RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

May 12th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00p. m.,
and *7.53 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.
For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 3.57
p. m., and via Schuyikili and Susquehanna
Branch at 2.40 p. m.
For Alburn via S. & S. Br. at 5.20 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, a. m., and 2.00 p. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia.
SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.29 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 FOL LOWS: Leave New York, at 8,45 a. m., 1.00, 5,50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, st 9.15 s. m. 4.00, and p. m. eave Reading, at +1.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m. 1.30,

6.15 and ic. 35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a.m. and 4.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 5, 15 a. m.

5.15 A. m. Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Atlentown, at \$2.30 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15 4.30 and 9.00 p. m.

Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m Leave Allentown, at 2 30 a. m., and 0.05 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, Pas-enger trains will run as follows:

EAST. Millintown Acc. 7.32 a.m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. M., daily "Sunday Mail., 6.54 p. M., daily except Sunday Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. M., flag,—daily.

Pittsburgh Eapress, 5.17 a. m., dally (fing)
Pacine Express, 5.17 a. m., dally (fing)
Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which
is 12 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:
EAST WARD.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8,12 A. M. Johnstown Ex. 1253P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7,30 P. M., daily (flag)
West Ward.

KANSAS FARMS

-AND-

FREE HOMES.

The Kansas Pacific Homestead

is published by the Land Department of the Kan-sas Pacific Railway 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 IS 114 Miles the Shortest Road from Kansas City to Denver,

The favorite route of the tourist and the best

SAN JUAN COUNTRY.

A copy of the Homestead will be malled free to any address, by applying to S. J. GILMORE, D. E. CORNELL, Land Commissioner, Gen'l Passenger Ag't. Salina, Kans. Kansas City, Mo. March 5, 6mo Gen'i Passenger Ag't. Kansas City, Mo.

GOLD! 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 Illustrated family publication in the World. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribers. One Agent reports making over \$150 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over \$60 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 Peeple's Journal," Portland, Maine.

PATENTS obtained for mechanical or other compounds, ormental designs, trade-marks, and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the PATENT LAWS, promptly attended to INVENTIIONS THAT HAVE BEEN

REJECTED by the Patent Ofnee may still, in
Patent Office, we can make closer searches, and
secure Patents more promptly, and with broader
claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

INVENTORS send us a modyour device; we make examinations ree of
charge, and advise as to patentability. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low,
and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

We refer to officials in the Patent Office, to our
clients in every State of the Union, and to your
Senator and Representative in Congress. Special
references given when desired.

Address: C. A. SNOW & CO.

C. A. SNOW & CU.. Address:

Opposite Patent Office, Washington.

A Chance to Make Some Money, Sure CORNELL'S HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Now ready. Write for Agency at once.
JOHN SULLY & CO., Publishers, 725 Sansom
street, Philadelphia. W13.2m A Resurrectionist's Story.

JUNDREDS of stories are related of the terrible deeds of the bodysnatchers, but among them all none is more remarkable and soul-harrowing than the one about to be narrated. The facts were given to the writer recently, and it is believed that they are now published for the first time.

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. He married the only child of a wealthy East India merchant residing in Liverpool, by whom he had two children. In the fourth year of their wedded life Mrs. Bell was taken suddenly ill, and expired the next day. The symptoms were of a peculiar nature, and the limbs so increased in size immediately after death that a a magnificent diamond ring of great value could not be removed from the lady's finger, and was buried with her. Of course this fact was well known to the inhabitants of Kilmare, as Mrs. Bell was the wife of the most considerable man thereabout, and naturally, therefore, all concerning her was a matter of conversation and rumor.

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. Here, in accordance with immemorial usage, the body of the deceased lady was to repose, and there it was deposited the third day after her demise. After the ceremony the key of the vault was put in its usual place by the sexton in the vestry of the church.

The day had been gloomy, and as night drew on a thin rain fell, which increased at about midnight to a right smart shower. Mr. Bell, who was about retiring, went to an open window, and as he did so, fancied he saw a white figure crossing the lawn in front of the house.

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. Mr. Bell paused and moved toward the door of the apartment to listen. In a few seconds the sound again reverberated through the house, and Mr. Bell opened the door and stepped out into the corrider. At that moment, as he glanced down the stairway, he saw the housekeeper move toward the front door. Then he heard her set the small lamp she carried on the table, and open the lock and bolts of the massive door. Then a dreadful and prolonged shrick followed, and at the same moment Mr. Bell's butler ran along the hall toward the front door. Mr. Bell had reached the head of the stairs and was in the act of descending when the butler reached the spot where the house-keeper lay on the floor apparently in a swoon. What was Mr. Bell's surprise to see the butler raise his hands, fix his gaze upon the door, and then sink to the floor as though struck dead.

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. There stood the figure of his wife in her grave clothes, leaning against the pillar of the door, with one hand thrown across her breast. For a moment Mr. Bell was almost overcome. Then he remembered the white figure which he saw crossing the lawn a few seconds before the bell rang, and another glance showed him that the garments of the figure before him were dripping with rain.

"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 bereaved husband and children. The explanation which she offered was very imperfect and unsatisfactory. For a short time after her supposed death she was aware of all that went on around her, but before she was placed in the coffin she lost all consciousness. She said that the first sensation of consciousness she had was one of pain. Then she saw an indistinct glimmer, and finally a severe pang shot through her frame. With a powerful effort she rose and saw a woman standing by her side. The woman shricked and fled, and then Mrs. Bell discovered that she was lying in the family vault. Fresh strength came to her every moment, and releasing herself from the shroud, she stepped to the ground and passed out of the vault, the door of which was wide open. Down the churchyard path she passed to the main street, along which she walked for half a mile, until she reached her late home. Fortunately the large gate to the park was unfastened, and

she hastened up the readway 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. It had doubtless been removed at the same time when the key of the vault was taken. Beyond that all was mys-

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. Finding it impossible to remove it, the daring thief had raised the hand of the dead woman to her mouth, and in her attempt to withdraw with her teeth caused the pang which went through the frame of the evident victim of a trance, and aroused her to consciousness. On the finger, just below the ring, the marks of teeth were distinctly visible for several days after Mrs. Bell's resuscitation.

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. Mrs. Bell's father died, and Mr. Bell and his family quitted Kilmare and took up their residence at Toxteth, near Liverpool.

And now for the sequel. 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. Before the last sentence of the law was executed he made a confession of many crimes, and, among the rest of his exploits, as a professional body-snatcher, in which business he had been engaged for many years. The following facts are taken from his confession.

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. A Mrs. Bell, a lady of great beauty, and the wife of a rich proprietor, had just died of a very peculiar disease, and the doctor and his associates desired the body to investigate the cause of death. The doctors paid him so much money down and dispatched him to Kilmare with such instructions as were necessary. He was to secure the corpse, and a coach would be ready at the church-yard gate in which there would be two assistants who would be ready to assist him at a given signal. He went to Kilmare on the day of the funeral, at which he was present. He examined the lock on the door of the vault, and was satisfied that he could easily remove it. 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. As he remained for an instant peering into the strange scene, to his horror and astonishment he saw the corpse arise and raise the hand which the woman was apparently in the act of putting to her mouth. The woman gave a shrick, rushed through the door and fled, leaving the lamp burning on the floor. The body-snatcher guessed at once the woman's design, and, impressed with the conviction that she was a person above the ordinary rank, he resolved to follow

and see where she went to. He had no

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 light was still burning, and he signalled the men in waiting. They were soon on the spot, but on entering the vault they discovered, to their amazement, that the coffin was empty. The body-snatcher kept his secret, and the mysterious disappearance of the body was a matter of unmixed surprise. Extinguishing the lamp, the men quit the church-yard, the body-snatcher returning to his quarters at a small inn and the assistants going back to Belfast in the carriage.

The next morning the news of Mrs. Bell's restoration to life was abroad in the town. The body-anatcher lingered in the neighborhood until heascertained that the ciergyman had quitted home for a friend's house. Then he called at the parsonage and asked for the lady of the house. It was with some difficulty that he obtained an interview, as the domestic informed him that the lady was indisposed and confined to her room. "My business," he said, "is of very great importance, and it is absolutely necessary that I should see her." After the lapse of half an hour a middle aged, handsome, stately lady entered the parlor, and gazing with considerable dignity at her visitor, said: "What is your business with me, sir ?"

"Let me shut the door, ma'am," he said, and, quickly stepping behind the lady, closed the door, "I think we have met before, ma'am," he said, in a firm but respectful tone.

"Sir ?" the lady exclaimed in offended accents.

"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." "You forget last night, ma'am, in the

vault," the man said in a low tone. The cheek of the lady evidently blanched, and she gave a gasp for breath. Instantly recovering herself she said:

"I don't understand you, sir. You are laboring under a mistake." "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."

" Do you happen to have a dress like this, ma'am ?" the man asked, drawing from his pocket the piece which he had cut from the dress of the occupant of the vault the night before.

The lady's lips grew white and dry. She tried to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth and utterance was impossible.

"I am reasonable, madam," the man said; "I know your secret, but I will keep it if you make it worth my while." 'How much do you want?" the lady

asked, acquiring the power of speech by a great effort. 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. The writer's informant, however, vouched for the truth of this story, and there is no reason to doubt his veracity.

A Gun Story.

YOU couldn't call him a sportsman by I 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. He sat on the fence as the train came up to Siegfried's Bridge with the three Easton fancy gunners aboard, whom he was to pilot across the country after quail. His gun, having the lock tied on with a string, reposed upon his knees, and his dog, looking like the ghost of starvation, reposed at his feet. The Easton men came up to him.

"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." "Are you Mr. Hertzog ?"

"Y-a-a-s, that's what I'm taxed for any way."

"Jimmy," said one of the party sotto voce, "can this be the man that Cap told us was personally acquainted with

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

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

" W-a-a-l, yaas; I can tell one when

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

"W-a-a-l, ye see, mister, that gun's an old residenter; bin into our family ever since the first old Hertzog moved up hyar. That gun's a rifle, mister, an' she shoots mighty quick. " Handle her a little careful mister," he continued, as he handed the thing over for inspection; she has a way of tumblin' apart if she's used rough like."

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 bursted the stock thar 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 residenter 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 lock tumbled off his gun occasionally, and the barrel had a loose habit of parting company with the stock; but the old man had a pocket full of strings, and as fast as it gave out he tied it up and made ready to shoot whenever a bird showed, and he occasionally varied the monotony of the proceedings by coolly blazing into the bushes, where-upon his mean-looking dog would rush in and drag out a dead

The Easton party hunted faithfully, according to the light 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 Residenter 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 p'int her at a bird and pull, the bird's got to stop. Leastwise, I allers find it so. Ye see, gents, where a man has such an awful purty gun, his 'tention'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

Residenter" 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, thankee. Come up
soon again, an' I'll take the 'Old Residenter' 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.