

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 5.30, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55. For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.40 p. 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 5.30, 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., 4.05, 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 12.30, 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. E. 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. 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, 9.05 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.43 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 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. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m. WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 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. W. M. C. KING Agent.

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-AND-

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LOUSIA'S STRATAGEM.

"LOUSIA," said her uncle one morning, "I have something to say to you."

"Well, sir?"

"You are now nineteen, and it is quite time you were thinking of getting married."

"Are you tired of me, sir?"

"No, but I don't want any old maids in my family. That I am resolved upon."

"But when James Houghton proposed for my hand a few weeks ago, you refused your permission."

"Of course I did, I don't want a penniless young lawyer in my family."

"I have money."

"And that entitles you to look for a rich husband."

"Poverty is James Houghton's only fault."

"And it is fault enough. But no more of him, I have other views for you."

"May I inquire what?"

"I am about to tell you. John Fanshaw, the son of an old friend of mine, who has just completed the tour of Europe, is about to visit us, with the intention of offering you his hand. I have already talked the matter over with his father, and he consents. He will give his son an estate adjoining yours, and the two united will make an excellent property."

"It seems then it is all settled," said Louisa composedly.

"Of course you won't be foolish enough to refuse him. He is handsome, well educated and rich. What more could you ask?"

"I have already told you that I love James Houghton."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"But perhaps this young gentleman may not fancy me. He may decline to propose."

"There is little chance of it. You are pretty, accomplished, lady-like, and rich. What more could he desire?"

"But if he should refuse to carry out his engagement," persisted Louisa.

"Zounds, if he should, you might marry whom you would."

"Even Mr. Houghton?"

"Yes, even him. But don't exult too soon. He hasn't refused you yet."

"When will he be here?"

"Next week Thursday. And, by the way, I regret to say that I shall not be here to receive him. I am obliged to go to Washington, on business, to be gone a week; you must be as polite as possible to him, and perhaps you will get acquainted sooner if I am away."

"Yes, sir, I will endeavor to treat him as politely as possible."

Already an idea had entered Louisa's mind. She would give this Mr. Fanshaw a false impression of herself. She would assume the air and manners of a complete rustic, destitute of all accomplishments, and the refinements of a cultivated lady. Thus she might discourage his suit, and lead him to withdraw voluntarily from the proposed engagement.

The next Tuesday her uncle left for Washington, and on Wednesday Louisa made a visit to the city, returning with a red wig. She already had made up secretly two dresses in dowdy style which disfigured her to her satisfaction. Next she took her maid into her confidence, having made up her mind to play the role of a rustic maiden.

On Thursday morning she put on one of her new dresses, and her wig, and could not help bursting into a laugh at the figure which met her eyes in the mirror.

"I shouldn't know you, Miss, I declare," said her maid. "You look horrid."

"Thank you, Abigail. That's just the way I want to look."

"I'd never suspect you was good looking, Miss Louisa, or had a decent shape."

"I am glad to hear of it, I wonder what Mr. Fanshaw will think of me?"

"I don't believe he will fall in love with you."

"I hope not."

"Yes," I think I shall do," said Louisa. "Now I must try to be as rustic in my speech as possible, and be ignorant of everything that young ladies of my position may be expected to know. I have never practised much, but I guess I can do it."

At three o'clock the train arrived from the city, and with it came the expected young gentleman, who was at once driven to Mr. Burton's residence.

John Fanshaw was anxious to see the young lady whom it was so expedient for him to marry. Not having any previous attachment and not being of romantic nature, he was not unwilling, provided the lady was likely to do credit to his taste. But he was disposed to be fastidious, and had some preference as to the style of wife he would select. Ushered into the parlor he awaited with some curiosity the advent of the young lady. He was dis-

agreeably startled when a young woman entered, dressed in the worst possible style, and with coarse red hair. Her face otherwise was not so bad. Indeed he could have seen that it had good points if it had not been prejudiced by the hair and ill-fitting dress.

"How dy do, Mr. Fanshaw?" said Louisa in broad accents, advancing with outstretched hand.

"Quite well, thank you," he answered hesitatingly. "Do I address Miss Burton?"

"I expect you do," said Louisa.

"I hope you are well."

"Pooty smart, thank you," said Louisa.

"And your respected uncle, I trust is well also?"

"My respectable uncle! Lor how funny. But of course he is respectable. Yes he's pooty smart too, but he had to go off on business, and he wanted me to look after you. He will be home in a week."

"Good gracious what vulgarity!" ejaculated John Fanshaw to himself.

"And what horrid hair! What a wretched dressmaker she must have, too."

"I expect you're admirin' my dress," said Louisa. "Aint it pooty!"

The said dress had a very large figure and was of very bright hues, in fact in material, as well as cut, entirely out of taste.

"Quite so," said the gentleman in some embarrassment.

"I picked it out myself," said Louisa complacently. "Uncle didn't like it, but I think it's sweet pooty."

"What a taste!" ejaculated Fanshaw, mentally. "She is like a young savage, pleased with bright colors. I wonder whether she knows anything. 'I'll try her."

He picked up a Tennyson from the table, and said:

"Are you fond of poetry, Miss Burton?"

"Well," said Louisa, "I like some. I had some writ in my album tother day that I liked first rate. Shall I say it?"

"Thank you, I wish you would."

"It was like this," said Louisa. "I know it by heart."

"The rose is red, The violet's blue, The pink is pooty, And so are you."

"Ain't it good?"

"Very," said Fanshaw, drily, "have you ever read Tennyson, Miss Burton?"

"Who's he?"

"These are his poems."

"O, that book. No, I haint never read it. It was give me by a friend, but I can't understand it very well."

"No, I should think not," thought the young man. "A girl who admires 'the rose is red,' wouldn't be very apt to relish or appreciate Tennyson."

"But I forgot," said Louisa suddenly, "you must be awful hungry, aint you?"

"Not so bad as that," said Fanshaw with a faint smile.

"I'll go and see about dinner," said Louisa. "I don't know what we're going to have. I hope it's fried liver. I doat on liver."

"Well," ejaculated Fanshaw left to himself "if she isn't the most country specimen I ever met. I wouldn't marry her if she were worth four times fifty thousand dollars. To think of introducing such a creature as Mrs. Fanshaw! It makes my blood run cold. Fancy how all the fellows in my set would sneer at her. I only wish I were well out of it."

Louisa entertained the visitor in a similar way at dinner, and watched with quiet exultation the effect which was evidently produced upon his mind.

"I don't think there's much prospect of his proposing, she thought."

"If he doesn't I shall hold my uncle to his promise."

"Do you play the piano?" inquired the young man, seeing one in the room.

"Yes," said Louisa, "I can play one tune."

"Would you oblige me?"

"O, certainly, I love to play."

She sat down and murdered Sweet Home in the most atrocious manner, till the young man became very restive and was thankful when she had finished.

"Just as I might have anticipated," he thought.

Three days passed, and Mr. Fanshaw could stand it no longer. An imperative engagement called him back to the city, at least so he said. But he left a note for Mr. Burton.

When that gentleman returned he was surprised to find the visitor gone. The note was handed him. He read as follows:

"MR. BURTON.—Dear sir: You are aware that my father favored an alliance between myself and your niece, but I regret to say, that, having made the young lady's acquaintance, I doubt if I should find her congenial. Our tastes appear to differ decidedly. Let me acknowledge with gratitude the kind politeness with which she received me, and the efforts she made to make my visit a pleasant one. She is no doubt very amiable, but as I said before, I doubt if we should suit each other. Trusting

you will not be offended at my plain speaking, I subscribe myself,

Yours very respectfully,

JOHN FANSHAW."

"The impudent puppy!" exclaimed Mr. Burton in a rage. "So he refuses my niece, does he? Louisa read that letter."

She read it clamly.

"I am not surprised, uncle," she said, "Mr. Fanshaw didn't seem to fancy me much."

"Zounds, I'll show him you can get a husband," said the choleric old man. "Send for James Houghton."

James Houghton was sent for, and told that he might marry Louisa, and the wedding took place.

"Now," said Mr. Burton, "I want you to go to New York, take a good house, and commence practise there. When Fanshaw sees your wife shining in society, he may be sorry he refused her."

The plan was carried out.

Mr. Fanshaw did meet the young lady in society, but did not at first recognize in the elegant and self-possessed woman, the awkward girl whose hand he had rejected. When he learned the secret, he was provoked with himself for not having seen through the trick. But it was too late! Louisa had found a husband whom she regarded as infinitely superior to Fanshaw and was not likely soon to regret the stratagem which won her James Houghton as a husband.

The Poor Boy's Chances.

THE following is a sermon that should be read by all men, and is an answer to the final logic that the poor man or boy has no chance to do better. An Illinois orator hit the nail on the head in the following manner:

The man who owns the most stores in the city worked out when an apprentice for \$25 a year and clothed himself out of it. The most successful dry goods merchant, one of our wealthiest men came to this town a poor boy, and I knew him when he was a clerk in a store on Main Street at a small salary. The largest stock holder in the First National Bank, and a man of large means, got his start by working on a farm for \$9 a month. One of the leading bank directors worked as a hand, when a young man, on a North river sloop. A citizen worth \$100,000, who started with nothing, learned to write his name after he was fifty years old. One of the wealthiest men who walks the streets worked as an apprentice in a drug-store in Philadelphia for his board and clothes, came to Peoria with nothing but his good name, and hired out as a clerk. He soon went into company with a man who furnished the capital, and in a few years paid his partner \$40,000 for his interest in the establishment. One of our wealthiest citizens, president of a leading bank in Iowa, started life on Cape Cod with \$1, and has earned his own living since he was eleven years old. Nearly every director of the three banks, First and Second Nationals and the Farmers' and Mechanics', started penniless. There is scarcely an exception. The president of one of the banks told me that he did not believe that the entire Board of Directors had inherited \$1,500. The honorable Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, a resident of this city, commenced the practice of his profession in Knoxville with only \$10 in the world. The honorable Judge of the Circuit Court of the Galesburg district, who has lived here for thirty years, worked his way through college and to his profession. The county officers, judge, attorney, treasurer, clerks of courts and sheriff, all started poor men. The President of Knox College, from the time he was a mere lad, not only earned his own living and paid for his own education, but assisted in the support of his parents.

Robbery Extraordinary.

The Indianapolis "Journal" says:—

The grand parade of the Knights of Pythias on last Tuesday was the cause of a large number of crooks visiting the city, and, if reports be true, they did get in their work most charmingly on that day, and all kinds of thefts have been reported to the police. But last night a case was reported which happened on that day which will prove interesting to the readers of this paper as it is a kind of stealing that has never been indulged in before by the light-fingered gentry who have visited this city.

The facts of this robbery are about these: Rudolph Mueller, a grocery keeper at No. 172 South Illinois street, has a most beautiful daughter, about seven years of age. She has or rather had, a lovely head of hair, of a light golden color, measuring some thirty inches in length. On last Tuesday afternoon the child in company with several of her playmates, went to the corner of Illinois and Washington street to witness the parade. While there she felt some one handling her hair, which had been neatly arranged by her mother, but as it was an every day occurrence for

strangers to examine it she paid no attention to the forwardness of the stranger until she felt the click of a pair of scissors, and, turning around, she saw a man disappear in the crowd with her hair, which he had cut close to the head. The little creature ran home crying, and informed her parents of what had happened, but nothing of the dastardly coward who robbed the child of her beautiful tresses has yet been heard. It is a good thing for him that the enraged father has not seen him.

A Very Cautious Lover.

IN THE big crowd of excursionists sitting on the City Hall steps for a rest, the other day, was a young man of excellent length of legs, and a girl with sixteen auburn curls hanging down around her head. They had scarcely settled themselves and locked fingers when she cautiously observed:

"I 'spose they have soda-water in this town?"

"I 'spose," he replied, "but the last thing afore we started I promised your mother not to let you drink any soda-water. It's the worst thing in the world to bring on consumption."

She was quiet for a moment, and then, pointing to the left, remarked:

"I see that Sarah is eating peanuts.—I 'spose they have peanuts in this town?"

"Well, yes, but your mother cautioned me the last thing not to buy any peanuts for you. The Queen of Holland was choked to death in that way."

Pretty soon a boy came along with some fruit, and the young woman felt obliged to say:

"Them apples and pears look awful nice."

"Yes, they do," replied the prudent lover, "but I promised your mother, at the depot, not to buy any fruit for you. Them apples look nice, but if you git the tooth-ache started on you, then the whole afternoon is busted."

The young man had just commenced to take comfort again, when she innocently remarked:

"When I came up here last summer with Jim, he bought more'n two pounds of candy."

"Yes, and what was the result?" he demanded. "You fell down cellar that very week, and didn't Jim have to light out last winter for bustin' in the school-house door?"

She had got down to water, and with considerable sarcasm in her voice she inquired:

"I can have a drink of water, can't I? Mother didn't say anything against that did she?"

"Wall, no, not exactly," he slowly replied; "but she gin me an appealing look as the cars moved off—same as to say that it ought to be kind o' warniah water, if any! You sot here and I'll borrow a dipper somewhere."

"She 'sot," and it was all of an hour and a half before he again succeeded in getting his arm around her.

Strangely Affected.

A Buena Vista, Ga., correspondent says: Mr. Louis Webb, in our town, is strangely affected. For several years he appeared paralyzed in his feet and legs. For several years he went on crutches, but for the last eight has been walking with a stick. He says he could drive a knife through his foot and not feel it; that when he strikes his foot against any object he knows it just as he knows when he strikes a stick against a substance, by the resistance offered only and not by feeling. He bathes his feet often—sometimes in cold, sometimes in hot water. He cannot tell by the feeling in the foot whether the water is hot or cold. Thus he has lived for eight years, sometimes walking about and often in bed. Now the strange part of the story is that when a cat touches his foot he instantly feels it. The touch of a cat against his foot, whether bare or with socks on, sends instantly prickly sensations all through his foot.

An ingenious system has been adopted in Australia to prevent the savages from destroying the telegraph poles. The engineers have arranged supplementary electric currents so that whoever touches any of the poles instantly receives a violent shock. This unaccountable result inspires the savages with such terror that they no longer dare tamper with the mysterious wires, which, to their bewilderment, traverse their extensive territory from end to end. Through this expedient a telegraph connection is preserved for thousands of miles without the expense of watching the poles.

A young lady living in Somersetshire read a matrimonial advertisement in a London paper and after a six months' correspondence married the advertiser, who represented himself to be at the head of a prominent firm of silversmiths, and invited all her relatives and friends to visit him at his palatial residence. He got the wedding presents, his wife's luggage, and £100 given her by her father for pocket money, took her to a wretched furnished room and said if she didn't like to share his home she could go about her business. She arose and went to her father and her levanted with his plunder.