

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 Allentown 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 5.20, 8.10 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 14.40, 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. & B. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 14.30, 5.30, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 6.30 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. WORTEN, 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. 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, 2.43 P. M., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. 5.52 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 Allentown 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. Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag) WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily. Mail 12.00 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. W. M. C. KING Agent.

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AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

A DARK night in March. Heavy clouds hung below the sky, shutting out both moonlight and starlight. The winds moaned, dirge-like, through the trees; the waves beat up against the rocky cliff with a weird, uncanny dash and splash.

Above, on the cliff, on the lonely road that skirted the edge, two forms came slowly along.

"Indeed, darling, you must go no further," said the man, coming to a stand-still. "You have left your home a goodly distance behind you now, and you know that I have not the time to go back with you."

"Must we say good-bye then, Allan?" moaned the woman.

"It must be done," was the sad reply. "It is not for long, darling; in six months—"

"Oh, six months will seem an eternity!" she wailed. "If I could only shake off this dread of coming evil, I could endure our parting better. Oh, I have such a fear that we will never meet again! that something will happen to separate us forever!"

"Those are idle fears, my Annie; do not nurse them. You know I wouldn't go if it were not that our future depended upon it; six months' steady work there will enable me to claim you for a wife. Hark! some one is coming."

Both looked in the direction of the approaching form.

"It's Edward Lane," whispered Annie, shuddering.

Allan nodded, and even in the darkness his eyes could be seen to flash fiercely.

Edward Lane came slowly along, muttering to himself.

As he looked up and saw the two in the road, he started violently; then casting an angry look upon them, he hurried by.

"How I shrink from that man!" exclaimed Annie, under her breath. "Ever since he declared his love for me, and vowed such fearful things at my refusal of him that I have trembled at his approach."

"Do not fear him, darling; he is a coward at heart. Refuse to notice him when I am away, and he will not molest you. But now, I must go; and you must hurry back to your home. Try to endure these months bravely, my Annie and after that we will never be parted."

Again and again he kissed her, as she clung, weeping, to him. At last he put her away from him and hurried away.

She stood looking after him as long as the faintest echo of his footsteps came to her hearing; then she turned and walked slowly back.

Something in the weirdness of the scene about her seemed in sympathy with her sorrow, for when she had walked away awhile, she seated herself upon a rock near the edge of the cliff, and looked out upon the angry waves.

Full and hour must have passed ere she started on again.

Then she walked quickly, saying to herself:

"Father will wonder at my absence, I must hasten."

She had almost reached her home; she could see the light from the windows clearly now.

She quickened her pace still more, then suddenly she came to a dead halt, as her eyes fell upon the forms of two men struggling on the very edge of the cliff.

She was fairly paralyzed with horror, she could not move nor speak; she stood there, swaying, trembling, her eyes riveted on the two forms, though she fain would have shut the horrid sight from her view.

The one who seemed to have the advantage at length drew himself up erect, and for a moment, he stood so that the light from the window fell upon him.

Annie saw his face quite plainly, and with a cry of anguish, she covered to the ground, moaning:

"My father! My God, it is my father!"

She could not take her gaze from him even then; she still looked, and she saw an arm upraised, the glittering-blade of a knife, she heard a moan, a splash; she saw the man standing on the cliff, then her senses deserted her, and she knew no more.

When she recovered the full remembrance of that horrible scene returned to her, and she started up in affright, and ran wildly toward her home.

"Don't try to find him! He's not at home."

"Not at home!—and with the light a-burning in the house?"

"No, he's not there. I saw him—I mean I guess he's gone to town."

"She is daft," murmured one and another.

"Come, I'll take you home," said one. "You're shivering in every part of you, and you must be put to bed."

"Oh, no—no!" she cried. "I can't go there! I can't go home!"

"Then what'll the father think?"

"Oh, he won't come back! He'll go away, I know he will. Oh, father—father!" she moaned to herself, covering her face with her hands, "how could he do such an evil—"

"Eh? What?" exclaimed several.

"Nothing—nothing! I didn't say anything! Yes, I'll go home," she added, with a desperate effort at calmness. "I'll go home. No, I will go alone," she cried, in alarm, as several offered to accompany her. "I must go alone."

The villagers drew back in astonishment, and Annie quickly left them.

What a night that was to her!—sitting alone in that little house by the sea, waiting for her father who did not come.

The next day the greatest excitement prevailed in the place.

The body of a murdered man had been found at the foot of the cliff. The waves, instead of taking it out to sea, had dashed it up against the rocks.

It was the body of a stranger who had lately come to the village, a traveling agent, who had been known to have money in his possession.

The money was now gone!

Who was the murderer?

"Annie's father," was the cry.

Her strange behavior on the previous night proved that; and her still stranger behavior as they came to seek her father was further confirmation.

Later in the day her father returned, and instantly he was accused and arrested.

All he could say was that he had been out on the water all night, as he had often been before; but, of course he was not believed.

A week—two weeks passed. Day after day Annie sat alone in that house, enduring her misery. She had only one hope to cheer her, and that Allan would write to her, as he had promised; but no word came from him.

Every day she hoped. Every night she wailed:

"I'm a murderer's daughter! he will not write to me! We will never meet again!"

Three weeks had passed; still no letter, and the day of the trial at hand.

There was no hope for the prisoner.—The verdict of "guilty," and the sentence of death, were things already decided upon.

As the trial came nearer and nearer, Annie secluded herself more and more, as the full horror of her position—chief witness against her father—became more apparent to her.

Many came to offer consolation to her, but she repulsed them all.

One day, as she looked up after a spasm of grief and tears, she saw Edward Lane standing right before her.

He had entered unbidden.

"Go away!" she cried, starting up, and turning aside from his dark, unpleasant face.

"I have come to help you, Annie," he said, softly.

"There is no help for me," she returned fiercely. "No help for me to mock me! Go I say!"

"Be calm, Annie, and listen—I can help you—"

"How?" she interrupted, turning to him with a wild glimmering of hope in her eyes.

"By saving your father."

"Oh, Edward Lane, do that—do that—and I will bless you forever! Oh, can you save him? and will you?"

"Yes, on one condition."

"And what is that?" she cried, eagerly.

"That you become my wife."

"At last!" he cried, exultantly, as he stooped to lift her in his arms.

She sprang up suddenly, crying passionately:

"Do not come near me! Go—go, now! I wish to be alone. Do not come again until father is free! then you can come and claim your price."

He could not do else than obey her now, so he left her.

The next day was the day of the trial.

The prisoner was in the dock, bowed and bent.

Annie was on the witness stand.—Edward Lane was to be called next, as he had given out that he had important disclosures to make.

The hush of expectation was upon all. A moment of dead silence reigned, and the proceedings were about to begin, when suddenly the court-room door was flung wide open, and a tall, manly form entered.

A murmur ran through the assembly. Edward Lane started to his feet, and looked wildly around, as if seeking a way of escape.

Annie leaped from the witness-stand and sprang to the new-comer, crying, joyfully:

"Oh, Allan—Allan! have you come to save us?"

Yes, it was Allan. He clasped his beloved to his bosom and held here with one arm, while with the other he pointed to Edward Lane, and said, in a clear, accusing voice:

"There stands the murderer!"

All looked at Lane, and all saw guilt written upon his face.

He was instantly seized and handcuffed.

Allan, standing there with his weeping Annie clinging to him, told the following:

"On the night of the murder I left our village, expecting to be absent for six months. When I got to town, I found a letter awaiting me, that contained words to the effect that I need not absent myself, that I could do the work as well at home. I hastened back at once with the joyful tidings. I went to my betrothed's house—it was empty. Filled with misgivings, I hurried along the road, and to my horror, became a witness of the murder. I knew Lane, even through his disguise, and when he was alone on the cliff, I went to him and denounced him.

"It was a rash thing to do. He struck me—I became insensible. When I recovered, I found myself on board a craft out at sea, and managed by a villainous crew. Each day I expected to be my last, for each day I was threatened with death. I succeeded in making my escape, however, by jumping overboard, I was picked up by a vessel, and after going out of my way for weeks, I at last succeeded in reaching this spot. I heard at once of the trial and circumstances, and I hastened here to denounce the murderer and save an innocent man."

Cheers filled the court-room, as Annie's father was released. Hisses followed, as Edward Lane, cowed and trembling, was led away to a murderer's cell.

Annie's misery was at an end. Allan made her his wife at once, and the dark time they had just known made the present and the future shine with redoubled brightness.

An Obstinate Woman.

What was generally considered the best story told about Captain Jim Emmons, an old North River Captain, who died lately related to an incident that occurred while beating down stream against a head wind. Among many passengers was an old maiden lady.—She had heard that the Captain was a great disciplinarian, that he made the ladies go below when he was taking in or making sail.

She determined if such a thing occurred she would have her own way and remain on deck. The vessel had made a long leg toward the Western shore, and the order "ready about!" had been given preparatory to putting the wheel hard down. At this all the lady passengers except the one in question went below. The Captain noticed the lady sitting upon the poop-deck directly in the path of the main boom.

"I'm going to jibe, madam," he said politely, "please go below."

"You can jibe, Capt. Jim, and jibe," she answered tartly, "but I'll not go below."

The vessel was nearing the rocks, and time was short. The man at the wheel saw this, and, to save the vessel, hove the wheel over. As he did so the ship turned quickly round on her heel, and the main boom came over with a crash. Capt. Jim had seen it, however. He seized the lady in his arms, and sprang to the main deck just in time to save her from being knocked overboard. Almost crazed with excitement and fear, she screamed again and again. The danger she had been in through her obstinacy was finally explained to her.—Then she shook the Captain's hand and apologized for her conduct.

EUROPEAN LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

BRUSSELS, August 7th, 1878.

There is a belief in our own country that there is scarcely any drunkenness in Europe, and that this plague is peculiar to America. I have frequently read as much in American papers, and in letters of tourists, and I have heard Americans on this side assert that they have never seen a drunken man in Europe. I can only say that those Americans who have not seen a great deal of inebriety here have been almost miraculously preserved from a sad and disgusting, but very common spectacle.—There may not be as many persons found dead drunk, as the saying is, here as in America, but a much larger proportion of the people are always in a state of semi-intoxication, or, it may be said, never quite sober. But it is hard to understand how any one can have lived in Europe, for even a short time, and not have seen men dead drunk. I have seen them in Paris too drunk to keep their feet, and while in Frankfurt on the Main, last week, I saw, in the space of five minutes, two men carried to the lock-up so helplessly intoxicated that they could not lift a hand. The manifestation of drunkenness in the European and the American is very different and the infrequency of crimes arising from intoxication here is, I think, one reason why it is so generally believed that there is less of the vice on this than on the other side of the Atlantic. So thoroughly have ages of oppression, and rigid subjection to authority, trained the European nature that, in moments of exhilaration, and even of maddest excitement, he never forgets the terror of law. This I think is not consistent with the fact that a large proportion of our criminal population is of foreign birth. The sudden transition to a new country and an entirely new life, the elevation to citizenship, and peership so utterly confounds his imported ideas of political and social relations that he runs amuck and of ages of despotism falls, as it were, upon the liberator.

It has been frequently said in favor of European institutions and habits that they have no bars, that they have not the vile practice of walking up like Americans and swallowing a drink at a bar, but have, instead, gardens and saloons where they go with their families, and sit down and drink at leisure. It is difficult to see wherein the superior virtue of the European custom, now largely introduced in America, consists. If a man must drink it would seem that the sooner he swallows it down and goes about his business the better.

I believe if there could be compiled accurate statistics, not of the men punished for crimes of drunkenness, but through some intoxicometer that would precisely gauge the amount of inebriation, be its manifestation in individuals extreme or mild; it would be found that there is a much higher average according to its population in Europe than in America.

The usual manifestation of intoxication in European countries is loud, excited talking and gesticulation, and casual observers, ignorant of the language, are disposed to attribute this to national habits, vivacity, and good humor. But those acquainted with the demon discern other signs, such signs as would cause a lawyer or a physician to lose some practice in America, or make what is called a "worrying man" less eligible in the eyes of penitent parents.

Wine bibing and beer bibing is a universal habit in France, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium. Men, women and children, all drink, and some of them drink nearly all the time. I do not think that the great tun at Heidelberg would last some families a head while. In France wine is the beverage of the rich and the poor, and I do not think that it is an exaggeration to say that the French drink more wine than water. Americans, no matter what may have been their prejudices and pledges, as a usual thing take to wine and beer drinking as soon as they have been a month in Europe. It is said that the water of many European cities, and especially of Paris, is not good, and our countrymen and countrywomen give this as an excuse for their fall of abstinence. But I do not think there is anything the matter with the water except a lack of ice. The water in Paris is perfectly clear, sweet and not very warm even in the hottest weather.

C. A. S.

Before the discovery of America, money was so scarce that the price of a day's work was fixed by act of the English Parliament in 1351 at one penny per day; and in 1314 the allowance of the chaplain to the Scotch bishops (then in prison in England) was three half-pence per day. At this time, 24 eggs were sold for a penny, a pair of shoes for four pence, a fat goose for 2½ pence, a hen for a penny, wheat three pence per bushel, and a fat ox for six shillings and eight pence. On the whole, human labor bought on the average about half as much food, and perhaps one-fourth as much cloth or clothing as it now does.