

RAILROADS.
PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
May 12th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.30, 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 7.57 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.30, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00 and 7.55 p. m.
For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 2.07 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, 5.57 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, 8.10, 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, 5.30 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 4.35 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 11.30, 5.50, 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 7.30 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 1.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.
J. E. JOHNSON, 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, 9.51 p. m., flag, -daily.
WEST.
Way Pass. 9.08 a. m., daily.
Mifflintown Acc. 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Ex. 5.55 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 15 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.
Mall 7.30 p. m.
Atlantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag)
WESTWARD.
Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily.
Mall 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m.
Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m.
WM. O. KING Agent.

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-AND-

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THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

WE WERE a knot of doctors, enjoying ourselves after a meeting of the Hippocratic Medical Society, whose members were accustomed to assemble once a year for purposes of mutual edification and improvement. Dr. Gallen Cupps was in the chair. He was our Nestor, our old man eloquent, a living professional legendary budget. On his face you could read "Entertainment" as plainly as you ever saw it painted on an old fashioned tavern sign; and to it, after a day of weary rambling over the dusty paths of therapeutic lore, we turned as naturally for refreshment as the tired wayfarer halts before the invitation sign-board waving hospitable welcome to the cheer within.

Genial Dr. Cupps! Like Father Grimes, that other good old man, "we'll never see him more." No monument marks his last resting-place. The guild of undertakers, possessed they a spark of gratitude, would not suffer this to be. As for his surviving professional brethren, few of us, I fear have money to spare that way.

"How do young doctors, as a rule, get their first start?" queried a cynical-looking M. D. at the foot of the table, with a nose as sharp as the tip of his own lancet—"leaving out, of course, exceptional cases, like that of a man swallowing a fish-bone, or dropping suddenly in a fit, where there's no choice but to seek the nearest acid. What I ask is, how do people come to trust their lives deliberately in inexperienced hands? What's the philosophy of it?"

"Popular ignorance, probably," suggested one.
"Or cheek in the youngster," another hinted.
"It's mostly luck, I think," remarked the chair, whereon had converged a number of inquiring looks.
"Come, doctor, give us your experience on the point," was moved and seconded.
"Mine was a case of pure luck," he said.
"Won't you tell us about it?" we entreated. Dr. Cupps was not the man to refuse.
"Young men now-a-days," he began, "enter the profession with other advantages than we old fellows had. The public hospitals, now accessible to students, afford the opportunities to learn much by observation, which we were left to find out through experiments on our own patients."

"Though I took my degree after a creditable examination, I doubt if I could then have distinguished, by inspection, between the incipient stages of chicken-pox and measles. Had I been called to treat a simple case of rheumatism, ten to one I should have found a verdict of white-swelling, and passed a sentence of amputation without stopping to ask the victim what he had to say against it. My first patient was Percy Topham, a young man who had inherited a splendid constitution as well as fortune, but was fast making way with both. The case, no doubt, would have fallen into Dingo's hands, for he monopolized the practice thereabout, but for his absence on a distant call."

"Come quick, sir!" urged the messenger; "Mr. Percy's taking on at an awful rate."
"Without staying to inquire further, I snatched my hat and sallied forth, quite forgetting, in the excitement, the new pill-bags wherein was stored my stock of samples.
"I arrived to find my patient 'taking on' at an awful rate sure enough."

"Poker in hand, he was laying about him in a manner highly detrimental to the furniture. He was killing snakes he said. Had it been dogs, hydrophobia might have been my diagnosis; but snakes, I knew, meant delirium tremens. And such was the decision of Mr. Topham's own more practical judgement, for, turning toward me, in a lucid moment:
"I've got 'em, Doc," he said.
"I did my best to calm him, assured him I should bring him round, placed my fingers on his pulse, and began to count the beats, but darting from me, he exclaimed:
"There goes the biggest snake yet—the old serpent of all!" making a slash with the poker that caused me to dodge into the corner.

"Leaving two to watch him, and accompanied by the man who had summoned me, I hurried home to procure such remedies as I should conclude the case required—a point, I must confess, I was very far from clear upon. I had been reared in a temperate community, had seen little of intoxication or its effect, and my reading had not borne specially in that direction.
"Before reaching my office, however, I decided what course to take. There was no time to consult books. Besides, I was ashamed to do that in the presence of the man who waited to carry back the physic. He would have taken it for a confession of ignorance, and

would have lost no time in proclaiming me a dunce.

"Overhauling my supply of drugs, and taking a little from every one, I produced a mixture some element of which I hoped might prove a service.
"Give him a tablespoonful of it every half hour," I said to the man handing him the bottle, on which I was careful not to put a label.
"Not caring to be present to witness the effect of my maiden prescription," "Tell Mr. Topham I'll call in the morning," I said.

"Whatever my patient did, I passed a bad night. Of all cases in which to make my debut, why should the malignant fates send the very one most likely to expose me?
"With many misgivings I presented myself next morning at the patient's door. I was glad to see there was no craze on it. Passing the servant who admitted me, I hurried trembling to the sick room.
"Good-morning Doc," cried the invalid rising from a sumptuous breakfast, wiping his mouth with one hand, and extending me the other. "By George, you did bring me through famously! That stuff is mighty nasty, but it did the business. I'm sound as a dollar this morning!"

"Before I could reply, a serving-man entered, the same by whom I had sent the medicine.
"What's the matter, Dick?" said Topham.
"Boxer's dead, sir?"
"Dead! The deuce! There's a go! I suppose you forgot to call at Bott's the farrier's for that drench yesterday; just like you when my back is turned."
"No, sir," the man replied: "I stopped and got it on my way from the doctor's and gave it according to direction.
"Just my luck!" cried Topham, smiting the table. "You see, Doc, Boxer was my fastest trotter. I counted on winning a mint of money on him at the coming races, and now he's gone and kicked the bucket. Well, 'pence to his name!' as the poet says. Here, Dick, hand the doctor that medicine bottle from the mantle. He may as well fill it up again. This morning's luck may set me on a fresh spree, and there's no telling how soon I may need another dose."

"A glance at the bottle as I took it made me start. It bore a label, on which I read Simon Botts, Farrier.
"Can it be," I mentally exclaimed, "that it was Botts' potion that cured the man, and mine that killed the horse?" It was a strong case of circumstantial evidence, at any rate.
"Quietly pocketing the bottle, I went my way. If the truth was as I surmised, it never came out. Topham sounded my praise everywhere, and soon the local death-list was pretty equally filled with the names of old Dingo's patients and my own."

Dyed by Lightning.

The Chicago Tribune, in a recent issue, says: Seldom has the electric fluid done a more curious thing than on yesterday morning at three o'clock at the residence of H. I. Guild. Mr. Guild and his wife were occupying a bedroom in the second story and Lottie, a bright faced child of four years of age, with golden curls, occupied a double cot on the first floor in company with her grandmother, Mrs. J. J. Ames, aged about 50 years. This cot was placed under the opening of the main flue of the chimney. The first recollection that Mr. Guild had of the situation was that he was on the floor of the bedroom with his wife clinging to him and screaming. He turned on the light, and at first glance discovered that the patches of plastering in the ceiling of his room and in the rooms adjoining were hanging over his head and the lathing protruding. The shingles in the vicinity of the chimney were torn up. He then concluded that lightning had done the work. The next thought was the grandmother and his daughter Lottie below.—Upon arriving in their room, the little innocent, her face, head of curls, and hands black with the soot of the flue, commenced to clap her hands at the appearance of the grandmother, who was also blackened with the soot. Upon examination, Mrs. Ames was found to be in an insensible condition, and a doctor was summoned. He applied remedies. The child told the story of how the fire came down the chimney, and knocked herself an "grandma" from the cot to the floor. The child was then subjected to a severe bath, and then was discovered the most remarkable feature of the whole affair. The profusion of curls, which were of unusual length, reaching almost to the child's waist, and which had been of a bright golden hue, were of a blue-black or inky color from the roots to the tip. A closer examination revealed the still further singular fact that the scalp of the head was also colored, indelibly it seemed, the same as the hair. Up to six o'clock on yesterday afternoon, after a lapse of fifteen hours, and after repeated washings with ammonia and other solutions, every hair remained the same shade as when

the change was first noticed, and so with the scalp of the head.

The physician said that the remarkable change might have been the result of electricity, but beyond this he did not venture an explanation. He had heard of one or two instances like it. The vitality of the hair did not seem to be destroyed, for it was still as soft as silken skeins. The child seemed as lively as a cricket, and rather pleased than otherwise at the sudden transformation from a brunette without cost.

HICKMAN AND CANADA BILL.

THE New York Clipper says: Canada Bill one time was passing through Washington, on his way to New York, after a successful gambling trip on the steamboats of the Western and Southern rivers. The thought struck him that he would stop and see Beau Hickman, the great wag, then world-famous as a clever trickster. The two sports met on the steps of the huge marble Capitol. Hickman had been pointed out to Canada Bill by a bootblack.

"Is your name Hickman, pard?" inquired Bill, extending his hand.
"The same, sir. Whose hand might I have the honor of pressing?" returned Hickman, thinking that his new acquaintance was a newly arrived Western member of Congress.
"The hand you grasp, pard," responded Bill, "is one generally known as being more able to deal cleverly than fairly. I, like yourself, am one of society's razor strops. I am—"

"Canada Bill, by gum!"
"Shake the number-two-times—for I'm glad to meet you Hickman."
"How long are you going to stop in town?"

"Stopped off expressly to make your acquaintance."
"Are you known in this city?"
"No."
"Then I'll turn you to good account. How much money have you to venture on a sure thing?"
"Got \$6,000."
"With you?"
"Right here," and Canada Bill pulled forth two huge rolls of bills.

"How would you like to turn that into \$12,000 within the next three days?"
"Name the job, and I'm your man?"
"Sh? We'll take a drink," and Hickman led the monte-tosser into the card-room of a fashionable sample-room.

The next day a genteel, solemn-looking man entered the gentleman's parlors at Willard's Hotel, which were filled with Senators, Congressmen, and office-seekers and holders of all grades. He carried a small note-book in his hand, and as he approached each group he would bow and say:
"Gentlemen, I am collecting money for a widow lady and her three children. They belong to a once proud but now cast-down family. If you will aid them please ask no further questions, but give what you see fit."

In this entire hotel the gentlemanly beggar only received three donations of twenty-five cents each. The others waved him impatiently aside, while some plainly told him he was an impostor. Before leaving he said quietly to the three gentlemen who had given him money:
"This will be repaid to you ten-fold to-morrow evening at this hour."

He then took the address of each, asking them to not fail to be in the parlor next evening to get their money, and cautioning them to speak to no one of his promise—that he was Sir Orlando Matterson, President of the Royal London Society for the Encouragement of Benevolence.

As a matter of course, before he had got a block away from the hotel, every one knew all he had said and done, and all considered him some crazy fanatic. Then a report got abroad that he was an immensely rich but insane Englishman, who spent yearly hundreds of thousands in seeking those out who were willing to lend aid to the needy, and in rewarding them afterward, so that according to his cracked brain, the cause of charity might be in a general way accelerated.

The next evening he came again asking alms, and every one was on the lookout for him. He first singled out the three gentlemen who had given him twenty-five cents each, and very quietly passed each an envelope containing \$2, 50, and a small card, upon which was printed: "Give and you shall receive." "Cast your bread on the waters, and it shall be returned to you tenfold." "Remember the example of Sir Orlando Matterson as you journey through life."

Sir Orlando Matterson took \$73 in donations from the house that night, and it was noticeable that those whom his example had thus quickened were very careful that he should have their correct address. The same result followed in each of the score of the hotels and sample-rooms which he had initiated on the night before. The third night he, with a solemn face, returned to each

donor of the previous night the exact ten-fold promised.

"It would be a joy which I would consider cheaply purchased," said he confidentially to a dozen gentlemen, "if at the cost of half a million dollars I could teach the citizens of this beautiful city to be thoroughly generous to the poor."

This night he was like the ticket seller at the railroad. One, two, five, ten, and even twenty dollar bills were shoved at him on all sides, so great had been the awakening in the cause of benevolence which the example of Sir Orlando Matterson had aroused. A benign smile hovered about his mouth, and a tear that glittered betimes in his mild, kind eye proclaimed the joy his soul felt as he shoved bill after bill into his pockets and gazed with the look of a father upon his converts.

That night Canada Bill shows up to Beau Hickman something over \$18,000.
"We'll split now," suggested Bill, as he ceased counting.

"'Twouldn't give you \$12,000," quoth Hickman. "Let it be till to-morrow night. I think I can raise a little 'hush-money' on this racket."
Next night Beau Hickman went the rounds, and found groups of expectant converts waiting to see Sir Orlando Matterson. One at a time, as fast as he could do so, he would take one after another of the most prominent gentlemen aside and whisper in his ear:
"I have got a little subscription book here which was handed to me by a friend as he took the train this morning for New York. Sorry you got sold on Orlando Matterson. He's skipped out. That was Canada Bill, the three-card monte man."

"Is that so?"
"Sure. Here's the book, with your name in it for \$20."
"Well, for gracious sake, Beau, don't show that note-book to any one. And scratch my name off it, will you?"
"Certainly," returned Hickman, scratching over the name with his pencil; "but, Governor, I'm kind a-short to-night. Couldn't you lend me \$20 till to-morrow?"

With a wry face the victim would pull forth his pocket-book, and placing the bill demanded in Hickman's hand would slip quietly from the hotel to the street.

That night the two worthies divided, and the share of each was over twelve thousand dollars.

Both Beau Hickman and Canada Bill whose tricks on the unwary obtained for them thousands of dollars, died poor, and were buried as paupers; and the moral is, that no matter how much a man makes dishonestly or by trickery, he will sooner or later be found out, and doubtless die a miserable, deserted out-cast.

A Pupil of Liszt.

A YOUNG pianist was giving concerts through the provinces of Germany for her support, and to enhance her reputation she advertised herself as a pupil of Liszt. In a little town in the interior of Germany, where she had announced a concert, she was confounded the day before the concert was to take place by seeing in the list of arrivals and at the very hotel where the concert was to be given, "M. L'Abbe Liszt." Here was a dilemma, and what to do she knew not. Her fraud would be discovered; she would be exposed; she could never give another concert; she was ruined.

Tremblingly she sought the presence of the great maestro, determined to make a clean breast of it, and cast herself on his mercy. Coming into his room with downcast eyes, she knelt at the old man's feet, and with many tears told her story—how she had been left an orphan and poor, with only her one gift of music with which to support herself; the difficulties she had encountered, until the fraudulent use of his great name had filled her rooms and her purse, "Well, well," said the great man, gently raising her up, "let us see, my child, what we can do. Perhaps it is not so bad as you thought. There is a piano; let me hear one of the pieces you expect to play to-morrow evening."

Tremblingly she obeyed, maestro making comments and suggestions as she played, and when she had finished he added: "Now, my child, I have given you a lesson; you are a pupil of Liszt." Before she could find words to express her gratitude Liszt asked: "Are your programmes printed?" "No, sir," was the answer, "not yet." "Then say that you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece on the programme will be played by the Abbe Liszt."

Little Jennie is a generous little body. The other day her grandfather gave her a cent to buy herself some candy. As she was going out she discovered a little beggar boy on the front steps. She stopped, and looked first at him and then at her cent. Finally, with the sweetest smile she stepped up to the forlorn child, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said, in a gentle tone: "Here, little boy, take this cent and go buy yourself a suit of clothes and some dinner."