

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. & 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, 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, 5.20 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 7.30, 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. K. 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.
 Middletown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.
 Johnston Ex. 8.22 a. m., daily † Sunday Mail, 8.54 p. m., daily except Sunday
 Atlantic Express, 9.54 p. m., flag, daily.
WEST.
 Way Pass. 9.08 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 10.00 a. m., 2.45 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Middletown Acc. 6.25 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 p. m., (Flag) daily, except Sunday.
 Pacific Express, 5.37 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.
 Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m.
 Johnston 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, 8.58 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 2.00 p. m., 6.25 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Middletown 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
 —AND—
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**
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HOW I GOT MY FIRST WIFE.

It was just five years ago this summer that I was granted exemption for one month from my desk and went down with my chum Horace Hyatt, to his father's in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abused State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even though I had not there met with an adventure that had its influence on the whole of my future life. I should remember it for the real true hospitality of the Hyatts, for the solid old time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which within a couple of days after my arrival I was put into possession of it, and made to feel that it all belonged to me, to do just what I pleased with. There were plenty of horses, and we rode; plenty of fish, and we fished; plenty of woodcock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken of with a proviso. I say we, by which let it be understood that I do not mean Horace's two sisters, Carrie and Nettie, as having participated in all these sports.

For some days after my arrival at the farm curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyric lavished by the young ladies upon a once school-fellow of their own, May Stevens by name, who was, according to their highly colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman then living.

"And so she is coming at last! I'm so glad!"

Whether it was that the train of my thought was upon that point at the moment or what I cannot say, but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and coupling it with Nettie's words I knew that the heretofore only heard of May Stevens was about to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions; all the incomparable May, was to spend a month at Hyatt's and they were to expect her at any moment, though as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. My whole mind was now absorbed in making the best figure possible before the new queen. My choicest morsels of wardrobe should be offered on the shrine of May Stevens.

I absented myself to go to town on the plea of sudden memory of business neglected, and had faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should see me down again at Hyatt's to stay out the month that May Stevens, the wonderful, was about to pass with them.

I arrived at my city rooms, and for six hours I dressed and redressed, compared, rejected and selected, and at the end of that time I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods, in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens. It wanted still several hours to sunset, and having got safely through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the train, and return the same night to Hyatt's, instead of waiting over until morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my habiliments, and away I went. Whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road is provocative of sleep, so I found it when the shades of evening fell, for, to the best of my recollection, I was in the very midst of a dream, in which May Stevens, attired in book-muslin and pale blue satin, sat on a purple cloud, and admiringly inquired who my tailor was. Just as I was about to inform her there came a crash, and, for a moment, I was not entirely certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded or myself had torn some portion of my apparel that was overstrained. It required not a moment to awaken me to the fact that both presumptions were wrong. It was our train, the 6:26, that had run off the track, smashing things generally, and spilling the contents of several cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy. But most terrible of all mishaps, it spilled me, clothes and all, into a pool of mud and water, from which I escaped with life but utterly wrecked in the matter of good clothes. This was a pretty state of things; and to make it still worse, I was exactly five miles from my destination. I was disposed to make myself agreeable and would have willingly rendered all the assistance in my power to the unprotected females of the wrecked train, if I had been in condition to be seen, but, heartily ashamed of my appearance, I rushed from the scene and started for Hyatt's, the determination strong in my breast to reach that haven before daylight and get a decent if not a stunning suit of clothes. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and verging close on toward eleven o'clock. That did not deter me. I was determined to walk over to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done. I set forth. Five miles is a trifle, particularly to a man in my condition, and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight I marched up the lane that led to the house. There was a single light to be seen in the house, and that in my room; but as I approached

near the house it disappeared, and the whole house was in darkness. My roommate, Horace, had evidently just gone to bed. So much the better. I didn't want even him to see me in that plight. My bedroom windows looked out upon the roof of the piazza. I would not disturb the house by knocking—oh, no, not a bit of it—a climb would settle the business. The thing was executed as soon as thought, and in a few seconds I stood on the piazza. What if Horace saw me in the plight, and I should be compelled to explain that my vanity had led me to walk five miles in the night and to scale a piazza to escaped being seen? He would never get done joking me. No he should not see me thus. In a few seconds, standing on the piazza, I divested myself of coat, vest, pants, boots, hat—ay! even of my shirt, and stood confessed a blushing Hyperion in undershirt and drawers! Leaving the muddy clothes on the piazza, I put my hand to the window, which yielded, and sprang into my own room. By the moonlight which streamed in I saw a figure in white standing by the bedside, with the covers of the bed drawn in front of it; and I laughed at the idea of Horace being frightened by my appearance. Immediately afterward I reflected that scaling the piazza of a farmhouse at midnight, and forcing an entrance by a window *endishabille* had rather an alarming, not say burglarious, aspect, and I therefore spoke with the intention of reassuring him, when a trembling and unmistakably feminine voice half screamed, half faltered.

"Who are you?"

There are such surprises as, without a terror, absolutely deprive us of the power of speech until the brain has time to act and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by open mouth and silent wonder. This was the case with myself and my roommate. Right by my side, with her face within three feet of my own stood a young woman, not more than seventeen, with great dark hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown hair tucked away under the neatest little nightcap that ever was. She had gathered the bedclothes, with a spasmodic jerk, up about her throat, and with the most rigid, astonished look, as though doubting whether she was sleeping or waking, gazed steadily in my eyes, and repeated her question.

"Who are you?"

I blurted out with—

"How came you here?"

The figure stared still in speechless astonishment; but in a moment, as though awaking from its stupefaction, spoke—

"Are you Charles Morgan?"

"Yes," was my rather subdued answer.

"Well, then, Mr. Morgan," said the figure, by this time speaking calmly and quite as dignified as though in the drawing-room, "I am May Stevens, and I was put in this room last evening after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's a few miles off before I got here, and was not to return until morning. That is how I was put in this room."

So here was I, vis-a-vis to Miss May Stevens, that mythical lady, for the first meeting with whom I intended to have got up such superlative toilet, and she in her nightcap, and I in my drawers—a nice style of introduction, and a nice style of toilet! And she by this time was as cool as the 31st of December, and stood looking me right in the eyes as I made some rambling explanation of my being found in that most extraordinary situation and costume! It was a lame explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and stammered and stuttered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering and thinking during the recital, and at its end, looking at me as though asking the most simple question in the world, said:

"What's to be done?"

"Let me jump out of the window, as I came in," I said, in a sickish tone of voice; and then reflecting that it would never do to put on these clothes again, nor to stroll about the farm as I was, I as hastily exclaimed:

"No! no! I won't go. I must have a decent suit of clothes. I won't go without 'em," and I began looking around for my trunk.

While I was doing so I heard a noise behind me and turning quickly round saw she had sprang into bed and was dragging the clothes about her up to her neck.

"You must dress yourself and go away," she said. "I will lie still with my head covered until you are gone."

And so she did, burying her head in the bedclothes to suppress her laughter. I hastily opened my trunk and got out another suit, and as hastily arrayed myself in it. Then I as hastily departed, and I venture to say without the slightest fear of dispute that no man ever sneaked out of his own room more

stealthily or more ignominiously than I did.

That morning we met, May Stevens and I at the breakfast table. I in the character of the newly arrived, and were formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we astounded every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Carrie, by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we have never failed to repeat whenever the memory of our first meeting comes up. And now you have the whole story of how I first met my wife.

CURIOUS CASES.

An article in the *Journal des Debats* says: Here is a singular case, and for all that, it is a case not absolutely rare. It is known that there are some epicures who have a decided taste for needles. They swallow them by the dozen like oysters, some with an apparent passion, for cases are cited of persons who have swallowed hundreds of needles. There are others who prefer pins, little white pins with round heads. Pins and needles travel all through the tissues. They work their way almost with ease through the body, much more surely than living creatures. Their migration through the different organs is more or less long. At the end of several months, and often after several years, the needles reach the skin, and they are taken out sometimes in the manner that a pin is plucked from a pin-cushion.—No doubt the thing seems improbable, but it is absolutely true.

We find lovers of needles not only among lunatics, but even among people sound in body and mind. At La Salpêtrière especially there have been patients who have swallowed hundreds of needles. Silvy makes special mention of a woman in the full enjoyment of all her faculties, who had a passion for devouring pins and needles. At the autopsy of her body 1,500 of them were found in various organs. Fabrice de Hilden tells of a lady, full of health, who, in her moments of ennui, swallowed pins, which came out through the skin six years after their introduction. Villars reports the case of a young woman, of twenty-six years, who, in nine months, turned out more than 200 needles and pins swallowed two years before. These little strangers came out through the hands, the arms, the armpits, the abdomen, and even the knees, and all upon the left side. The pins advanced more rapidly than the needles, the latter being oxidized.

Dr. Otto of Copenhagen, cites another case and less curious. The observation that he was enabled to make was in the case of a young girl who, in a fit, had probably swallowed a large quantity of needles. Dr. Otto saw 395 of them come out from different parts of her body. Little pimples formed themselves on the surface of the skin in bunches—perfect nests of needles—from one of which 100 needles were extracted.

Dr. Gillette, a hospital surgeon, who has just published a very interesting note on this subject, states that in January, 1878, Dr. Bigger cited an analogous case before the Irish Society of Surgery. Over 300 needles were found in the body of a nurse in Whitworth Hospital. One of the needles penetrated the elbow, and the nurse died at the Richmond Hospital. It could not exactly be ascertained how they had been taken into the body, but everything tends to the belief, says Dr. Bigger, that they had been swallowed. We have ourselves recently mentioned, according to Dr. Camara Cabral, the case of a young girl sixteen years old, an epileptic, from different parts of whose body over ninety needles were taken.

Dr. Gillette has just referred to a case of a similar nature in Paris with a young girl of twenty, who gave out from different parts of her body several needles, which appeared under the skin, perforating it, could easily be taken out with the fingers, or with a little pincers. Their coming out was not accompanied by any flow of blood. On being questioned on this subject the young girl remained silent as to the origin of the presence of the needles in her body.

Suspecting that the thing was a mere trick, M. Lepulmier watched the patient closely and was himself able to witness the coming out of the needles. In eighteen months more than 320 appeared. They were all put into a little flannel needle case. For the most part they were oxidized and black. The greater portion were complete; others were broken, and were taken out in fragments more or less long. These needles came out from different parts of the body, at irregular intervals, and taking a parallel course invariably the same. Thus, from the 4th to the 6th of September, 42 appeared, and from the 6th to the 10th of November, 109. It often happened that a great number appeared in a single day. It October, 1874, there came out 21, 31, 61, and 20 a day.—The greatest quantity appeared just above the right breast; but they were

found in the legs, arms, the temple, and the right cheek.

A strange phenomenon preceded the issue forth of these foreign bodies. The patient experienced several hours in advance, stinging pains, which produced a fever well marked. Then she felt a sensation as of a sudden projection or shock within the tissues, followed by a prickling sensation. The young girl then examined the part of the body which had been the seat of this momentary sensation, and she saw the head of a needle outside the skin to a sufficient length to be caught hold of and pulled out. All the needles came out head foremost. M. Lepulmier took out 318. Six were extracted by the patient herself.—There was no trace of inflammation at the parts from which they came out.

The girl never having displayed any over-nervous excitement, Messrs. Lepulmier and Gillette came to the conclusion that the needles had been voluntarily swallowed by the young girl with a view of committing suicide. She never gave any explanation further than to say that while she was at school one of her comrades, who several times had tried to play ugly tricks upon her, must have put the needles into sweets, which she was particularly fond of. This explanation seems difficult to admit. Even up to the present day needles from time to time make their appearance through the body of the young lady.

Similar cases might be multiplied. It is sufficient for us to have shown that the exit of needles and pins through the skin is a positive fact. The preceding details go to show beyond a doubt that pins can often be swallowed without any serious consequences, and that there is no need for serious alarm when one has accidentally been swallowed. At the same time the above case have also show that it is prudent to abstain from pins and needles as articles of food.

A Model Confession.

Several years ago, in a Western town, a young lawyer, a member of a large church, got drunk. The brethren said he must confess. He demurred. He knew the members to be a good people, but that they had their little faults, such as driving sharp bargains, screwing the laborer down to low wages, loaning money at illegal rates, misrepresenting articles they had for sale, &c. But the good people pressed the lawyer to come before the church meeting and own to his sin of taking a glass too much, for they were a temperance people, and abhorred intemperance.

The sinner finally went to the confession, found a large gathering of brethren and sisters, whose bowed heads rose, and whose eyes glistened with pure delight as the lawyer began his confession.

"I confess," he said, "that I never took ten per cent. for money." On that confession down went a brother's head with a groan. "I never turned a poor man from my door who needed food or shelter." Down went another head.—"I confess I never sold a skim milk cheese for a new milk one," whereupon a sister shrieked for mercy. "But," concluded the sinner, "I have been drunk and am very sorry for it."

Whereupon the meeting very peaceably dispersed.

At Booneville last week a large crowd had assembled on the fair grounds to witness a match between the nine of rival towns. In the absence of the regular catcher of one club, James Barry, of Utica, was substituted. The first man was called to the bat, and the umpire duly called two balls and two strikes. The next ball must have made either three balls or three strikes. The pitcher delivered it with great force, and the man at the bat struck a foul tip, the ball passing beneath, just grazing the bat and striking Barry in the pit of the stomach. Barry picked up the ball, threw it to the pitcher and fell to the ground. The umpire and striker spoke to him, but he could not articulate. A physician was among the spectators, but before he could get to the injured man, Barry was dead.

A man saw a ghost while walking along a lonely highway at midnight.—The ghost stood exactly in the middle of the road, and the wayfarer, deciding to investigate poked at it with his umbrella. The next instant he was knocked twenty feet into a mud-hole. Moral—Never poke a large white mule when its back is turned.

A Chinaman never swears when he gets mad because there are no "cuss words" in his dictionary. He simply upsets his washtubs, butts the bottom out, kicks a dog, and feels better.

There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the way—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

"Whatever is, is right," except when you get the right boot on the left foot.

If you act with a view to praise only, you deserve none.