

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 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. 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 5.20, 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: 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 12.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 1.55 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 12.30, 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 7.20 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. Millintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 8.22 P. M., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 P. M., flag, daily. WEST. Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily. Millintown Acc. 2.43 P. M., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. 6.55 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. Millintown Acc. 12.52 P. M., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.52 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mill 7.30 P. M. Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily. Mill 2.09 P. M., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.15 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M. WM. C. KING Agent.

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GEORGE'S DOG.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND MEN TOO.

MANY years ago, during one of the most severe snow-storms ever known in New England, an old man, carrying a huge valise, was trudging along toward the railroad station in— Without any incumbrance the task would have been a hard one; but, laden as he was, he could scarcely make his way against the cutting wind and the driving snow. Once he stopped, and for a moment seemed to hesitate as to whether he would proceed or not. But the distance was short; and so, gathering up his strength for a final effort, the traveler again bravely faced the elements.

The storm, so fierce and unpleasant to age and infirmity, brought excitement and pleasure to a lad, perhaps a dozen years old, who just then came up on his way to school. He was accompanied by a large black dog, with a shaggy coat completely covered with snow, and harnessed to a sled. The drifts, big as they were, did not stop this couple. Ever and anon the boy screamed with delight as he witnessed the efforts of his companion in pulling the sled along through the piles of snow, while the good-natured animal, seeming as much excited as his young master, barked aloud in return.

"Here, Buck," said the lad, as he arrived where the old man was standing, "here's a job for you; you must take this luggage to the railroad station. You are going there—are you not, sir?" he continued addressing the stranger.

"Yes, my boy, I am; but—" "Nay, sir, no buts; you are too heavily laden. You see, Buck and I run a general express this morning. He's a lazy dog, considering what he has to eat—ain't you, Buck?"

The dog gave a shrill bark, as if inclined to dispute the point.

"So let me have your valise, sir, and we'll whisk it to the station in a jiffy."

Either Buck was a little vexed at having been called lazy, or he was too anxious to arrive at the place of his destination with the luggage, for, giving a sudden start, over went the sled in one direction, while the valise went into a drift in another, the dog at the same time going head over ears in the snow. A scream of delight burst from the lad, in which the old man could not help joining, as Buck scrambled up, whining and shaking his shaggy coat.

"My horse is not well broken, you see, sir," said the lad, as soon as he could speak; "but your valise is unharmed. We must try it once more."

The luggage was again secured on the sled, and this time Buck landed it safe at the station, pulling his young master a part of the way along with it.

"There you are, sir," said the lad to the stranger as he came up, "safe and sound, and there's your check. You must excuse the liberty I took, but really I thought you were too heavily laden for such a stormy day."

"But your pay," suggested the old man.

"Oh, I'll charge that! Pay once in six months. Come, Buck."

The old man was too busy brushing off the snow and undoing his muffler to reply at once. When he turned around both boy and dog had disappeared. Just then the shrill whistle of the approaching train sounded, leaving no time to inquire who his little friend was. So he took his seat in the cars and was borne on his way to his home.

Mr. Martin—for that was the old man's name—was a well-to-do-trader in the city some dozen miles away. He had come out the previous evening on a matter of business. Having been detained longer than he expected, the storm came suddenly, and he was induced to stop over night. After breakfast hardly being aware of the violence of the storm, or of the depth of the snow which had already fallen, he had attempted to reach the railroad station on foot, carrying his valise in his hand. But although, as has been stated, the distance was not great, the deep snow, made deeper where drifted, soon tired him; and it was then that the events which we have just spoken of took place. It was not until after he was comfortably seated, and the cars were in motion, that it occurred to Mr. Martin that he had not thanked his little friend—that he had not even asked his name. Everything had been transacted so suddenly, that the whole adventure seemed more like a dream than reality. But then he knew it was not a dream, and he promised himself that he would, ere many days, make another visit to the village, find out the name of the clever express boy, and in some way reward him for his act of politeness.

But, amid the whirl of business, this good resolution was forgotten, as many others are. Our lives furnish us numberless opportunities for doing good acts, and very often we resolve that we will not let them pass away unimproved. But we permit the good intention to wait our convenience, to grow dim, to

fade away, and then to be forgotten, simply because we do not do promptly what our hearts dictate should be done.

It was several months before Mr. Martin again visited the village to inquire after his little friend. He was too late. No one knew of any boy who had a large black dog, and no one seemed to have any recollection of the events just recorded; and so Mr. Martin returned home, earnestly resolved, if he ever had another act of kindness shown him, to acknowledge and reward it on the instant. Did he keep this resolution?

More than two years passed by, when, one afternoon in Summer, time, Mr. Martin sat alone in his counting room in the city. Through the window which separated his office from the store he saw a poorly-dressed young man talking with one of his clerks. He rapped upon the glass, and signified his wish to have the young man come into the counting room after learning from the clerk that he had applied for employment.

"You wish employment?" Mr. Martin asked, as the young man approached respectfully.

"I should indeed like to find something to do, for mother's sake," and the poor fellow had to bite his lips to restrain tears.

"Have you no father?" "No, sir; father died over two years ago, and since then mother has found it quite difficult to maintain her family—myself and three younger sisters."

"Do you write a good hand?" inquired Mr. Martin.

"Very fair; what I have learned has been mostly at home. I wrote these," he said; and he passed some papers to Mr. Martin, who carefully examined them.

"What is your name and age?" "Hunting, sir; George Hunting I am nearly sixteen."

"Do you not own a large black dog, called 'Buck'?" asked Mr. Martin.

The young man was greatly surprised at this question, but he managed to reply "Oh, we did, sir, two years ago. How did you know? But when father died we had to sell him."

"Do you know where he is now?" "Yes indeed we do. We should buy him again if we could afford it. He was a favorite with us all. We should not have sold him to a stranger, but our uncle agreed to take him for \$20, and sell him back again at the same price if we ever wanted him."

"Well, George," said Mr. Martin, deliberately taking out his pocket-book and handing him \$20, "the first thing you do, after you go hence, buy Buck and take him home again."

If the young man was surprised before, he was now nearly struck dumb with astonishment. "Oh, thank you! thank you a thousand times!" he said, grasping the old gentleman's hand; "but why do you take such an interest in our dear old Buck?"

"Because it pleases me to reward you. But look in my face. Do you know me? I knew you as soon as you came into the store. Do you know me?"

George looked long and carefully, but he was forced to admit that he had no recollection of ever before having seen Mr. Martin.

"Ah, well," said the old gentleman, "I forgot that I was so bundled up you would not be likely to recognize me. But come; do you remember overtaking me in a driving snow storm two or three years ago, at N—? You had Buck harnessed to a sled and you took my valise to the railroad station."

"Why, yes, sir, it all comes to me now, but I have hardly thought of it since. It was but a little act of politeness."

"A little act! Well, perhaps it was. But remember, 'Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the pleasant land.'"

"Had you not been possessed of a good and amiable disposition you would not have thought of an old man wallowing along in the snow. You dodged out of the way so quickly that I had no chance to thank you. And so I, thank you now. Where do you live?"

George gave Mr. Martin his mother's address.

"Now tell your mother that I shall come and see her this evening, to talk matters over. Perhaps I can do something for you."

Talk of happiness! George left the store as happy as a king. Mr. Martin did "do something" for him, and for his mother, too. And in years which have followed, the young man has learned how much of prosperity he owes to one little act of disinterested kindness towards a stranger.

them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a marked taste from strong drink. In twelve there were feeble bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared in ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days.—The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength was soon restored. Now, this is no "old wife's tale," as these facts are given under the authority of the British Medical Journal.

Pine Apples—Where and How they Grow.

An erroneous idea has prevailed that the pine apple comes from Nassau. The Bahama Islands furnish nearly the whole supply that reaches the American market; and that tropical group of coral islets, Eleuthera, grows about three-fourths of the entire crop. The Baltimore "News" says:

The vessels that bring them across the ocean take the fruit aboard at the Island of Eleuthera itself, getting as near to the pine fields as the nature of the shore will admit, while very few are loaded at the town of Nassau itself. These vessels are clipper-built schooners, strong and swift sailers, as it is desirable to get the fruit to market as speedily as possible; and yet, strange to say, sometimes a vessel making a long voyage will reach here with her entire cargo fresh and good, while another, starting at the same time and making a shorter trip, will get into port with, perhaps, nearly every fruit aboard of her rotten and only fit to be thrown away.

The reason why this is so has never been explained. As a rule, the loss by rot is about from one-third to one-half of the entire quantity brought to the American market. The first shipment of pine apples to the United States was made about the year 1820, by Thomas Cash, of Harbor Island, in an American schooner called the Levi Rowe, of Fairhaven, Conn. The fruit arrived in good condition, the venture proved successful and from that time forward the shipment of pine apples from the Bahamas grew into a regular and profitable business, an impetus was given to the cultivation of the plant, and with growing demand and increased supply, the traffic has risen to the extent of about \$500,000 annually.

By far the greatest portion of the crop is supplied by the island of Eleuthera, and is principally grown by inhabitants of Harbor Island, which lies on the opposite side—the finest of the Bahama Islands. One who has never been on a coral island can form but the faintest notion of the exceeding roughness of the surface and the ungrateful aspect of the ground. The island of Eleuthera, which furnishes such vast numbers of pine apples, is covered in the main by a wild vegetation, while the earth from which it springs is in great part of the roughest conceivable character of rock. Holes of every size, form and description—some of them partly or wholly filled with dirt, the debris of decayed vegetation, loose fragments, large and small, round and angular, sharp and hard—everywhere abound.

No plough, no spade, no hoe can there be used. The only thing that can be done is to stick a sprout into one of the holes, and let it take care of itself, which it almost invariably does right well, for it likes that kind of soil and sips its sweet nourishment from the little dirt it may happen to find in the hollow of the rock. The holes are very close together, the sprouts are placed scarcely a foot from each other, and as the plant grows up it spreads its long, hard, sharp leaf blades, with edges armed with little rasping saw-like teeth, up from the ground and abroad in every direction. The plant has a thick supply of these out-bending leaves, lapped closely one over the other near the ground, and out of the entire of which comes up the fruit, one pine apple only to each plant, which then perishes, but leaves behind a progeny of young sprouts, and these being stuck into the hollows, insure a new crop for the succeeding year.

This replenishing can be kept up for about six years, and then the whole field, about exhausted, is left to itself, the plants die out, in the course of time the soil is renewed and fresher fields now demand the care of the pinegrower. The only attention given to the plant is to keep the fields clear of weeds, and that is almost daily work the year round. One negro can attend to about two acres. The worst weeds to contend with are a species of bidens—a plant very well known in the United States as Spanish needles—and a kind of crab grass. An acre properly attended to yields the enormous number of ten to twelve thousand pine apples.

There is another enemy that requires looking after very sharply, and that is the rat, which attacks the fruit just as it

is about to ripen. If no measures were taken to prevent the depredations of these troublesome creatures, very few pine apples would escape their destructive jaws. The planter has a remedy: Sweet potatoes are cooked, and while they are yet hot the sulphur ends of common matches are broken off and introduced into them. The phosphorus is diffused throughout the substance of the potatoes, and these being placed among the pine apple plants, are eaten by the rats, which almost immediately fall dead from the effects of the poison.

It is about the month of March that the fruit begins to ripen, and the first lot of the season generally reaches here early in April. It sometimes happens that quite a number of vessels loaded with pine apples will arrive on the same day; a glut is produced, and ruinous prices are the result. Of late years, however, four or five pine apples preserving companies have been established in the Bahamas. The new enterprise has proved eminently successful, and the Bahama export of the fruit has been benefited as well, for the reason that the preserving companies draw off a large part of the crop from the market, the natural tendency being to fresh article an undue accumulation of the fresh article in the spring and early summer.

Mr. Sarsaper's Refrigerator.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, Mr. Sarsaper told his wife one morning that he had got about tired of buttering his bread with a spoon, and so that day he sent home a refrigerator. It was a beauty and he felt proud of it, so much so that he had a good deal to say about it at the store.

"I suppose you have to put ice in it, don't you?" said one of the clerks. "Certainly," said Mr. S., "but then it takes very little. It's an improvement on all the others ever made. Full of little boxes and places for all sorts of things. Keeps everything separate—meat, vegetables, milk, and so on, without any mixing up. It makes hot weather so much more comfortable, Bob, to pull up to the table and find everything nice, cool and crisp, instead of limp, sour and slushy. We wouldn't be without it again for anything. I wish you would run in and look at it, Bob, the first time you're going by. It's a curiosity, and I know you'll get one as soon as you see it. Don't bother about ceremony—run in any time." Bob said he would.

About two o'clock, one morning last week, Mr. Sarsaper was awakened out of the slumber that always keeps company with an easy conscience, by his wife poking him in the ribs, and calling on him to hustle out and see what the matter was. The door bell was jingling like all possessed.

Mr. Sarsaper crawled out of bed, and after banging his nose on the door-post till the blood started, giving himself a black eye against the corner of the mantel, and falling down over pretty much everything in the room, he finally made his way to the front part of the house, threw up a window and peered out into the wet and murky gloom.

"Who's there?" he demanded, looking down at the top of an umbrella.

"Me!" came up in a thick voice from the under side of it.

"Who's me?"

"Bob."

"Oh, it's you, is it? What's the matter, Bob? Anybody sick?"

"Oh, no. You see I've been out to Sedamsville with some of the boys to institute a lodge, and I'm just getting back. I happened to think about the refrigerator of yours as I was going by, and so I thought I'd stop in and see it, without ceremony, as you said. Come down and let me in. I'm in a hurry to get home and can't stop but a minute."

Mr. Sarsaper said something that would bend the types double if we should undertake to print it, and slammed down the window.

He remarked to Bob the next day that for downright freezing coolness his refrigerator was a bake oven compared to the prank practised on him.

Singular Wagers.

When Mr. Penn matched himself against Hon. Danvers Butler, to walk from Hyde Park Corner to Hammer-smith for a wager of 100 guineas, somebody remarked to the Duchess of Gordon that it was a pity a young fellow like Penn should always be playing some absurd prank.

"Yes," the old lady retorted, "it's a pity, but why don't you advise him better? Penn seems to be a pen that everybody cuts and nobody mends."

What would the free-spoken dame have said to a couple of clergymen running a race on Sunday for a crown a side? Such a thing has been done.—Soon after Swift received his denary, he dined one Sunday with Dr. Raymond of Trim, whose house was about 200 yards from his church. The bell had nearly done ringing for evening service, when Swift exclaimed:

"Raymond, I'll lay you a crown I begin prayers before you."

"Done!" said the Doctor, and off they ran. Raymond reached the door first, entering the church, made for the reading desk at as quick a walking pace as his sense of propriety permitted. Swift did not slacken speed in the least, but ran up the aisle, passed his opponent, and without stopping to put on a surplice, or open a prayer-book, began the Liturgy and went on with the service sufficiently long to win the wager.