

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

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 7.30 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, 6.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 10.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.55 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, 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 3.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, 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. Sunday Mail, 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.54 P. M., flag, daily.

WEST.

Way Pass, 9.08 A. M., daily. Mail, 2.45 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. 6.35 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 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.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily. 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 6.16 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.53 P. M. WM. C. KING, Agent.

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-AND-

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STUFFING A BANKER.

THE death of the famous dog Sutherland—thus named after the Englishman who had made a gift of it to the Empress Catharine II. of Russia—nearly caused a tragic mistake, in so far as it nearly cost the donor, a celebrated banker, his life. The occurrence took place at St. Petersburg.

One morning, at daybreak, Mr. Sutherland was suddenly awoke by his manservant.

"Sir," said the footman, "your house is surrounded with guard, and the master of the police demands to speak to you."

"Show him in," said Mr. Sutherland, as he hastily donned his dressing-gown.

The footman departed, and returned some minutes afterwards with His Excellency Mr. Reliew, upon whose face the banker read at the first glance some formidable intelligence. The worthy banker, however, maintained his calmness, and welcoming the master of the police with his usual urbanity, presented him with a seat. His Excellency, however, remained standing, and in a dolorous tone said:

"Mr. Sutherland, believe me when I assure you that I am truly grieved to have been chosen by Her Majesty to accomplish an order, the severity of which afflicts me, but which has without doubt been provoked by some great crime."

"By some great crime, Your Excellency!" exclaimed the banker. "And who, then, has committed this great crime?"

"You, doubtless, sir, since it is upon you that the punishment is to fall."

"Sir, I know not of any reproach with which to charge myself as a subject of our sovereign; for I am a naturalized Russian, as you must know."

"And it is precisely, sir, because you are a naturalized Russian that your position is terrible. If you had remained a subject of His Britannic Majesty you would have been able to call in the aid of the English consul, and escape thus, perhaps, the rigor of the order which I am, to my very great regret, charged to execute."

"Tell me, then, what is this order?"

"O, sir, never will I have the strength to make it known to you."

"Have I lost the good graces of Her Majesty?"

"Oh, if it were only that!"

"Is it a question to make me depart for England?"

"Oh, no; even that must not be."

"Is it an order to send me to Siberia?"

"Siberia, sir, is a fine country, and which people have calumniated. Besides, people return from it."

"Am I condemned to prison?"

"The prison is nothing. Prisoners come out of prison."

"Sir, sir!" cried the banker, more and more affrighted, "am I destined to the knout?"

"The knout is a punishment very grievous; but the knout does not kill."

"Miserable fate," said Sutherland, terrified. "I see, indeed, that it is a matter of death."

"And what a death!" exclaimed the master of the police, while he solemnly raised his eyes with an expression of the most profound pity.

"How! what a death! It is not enough to kill me without trial, to assassinate me without cause? Catharine orders, yet—"

"Alas! yes, she orders—"

"Well, speak, sir. What does she order? I am a man; I have courage.—Speak!"

"Alas! my dear sir, she orders— If it had not been by herself that the command had been given, I declare to you, my dear Mr. Sutherland, that I would not believed it."

"But you make me die a thousand times. Let me see, sir, what has she ordered you to do?"

"She has ordered me to have you STUFFED!"

The poor banker uttered a cry of distress; then looking the master of the police in the face, said:

"But, Your Excellency, it is monstrous what you say to me; you must have lost your reason."

"No, sir; I have not lost my reason, but will certainly lose it during the operation."

"But how have you received such an order without endeavoring to represent the barbarity of it to Her Majesty?"

"Alas! sir, I have done what I could and certainly what no one would have dared to do in my place. I besought Her Majesty to renounce her design, or at least to charge another than myself with the execution of it; and that with tears in my eyes. But Her Majesty said to me with that voice which you know well, and which does not admit of a reply:—"

"Go, sir, and do not forget that it is your duty to acquit yourself without a murmur of the commission with which I charge you."

"And then?"

"Then," said the master of the police, "I lost no time in repairing to a very clever naturalist who stuffed animals for

the Academy of Sciences; for in short, since there was not any alternative, I deemed it only proper, and out of respect for your feelings, that you should be stuffed in the best manner possible."

"And the wretch has consented?"

"He referred me to his colleague, who stuffs apes, having studied the analogy between the human species and the monkey tribe."

"Well?"

"How! he awaits me! But is the order so peremptory?"

"Not an instant must be lost, my dear sir; the order of Her Majesty does not admit of delay."

"But you will allow me first to write a letter to the Empress."

"I know not if I ought; my instructions were very emphatic."

"Listen! It is a last favor, a favor which is not refused to the greatest culprit. I entreat it of you."

"But it is my situation which I risk."

"And it is my life which is at stake."

"Well, write; I permit it. However, I inform you that I do not leave you a single instant."

"Thanks, thanks. Pray request one of your officers to come that he may convey my letter."

The master of the police called a lieutenant of the Royal Guards, delivered to him the letter of poor Sutherland, and ordered him to bring back the answer to it immediately.

Ten minutes afterwards the lieutenant returned with the order to bring the banker to the imperial palace. It was all that the sufferer desired.

A carriage stood at the gate. Mr. Sutherland entered it and the lieutenant seated himself near him. Five minutes afterwards they were at the palace, where Catharine waited. They introduced the condemned man to her presence, and found Her Majesty in convulsions of laughter.

It was for Sutherland not to believe her mad. He threw himself at her feet, and seizing her hand in his, exclaimed, "Mercy, madame! in the name of heaven, have mercy on me; or at the least tell me for what crime I have deserved a punishment so horrible."

"But, my dear Monsieur Sutherland," replied Catharine with all the gravity she could command, "the matter does not concern you at all."

"How, Your Majesty, is it not a matter concerning me? Then whom does it concern?"

"Why, the dog, of course, which you gave me, and which died yesterday of indigestion. Then in my grief at the loss and my very natural desire to preserve at least his skin, I ordered Reliew to come to me, and said to him, 'Monsieur Reliew, I have to request you will have Sutherland immediately stuffed.' As he hesitated, I thought he was ashamed of such a commission; whereupon I became angry and dismissed him on his errand."

"Well, madam," answered the banker, "you can boast that you have in the master of the police a faithful servant; but at another time, pray, I entreat of you, to explain better to him the orders which he receives."

The four-footed Sutherland was duly promoted to a glass vice the banker—relieved.

A Lucky Better.

AN OFFICER named Verdier was celebrated in his garrison for winning all his bets. None of his comrades could boast of ever having been successful, and so at last no one cared to bet with him. One day Verdier was transferred to another regiment, but the fame of his peculiar luck had already spread before him. After a supper tendered by his comrades on the evening of his arrival, when champagne had made its appearance, Gen. B— called out:

"Is it really true, Verdier, that you win every bet?"

"Yes, General."

"But how the deuce do you do it?"

"Oh, very simply. I am a physiognomist, and I bet only when I am quite sure."

"You are a physiognomist?" Well, what, for instance, can you find to read now in my face?"

"I can see," said Verdier, promptly, "that the old wound in your side has broken out again."

"Nonsense!" thundered out General B—

"But—"

"No 'but' after I assure you, sir."

"Perhaps you do not like to speak of it—perhaps a duel—"

"Diablo! you won't believe me?—What will you bet?"

"Anything you please, General."

"Five hundred francs."

"The gentlemen present are the witnesses."

With these words the General proceeded without more ado to divest himself of his coat and shirt, when a close scrutiny by all present revealed the fact that there was no trace of a wound by a sword or ball.

"You have lost your bet, Verdier!"

shouted the General, resuming his garments.

"I have, indeed, lost this once. Men may err sometimes. Here are the 500 francs."

With a chuckle the General put the money in his pocket. After he had reached home, he at once wrote to his old chum, the General in command of Verdier's regiment:

"Dear friend, the story of Verdier's luck is all humbug. He has just made a bet of 500 francs that I had a wound in my side, and of course he lost it."

The answer came back:

"Your navvete is truly charming!—Your winning the 500 francs cost me 2,000 which Verdier bet me, on the day of his leaving, that he would make you, on the first evening of meeting, take off your shirt in the presence of your fellow-officers, and that you, yourself, would inform me of the fact."

A Much Married Minister.

THE TIMES has been informed of the arrest at Bangor, Me., of the Rev. J. M. Wells, alias Chenoweth, on a charge of bigamy. He was brought to this city, and is now in jail here awaiting the action of the Grand Jury of the Sangamon Circuit Court.

He was born in a small town in Ohio in 1821, and learned the trade of a tailor. When he was 22 years old he married and lived with his wife seven years.—One day he left his home and did not return. He then went, so it appears, to Iowa, where he joined the M. E. church and became a class leader. He married there, and lived with his second wife about two years, when he left her and went to Kaskaskia, in this State. It does not appear that he got married while at Kaskaskia, but in 1853 he married in Manchester, Scott county, and began business as a tailor. He had a good business and made a little money, but is described as being "of a lively, sporting turn," and he drank freely, gambled a little, and made his shop the headquarters for fast men and youth of the neighborhood.

After seven months of this sort of life he told the boys that he was going to quit his bad habits and join the church, and this he proceeded to do with great celerity. He professed great admiration for the teaching of the Rev. G. W. S. Beer, the Baptist clergyman of the place and was very attentive to his ministrations. He was soon converted and baptized, and was afterward licensed to preach. He married a Miss Ruth Clement and devoted himself to the work of the ministry, being in succession the pastor of the Baptist churches at Waverly, Applebrook, Manchester, Mount Sterling, Clayton, Girard, Whitehall, and Auburn.

In the fall of 1865, his Manchester wife died, and on July 14th, 1867, he married Miss Anna Wrightman of Auburn. In the fall of 1874 he was in great financial trouble and left Auburn.

For three years the people of Auburn heard nothing of him, but in the fall of 1877 the Standard, the Baptist organ of Chicago, published a letter from the church at Aurora, Ind., detailing the misdeeds of the Rev. M. Chenoweth.—The people of Auburn wrote to the Aurora church and an exchange of photographs revealed the fact that the Auburn fugitive and the ex-pastor of Aurora, Ind., was the same person. He had got married at Aurora, and after his exposure there bolted from that place.

When he left Auburn he went back to his old home in Ohio, and there found that his first wife had got a divorce and married a man who afterwards died, leaving her well fixed in the way of property.

He professed the utmost penitence for his desertion of her, swore that the story of his marrying in Iowa was not true, and was remarried to her. After a time he took charge of the Baptist church at Dunkirk, Ind. He had steadily urged his wife to sell the property left her by her late husband, but she refused, and at last, as his treatment was brutal, she left him and went back to her home in Ohio. Then Chenoweth went to the church at Aurora, and there, it is reported, forged the name of one of his deacons of his church to a note or check, got the money, and fled. The friends of the Auburn lady spent the time and money required to trace him up, and he is now in jail.—The offspring of his many marriages are one child at Manchester, two at Auburn, five in Ohio, and one in Iowa.—Chicago Times.

I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say, that, when the cradle, and the crib, and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now, there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of chorded instruments. O, blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many men bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if when they were ten years

old, I should lay them on the dissecting table, and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing, at twenty-five, but to drink deep and squander wide; and the father must be a slave all his life, in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster, which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of Poverty, who says "Work!" and, working, makes the man!—Becher.

The Increase of Crime.

Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and some other States are increasing the number, the accommodations and the population of their penitentiaries, prisons, jails, reformatories, houses of correction and asylums. They differ about solitary and congregate systems and many other points of administration, but they are all troubled to find sufficient accommodation for those who have been sentenced to imprisonment. Something of this is due to increased population, naturally yielding a greater number of criminals. Something is due to a more rigid construction of the laws; something to its more vigorous enforcement. But it demands unfurnished comparisons of the convicts of previous years, and of other lands as well as this, to show whether those dreams of an approaching millennium, many prophesy and some prepare for, are not the unsubstantial substance of fancy. We count over our schools and churches; we proudly reckon our reformatories and asylums, in evidence of current improvement and nineteenth-century progress. Does not their steady increase and constant crowding prove something too, against that optimistic imagining that declares virtue greater and more general to-day than heretofore? We say nothing against churches, schools and courts. Of course, if these were not, the criminality they repress would be quickly enlarged. But if with this enlargement despite all that is done to cause a diminution, the increase continues, have we not some unpalatable truths to confess and mingle with our boasting? Crime was certainly never before so expert if so bold over all the world. Is it not gaining upon virtue and the commandments everywhere?—Phil. North American.

A Story of a Trail.

She was a tall, stout individual, and sprang out of the wagon as lightly as a spring chicken after a grasshopper. He was a little, withered, dried-up weasel, and followed slowly, bringing a basket of eggs with him. They entered one of our stores, and she asked:

"What are ye givin' for eggs?"

"Eight cents," was the reply of the counter-jumper.

"Well, here are three dozen," said the fat party, "and I'll take it into calico."

"But I want some yarn to mend my socks," put in the old man.

"The weather is warm," replied the fat party, "and you can go without socks."

"But my boots hurt my feet," insisted the old man.

"Go barefooted," said she, rather sharply. Then turning to the clerk she changed her tune, and remarked:—

"Young man, please count me out the eggs and give four yards of calico to match this 'ere dress."

"But—" the old man was going to continue when she raised her huge index finger and said:

"Henry Winter Davis Spriggins, them 'ere eggs are mine; the hens that laid 'em are mine; the corn what fed 'em was mine; and I'se going to have a trail on this 'ere dress as long as Betsy Gowen's if every toe on your feet turn into gum biles. Now, shut. And you, youngster, yank off four yards of that 'ere calico, or you will hear a bumblebee a buzzing."

The old man shut and the clerk yanked off the calico.

Advice to Boys.

The big boy who loves his mother at a middle age is described by a popular writer as a true knight. Next to the love of her husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, the devotion of a son to her. He declares he never knew a boy to turn out badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly crush the poor and weary life. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother at middle age will love his wife as much in the sere-leaf autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother. And yet how often is the ear shocked at the loose and disrespectful manner in which young men speak of their mothers among their boon companions. The boy or man who does not love and venerate his mother is unworthy of the respect of honest men and virtuous women.