

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. & B. 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.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: 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 14.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.15 and 7.35 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 12.30, 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Milltown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.23 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.51 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., flag, daily.

KANSAS FARMS -AND- FREE HOMES. The Kansas Pacific Homestead is published by the Land Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, to supply the large and increasing demand for information respecting 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

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VEGETINE FOR DROPSY.

I NEVER SHALL Forget the First Dose.

Providence, June 27th, 1877. Mr. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir,—I have been a great sufferer from dropsy. I was confined to my house more than a year. Six months of the time I was entirely helpless. I was obliged to have two men help me in and out of bed. I was swollen 10 inches larger than my natural size around my waist. I suffered all a man could and live. I tried all remedies for Dropsy. I had three different doctors. My friends all expected I would die; many nights I was expected to die before morning. At last Vegetine was sent me by a friend. I never shall forget the first dose. I could realize its good effects from day to day; I was getting better. After I had taken some 5 or 6 bottles I could sleep quite well nights. I began to gain now quite fast. After taking some 10 bottles, I could walk from one part of the room to the other. My appetite was good; the dropsy had at this time disappeared. I kept taking the Vegetine until I regained my usual health. I heard of a great many cures using the Vegetine after I got out and was able to attend to my work. I am a carpenter and builder. I will also say I have cured an aunt of my wife's of Neuritis, who had suffered for more than 10 years. She says she has not had any neuralgia for eight months. I have given it to one of my children for Canker Humor. I have no doubt in my mind it will cure any humor; it is a great cleanser of the blood; it is safe to give to children. I recommend it to the world. My father is 80 years old, and he says there is nothing like it to give strength and life to an aged person. I cannot be too thankful for the use of it. I am, Yours truly, JOHN S. NOTTAGE. ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.—It Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restore the patient to health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the Great Blood Purifier. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

VEGETINE I OWE MY HEALTH To Your Valuable VEGETINE.

Newport, Ky., April 29, 1877. Mr. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir,—Having suffered from a breaking out of Cankerous Sores for more than five years, caused by an accident of a fractured bone, which fracture ran into a running sore, and having used every thing I could think of and nothing helped me, until I had taken six bottles of your valuable medicine which Mr. Miller the apothecary recommended very highly. The sixth bottle cured me, and all I can say, is that I owe my health to your valuable Vegetine. Yours truly, ALBERT VON ROEDER. "It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the diseases for which the Vegetine should be used. I know of no disease which will not admit of its use, with good results. A most innumerable complaints are caused by poisonous secretions in the blood, which can be edictly expelled from the system by the use of the Vegetine. When the blood is perfectly cleansed, the disease rapidly yields; all pain ceases; healthy action is promptly restored, and the patient is cured."

VEGETINE. Cured me when the DOCTORS FAILED.

Cincinnati, O., April 10, 1877. DR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir,—I was seriously troubled with Kidney Complaint for a long time. I have consulted the best doctors in this city. I have used your Vegetine for this disease, and it has cured me when the doctors failed to do so. ERNEST DURIGAN, Residence 621 Race St., Place of business, 573 Cent. Ave.

VEGETINE Prepared H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass. Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

Looking at the bizarre figures on Chinese pottery, fans and tea-chests, one cannot help wondering what sort of tales the Chinese must tell their children, and to what sort of superstitions they must be inclined. The modern search into the "folk-lore" of different nations, in order to establish theories of national origin, has brought many popular superstitions forward in learned volumes, and has given historical and philosophical value to old wives' fables, which might otherwise have remained in obscurity. This article has nothing to do with the learning side of these disquisitions. The publication in England of a volume on the "Folk Lore of China and its Affinities," gives us some specimens of Chinese superstition, which may amuse the reader, who may trace the "affinities" at leisure.

Like ourselves, the Chinese do not like to break looking glasses. To break a mirror is a sign of trouble in the family. To break an oil jar is a still more fearful omen, and the terror which the Westerners attach to spilling salt, is given among these Orientals of spilling oil. But the mirror plays a more important part in China than the most superstitious among the Western nations ever dreamed of. When a man is sick they make an effigy of him by clothing a bamboo branch with his clothes. The head of the figure is represented by a mirror, and with this contrivance they parade around the house where the patient is dying or supposed to be dying. The theory is that the fleeting spirit, seeing his face in the mirror, may return to claim his garments and reanimate his body. By this, the dreamer in search of "affinities" must conclude that the spiritualistic "materializing" mediums among us are of Chinese stock in ways that are dark.

A Chinese garden is a labyrinth of crooked paths and abrupt turns. The theory of this is that, as the evil spirits are continually in pursuit of men, they are to be kept out of the house by an ingenious distribution of impediments and involution of foot-paths. Among the Chinese legends there is a period mentioned when these demons were so audacious that a man could not trust his wife, or a woman her husband out of sight, for the demons assumed the shape of and semblance of mortals, and when a man's wife left him, he was never sure that the demon would not borrow her aspect and form to pay him a visit. To counteract this unpleasant personation, when friends separated they exchanged private tokens, and no wife or husband would be welcomed home without the production of the ticket. The Chinese have a proverb to-day, "If your ticket be lost you are helpless." It must be admitted that the people who could invent such a test of identity had a very mean notion of demoniac sagacity. Modern evil runs especially in the line of counterfeiting tickets, and especially such as represent value.

Among the secrets of money-getting it is said that the ghost of a cat is the most capital agent for appropriating the property of others. The cat is to be hung till dead, and the family desiring the assistance of the defunct puss go into mourning for her for seven weeks. Then a memorial tablet of puss is hung up and worship paid to it. A small bag is placed near the tablet, and in the night the cat or her ghost goes and fills it. The bag is next day opened over a large empty chest and enough rice or peas runs out to fill a wagon. Of course the envious neighbors say, this must be the way in which some people get rich. There can be no other mode of accounting for it.

How a man may miss getting rich, is illustrated in the story of a butcher. A stranger asked him what he would take for the bench on which the meat lay. He, suspecting fun, answered seventy-five dollars (fifty taels). The money was offered, but the butcher thinking there was more money in the bench than he was aware of, flew from his bargain, and put the bench away in a safe place to wait for a rise in the market. The purchaser calls again after a year's interval, but the butcher has now become an offerer with no taker. For he is informed that there was a snake in the bench with a jewel in its mouth. The snake lived on the blood from the raw meat, which soaked through the wood, and must be dead after a year's fasting. So it proved. The butcher splits his bench and finds the dead snake, with the jewel turned to a dead fish's eye. The rough mode of investigation results, like some others, in a return of "no assets."

An Esquimaux Wedding.

SHORTLY there entered, in perfect silence, a cortege drawing a dog-sled, in which was seated the high priest of the tribe, and a more villainous-looking object I never beheld. He was stripped to the waist and smothered with oil and coloring-matter in stripes, which gave

him the appearance of a Chinese joss. On his head was a tiara of bear's claws, surmounted by an enormous polar bear's head. On his shoulders were placed erect on end two large walrus tusks, fancifully decorated with strips of red flannel, which had been obtained from the clothing of a drowned sailor washed ashore. The lower part of his body was covered with otter skins, over which were spread a number of young seals, all alive and barking. In the right hand he held a spear, which he waved aloft in a theatrical manner, while with his left he motioned to the bride and groom to approach him. The whole concourse arose, and with shouts of gladness capered around the priest's chariot. This he submitted to for a space of ten minutes, and then, imperiously waving his spear commanded silence. The groom was now directed to prostrate himself upon the earth on his back and the bride directed to place her right foot upon his throat, which she evidently did with reluctance. While in this position the priest instructed the groom that such was to be his fate, trodden under foot by men, should he ever prove untrue to his plighted troth. He was then permitted to rise and directed to approach the old chief, who placed a spear at his breast, telling him it would be his doom should he prove untrue. He was next directed to his father, who, producing a fish line, informed him he would choke to death his offspring should he prove unfaithful. Then, to cap the climax, he was directed to face the entire tribe, who, brandishing their spears, yelled at the top of their voices vengeance on him in the event of unfaithfulness. At this juncture the groom, apparently overcome with emotion, dropped on the ground, and bowing his head to the earth, cried: "I will be true," until raised to his feet by the bride.—San Francisco Mail.

What Came of Pricking a Finger.

Mr. Edison gives the following account of the invention of his wonderful instrument, the "phonograph," an apparatus that takes a permanent mould of a person's voice, and will reproduce the same voice and tones at any time afterwards:

The matter in which the principle of the speaking phonograph was discovered is this: "I was singing to the mouth-piece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point, and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Halloo! halloo!' into the mouth-piece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Halloo! halloo!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That piqued me a little, and I told them that I would give them two dollars a piece if I didn't make it work the first time without a break. I tried it and succeeded. That's the whole story. The discovery came through the pricking of the finger."

Reading this, one cannot help recalling what the witch in "Macbeth,"— "By the pricking of my thumbs, Some one wicked this way comes." Only Mr. Edison's parody would probably be "useful" in the place of "wicked."

The Best Sewing Machine.

The very best sewing machine a man can have is a good wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, is seldom the cause of dust and, once in motion, will go on uninterrupted for hours without the slightest trimming, or the smallest supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little, from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigor than ever. Of course sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a wife—one, for instance, that sings whilst working, and seems to be never so happy as when the husband's linen is in hand—the sewing machine may be called perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no makeshift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or

money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these sewing machines in the house.

Why a School Master Went Abroad.

A Virginia City man who formerly taught school in the Honey Lake Valley, has been telling Dan. De Quille why he left that rural region. While employed as teacher it seems he "boarded round," and one night, while at the house of an old ranchman, gave one of the boys some extra lessons in geography.

The old man overheard him telling the boy that the earth turned around once in twenty-four hours, and "kicked" against it. He said he had heard such stuff talked, but there was nothing in it, as he could prove. He filled a tin-cup with water and set it on top of his gate-post saying: "Now, young fellow, if the world flops over as you say, the water will be all out of the cup in the morning, and you will be right; if the water is still in the cup, I'll be right, and the world don't flop over."

The water was found in the cup, and the old man triumphantly exclaimed: "Thar, give me common sense any time against book larnin'." Word went forth to the neighborhood that the teacher was an ignoramus, and he was invited to take a walk. A reporter asked the teacher if that was the only reason for bouncing him. He said that it was not, that he had incurred the deadly hostility of one of the school trustees by laughing uproariously at a question put by the old man. The honest farmer got hold of his son's geography, it appears, and there had read that the earth had a rotary motion. He called on the school master to ease his mind in regard to an agricultural problem this had suggested.

"Say, perfess," he remarked, "I've been a readin' in Tom's Joggelfy that the arth hez got a rot-tatory motion, and I thought I'd jest ax you ef maybe that wasn't the cause of the perত্য rot?"

A Strange Vision.

An optical illusion or mirage was seen by three or four farmers two miles from Parkersburg, W. V., a few days since, the appearance of which no one is able philosophically to account for. The facts are these: A man while ploughing in a field with several others, about 7 P. M., happened to glance towards the sky, which was cloudless, and saw apparently about half a mile off in a westerly direction an opaque substance resembling a white horse, neck, limbs and tail clearly defined, swimming in the clear atmosphere. It appeared to be moving its limbs as if engaged in swimming, moving its head from side to side, always ascending at an angle of about 45 degrees. He rubbed his eyes to convince himself that he was not dreaming, and looked again, but there it still was—still apparently swimming and ascending in ether. He called to the men—about one hundred yards off—and them to look up and tell him what they saw. They declared they saw a white horse swimming in the sky and were badly frightened.—Our informant, neither superstitious nor nervous, sat down and watched the phantom (if we may so call it) until it disappeared in space, always going in the same direction and moving in the same manner. No one can account for the mirage or illusion except upon the uneven state of the atmosphere. Illusions of a different appearance have been seen at different times in the same vicinity, frightening the superstitious and laughed at by the sceptical.

Who are the Blessed?

Blessed is the man who minds his own business and attends to his own affairs, and not the affairs of his neighbors. Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so." Blessed is the man who can sew on his own buttons when the baby is crying. Blessed is the woman who won't marry a widower—providing he's your father. Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station. Blessed is the rich relation who never looks down on you—when you are in the gutter. Blessed is the poor relation who never looks up to you—for money. Blessed is the old maid that don't hate old people and children. Blessed is the old bachelor that don't hate cats and canary birds. Blessed are the married people that don't wish they were single. Blessed are the single people that are contented to remain so. Blessed is the husband who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

Mr. and Mrs. Monoe of Atlantic, Iowa, agreed to separate, but neither would consent that the other should retain their baby. They settled the question by selling the infant to a neighbor for \$50.