

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 2.57 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. & B. 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 5.30, a. m., and 2.00 p. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.30 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, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m. 4.05, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 14.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m. 1.50, 6.15 and 11.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via S. & B. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 11.30, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 2.30 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. 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.

Midlinton 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. Midlinton Acc. 6.55 p. m., daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.07 p. m., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag). Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, and 4 minutes slower 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.

Midlinton Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Atlantic Express 10.30 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.00 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Midlinton Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.31 p. m. W. M. C. KING Agent.

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—AND—

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A NIGHT OF TERROR.

FAIR down the Carolina coast lies the lovely island of St. John, where stood one hundred years ago, a noble brick-built mansion, with lofty portico and broad piazza.

It was the home of Mr. Robert Gibbes and his beautiful young wife, and the great house was full at all seasons. Eight children had already come to this good couple, and seven little adopted cousins were their playmates—the orphan children of Mrs. Fenwick, sister to Mr. Gibbes.

He himself was a cripple, and could not walk. In a chair which ran on wheels he was drawn daily over the pleasant paths, sometimes by the faithful black servant, sometimes by the still more devoted children, who tugged at the rope like so many frisky colts.

The loveliness of the spot suited well its name of "Peaceful Retreat," by which it was known through all the country.

But in those troublesome times it could not always remain "peaceful." In the spring of 1770, the British took possession of all the sea-board. Gen. Prevost marched up from Savannah and laid siege to Charleston. But hearing that General Lincoln was hastening on with his army, he struck his tents in the night, and retreated rapidly towards Savannah. He crossed the Stone Ferry, and fortified himself on John's Island, as the Island of St. John's was often called.

For weeks now the noise of musketry and heavy guns destroyed the quiet joy at "Peaceful Retreat." The children in the midst of play, would hear the dreadful booming, and suddenly grow still and pale.

The eldest daughter, Mary Ann, was sprightly, courageous girl of thirteen.—She had the care of the little ones, for her mother's hands were full, in managing the great estate and caring for the crippled husband.

After a time, the enemy determined to take possession of the beautiful place.—A body of British and Hessians quietly captured the landing one midnight, and creeping steadily onward, filled the park and surrounded the house. At day-break, the inmates found themselves prisoners.

Then came trying days for the family. The officers took up their quarters in the mansion, allowing the family to occupy the upper story.

John's Island was less than thirty miles from Charleston, and when the American officers in the city heard that "Peaceful Retreat" had been captured by the British, they determined to rescue it from the enemy.

Two large galleys were immediately manned and equipped and sent to the plantation, with strict orders not to fire upon the mansion.

Sailing noiselessly up the Stone River, at dead of night, the vessels anchored abreast the plantation. Suddenly, out of thick darkness burst a flame and roar, and the shot came crashing through the British encampment.

The whole place was instantly in uproar. The officers in the house sprang from bed, and hastily dressed and armed. The family, rudely awakened, rushed to the windows.

A cold rain was falling, and the soldiers, half-clad, were running wildly hither and thither, while the officers were frantically calling them to arms.

Mary awoke at the first terrible roar and fled to her mother's room. The excitable negro servants uttered most piercing shrieks. The poor little children were too frightened to scream, but clung, trembling, to Mary.

Mrs. Gibbes was in great distress. She knew not, at first, whether it was an attack by friends on the camp, or an assault on the house by the enemy. She ordered the servants to cease their wailing and dress themselves.

Then her husband and children were prepared, and, while the cannon bellowed in quick succession and the noise around the house grew louder, the father and mother consulted what was best to do.

It was now evident that the attack was by their own friends, and its object was to dislodge the enemy. But Mr. Gibbes did not know that the house would not be fired on, and he advised instant flight. He was carried to his chair, and the whole household sallied forth from a back door.

The scene was terrific. The night was pitchy dark, and when just as they stepped out, a sheet of flame belched forth from the vessels, it seemed to be almost against their faces.

The roar shook the ground. The troops were too busy saving themselves to notice the fugitives, and they pushed on as rapidly as possible.

No one was sufficiently protected from the rain. Little Mary had the hardest part, for nearly all the children were in her arms. The mud was deep. Some of the little ones could walk but a short distance at a time, and had to be carried.—Mary having always one, sometimes two, in her arms. Several of the ser-

vants were near, but none of them seemed to notice her or her burdens.—The last horse had been carried off that very day; there was no escape but on foot.

Suddenly, a ball came crashing by them through the trees. Then a charge of grape-shot cut the boughs overhead. They were exactly in the range of the guns! It was evident they had taken the worst direction, but there was no help for it now—it was too late to turn back.

In her agony, the mother cried aloud to God to protect her family. Mary hugged closer the child in her arms, and trembled so she could hard keep up.—Another crash! The shot shrieked past them, striking the trees in every direction.

The assault was fierce, the roar was incessant. The frightened family rushed on as swiftly as possible toward a friend's plantation, far back from the shore, but it was soon seen that they would not have strength to reach it, even if they were not struck by the flying shot. The Americans were pouring their fire into these woods, thinking the enemy would seek refuge there. The wretched fugitives expected every moment to be the last. On they pushed through mud and rain and screaming shot.

Soon they found they were getting more out of range of the guns. They began to hope; yet now and then a ball tore up the trees around them, or rolled fearfully across their path. The reached one of the houses where their field-hands lived, with no one hurt; they were over a mile from the mansion, and out of range.

The negroes said no shot had come that way. Unable to flee further, the family determined to stop here. As soon as they entered, Mrs. Gibbes felt her strength leaving her, and sank upon a low bed. Chilled to the bone, drenched, trembling with terror and exhaustion, the family gathered around her. She opened her eyes and looked about. She sprang up wildly.

"Oh, Mary!" she cried, "where is John?"

The little girl turned ashy pale, and moaned:

"Oh, mother! mother! he's left behind!"

She broke into crying. The negroes, quickly sympathetic, began to wring their hands and wail.

"Silence!" said Mrs. Gibbes, with stern, but trembling voice. The little child now missing was very dear to them all, and, moreover, was deemed a sacred charge, as he was one of the orphan children of Mr. Gibbes' sister, intrusted to him on her death-bed.

The wailing ceased; there was silence, broken only by sobs, and the master asked:

"Who is willing to go back for the child?"

No one spoke. Mr. Gibbes turned to his wife for counsel. As the two talked in low tones, Mrs. Gibbes called the attention of her husband to Mary, who was kneeling with clasped hands, in prayer, at the foot of the bed. In a few moments the little maid rose and came to them, saying, calmly:

"Mother, I must go back after little Johnny."

"Oh, my child," cried the mother, in agony, "I cannot let you!"

"But, mother, I must," pleaded the girl. "God will care for me."

It was a fearful responsibility. The guns yet roared constantly through the darkness; the house might now be in flames; it might be filled with carnage and blood.

Mrs. Gibbes turned to her husband.—His face was buried in his hands. Plainly, she must decide it herself. With streaming eyes she looked at her little daughter.

"Come here, my child," she called through her sobs. Mary fell upon her mother's neck. One long, passionate embrace, in which all a mother's love and devotion were poured out, and the clinging arms were opened without a word. Mary sprang up, kissed her father's forehead, and sped forth on her dangerous mission of love.

The rain had now ceased, but the night was still dark and full of terrors, for through the trees she saw the frequent flashes of the great guns. The woods were filled with the booming echoes, so that cannon seemed to be on every hand. She flew on with all speed.

Soon she heard the crashing trees ahead, and she knew that in a moment she would be once more face to face with death. She did not falter. Now she was again in the fierce whirlwind. All around her the shot howled and shrieked. On every side branches fell crashing to the earth.

A cannon-ball plunged into the ground close beside her, cast over her a heap of mud, and threw her down. She sprang up and pressed on with redoubled vigor. Not even that ball would make her turn back.

She reached the house. She ran to the room where the child usually slept. The bed was empty! Distracted, she

flew from chamber to chamber. Suddenly she remembered that this night he had been given to another nurse. Up into the third story she hurried, and, as she pushed open the door, the little fellow, sitting up in bed, cooed to her and put out his hands.

With tears raining down her cheeks Mary wrapped the baby warmly and started down the stairs. Out into the darkness once more; onward with her precious burden, through cannon-roar through shot and shell! Three times she passed through this iron storm. The balls still swept the forest; the terrific booming filled the air.

With the child pressed tightly to her brave young heart, she fled on. She neither stumbled nor fell. The shot threw the dirt in her face, and showered the twigs down upon her head. But she was not struck. In safety she reached the hut, and fell exhausted across the threshold.

And the little boy thus saved by a girl's brave devotion, afterward became General Fenwick, famous in the war of 1812.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK.

IN 1850 Capt. Blank—the captain does not wish his name mentioned—was first mate of a whaleship cruising out of New Bedford. The William King was one of those old-fashioned tubs peculiar to the last century, sailing equally well either way, bow or stern. Off Telegraph Hill, near San Francisco, a school of whales was raised, led by an immense bull, and steering in a northerly direction. Two boats were at once lowered, but they had scarcely touched the water when the school parted, one running north, the other south. Captain Blank's boat followed one band while Jim Watson, the mate followed the other.

The captain's boat had a crew of magnificent oarsmen; they laid to their work with a will, and after an hour's pull came within range of the bull. Capt. Blank got an iron into him in short order, the fish sounded and went down at a speed which almost equaled that of the late "lightning express" train. The line ran out with a deafening hum; the logger-head smoked, and the boat laid her bows deep into the water.

Suddenly the strain ceased. The whale was coming up, and every eye coned the sea for a glimpse of the monster. He came up like a rocket, struck the boat on the keel amidship with his nose, and hurled it thirty feet in the air. As it descended, it capsized, and fell bottom uppermost. The men immediately swam for it, and, with the exception of the captain, reached it, where they squatted, holding on the keel and presenting the appearance of a lot of penguins nestling on a chunk of kelp. The captain swam also up but finding the keel crowded, resolved not to risk an upsetting by venturing upon it. So he put an oar under each arm, and, treading water, kept near the boat, cheering the crew, who, as was natural to men in their situation, were nervous and down-hearted. They floated this way some minutes, and were gradually getting over the first shock, when the stroke oarsman, a gigantic negro, called out, "Look dar, a shark!" Nothing so horrid as a sailor as a ravenous fish in hours of peril. The crew looked and saw a hugh bottle-nosed shark floating not more than a fathom below the surface. The captain saw the monster also, and felt his chances for escape dwindle to a cipher; nevertheless he did not lose courage, and instead of hastening the event which seemed beyond prevention, resolved to escape it if possible. He knew that a shark would never bite at an unsteady bait.

The nose of the creature is in its way; it must turn on its side and snap, and then only when the object is stationary. It may be so for a second only, but that is enough; the shark darts like lightning, and in a moment seizes his prey. The captain knew this, and his only salvation depended on his keeping constantly in motion. The least pause would be fatal, so with two oars under his arms he kept afloat, moving about incessantly, his eyes fixed on the dark monster beneath him, which followed wherever he moved. Such a situation would be apt to effect the senses terribly, yet the captain says he was never calmer, never less troubled, and never less afraid of death. His mind, however, was unusually active; every circumstance of his life came before him with the clearness of noonday. The scenes of his youth in particular passed before him in vivid coloring. He saw the old farm house in which he was born—the hills, woods and meadows surrounding it; the distant village, the church spire, the flocks of the plains, the winding river, the cows browsing in the fields; he heard the clatter of the mill, the songs of the mowers, the birds singing in the groves and the gun echoing among the hills. He heard, too, the voice of one dearer to him than all on earth, the voice of one—but this all took place while a rapacious monster was floating within a

few feet of him, waiting only a moment's pause in his movements to rend him to pieces!

The second boat, having now rescued the wrecked men, approached the captain, who ordered its crew to shoot by him at full speed, and as it passed him he would grasp it and spring in, the critical moment being when he would lose motion, and the shark would be likely to seize him. However, that risk must be taken. The mate faithfully carried out his directions. The men strained every sinew. They were whale-men, and as such topgallant oarsmen, and the speed at which they sent that boat driving through the water, would have shamed the flight of the swiftest sea bird. The boat itself was scarcely seen, buried in a double wall of foaming spray, the oars bending like reeds and the gunwales quivering at each stroke. It took a steady nerve, and eagle glance and a lightning grasp to secure the flying craft; but the captain had these, and as it passed, seized the starboard gunwale, and was thrown like a shot into the boat. At the same instant the shark's head rose above the water, and its jaws snapped with a sound audible for a considerable distance. The captain as he himself remarked, escaped "only by a scratch," the moment he was stationary the shark snapped at him, the velocity of his subsequent motion only saving him from a hideous death.

A Wise Madman.

PEOPLE accuse Geo. Francis Train, the eccentric philosopher who feeds the children with candies and the sparrows with crumbs on Madison Square, of being crazy; but if he is crazy, there is certainly "method in his madness." The advice of Polonius to his son has always been held up as a model of wisdom—indeed it has been held to be exhaustive on the subject; but if a report in the College Tell-Tale of an interview which some students had with George Francis be true, then the latter has fairly equalled Shakspeare in his advice to youth.

"We have been sent to you," said one of the students, "for some words of wisdom and admonition."

Whereupon the philosopher, without a moment's hesitation and "speaking without an unhesitating gibberish that was astonishing," spoke as follows:

"Rise early; be abstemious; be frugal; attend to your own business and never trust it to another; be not afraid to work, and diligently, too, with your own hands; treat every one with civility and respect—good manners insure success; accomplish what you undertake; decide, then persevere; diligence and industry overcome all difficulties; never be mean—rather give than take the odd shilling; never postpone till the morrow what can be done to-day; never anticipate wealth from any source but labor; honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy; commence at the first round and keep climbing; make your word as good as your bond; seek knowledge to plan, enterprise to execute, honesty to govern all; never trade beyond your stock; never give too large credit; time is money; make few promises; keep your secrets; live within your income; sobriety above all things; luck is a word that does not apply to a successful man; not too much caution—slow, but sure, is the thing; the highest monuments are built piece by piece; step by step we mount the pyramids; be bold—be resolute when the clouds gather; difficulties are surmounted by opposition; self-confidence, self-reliance is your capital, your conscience the best monitor; never be over-sanguine, but don't underrate your own abilities; don't be discouraged; ninety-nine may say no, the hundredth yes; take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, don't be afraid of manual labor; America is large enough for all; strike out for the West; the sea-shore cities are too crowded; the best letter of introduction is your own energy; lean on yourself when you walk; keep good company; the Spaniards say if you lie down with dogs you will get fleas; keep out of politics, unless you are sure to win; you're never sure to win, so keep out; when you are old enough to vote, vote—not for parties, but for men; if there are no men up for office don't vote at all."

A screech-owl took possession of a box at Lancaster, Pa., the other day, in which a pair of martins were building their nest, and when they returned would not let them enter. The birds soon flew away and returned with a whole army of companions, each bringing in his beak a piece of mud, with which they hermetically sealed the entrance of the box. When the box was opened a few days later, the owl was found to be dead.

A "Female Hercules," a native of France, is to be seen in London. One of her feats is to lift up an anvil by the hair of her head, and then have the same anvil placed on her bosom, while three smiths forge a horse shoe with their hammers, she talking and singing all the while.