUNDAYS

For New York, at 5.20 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. For Allentown, at 12.30, 5.00, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST.

Millintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnston Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily except Sunday.

WEST. Way Pass. 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: EASTWARD.

WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday.

KANSAS FARMS -AND- FREE HOMES.

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is published by the Land Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company to supply the large and increasing demand for information respecting KANSAS, and especially the magnificent body of lands granted by Congress in aid of the construction of its road.

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A Resurrectionist's Story.

HUNDREDS of stories are related of the terrible deeds of the body-snatchers, but among them all none is more remarkable and soul-harrowing than the one about to be narrated.

In the town of Kilmare, in the north of Ireland, reside many families of distinction. The head of one of these was a Mr. Bell, a young gentleman of twenty-five. He inherited a large estate from his uncle, and soon afterward removed from his former abode to take possession of the family mansion in Kilmare.

The old churchyard of Kilmare stood on the side of a hill, and immediately in the rear of the church, and adjoining the chancel was the tomb of the Bell family.

The day had been gloomy, and as night drew on a thin rain fell, which increased at about midnight to a right smart shower.

The next moment it disappeared, and satisfying himself that he was the subject of a delusion, he commenced to undress. Suddenly the clear tones of the door-bell rang through the building.

And now for the sequel. During the Chartist riots in 1840 James Binns was arrested for murder and lodged in Lancaster jail.

In July, 1820, he was living in Belfast having fled from England to escape punishment for his offences. He had done several small jobs in Belfast for the doctors, and on the night of July 20, in the year named, a well-known physician of Belfast sent for him and told him that he had a very delicate piece of work for him to perform.

Utterly bewildered and confounded Mr. Bell hastened down stairs. The sight that met his gaze when he reached the centre of the hall almost froze his blood.

"Julia, my darling, my wife!" Mr. Bell exclaimed, and stepped toward the figure.

It made a movement toward him, and the next instant it was enfolded in his arms. The scene that ensued baffles all description. It was indeed the wife that day buried, who was restored to the arms of the braved husband and children.

she hastened up the roadway to the dwelling. The rest the reader knows.—She rapidly regained her health, and lived to a good old age.

But who was the woman who stood by the side of the coffin, when the corpse suddenly arose and startled her into sudden flight?

Next day the lamp was found extinguished on the floor of the vault. It was identified as one which usually stood in the vestry and was used by the sexton.

The object of the woman, however, was easily discovered. As already stated Mrs. Bell was buried with a valuable diamond ring on her finger. The design of the woman was to steal this from the supposed corpse.

Every effort was made to keep this remarkable circumstance a secret from the gossip of the neighborhood; nevertheless, every effort was used, quietly, to ascertain who the robber of the tomb was. The general impression was that the garb of a female was assumed as a disguise, and that the depredator was in reality a man, and probably a professional body-snatcher.

It was thought that the remarkable circumstances attending Mrs. Bell's supposed death had aroused the desire of some medical expert to possess the body for the purpose of an autopsy; that he had employed a person to steal it, and that the body-snatcher, discovering the valuable jewel had resolved to gain possession of it for himself.

Soon after this extraordinary occurrence the vicar of the parish resigned his living and moved his family to England. Several years passed away, and the incidents herein recorded were almost forgotten.

During the Chartist riots in 1840 James Binns was arrested for murder and lodged in Lancaster jail. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

At midnight he went to the churchyard armed with a wrench, a pair of shears, and a picklock. First satisfying himself that the coach was in waiting he entered the grave-yard and proceeded to the vault.

The night was dark and rain was falling. To his surprise, he saw that the door was open, and a faint light burning inside. Stealthily drawing near, he glanced in. He saw the coffin lying along the marble slab and in front of it a woman was standing.

A second glance showed that the woman was at work trying to remove the ring from the finger of the dead, a sudden thought struck him, and, slouching down, he reached in at the door, and with his shears, which he had brought to rid the corpse of its cumbrous shroud, he cut a piece from the skirt of the woman's dress and retired unobserved.

difficulty in tracking the rapidly retreating figure. It passed out of the church-yard at a small wicket on the north side of the church and entered the parsonage. Satisfied that he possessed an important secret, out of which he could make money, he returned to the vault.

The next morning the news of Mrs. Bell's restoration to life was abroad in the town. The body-snatcher lingered in the neighborhood until he ascertained that the clergyman had quitted home for a friend's house.

"Let me shut the door, ma'am," he said, and, quickly stepping behind the lady, closed the door.

"I am sure we have met before, ma'am," the man said.

"You are mistaken, sir," the lady replied, "utterly mistaken; you will oblige me by quitting the house immediately."

"Well, I may be," the man replied; "that's a fact; but my impression was that I saw you last night in the vault when you were trying to remove the ring from the finger of what you supposed to be a corpse."

"The lady had sunk into a chair, and was deadly pale. By a powerful effort she overcame her momentary weakness and said in strong tones: "I do not know, sir, what you speak of. You are either laboring under a mistake or you are a lunatic."

"Twenty pounds down will satisfy me for the present," the man said, "and more at any time when I need it."

The money was paid, and within a month the man returned and demanded more. The lady evidently revealed the story of her disgrace and crime to her husband, for he paid the money, and soon after resigned his living and retired to England.

This part of the condemned man's confession was made known to Mr. Bell. All the parties to this strange transaction are not yet dead, and hence the names used here are fictitious.

A Gun Story.

YOU couldn't call him a sportsman by any strain on your imagination, and yet he was by no means a loafer, though he did talk with a drawl which indicated that he didn't regard time as a very valuable commodity.

"Do you know Abe Hertzog?" "Y-a-a-s, I know him."

"Where can we find him?" "R-i-g-h-t hyar, I guess."

every qual family in Allen township?" "You fellows want to go arter some quails, eh?"

"That's what we came for. Do you know any thing about them?"

"W-a-a-l, yans; I can tell one when I see it."

"What kind of a gun have you got there?"

"W-a-a-l, ye see, mister, that gun's an old resider; bin into our family ever since the first old Hertzog moved up hyar.

The old rifle had a barrel about as long as a fence rail, with iron enough in it for a young Gatling gun, and a bore not larger than a healthy rye straw while all the stock it had was absorbed in a brass trap door leading into a cellar smelling of verdigris, and filled with grease and little pieces of rags.

"How do you kill any thing with this—knock it down?"

"W-a-a-l, yes, sometimes. That's the way I busted the stock that whar the rawhide bandage air, a knockin' a feller down that made fun of it."

At this point the investigator suddenly lost interest in the gun, and the party moved off into the country. As they climbed the fiftieth fence, the old man paused on the top rail and waived his hand indefinitely over the fields before them.

"Gents, there's quails all about hyar, and over yander—yans, an' thar's one on 'em now," he added, as he drew up old resider and knocked it over where it sat.

"What! do you shoot a bird on the ground? Why, old man, that's infernal potting!"

"'s that so?" inquired the old man humbly, as he picked up a piece of his gun-stock that had been jarred of by the shot.

Just then a small covey of the birds took wing, and the man who scorned pot-hunting blazed away with both barrels of a costly breech-loader and missed.

"Whar? whar do you shoot 'em, mister?" inquired the old man quietly, as he put his patch and bullet on the muzzle of his rifle, which he held between his legs while he rammed the charge home, and then as a stray bird flew overhead he raised and dropped it.

"Is that ar' the way you want it done, mister?"

The objector said nothing, and the gunning proceeded; but it soon became evident that the sportsmen were doing the gunning and the old man was doing the shooting.

The Easton party hunted faithfully, according to the lights, and shot upon the most scientific principles; but, somehow, the old man got the game, as the count showed five quail and a pheasant among the three for the days work, while Mr. Hertzog toddled along under twenty-two quail and four rabbits; and as they sat on the board-pile at the depot bargaining for the old man's lot, remarked:

"Ye see, gents, Old Resider ain't much of a gun to look at. She ain't purty nor handsome at all; but I tell you she's mighty on the shoot. All you's got to do is jest to grease the patch right well, and ram the ball down close, then if you pint her at a bird and pull, the bird's got to stop. Leastwise, I allers find it so. Ye see, gents, whar a man has such an awful purty gun, his 'ention's kinder taken up admirin' of it like, an' the bird flies away after he shoots. Leastwise, I allers find it so."

Just then the lock dropped off "Old Resider" for the eleventh time, and as the old man wasn't going to shoot any more that day he put it in his pocket along with his game money, saying: "Thank ye gents, thanke. Come up soon again, an' I'll take the 'Old Resider' out any time; we'll be purty sure to get something." And he meandered off into the Indian-summer haze.

Never believe, much less propagate an ill-report of a neighbor without good evidence of its truth; never listen to an infamous story handed to you by a man who is inimical to the person defamed, or who is himself apt to defame his neighbors, or who is wont to sow discord among brethren and excite disturbance in society.

Never utter the evil which you know or suspect of another, till you have an opportunity to expostulate with him. Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, that you may better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter.