

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 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 5.10 a. m. and at 2.00, 2.57 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 5.30 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

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. 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. Millintown Ex. 2.55 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 13 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. 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, 9.54 p. m., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m. WM. C. KING Agent.

KANSAS FARMS

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 OF LAND, consisting of every odd section in each township, for a distance of twenty miles on both sides of the road, or one-half of the land in a belt of forty miles wide, extending from Denver City, Colorado, thus forming a continuation of the belt of country which, from the Atlantic coast westward, is found to be, in a climate, soil, and every production of nature, the most favored. THE KANSAS PACIFIC IS 114 Miles the Shortest Road from Kansas City to Denver. The favorite route of the tourist and the best line to the SAN JUAN COUNTRY. A copy of the Homestead will be mailed free to any address, by applying to S. J. GILMORE, D. E. CORNELL, Land Commissioner, Gen'l Passenger Ag't, Salina, Kans., Kansas City, Mo. March 5, 6mo

GOLD! Great Chance to make money. If you can't get Gold you can get Greenbacks. We need a person in EVERY TOWN to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One Agent reports making over \$100 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over 400 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well others. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try our business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine. 31wly

PATENTS obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade-marks, and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the PATENT LAWS, promptly attended to. INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN REJECTED by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the Patent Office, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

INVENTORS send us a model or sketch of your device, we will make examinations free of charge, and advise as to patentability. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. We refer to officials in the Patent Office, to our clients in every State of the Union, and to your Senator and Representative in Congress. Special references given when desired. Address: C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington.

Wanted. GOOD LIVE BUSINESS MEN to sell the Excelsior Improved Letter Copying Book. No Press, Brush or water used. Copies instantly. Agents outside \$2.50. Agents make from \$100 to \$150 per day. Address Excelsior Manufacturing Co., 47 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Incorporated Feb. 16th 1877. Capital, \$100,000. Exclusive Territory given. 2645

SAVED BY A DETECTIVE.

THE hour grew late, and Mr. Brand paced his room in moody silence. The train had come in, but his messenger had not returned, and the merchant was troubled. Troubled by a vague sort of a doubt, which haunted him in spite of his faith in Lake. A merry, splot old trader of long experience had said that Lake was too young to fill the important position which he held, but Mr. Brand had never found his trust in Tom misplaced. Having heard rumors concerning a house with which he had extensive dealings, the merchant had dispatched Lake to London telling him to make inquiries, and in any case to get the partners of the firm in question to settle up their accounts. So Lake had gone from Liverpool to London. The time had passed for his return, and still he did not come. A lady entered and stole by the merchant's side; her own sweet face was anxious, and there was a tremor in the music of her voice, as she said: "Do you think he will be here to-night, dear papa?" "I hope so, Mary, but it is very late." "Is there no other train?" "Only the night express, and that does not stop, except at the central stations." "Perhaps he will come, papa; he would not mind coming ten miles, even if he had to walk." "He should not have missed the train," said Mr. Brand, sternly; "punctuality is an imperative duty with men of business." "But, papa, something may have occurred to detain him." "Nothing should detain a man who has given his word." The fair pleader was silenced—her father was angry, and, knowing his strictness of principle, and how invertebrate was his dislike to any breach of discipline or duty, she did not venture to speak again. The time dragged slowly on, Mr. Brand continued his restless walk, and Mary sat subdued and silent, watching him. She saw that he was listening, as the night express went whirling by; and from the depths of her heart there went a prayer that Lake would come safely home. The girl loved him—would have staked her life on his truth, and knew that he was not beyond his time through any weakness or wrong. Two slow, weary hours passed. Mr. Brand was reading the commercial news; but, for the first time in his life, it did not interest him, he was thinking of the young clerk and the heavy sum of money that would be in his possession should the London firm have paid him. And Mary, reading her father's countenance, felt chilled and pained by the slur cast over her lover's honesty by his suspicious—her every thought was a denial of his and as the rapid clatter of a horse's feet rang out, she ran to the window. "Look!" she said, dashing the curtains aside with eager hands; "look, papa, I said he would come—I knew he would." The merchant's stern features relaxed with a smile of pleasure. He was not emotional or demonstrative, but his daughter's gladness pleased him. There was a few moments of expectancy, and then Tom Lake came in. He went straight to Mr. Brand, only noticing with a bow the lovely face whose glance thrilled his soul. "They have paid," he said, quietly, as he placed a thick pocket-book in the merchant's hand, "but I think we were only just in time." "Indeed!" "There was a consultation at the banker's before I could get cash for the check." "Do you think they will break?" "Hopelessly. They have given me an immense order, but it would not be wise to forward the goods." "You did not hint that we had the slightest fear?" "No; but I was glad to get the money; twelve thousand would have been a heavy loss. And yet," continued Tom, gravely, "this morning the odds were considerably against its ever reaching you." "How?" Tom took two chairs, placed them side by side near the fire, led Mary to one and seated himself in the other. He had done his duty as the merchant's clerk, and now was Mr. Brand's prospective son-in-law and partner. "I had an adventure," he said, "I was the hero of a strange story in a ride by express." Mary bent forward to listen—Tom clasped her hand in his own. Mr. Brand sat opposite to them, interested by the speaker's manner, as he began: "When I got the check I had an idea that all might not be well, so as to make sure, I presented it at the banker's. There was, as I told you, a consultation before they cashed it, and while the consultation was going forward I noticed a stranger looking at me intently. I knew the man in my younger and wilder days. I had met him often at the race course, in billiard rooms, and in other places more or less respectable. Now he was changing a check for some petty amount, and was evidently astonished by the immensity of the order I had presented. I left the bank with my pocket-book full of notes, and found that I had lost the train. The next morning was the night express, so I strolled into a billiard room. A man is just as safe with a fortune in his pocket as if penniless, so that he is wise enough to hold his tongue. There was some clever playing going on, and I stood watching the players till some one challenged me to have a game. If I have one special vanity, it is my science with the cue. I accepted, and as I did so a strange feeling which had been growing upon me took a sudden turn which startled me. My challenger was the man whom I had noticed at the banker's. There was nothing strange in the fact of his being in the room, one of his favorite resorts, but I was possessed by the vague shadow of a single idea. I had read somewhere of a man being followed and plundered in a train, and somehow I associated the story with the man before me. It was the first time I had ever paid any particular attention, but I gave him a full observation now. The more I looked at him the less I liked him. He was handsome, gentlemanly, with a fair form and elegant figure, full of suppleness and strength. His manner was singularly unassuming, his face frank and genial, but by looking closely at him, you could see something sinister looking in the depths and softness of his eyes. I never liked a stranger to be affable and possessing, and my friend was the very pink of affability and grace. We played for an hour with alternating success; he was an amusing companion, well informed, and had traveled, but I was shy of conversation. I left him, and still having some time to spare, went to see a friend in the Temple. When, at the expiration of thirty or forty minutes, I emerged into Fleet St., almost the first person on whom my gaze fell was my late antagonist at billiards. I thought there was something more than a mere coincidence in this second meeting, since we stood together at the bankers. He was in a cigar shop opposite. Not a hundred yards from the Temple gate stood a man whom I recognized with a very welcome feeling. It was George Vixen, the detective. He was fashionably dressed, and looked an aristocrat of the first water. I went up, and greeting him as I should an old familiar friend, held out my hand and said: "Come and drink a glass of wine with me; I have something to say." He shook hands in the most natural way possible. I took his arm and we entered the public bar of an adjacent hotel. I told him my suspicion, and of the journey I had to perform by rail. I saw that, watching through the glass of the door, he was taking a mental photograph of the two men. "They mean business," said Vixen, quietly, "but I shall be with you. We must part at the door, or they will see that we have scented the game." "And you," I said, "how will you act?" "I shall travel to Liverpool by the night express. He left me, I had no fear now—knowing him to be a clever and determined fellow. Taking a casual glance across the road, I saw my man with his companion. It was quite evident that they were tracking me, though I lost sight of them before reaching St. Paul's. I strolled along the church yard, wandering nearly to Islington, then went through the city again before I made for the station; my acquaintance of the billiard room did not appear. Two men were in the compartment with me. I could not see the face of one, and the other was a stranger. The bell rang, the guard had just time to put a bewildered old gentleman in by my side and we were off. The man whose face I had not seen turned toward me. I could hardly repress any exclamation. There was no mistaking that frank, genial countenance, nor the lurking devil in those eyes, whose softness was so sinister. He had me then at last. Vixen had deserted me, and I was left to travel that perilous journey alone with the man who had followed me so skillfully—another, who might have been his confederate, and an old gentleman who, after grumbling out his indignation against all railway servants and locomotive traveling in general, was fast asleep in the corner. That the intentions of my billiard friend were manifested by the fact of his having assumed a false moustache

and beard. They added to the beauty of his face, but left to his eyes that sleepy, cruel glitter that is characteristic of the Asiatic. He spoke to me, remarked the oddity of our being travelling companions, and grew pleasantly familiar. I answered him, not wishing to appear churlish or afraid, knowing that I could trust something to my own strength, should the worst come. We had made the last stoppage, and were rolling swiftly through the gloom when among other topics, our conversation touched on jewelry. He drew a showy ring from his finger, telling me it was a curious piece of workmanship, having a secret spring, which he said I could not discover. I took it, searching in vain for the spring, then returned it to him. It dropped and rolled under my feet. I stooped to pick it up, and so did he, but in that moment, while my head was down, he had me tightly by the throat, and threw me to the carriage floor. His confederate was upon me in an instant. I could scarcely breathe, and could not struggle, for a heavy knee was upon my chest, and two strong, brutal hands were crushing the life from my throat. Though the horror of the situation did not last a minute, it seemed an eternity to me. I felt the ruffian's hand searching for the pocket-book, and I strained desperately for a chance of resistance. Their work was nearly done. Cramped in that small space, I was powerless, and the veins in my throat and head were swelling like sinuous bars, when the old gentleman in the corner awoke and came to my assistance. I heard a low whirr of some weapon in its descent, and my first assailant reeled from me stunned. Then the old gentleman, with a strength and rapidity of action wonderful to see in one of his age seized the scoundrel, lifted him away, and dashed him down in a seat. There was a brief struggle, and then I heard a sharp click—scoundrel the second had a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. "They were more prompt than I expected," said the old gentleman, removing his woolen comforter, with which he fastened my first assailant's hand behind him, "and a railway carriage does not afford much scope for a struggle." The pocket-book was safe. The ruffians were securely bound, and the gentleman who, without his spectacles and muffling relief as the detective, kept guard over them. At the station they were handed over into the custody of the police. I was all right by that time. Vixen rode with me as far as the hotel nearest here, and to-morrow he will call to see if I am any the worse for my ride by express. The contents of the pocket-book were Mary's bridal dowry. The detective speaks of the senior partner in the firm of Brand & Lake as the most hospitable and generous man he ever met in the course of his professional career. Lake was quite cured of his love for billiard playing. He had too narrow an escape, and he did not forget how he had been saved by a detective. ROLLINS' LAW SUIT. THE facts in the case of McGlue vs. Rollins were these: Rollins' cow, it seems, while feeding on the common, got through a place alleged by the defendant to have been purposely left open in the fence of McGlue's garden. She did some damage; but was driven out, and when McGlue remonstrated with Rollins about the predatory and incendiary tendencies of his cow, Rollins replied with declamatory and unparliamentary language. Thereupon, McGlue went up and sued him for trespass, and swore to push the case to the last extremity. McGlue's lawyer, Poddery, went right to work; and when Rollins heard about it, he got his lawyer, Hopkins, to bring a counter suit for conspiracy to entrap the cow. McGlue then told Poddery to open out a second suit for damages done to eight fence-palings and a post by Rollins' cow, and Rollins also made a fresh start in another suit against McGlue, in which he claimed fifteen dollars for the ruin of his cow's horn by McGlue's grape-arbor. This seemed to McGlue so audacious that he ordered Poddery to include in his claim the market-price of four cabbages and a bunch of parsley that the cow ate. He said he would have let them go as of no account if Rollins hadn't proved himself such a conscienceless scoundrel. But this last movement exasperated Rollins to such a degree that he went over and got old Mrs. Muldooney to make an affidavit that she saw McGlue milking the cow, while it was in his grounds, in the wash-bowls. Armed with this affidavit, Hopkins had Mc-

Glue arrested, and he was held in security to answer a charge of petit larceny. McGlue was furious. He got Poddery to open out a new suit, based upon the fact that Rollins' cow had scoured one of his children into fits, injuring the child's constitution, and involving large expenditures for medical attendance. But just as the constable was going to serve the notice, Rollins came in, and swore out a fresh process against McGlue for damages done to the cow by McGlue's setter pup biting her in the rear hind leg, just above the ankle. Poddery then told McGlue that the time had come for decisive action; that, unless justice was a mockery, and human rights a hollow sham; he must settle this man Rollins at once. So McGlue ordered a new suit against Rollins for destruction of his property in permitting his cow to rub the whitewash off of the corner of McGlue's pig-sty; and McGlue said he would carry the case to the Supreme Court if it should be necessary. Rollins met this assault by putting in a demand for compensation for the hair lost by his cow by coming into collision with McGlue's pig-sty; and, at the suggestion of Lawyer Hopkins, he added a sworn item, in which he showed that the digestion of the cow had been permanently ruined by the latching of the pig-sty, which was so loose that it came off, when the cow nibbled it, and it was swallowed. When McGlue called to ask Poddery what should be done now, that eminent lawyer was out buying a house with the fees that had already accrued from the great cow-case. Hopkins, at that moment, was paying off an old mortgage with his fees. When Poddery came in, he said that things had now reached a crisis. McGlue's clear duty was to throw himself upon his country, and to stamp out this fiend who was pursuing him with malignant fury. After talking it over for an hour, Poddery took out the papers in another suit in which McGlue accused Rollins of breach of the peace in permitting his cow to wake Mrs. McGlue's baby, in the very crisis of the mumps, by its "mooning;" and still another, in which McGlue claimed compensation for the brick which he heaved at the cow, and for the manual labor expended in the effort. Rollins retaliated by arresting McGlue for corrupting the morals of Rollins' boy, Jim, by the use of profane and scandalous language while he was striving to eject the cow. As soon as McGlue entered bail, he told the squire that he would call in the morning to enter suit against Rollins for permitting his cow to butt down McGlue's pig-sty. Rollins overheard him, and at once made an affidavit, stating that the shock of the encounter with the pig-sty had given the cow brain-fever, and so deranged her mind, and unstrung her nervous system, that she was now in the habit of coming homeward, up the hill, tall foremost, in such a manner as to excite general derision. The two suitors left the squire's office together. As they passed through the door-way, Rollins jostled McGlue's elbow. McGlue jostled back again, and Rollins struck him. They clinched. It was an awful combat, and each was taken home on a shutter, and put to bed. A week later, friends brought them together, and made up the quarrel, and the suits were all withdrawn. A fortnight afterward, Poddery dined McGlue for his fees, and left him an empty house. On the same day, Hopkins sold Rollins out, cow and all; and he had to begin the world clear over again. Both of them think they will be calmer when they have another cow-case. Don't Marry in Haste. Girls talk all alike about marriage, as though it was a jubilee, a gladsome thing, a rose without a thorn, and so it is, if all is light, if they go about it as rational beings, instead of merry-making children. It is a serious thing to marry. It is a life business. Therefore never do it in haste; never run away to get married; never marry for wealth or standing, or fine persons or manners, but for both, for the qualities of mind and heart which make an honorable man. Take time, think long and well before you accept any proposal; consult your parents, then some judicious friend, then your own judgement. Learn all that is possible for you to learn of proposed husband. When all doubts have been removed, and not till then, accept him. You can put it down as a solemn truth that if your religion has failed to sweeten your temper, and keep you from retailing slander, you have the wrong article. Envious people punish themselves for being inferior to their neighbors.