

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

May 12th, 1878. TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 6.20, 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. & R. 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 10.40, 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. & R. 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 a. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 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. WOODRUFF, 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. Middletown 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., daily. WEST. Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday. Middletown 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 13 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time. J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANSON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncanson as follows: EASTWARD. Middletown 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, 10.20 p. m., daily (flag) WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.00 p. m., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.18 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m. W. M. C. KING, Agent.

KANSAS FARMS

FREE HOMES.

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A WOMAN'S PROPOSAL.

JOHN FURLONG sat at his desk, in the office of Lord & Co. Close application to the duties of his position through a long series of years had driven the color from his face, until it resembled in hue the leaves of the open ledger before him. From bending over his desk his once broad shoulders had become rounded, and what was once a splendid physique had become emaciated, until scarcely sufficient flesh remained to hold his bony frame together. One by one had the clerks who had been his assistants and companions been discharged, and their duties added to his, until, overtaxed, overweighted, and overworked, his brain threatened to succumb to the unceasing strain which was slowly but surely sapping away his very life. Yet no word of complaint or expostulation did he utter, but struggled on with an unwavering will to complete the new tasks which, together, made up the sum of his every-day life. "We must economize," said Lord & Co. "Labor is a drug in the market, everybody is reducing expenses, and we must cut down—cut down, down," and as he threw himself composedly into his luxurious office-chair, the trade dollars in his capacious pocket seemed to jingle out an echo—"Cut down—cut down—cut down?"

Wages had been cut down until the employees received scarcely enough compensation for their services to purchase a bare existence, and the working force of Lord & Co., had been reduced until one person was compelled to perform the work of three. Business was brisk, but day after day would an employee be summoned to the private office of the firm, and his pale face, despairing look, and quivering lip, when he emerged therefrom, plainly indicated that he was another victim to the cutting down process. A summons from the firm to an employee to visit their office was an inevitable death warrant to the victim.

One day John Furlong sat poring over his ledger. His face, if possible, was paler than ever, and his shoulders seemed rounder than ever. His eyes were deep sunken in his head, and the expression of pain that occasionally flashed across his marble features denoted that his iron will was endeavoring to keep in subjection the terrible nervous suffering under which he was laboring.

"Mr. Furlong," said the office boy, "Mr. Lord would be pleased to see you in his office."

John Furlong instinctively turned pale. He dropped his pen mechanically, and after a moment's hesitation, during which the blood that flowed through his veins seemed to rush back to his heart, walked deliberately but sadly toward the office in which the senior member sat composedly.

"Ah, Mr. Furlong! Take a seat, Mr. Furlong—take a seat, sir. Glad to see you! Ah, Mr. Furlong, we find we must cut down—we must reduce. Our expenses are altogether disproportionate to our receipts. Economy is our only safeguard, sir—I might say our only salvation. Boy, order me a carriage at four sure. We have concluded to dispense with your services, Mr. Furlong, and we will not need you after to-night."

"But, Mr. Lord, after ten years' service in your house, you will not dismiss me in so summary a manner."

"Can't be helped, Mr. Furlong, we must cut down. Everybody is cutting, and we must cut. Can't get men to work for less, sir!"

"But I am willing to work for less, Mr. Lord."

"Too late sir—too late. Got a man engaged."

"But, Mr. Lord—"

"Don't detain me, Mr. Furlong. The carriage is waiting, and the club will have a champagne supper at five. We must cut down, sir."

The senior member of Lord & Co., carefully adjusting his high hat on his bald head, entered the carriage in waiting, and was driven rapidly away.

"Poor Emily! what will she do now," said John Furlong, as he stood like one paralyzed in the private office of Lord & Co. He heard the office door closed, heard the rattle of wheels made by the departing carriage, and yet he stood alone in the centre of the office, an impersonation of the statue of despair.

"Poor Emily!" it was all he said, the tears coursed down his pallid cheeks, and fell upon the richly carpeted floor. With an effort he aroused himself, walked to his desk, closed his books, carefully placed them in the safe, and slowly but sadly walked into the street.

His fellow-clerks saw him depart. He was a favorite with them all, and with a saddened feeling they watched him until he was lost to sight.

Instinctively he turned towards his home. The people passing through the crowded thoroughfare jostled him as they passed, but he felt them not; the vehicles rattled through the badly paved streets, but he heard not a sound. Like

the habit of calling upon us in their earriages," said John, smiling sadly.

"Well, John," said Emily, "if she has made a mistake it will be very easy to correct it," saying which she descended to the door to meet the caller whose advent had caused such a stir. In a few minutes she returned.

"There is no mistake about it, John, the lady has called at the right place," said Emily.

"And who does she wish to see?" asked John.

"Mr. John Furlong."

"Me! me! Why my sister who can it be?"

"Here is her card, brother. She is waiting below."

"Miss Florence Packard."

"Miss Florence Packard! I cannot see her, Emily—I cannot see her. Tell her I am indisposed. Offer any excuse you think proper, for I cannot—dare not see her to-day."

"I explained your feeble condition to her John, but instead of withdrawing, she seemed to be more anxious to see you than before," said Emily.

"Tell her I will be better to-morrow, and will call upon her. Tell her—"

The door opened gently, and a light footstep glided noiselessly across the carpeted floor toward the sofa on which John Furlong lay. He saw her, and tried to raise himself to a sitting posture.

"Florence!"

"John!"

The effort had exhausted what little strength remained, and he fell back unconscious.

When he revived Florence Packard sat by his side. Her lace shawl was thrown over the back of a chair, and her dainty little hat occupied another. She kept her little fan busily employed upon his face, and the life-blood was fast returning into its channels. In a spirit of gratitude he extended his hand. She grasped it, and held it in hers. For a few minutes not a word was spoken on either side.

"John Furlong," said Florence, "I am not a stranger to the nature of your affection for me. I have known it for years. You love me. You have struggled on and on in the hope of prospering in business and bettering your condition before you made your affections known to me. I have watched you, John Furlong. I am rich, and you are poor. Day after day, with a salary that an unprincipled firm was cutting down, you saw your hopes crushed. Still you labored on with an unflinching zeal. To-day you were discharged—I heard it all. Mr. Lord went to the club, and there boasted of his conduct toward you. In the midst of his hilarity he was seen to reel in his chair and fall. A doctor was summoned, but life had fled. He who had "cut down" others was in turn "cut down" by the hand of God. When I heard of your misfortune I hastened here. Surrounded as I am by a host of giddy admirers, I saw at once, and read their hearts. They loved me for my money. There is one brave man who loves me for myself alone, and that man is John Furlong."

"Florence! Florence! you have read my heart aright."

"I know it, John. I know also that your love is returned. I have endeavored to disguise the fact from myself; but it is useless. You would not, from a sense of honor, ask me to become your wife—John Furlong, I ask you to become my husband. You are ill—I cannot leave you. Give me the right to remain and care for you—make me your wife."

"Oh, what joy it would be to me!" said John, in the ecstasy of the moment. "Florence Packard the wife of poor John Furlong! Never! never!"

"Not never, John, but forever," said Florence. "I do not care for what the world says. You are all to me—the world is nothing. You will consent?"

She pressed her claims eloquently and fervently, but still he resisted. He pleaded for delay.

"I will not leave this house save as the wife of John Furlong," said Florence.

He could resist no longer. When he breathed the happy consent Florence wound her delicate arms around him, and kissed the tears from his cheeks. A clergyman was sent for, and before an hour had passed Miss Florence Packard had become Mrs. John Furlong. When his health permitted they removed from the apartments on the fourth floor to a brown-stone house on Fifth avenue.

The Difference.

One young lady rises early, rolls up her sleeves, goes in the kitchen to get breakfast, or insists upon doing so, and afterwards with cheerful and sunny smiles, puts the house in order without the assistance of "Mother." She will make a good wife and render home a paradise. Young man, "get her."

Another young lady is a parlor beauty, pallid from dissipation and want of exercise, reads novels and almost dies of laziness, while the poor old mother does her washing. She is a useless piece of furniture, an annoyance to the husband

she may chance "rope in," and will go unpwept to her grave. Young man, "Let her alone!"

Turkish Wives.

FIRST among Turkish social topics is that of the harem. The Koran allows a Mussulman to have four wives; and many persons have consequently imagined that polygamy is the rule in Turkey, whereas it is the exception. A Mussulman may have as many wives as he can keep in comfort; and it is only the very rich who can afford to keep four. The middle-class Turks have only one wife apiece; the men of the lowest class are often obliged to remain single from not having the means to support a consort in the style which the Moslem law enjoins. Nothing can be more un-Turkish than the Mormon idea of accumulating a number of women to live under one roof, quarreling in the kitchen and parlor, and acting as household drudges for their husband. The Turkish wife is not a slave; the chief fault to find with her is that she has too lofty a sense of her own dignity. An advocate of female rights would have some difficulty in persuading her that her lot was pitiable; she has never envied the emancipation of Christian women, whose free ways shock her; while she has noticed that they get much less respect from the men of her faith than that which is invariably vouchsafed to herself. She veils her face with no more regret than a Western lady unveils her shoulders.—Turkish women are not shut up. They go out when they please, attended by their odaliks if rich, or holding their children by the hand; and their magpie voices fill the bazars, for they are noisy talkers. Wherever they pass, men of all creeds stand aside deferentially.

If a husband meets his wife in the street, he makes no sign of recognition; if he perceives her halting before a draper's stall and gazing significantly at silks dearer than he can afford, he must possess his soul in resignation, muttering "Mashallah." This respect for women prevails also in the home circle, and it comes naturally to the Mussulman, who has been taught from his boyhood to behave courteously to the softer sex.

The Western conjugal expression about "wearing the breeches" has its Turkish counterpart in the phrase to "live under the slipper;" and it is to be feared that not a few Turks know the taste of this implement of uxorial persuasion. A hawal (street porter) once came before a cadli to complain that his wife trounced him too frequently.

"See what mine does," answered the magistrate, opening his gown and showing some welts on his neck and shoulders. "Go thy way, my son, and thank Allah thou art luckier than I."

Crucifixion in China.

THE following account of a crucifixion in China, interesting because of its resemblance to those mentioned in scripture, is by Mr. James of Amoy, who witnessed it on the 28th of October, 1863:

The victim was a well-known thief, whose principal offense was that of stealing young girls and selling them for prostitutes. The cross was of the Latin form, the foot being inserted in a stout plank, had nails driven through his feet, his hands stretched and nailed to the cross beam. His legs were fastened to the cross with an iron chain, his arms bound with a cord, and in the cord around his waist was inserted a piece of wood on which was written his name and offense. A similar piece on his right arm contained his sentence, namely—to remain, day and night, on the cross until he died. Another on his left arm had the name of the judge, with his title and office.

The criminal was nailed to the cross inside the Yamun, in the presence of the magistrate, and then carried by four coolies to one of the principal thoroughfares leading from the city, where he was left during the day, but removed at night inside the prison, for fear of his friends attempting to rescue him, and again carried forth at daylight in charge of two soldiers.

He was crucified at noon on Wednesday, and Mr. Jones conversed with him at five in the evening. He complained of pain in his chest and thirst. On Thursday he slept for some hours, when the cross was laid down in the jail compound. No one was allowed to supply him with food or drink; and during the day there was quite a fair in front of the cross, people being attracted from a distance, and the sweetmeat venders driving a large trade.

On Saturday he was still alive, when the Tota was appealed to by a foreigner to put an end to the wretch's suffering; and he immediately gave orders that vinegar should be administered, which he expected would produce immediate death. But the result was otherwise, and at sunset, when the cross was taken within the jail, two soldiers with stout bamboos, broke both his legs and then strangled him.