

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., 2.15 and 8.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., and 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.

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 5.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 4.00, and 7.50 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 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, Johnston Ex. 12.23 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday Atlantic Express, 9.54 p. m., flag, daily.

DUNCANSON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncanston, as follows: EASTWARD. Millintown 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.

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A WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

AMONG the many instances of female goodness and devotion to worthy objects, during the French Revolution of 1792-5, few are more touching, or more remarkable, than the following:

A young man of interesting appearance and an agreeable countenance, was incarcerated in a prison in Bordeaux. His name was Du Bois. Bad diet, bad air, operated unfavorably upon his health and he was removed to a hospital to receive medical treatment. It may well be imagined that Dubois felt but little anxiety in relation to his sickness, or its result, being as well reconciled to die on his bed of disease as to suffer upon the scaffold. The only solace of his melancholy situation was derived from the visits of a young and beautiful lay sister named Theresa.

She was an entire stranger to him previous to his removal to the hospital; but she was now the only being who came to soften the bed of sickness. At first her visits were received without much emotion; but at length his indifference wore off, and the daily coming of Theresa was the only subject that employed his thoughts. Although the purest benevolence had brought her to the hospital, yet sister Theresa had been pleased with the noble features of Du Bois, and was equally gratified when she learned that he was not wanting in the still nobler attributes of the soul. Charmed with his good sense, and perceiving that her presence gave him pleasure, her visits grew more frequent. The result was that by looking into their hearts they discovered something there worthy the name of friendship.

One morning Theresa left Du Bois in a state of mind most unenviable. Before her last visit he had resigned himself to death, and felt a certain kind of calmness in the consciousness of the certainty of his fate; but now a glimmering of hope, just palpable enough to incite a desire for life, shone into his mind and awoke fears which had ceased to distress him.

As Theresa was leaving the ward where Du Bois was confined she met the house physician.

"You are still employed in deed of charity, Sister Theresa," he said, with a smile.

"I do not refuse my poor services to the suffering, doctor. Heaven knows there is room enough for benevolent works here," she replied.

"Yes, plenty of works for priests and doctors, to say nothing of executioners. But how fare our patients?"

"Alas! doctor, why should you ask?" "Some empty beds this morning. My patients get about quick; and what is more remarkable they never return into my hands again."

"No, they do not, thanks to the just and merciful Dispenser of human affairs; they go into more lenient hands." "How fares Du Bois? Is he well enough to go out and take air?" asked the doctor, significantly.

"Poor fellow! he is almost gone. There is scarcely a breath left in him." "Not so bad, Sister Theresa—not so bad as you might be. He will be able to pay his respects to the tribunal in a few days. Let me feel your wrist, young man, quite a pulse; put out your tongue; thick coat; some hope—keep up courage—soon be able to ride out."

"Doctor, come with me, for heaven's sake," said the lay sister, taking the man of physic and wit by the arm. "I must speak to you seriously."

"I beg of you to be quiet, Sister Theresa, you really make me nervous. What can you want? Ah! what handsome eyes, were there are no tears in them; I never noticed that before. Now that we are alone, tell me what you would say, and be brief, for I have duties to attend to."

While the doctor was speaking, Theresa gradually drew him away into his office.

"Shall we be heard if I speak here?" she asked hurriedly, closing the door and locking it.

"Only by ourselves; but what means this? you have locked me into the room with yourself, charming Theresa?"

"It seems that I wish to move your pity; to excite your compassion; to prompt you to a deed of mercy."

"Well, what is it?"

"Du Bois must not die," replied the lay sister, in accents of grief.

"Theresa, all the girls of Bordeaux could not save him, should they all kneel and weep before the tribunal. Du Bois must suffer with the rest."

"But he must not. You can save him."

"I can save him? You are mad!" "I am not mad. I am sane and rational as yourself. Say that you will aid me," continued Theresa, in tones of touching earnestness.

"But what is Du Bois to you?" "Do not ask; be generous, for your heart tells you all."

"You love him; this agitation and

grief witness your love. How do you propose to save Du Bois?"

"You shall report him dead to the agents of the tribunal; you shall then order his body to your private office for anatomical purpose. In the dress of a surgeon it will be easy to effect his escape thence. I have already informed him in the part he is to act—He will feign violent convulsions, which will apparently end in death, how easy it will be then to save him if you enter into my schemes."

"It may seem easy to you, but a discovery would be sure death to me answered the doctor, pacing the room, much moved by the entreaties, tears and beauty of Theresa.

"God bless you for the act, and my poor prayers shall ever ascend for you to the throne of mercy."

The doctor turned his back to the fair pleader, and wiped something from his eye.

"I will tell you what I will do," he added, in a more kindly voice. "I will not attempt to thwart your plans; I will even favor them. To-morrow, when I visit the ward where Du Bois is sick, I will find you in tears. I will ask 'What ails you Sister Theresa?' I will turn from you without looking at my patient. You will pretend that I ordered the body to my office for the benefit of my pupils. Two attendants will assist you in carrying it there. But remember to throw a napkin over his face, and to support the head yourself, for it is difficult to feign death so as to deceive those who are familiar with it. And, moreover, let the body be wrapped in a sheet, lest the warmth should betray the fact that the soul is still within. If the young man should find a surgeon's dress in the office, he need not ask liberty to appropriate it to his own use. When once in the street let him improve the time, and be seen no more in Bordeaux."

Again did Sister Theresa fall upon her knees to cover the hands of the kind hearted doctor with tears and kisses, and his own eyes could not refuse a tribute of feeling at contemplation of so much devotion and loviness.

With what intense anxiety did Theresa and Du Bois await the coming of another day—a day which would make them the happiest of human beings, or the most miserable creatures in existence. Neither closed their eyes in sleep.

Du Bois, according to his instructions, groaned heavily during the night, and seemed to suffer much pain. Toward morning his moans grew feebler, and less frequent. When Theresa visited him at daylight he appeared to be seized with terrible convulsions. His eyes rolled wildly about in their sockets; his face was distorted; blood was seen upon his lips; his cheeks were deadly pale, and his last moment seemed near.

The lay sister stood beside his bed and wept. At length Du Bois ceased his motions; he was heard to breathe hard for a short time, and then all was quiet, save the frantic cries of Theresa, who threw herself upon the body, and piteously bewailed his death.

While thus engaged, the house physician entered the room.

"What ails you, Sister Theresa?—Why are you thus wild with woe?" he asked calmly, as had been previously agreed.

"Alas! my friend is no more; Du Bois is dead!" she replied, with a fresh outburst of grief.

"Well, what matters it? it has saved him from the scaffold. Did you wish him to live to die by the hand of the executioner?" The house physician passed on, without so much as looking toward the bed where Du Bois lay.

How Theresa's heart bounded with joy! She would gladly have fallen down at the doctor's feet and embraced them.

Calming her transports of grief, she turned and beckoned two attendants who were near. They came.

The house physician desires you to assist me in removing this body to his office," she said, restraining her emotion as much as possible.

As they carried it out they met a surgeon, and Theresa's heart sank within her; but he passed them without notice, and in a few moments Du Bois was stretched upon the dissecting table in the doctor's private office.

"Now our work is done and you may go," said Theresa.

The attendants left the room, and our heroine locked the door after them.

Du Bois leaped from the table and donned the surgeon's dress without loss of time. When he was ready to go he threw himself at Theresa's feet and poured out the eloquent language of his overflowing heart, in words which it would be in vain to attempt to record. God only knows how full of gratitude a generous heart can be, and He alone can tell the emotions of Du Bois at that moment.

"Delay no longer, in the name of the blessed saints!" cried the lay sister.

"It were base ingratitude to destroy

you," replied Du Bois. "I will soon manage to have a letter conveyed to you which will make known the place of my retreat. Promise that you will come to me—that you will render forever happy the life you have this day saved, by an act of generosity unparalleled."

"I promise," replied the lay sister with a faint blush.

"And now I part; for the present, best and dearest of your sex, farewell. If we meet not again on earth, we meet in heaven."

The door was opened, and the next moment Du Bois was gone.

The letter which Du Bois had promised came at length. The fair Theresa did not hesitate, but hastened to join him agreeably to her promise. Quitting his temporary asylum, he retired to Spain, where he was wedded to his benefactress.

Happy indeed was the fortune of Du Bois, in being united to a woman who had proven the strength of her attachment in a manner so remarkable, and in an hour when earthly hopes had ceased to shine into his soul.

A Sensible Preacher.

ONCE upon a time, so runs the most authentic story, one of the Great Frederick's favorite chaplains was taken from him by the hand of death. The peculiar qualities in the deceased ecclesiastic had not been more his devout piety and heartfelt reverence than his known courage in danger and presence of mind in seasons of astonishment. Said the great king:

"Ah me! where shall I find another man so truly devout and so conscientiously devoted to his religious duty, who will at the same time possess such wondrous presence of mind? Ah! Good Father Isaac's wits were never wanting."

At length, however, a candidate was recommended to his favorable consideration, a man known to be pious and devout, and against whom no breath of scandal had ever been turned.

"But what is his courage?" demanded Frederick. "What would he do in a moment of mortal terror which had burst unexpectedly over his head?"

The proposer shook his head. He could not say.

"Ha!" cried the king, "we will try him. Look ye. He shall preach in our chapel next Sunday afternoon, and I will be there. He is to have no sermon prepared. I will myself, when I enter the chapel, place in his hand a sealed packet, within which he will find his text; and from that text he will preach his sermon."

The ecclesiastic was consulted and readily consented to the proposition. The eventful day arrived and the clergyman entered the chapel, and as he passed up the centre aisle an officer in gaudy uniform—aide-de-camp of the king—put a sealed paper into his hand, at the same time whispering, "From his majesty."

The clergyman ascended to the pulpit, read the Scripture, gave out the two hymns, made an appropriate prayer, in which the king was recognized without fulsome ness, and then he arose and broke the seal of the missive he had received and found it—blank! Not a word nor pen mark appeared. With a calm smile the clergyman cast his eyes over the congregation, and then said:

"Brethren and sisters—Here is nothing," and he held up the paper to show that it was blank. "Blessed is he whom nothing can annoy, whom nothing can make afraid or swerve from his duty.—We read that God made from nothing all things! And yet look at the stupendous majesty of His infinite creation."

And thereupon the candidate went on with a powerful and eloquent discourse on the wonders and beauties of creation.

Suffice it to say that Frederick bestowed upon him the vacant chaplaincy, and that in time he came to be the king's chief confidant and spiritual adviser.

A Lesson for Boys.

A FEW years ago, a lad who was left without father or mother went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as an errand boy, until he could command a higher position; but this boy had been in bad company and had got into the habit of calling for "biters" and cheap cigars.

On looking over the paper he noticed that a merchant on Pearl street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there and made his business known.

"Walk into my office, my lad," said the merchant, "I'll attend to you soon."

When he had waited upon his customer he took a seat near the lad, and espied a cigar in his hat. This was enough.

"My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but you, I see, smoke cigars, and in my experience of

many years, I have found cigar smoking lads to be connected with various other evil habits, and if I am not mistaken, you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me."

John held down his head and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her death-bed, called him to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, said:

"Johnny, my dear boy, I am going to leave you. You well know what disgrace and misery your father brought upon us before his death, I want you to promise me, before I die, that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father, nor tobacco. Promise this, and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

Tears trickled down Johnny's cheek. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon his bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs. But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed he made up his mind never to taste another drop of liquor nor to smoke another cigar.

He went straight back to the merchant. Said he:

"Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not to do, and have not followed the advice of my poor mother on her death-bed, yet I have now made a vow never to drink another drop of liquor nor to smoke another cigar, and if you will only try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. He was steady and faithful to his vow, and at the expiration of five years this lad was a partner in the business, and is now worth ten thousand dollars.

His Own Medicine.

One of the delegates to the "National" convention, on his return from Syracuse, went to see his heart's delight, to whom he had been engaged for six ecstatic months. She met him at the hinge-weakened gate with the remark:

"James, I have learned to love another. To-night we part."

"Learned to love another! Part!—Why, Fanny, what do you mean?"

"I mean precisely what I say," she answered, with an icy smile.

"O, no; it cannot be, it cannot be.—Say you are joking. You cannot mean it. Have I not your absolute promise to be my wife?"

"You have," she replied in the same unimpassioned tone. "And it is because you have my absolute promise that I feel I have right to be fickle."

He reached around to his hip pocket and whipped out his pistol, exclaiming:

"If you would not have me fall dead at your feet, explain."

"I will," she said. "My 'absolute' promise is like the absolute paper money you dote on—there is no provision made for redeeming it."

He slowly returned his pistol to his pocket and departed from her presence without a word.

A Knowing Office Holder.

The Register of New York City has had complaints made regarding the fees charged in his office. Being interviewed on the subject, he showed his ignorance by the following remarks:

"I am really unable to conceive what motives or what grounds any one can have for making any such charges against me. I do not myself know the method of collecting fees in my office, but if what my deputy tells me is true, there certainly can be no foundation for any charge of excessive fees. When I entered upon the duties of my office, I told the deputy to charge the same fees that had formerly been charged. He told me recently that where any change had been made from the old rates it had been a decrease, so that if there were not any grounds for complaint against my predecessor, I do not see how there are against me. I do not know whether the rates are fixed by statute or not—that is a matter I have left entirely with my deputy, and I have never had occasion to look the question up. Still, I suppose there must be statute regulations on the subject. If so, I suppose, of course, they have been followed."

Stealing a Child.

Saturday last a tramp called upon the Rev. L. O. Manchester in Mullica Hill, N. J., and begged for money. Shortly after his departure Mr. Manchester's little son, aged about seven years, was missed and the tramp was suspected of stealing him. A search was made and the man was tracked to a corn-field. Seeing that he was pursued he took the little boy in his arms and started to run with him, but he was overtaken and captured. He gave his name as William Vivian. He was committed on a charge of attempted abduction.