#### RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

#### May 12th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS FRAINS LRAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 200p. m.,
and \*7.55 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m.
200 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 Schuyikill and Susquehanna
Branch at 2.40 p. m.
For Alburn via S. & S. Br. at 5.50 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:

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:

\*7.45 p. m. Leave Philladelphia, at 9.15 a. m. 4.00, 8.30 and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at †4.40, 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 4.35 p. m. n. m.

p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.

8.15 a, m.
Leave Adburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon.
Leave Altentown, at #2.30 5.50, 9.05 a, m., (2.15
4.30 and 9.05 p. m.
SUNDAYS:
Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a, m, and 10.35
p. m.

p. m. Leave Allentown, at2 30 a. fu., 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, Pas-enger trains will run as follows:

EAST.
Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., dully except Sunday.
Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily "Sunday
Mail. "6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday
Atlantic Express. "54p.m., flag,—daily. WEST.

Way Pass. 9.08 a. M., daily, Mail. . . . . . 2.43 r. M. daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 p. M. daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 P. M., (Flag)—daily ex-

Pittsburgh Express, t. 17 a. m., dally (flag)
Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., dally (flag)
Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which
is 13 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minntes slower than New York time.
J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains willleave Duncannon, as follows:

EASTWARD.

Missintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M.
Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday.

Mail 7.30 P. M...

Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag)

WESTWARD.
WESTWARD.
Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily
Mail, 2.09 p. m., dailyexceptSunday.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p.m.
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (fiag) 11.33p. m.
WM. C. KING Agent.

### KANSAS FARMS

-AND-

# FREE HOMES.

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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

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William

### The Foiled Housekeeper.

IT HAD been a busy day with me. I had been working hard getting up evidence in a railway case, and was putting up my papers with a sigh of relief. Another forty minutes and I should be home. I could almost smell boiled capon and oyster sauce which I knew were being prepared for me. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," says the proverb; and in many cases it proved only too true; for just as I was tying up the last bundle of papers, the office boy put his head in at the door and dispelled the tempting vision.

"A woman to see you, if you please, sir. She won't give her name. Says she is a stranger."

"A stranger!" I repeated. "What is she like? Is she a common person?" "Not exactly, sir," replied the lad.

" A lady?" I asked,

"O no, sir."

" What is she, then?"

Arthur was a droll lad. I had brought him to London from the country, to oblige an old college friend. I am afraid that he was not of much use in the office, but he used to keep the other clerks in a good temper by his amusing and dry remarks.

Arthur paused, as if considering, and then, with a look of intelligence, as much as to say that he had hit the nail on the head this time, he answered:

"Well, sir, she's a sort of betwixt and between."

"Not a bad definition, Arthur.-Ask the 'betwixt and between' upstairs."

A tall, middle-aged woman entered and took the seat I placed for her.

My visitor removed her gloves, and carefully smoothing them, placed them on the table beside her. She then produced from her pocket a large foolscap envelope, from which she drew a piece of paper folded long ways. This she handed to me explaining, in a hard, monotonous voice, that she had been sent to me by her master, Mr. Robert Bramleigh, of Coleman street, who was dangerously ill-in fact, was not expected to live many hours. The paper, she said, had been written by his direction, and signed by him for his will that afternoon. Fearing lest it should not be in proper form, he had desired her to take it to the nearest lawyer and have one prepared according to law.

I unfolded the paper and read as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen. I leave my body to the ground, and my soul to Almighty God, who gave it. Now, this is the will of me, Robert Bramleigh, of 559 Coleman street. I give and leave all my houses, lands, money, and every-thing that I have, to Hannah Churton, my housekeeper as a reward for her long faithful services. Signed by me on Tuesday, December 12th, 1868.
"ROBERT BRAMLEIGH.

"Witnesses - John Burns, Margaret Sims.

I examined the writing carefully. The signature, "Robert Bramleigh," was weak and shaky. The will itself was written in a masuline looking hand of a singular decision and boldness. The characters were large and well formed.

The will had evidently been prepared by some one who had but an imperfect knowledge of the form to be used a purpose. The solemn appeal to the Deity, and the bequest of the testator's body and soul was an old form, much in vogue with our grandfathers, who generally headed a will with one or two pious phrases.

The document shown to me was, however, sufficient to give Hannah Churton all Mr. Bramleigh's property. There were the requisite number of witnesses and Principle Registry of her Majesty's Court of Probate would have granted letters of Administration with the will annexed (the appointment of an executor having been omitted, the ordinary Probate could not have been obtained,) on one of the attesting witnesses making affidavit that the will had been executed by the testator in the presence of himself and the other attesting witness, and they had, at the same time, and in the presence of each other, subscribed their names thereto as witnesses.

Now, I am always very particular about wills; I think they are too serious to be settled in a hurry. I never will allow a client to execute one until I am convinced that its purport is perfectly understood.

"You are Mrs. Churton, I presume?" I asked.

"I am," she replied, looking me unflinchingly in the face. Somehow I felt suspicious that things were not so fair as they should be. I questioned her rather closely, but the only admission I obtained from her was that she had written the will, but that it was at her master's dictation. I offered to prepare a more formal document; but before doing so,I declared that it was necessary I should see Mr. Bramleigh. I named the omission of the appointment of an executor.

This seemed to rather nonplus her .-She asked whether she could not be named as an executrix. The more aversion she showed to my seeing her master

the more convinced I felt that something was wrong; and, seeing that I was not to be moved from my purpose, she at last gave in; proposing, however, that I should accompany her back, as she greatly feared it would be too late if left till the morning.

A cab soon took us to No. 559 Coleman street. It was a large, gloomy old-fashioned house, with a spacious entrance hall. I was taken into the dining-room and asked to wait until Mr. Bramleigh was being prepared for my visit. The furniture in the room was old and very massive. Some handsome oll paintings graced the walls. I am very fond of pictures, so, raising the lamp, I walked around the room slowly inspecting them. On the right of the fireplace I came upon a picture with its face turned toward the wall. I turned the picture. It was the portrait in oil of a young and very beautiful girl in a dark riding-habit. Hearing footsteps outside the door, I restored the picture to the position in which I had found it, and as I did so, I saw written at the bottom of the frame, "Magdalen Bramleigh,"

The footseps I heard were those of the housemaid, who had come to announce that Mr. Bramleigh was ready to see me. I followed her upstairs, and was ushered into a large, comfortable looking bedroom. A cheerful fire burned in the grate. Facing it was a large four-post bedstead, hung with white curtains, and at the head of the bed Mrs. Churton, was sitting, with a small table in front of her, on which was placed an inkstand and some paper. She pulled back the curtain, and I saw an old man propped up by pillows, his face drawn, and the eyes very much sunk. I almost feared that he was too far gone to make a will; but after speaking to him for a little time, I felt satisfied that the intellect was quite clear.

Turning to Mrs. Churton, I told her that she need not wait; I would ring if I wanted anything.

"Yes, go - go, Hannah!" cried the sick man, and I fancied that I could detect an eagerness in his voice, as if he desired her absence rather than her presence.

As Mrs. Churton left the room I caught sight of the reflection of her face in the glass over the chimney-piece, and I do not think she would have scowled half as much had she known I was looking.

I began by asking Mr. Bramleigh what were his wishes with regard to his will-In low tones he told me that he desired to leave everything to Hannah Churton, his housekeeper, as a reward her long and faithful service.

I spoke gravely to the old man, although without much hope of success, but at last I got him to confess that he had no intention of making his housekeeper his sole heiress until she had herself broached the subject to him. She certainly must have had great power over the old man to induce him to agree to such a scheme.

I proposed to Mr. Bramleigh that he should leave his property to some one on whom he could rely, in trust for his daughter. I also volunteered, although I have an aversion to the responsibilities of a trusteeship, my services as trustee for this purpose. 'My arguments prevailed. He assented, and I prepared a will accordingly, the old man requested that his medical man, Dr. Ramsey, should be nominated as my co-trustee, and that an annuity of £50 should be paid to Hannah Churton for life.

I read the will to him very carefully, explaining, as I did so, its full effect.-When I had finished, he muttered: Quite right-quite; but I am afraid Hannah will not be pleased." I coun-

seled him not to mention it to any one and my advice seemed to satisfy him. Ringing the bell, I requested Mrs. Churton to summon James Burns and Margaret Sims, the two servants who

had witnessed the first will. As soon as

they were in the room, I gave Mr. Bramleigh a pen, and placing the document before him, I said distinctly, so all might hear: "This which I have read to you is your final will, and you request James

Burns and Margaret Sims to witness your execution of it?"

"It is-I do," he solemnly said, as with feeble fingers he wrote his name.-The two awe-stricken domestics then added theirs, and I think their hands shook more than the testator's. Hannah Churton was a silent spectator of the whole of this; but I could not see her face, as she stood in the background, out of the light of the lamp.

Before allowing any one to leave the room I placed the will in a large envelope. Fastening it with wax, I impressed it Mr. Bramleigh's monogram and crest by means of a seal that was on the tray of the inkstand. The old man watched me closely, and when I had finished, he said :

"Keep it until I want it-till it is wanted," thus relieving me of a great embarrassment, for I did not like leaving it in the power of Hannah Churton, lest she should tamper with it.

On my way down stairs Dr. Ramsey told me that my patient was rapidly sinking, and that he doubted whether he would live another twenty-four hours.

Taking him into the dining-room and shutting the door, I told him of my suspicions of the housekeeper, and that I felt afraid of leaving Mr. Bramleigh alone with her all night. He ageeed with me, and promised to send his assistant to watch till morning, when, if Mr. Bramleigh should still be living he would on his own responsibility place a trustworthy nurse in charge. The housekeeper opened the door to let us out.

"It is all right, Mrs. Churton," I maliciously said, as the doctor wished her good night. "I am quite satisfied now. The will will be in my keeping. By-the-by," I added, looking her sharply in the face, " had you not better let your master's friends know of the danger he is in? Dr. Ramsey says he does not think he will last much longer."

She mumbled something in reply, but I could not eatch what it was. I staid talking upon indifferent subjects, to while away the time until the arrival of Dr. Ramsey's assistant. Mrs. Churton, however, was, unlike her sex, remarkably reticent; I could only get the shortest replies from he. She seemed very much astonished and displeased when Dr. Ramsey returned with his assistant. He explained to her that, although there was no chance of saving his patient's life, yet his last moments might be alleviated by skilled attendance and as he himself could not stay all night, he had brought his assistant for that purpose.

In one's experience of mankind we find it is possible to be sometimes too clever. Mrs. Hannah Churton was very clever, but she committed two great mistakes. The first was in consulting a lawyer. The will drawn by her-for so it really had been-might have been upset on the ground of undue influence. I say "might have been," for there is nothing so hard to prove as undue influence. The great point against it was the ousting of a child in favor of a stranger.

Mistake No. 2 was as follows: The doctor had gone upstairs to install his assistant, leaving me standing in the hall with the housekeeper. Fumbling in her pocket she pulled out a roll of bank notes; thrusting these into my hands, she told me that it was her master's wish that I should take them for my trouble. I unrolled them and found two for ten, and one for five pound .-Twenty-five pounds!

A long legal experience has taught me that in all dealings with doubtful people one's safety lies in having a good witness. I waited till the doctor came down stairs, occupying myself by entering the numbers of the notes in my pocket-book.

"Look, doctor," I cried as he appeared, showing him the notes. "Mr. Bramleigh is a liberal paymaster."-Turning to Mrs. Churton, I said, "This will amply repay me."

Retaining the note for £5, I returned her the other two. She took them from me without saying a word, but a black look came over her face. I think she began to suspect me.

I got home very late that night. The capon was more than, done and so was the oyster sauce.

Mr. Bramleigh died the next morning at 10 o'clock. Soon after I had left he became unconscious, in which state he remained till shortly before his death, when there was a rally. Opening his eyes with an eager look, as if he missed something, he threw one arm outside the covering, and crying, "Madalen, Magdalen," he obeyed the summons which bade him thole his assize—yea, in that dread court where "Not proven" is unknown. Guilty or not guilty? Who shall say?

The funeral took place on the Saturday, but an engagement prevented me from following. Mrs. Churton had written, requesting that I would aftend with the will, which still remained in my possession, with the one drawn by

I arrived at the house a little after one o'clock, and was at once taken into the dining-room, where I found Dr. Ramsey, Mr. Robeson (a brother practitioner) and a handsome young fellow, who was introduced to me as Lieut. Maitland, the late Mr. Bramleigh's son-in-law.

The door opened and a young lady entered. It did not require any introduction to tell me that she was the original of the portrait, still with its front turned toward the wall. Her face was very beautiful, notwithstanding its extreme paleness and the tear swollen evelids. She seated herself by the fire, her husband standing behind, leaning his arms on the back of the chair.

Mrs. Churton had closely followed Magdalen Maitland into the room. She was dressed in deep mourning and wore a black crape cap, thus affording a marked contrast to Mrs, Maitland, who was wearing a gray dress rather travel-

solled. Apparently she had no time to

prepare her mourning.

Dr. Ramsey politely pulled forward a chair for the housekeeper. Taking it from him with a cold "Thank you," she placed it at the end of the table, directly facing me. Very stern and forbidding she looked in her black garments - her features immovable, her hands resting on her knees.

I was about to unseal the envelope containing the will, when Lieut. Mait-

land interrupted me.

"One moment, if you please," said he, placing his hand on my arm. " Before this will is read, I wish to say a few words. Mrs. Churton tells me that Mr. Bramleigh has left her everything unconditionally. I simply wish to express my firm belief that Mr. Bramleigh could only have been induced to make such a will by unfair and foul means. Although I have been the cause of an estrangement between father and daughter, I cannot think that he could so forget his love for her as to strip her of everything. It is my intention, for her sake, to contest this will; and it is with this view that I have requested my old friend, Mr. Robeson, to be present to-day as my legal adviser."

His, frank, manly face was flushed with his honest excitement as, leaning over the back of his wife's chair, he took her face between his hands and kissed it, "For your sake-not mine, dearest," I heard him whisper.

I read the will slowly and distinctly. It was very short. Save one annuity of £50 to Hannah Churton for life, everything was left to Dr. Ramsey and myself in trust for Magdalen Maitland, to be settled on her as we in our discretion should think fit.

Astonishment is a small word to express the feelings of those present, nor will I attempt to do so. My tale lies with Hannah Churton. Starting to her feet, she pushed the chair from her, and stretching out one arm gave utterance to a fierce torrent of invectives. The veil was lifted, and the native coarseness of the woman's nature stood revealed. It was as I had feared. Unmindful of the bounty of but too generous a master, she heaped obloquy on his memory, and fearlessly asserted that she had wasted the best years of her life in the old gentleman's service.

Magdalen Maitland covered her ears with her hands, to shut out the hard words. Her husband led her toward the door; but Hannah Churton intercepted them. Tearing her cap from her

head, she threw it on the ground before the frightened girl.
"Trample on it!" she cried in a freu-zied voice. "Your father's victim has no right to wear it:"

I must admit that she looked grandly tragic as she declaimed these fiery words. I felt half sorry for the poor, defeated creature.

Nine years have passed since then, and Mrs. Maitland declares that there are "silver threads among the gold." The cares of a young family have somewhat marred her good looks, but they will live again in my god-daughter Magda-leu, who promises to rival her mother.

# Pointed Paragraphs.

Old Deacon Dobson always boasted that he was "prepared for the worst," and his neighbors thought he got it when he married his second wife.

Little five-year-old is having her first experience of spring in the country. Looking at a pear tree in full bloom, she exclaimed:

"Why, mamma! Just look at that tree. It is all covered with popped

"A lawyer once asked the late Judge Pickens, of Alabama, to charge the jury that "it is better that ninety and nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished."

"Yes," said the witty judge. "I will give that charge, but in the opinion of the court the ninety and nine guilty men have already escaped in this county."

# A Postmaster's Advice.

The Postmaster-General of the United States once received and odd official communication; the Raeburn postmaster, new to his official duties, writing to his superior officer: "Seeing by the regulations that I am required to send you a letter of advice, I must plead in excuse that I have been post-master but a short time; but I will say, if your office pays no better than mine, I advise you to give it up." To this day, that Postmaster-General has not decided whether his subordinate was an ignoramus or was quietly poking fun at him.

The last person to find out that he is in the ranks of the army of the moderate drunkards is the person himself .-All his friends have known it for a long time, but he keeps serenely unconscious of it until it is too late to vindicate his manhood from an appetite that burns flercer than the fires of hell. Sinbad took upon his shoulders the old man of the sea. It was at first a pleasure to carry him; but he afterwards discovered he was carrying a monster whom he could not shake off nor in any way get rid off.