

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
May 12th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.20, 8.15 a. m., 2.00 p. m., and 7.55 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 8.40 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. R. 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
LOWES
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 11.40, 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 4.25 p. m.
And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 5.15 a. m.
Leave Auburn via S. & S. R. at 12 noon.
Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:
Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 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 except Sunday.
Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., flag, daily.
WEST.
Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily.
Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. 5.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Pittsburg Ex. 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. BAROLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:
EASTWARD:
Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.
Johnstown Ex. 12.52 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7.39 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. 5.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m.
WM. C. KING, Agent.

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—AND—
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AUNT MARTHA'S WILL.

"ONLY one arm!" "Poor fellow!" and "I wonder if Ruth will marry him now!" were some of the remarks made when Rodney Craig came home from the army with an empty coat sleeve hanging beside him.

Those who knew Ruth best, said, "of course she'll marry him. She wouldn't let the loss of an arm keep her from doing as she promised. She loves him, and that settles the question."

When Craig told her that he would give her back her promise, she came and stood before him, looked straight into his face with her earnest eyes, and said:

"Do you love me, Rodney?"
"God knows I do, Ruth," he answered, and then she put her hand in his and made reply:

"Then never mention this matter again. I told you I would be your wife, God willing; and if we love each other I see no reason why we should not do as we intended. I would marry you, Rodney, if there was enough left of you to hold your heart."

After that he never spoke of breaking the engagement; but he would not consent to be a burden upon her, and it was agreed that the marriage be postponed until he secured some employment. He had made application for a clerkship under the Government, but it began to seem as if it was a modern case of Jarnyce vs. Jarnyce. Once in a while he got a letter from the department at Washington, saying that it was quite probable that he would secure the position; the matter had been referred to such a bureau, or was now under consideration by such an official, etc. And so the weeks lengthened into months, and he waited and heard nothing definite, and the time when he would be in position to marry Ruth seemed very far off. She would have been glad to work for him, because she loved him, and work for those we love is always pleasant. But he was too proud to consent to anything of that sort, as I have said.

On day Ruth got a letter from Aunt Martha Fielding. Aunt Martha lived in a thriving little village among the hills, and all that Ruth could remember about her was, that she always made her think of some of the old mountains to be seen from her windows, because she was so grim in aspect and seemed so unchangeable in all her ways. There had been some family trouble, and Aunt Martha had but very little to do with any of her relatives. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that Ruth and her mother were surprised when this letter came, asking Ruth to come up and stay with her a month that summer.

"Shall I go?" asked Ruth.
"I think you had better," answered her mother. "She must be lonely there. Poor thing! She's had a good deal of trouble, off and on, but she's made the most of it herself. But I suppose she couldn't help it; it was her disposition."

"I can't see what she wants me to come for," said Ruth. "I haven't seen her since I was a little bit of a girl. I wonder she didn't send for some of Aunt Lucy's girls."
"She's got some plan in her head," said Mrs. Gerrish; "she always has when she invites any of her relatives to visit her. Yes, Ruth, I think you'd better go, and do all you can to make it pleasant for her."

So Ruth went. Aunt Martha welcomed her in her usual grim fashion. Her kiss made Ruth think of one of the old mountains departing from its usual dignity and saluting one of the hills.

Ruth wasn't long in finding out what Aunt Martha had invited her to visit her for. One of her nephews was coming next week—her favorite nephew, she told Ruth, and the one to whom her property would go when she was done with it, and she got the idea into her head that he ought to marry Ruth.

"I always liked you," she said, in one of her confidential moods. "Now, when Lucy's girls were up here I was completely disgusted with 'em. All they thought of was dress and parties. They were willing to see their mother slave herself to death for 'em, and they wouldn't lift a finger to help her. But I've heard all about you and I know you're a good girl, and I know John will like you. He's sensible and I hope you are."

When Ruth saw how determined she was to make a match between her and this expected nephew, she thought it time to tell her how matters stood.

"Aunt Martha," she said, with a little frightened catch of her breath, for she was afraid the old lady would be mortally offended at the failure of her plans, "I'm engaged to be married." And the worst being over, she went on and told her all about it, and succeeded in making her lover into a hero, in her own estimation if not in Aunt Martha's.

"And so you're going to marry a man with one arm and as poor as poverty, are you?" said the old lady, grimly.

"Yes, if nothing happens to prevent it," answered Ruth, bravely. "We

love each other, and we'll get along some way; and love's better than all the wealth in the world, I think, and so does Rodney."

"Humph!" said Aunt Martha, and there the matter dropped.

Nephew John came, and he and Ruth were good friends at once; but neither of them ever dreamed of loving each other. One day Aunt Martha hinted her plan to him, and then had a long talk with Ruth, which hadn't the least effect toward changing her mind.

"I have promised to marry Rodney," said Ruth, firmly. "I shall keep my promise. Not all the wealth in the world would tempt me to break my promise to him."

That afternoon, when she and John were together, he told her what Aunt Martha had said in the morning, and then they had a good laugh over the old lady's plans, and before the interview was ended he showed her the picture of "his girl" and Ruth told him all about Rodney.

"It's almost too bad to disappoint her so," he said, laughingly. "But I don't feel quite willing to give up my own plans for her's, and I see you don't; so we don't seem to be able to gratify her by carrying out her pet project."

"I think not," answered Ruth. "I like you pretty well, John, but I like Rodney better—in a different way, you know; and I guess we shall have to run the risk of Aunt Martha's displeasure and take the consequences."

The matter was never mentioned by Aunt Martha again. When Ruth went home she kissed her after the same grim fashion of her welcome, and told her that she should expect to see her next summer, if nothing happened.

Something did happen. It will happen to all of us sometime. Aunt Martha had not expected it so soon, and none of her relatives had thought of her dying for years to come. But the call came for her suddenly, and she went away in the darkness of a winter's night, and there was no coming back from a journey like her's.

Ruth and her mother were at the funeral. The lawyer invited all the relatives to tarry to the reading of her will. That had been her request.

To her dear nephew, John Hunt, she gave the sum of thirty thousand dollars; to her dear niece, Ruth Gerrish, she gave her Bible, with all the papers therein contained. That was the sum and substance of the document.

Ruth took her legacy, which was found in Aunt Martha's room, securely tied up in a thick wrapper, with her name upon it, as the will had stated, and they went back home.

"I wonder who has the homestead?" said Mrs. Gerrish that evening. "All the property willed to John was in bonds and notes?"

Rodney Craig came in, and Ruth brought out her legacy to show him. She removed the wrapper, and they sat down together to look the well-worn Bible over. A paper fluttered to the floor. Ruth picked it up and read:

MY DEAR NIECE RUTH: I believe that the woman who is true to the man she loves, even if he is poor and has but one arm, is an honor to her sex. If you had been willing to marry John, and give up your lover, I should have despised you, and as a token of my respect I give you this old Bible and all you will find in it, and pray that you may be happy, as you deserve to be.

MARTHA FIELDING.

Then, of course, Ruth had to tell Rodney all about it. She had told her mother before. How his eyes shone when he knew the sacrifice she had made for his sake! And he said something about it in a broken voice; but she stopped him.

"I made no sacrifice at all," she said. "I didn't do it for your sake either; I did it for love's sake."

The Bible slipped from his knees to the floor, and several documents slipped out upon the carpet. He picked them up to replace them. Ruth took them from his hand to examine them.

"O mother!—Rodney!" she cried, excitedly, "they're deeds!"

And sure enough, they were! The old homestead in the village, and the farm, a mile or two away, were left to "my dear niece, Ruth Gerrish," and Aunt Martha had the deeds made out before her death. A slip of paper wrapped about them said that Mr. Jeffreys, her lawyer, could tell Ruth anything she wanted to know about the property. She could take possession at any time.

"Oh, we're rich!" cried Ruth, with happy eyes. "Dear Aunt Martha! Her heart was kinder than any of us thought. I hope she knows all about it. If she does, I'm sure she isn't sorry for what she's done."

It never rains but it pours. Next day came a letter to Rodney from the publisher of the paper in the village where Aunt Martha's home had been. He wanted some one to take the position of editor, at a liberal salary, considering the amount of work to be done. Miss Martha Fielding had advised him, some time ago, to offer the position to him.

Would he come and talk the matter over?

Rodney went, and so did Ruth and her mother. And they are living there now, much happier, I think, than they would have been if Rodney had taken the clerkship, which appointment came when it was no longer needed. And Aunt Martha is not forgotten, you may be quite sure.

After Many Years.

SOME fifty years ago, an English fleet anchored in a bay on the coast of Ireland. A sailor, who had by some means obtained a bag of sovereigns, secured them in a belt around his waist, and deserted from his ship. He made his way to a farm house, where he was offered shelter for the night.

The farmer's name was O'Brien, and to him the sailor showed the gold which he had brought with him. The sight of the sovereigns tempted the host to murder.

The sailor fell asleep by the fire. In the night, Kathleen, a servant girl, who slept in the loft above, saw a light glimmering through the chinks in the floor. Looking down, she saw her master standing over the sleeping sailor and kill him.

The body was carried out and buried. As the man's presence at the farmhouse was unknown to the neighbors, no inquiry was made for him.

The girl, frightened at the possession of the dreadful secret, did not venture to speak of it. But one day, in a quarrel she let fall a word which told him that she knew of the murder.

One morning she went out early to milk the cows. The path ran by the top of a waterfall thirty or forty feet high. He followed her, watched his opportunity, and flung her over. The coroner's inquest returned the verdict of death from an accidental fall.

O'Brien thought he was safe from destruction. Quietly and gradually he laid out the sailor's money in the purchase of sheep and cows.

Seventeen years passed away, and O'Brien was a rich man, the envy of the neighborhood, when suddenly the detective forces of Providence were set to work.

There had been a witness to the murder of Kathleen. A thief, intent on shearing O'Brien's sheep that he might steal the wool, was looking from a crag overhanging the fall, and saw the farmer fling the servant girl upon the rocks below. A consciousness of his own guilt forced him to remain silent.

But one day, while working in a copper mine, he fell down a shaft. He was badly hurt, and believing himself to be dying sent for a priest. In the confession he told the priest all. The priest insisted that the man should make a public declaration of what he had seen.

A magistrate took his deposition upon oath. A warrant was issued for O'Brien, and after months of searching he was arrested. He was tried, found guilty, and after a full confession, was hanged.

A Dismal Party.

RECENTLY one of the most dilapidated and forlorn parties that ever struck Pittsburg, meandered in Second avenue and stopped to rest and consult near Everson, McCrumm & Co's rolling mill. The party consisted of a man, his wife, two boys and one little girl, all members of his family, and a negro of about middle age.

Seven weeks ago the family left Newark, N. J., to emigrate to Missouri. The head of the family purchased a second-hand wagon and a horse. In the former he carried everything that would be absolutely essential on the trip, such as cooking utensils, bedding, etc., and these articles, with the horse and wagon comprised everything he owned in the shape of worldly goods. The progress of the party from Newark to the Allegheny mountains was necessarily slow and laborious, and long before reaching Harrisburg the family were worn out by insufficient food and by traveling in the manner in which they did.

At Harrisburg the negro mentioned was also seized with an idea of emigrating to Missouri, and without due deliberation he joined the family, and the whole party came crawling westward at a snail's pace. Some distance west of Harrisburg the crowning misfortune happened to the party. Being battered and stove up by hauling a load in all sorts of weather without the aid of enough to eat, the horse one day laid down and died, and for a time the members of the party were at their wit's end to know what to do. It was a desperate case. There was no money to purchase another horse; the wagon contained what most people would consider old junk, but the contents were valuable to the emigrants, being everything they owned in the world. It was finally determined that the journey thenceforth should be pursued on foot, and that the father and his two small boys and the negro should propel the vehicle as best

they could. This they did, day in and day out, obtaining their food by begging. This morning the party have in sight on Second avenue, and it is scarcely possible to imagine a more wretched or unique turn-out. Looking upon it, the beholder did not know whether to laugh or cry.

In the shafts of the wagon was the negro, barefooted, and hitched up in the harness of the dead horse, and pulling for all he was worth. Attached to the singletree was a rope, by which one of the boys helped the negro to pull the wagon. The father and his other son were behind pushing and his wife and the little girl brought up the rear. The entire party, with the exception of one of the boys, were barefooted, and their general appearance was one of abject poverty and misery.

When they arrived at Everson, McCrumm & Co's mill, the negro extricated himself from the harness, sat down on a curbstone and swore he would pull the wagon no longer.

The father held a conference with his wife, who appeared to be the most intelligent one in the party, as to what was to be done under the circumstances. He wanted to come to the mayor's office to inquire as where he could get work for a time. She, however, suggested that work could be secured quicker by going to Washington county, as it was harvest time.

Her idea was considered the best, and they endeavored to prevail upon the negro to hitch himself up again and make another stagger at it, but in vain. Finally the family concluded to pursue their journey alone, and they made a united effort to propel the wagon forward. They found, however, that they couldn't budge the vehicle, and after they had strained and tugged a while at it, the negro's heart relented and he once more took his position between the shafts, and when last seen he was pulling the wagon slowly and laboriously in the direction of Washington county.

Carrying their own Brimstone.

After a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me and said in a canting voice:

"Bishop, do you believe in a hell?"
I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?"
"Yes," said he.

"Well, said I, "the best answer I have ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this wilful charge in the right way the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, she bounded into the room, and said:

"Aunt, I ain't gwine to believe in a hell no more. Ef dar is any hell I jest wants to know where dey gets all dere brimstone for dat place, dat's 'zactly what I would like to know."

"The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and with a tear on her cheek, said: "Ah honey darlin', you look out you don't go dare, for you'll find dey all takes dere own brimstone wid um."

I then said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?"
"No," said he.

And he went home, I hope with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone" even in this world.

A great clown of a countryman stepped aboard of a Broadway, New York car, recently, with his pockets stuffed with chestnuts, which he immediately began to munch upon taking his seat. His enormous size and awkward bearing at once made him the "observed of all observers," but it was not until he had changed his place about twenty times, and looked all over the floor of the car, that the interest in him became general. He had paid his fare, and the passengers thought that in so doing he might have lost some of his money. They were good-natured, as New Yorkers generally are to strangers; they turned up the matting, and ransacked the car from end to end, but not even a penny could they find. Finally it occurred to one of the passengers to ask the countryman what he had lost.

Raising his tall form to its natural height, and looking at his interlocutor with a stare of wonderment that would produce a promonitory symptom of delirium in a man who had been indulging heavily over night, he ejaculated, in a tone of voice that rather indicated a heart-break:

"I lost a chestnut!"
The interest in the search suddenly subsided.

Men think it no shame to give handsome obseques to those dead whom living they have suffered to starve unnoticed; but the struggle of sinking poverty passes unseen in its corner.