RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

MAY 10th, 1880.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:

For New York via Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," *6.40, (Fast Exp.) 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

*Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon.

For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 6.40 (Fast Exp) 8.05, (through car), 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

For Reading, at 5.15, 6.40 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45, 4.00, and 8.00 p. m.

For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, at 5.30 a. m.

For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.50 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

The 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York, via Allentown.

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 Leave for Harrisburg as Follows:

Leave New York via Allentown, 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m.

Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., *1.30 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 9.00 p.m.

*Through car, New York to Harrisburg.

Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 5.50 (Fast Exp) and 7.45 p. m.

Leave Pottsville, 6.00, 9,10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.

Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.25, 11.30 a. m., 1.3 , 6.15, 7.45 and 10.35 p. m.

Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m.

Leave Allentown, at 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.30, and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5 30 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m.

Leave Reading, at 7.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

Leave Allentown, at 9.05 p. m.

BALDWIN BRANCH.

Leave HARRISBURG for Paxton, Lochiel and Steelton daily, except Sunday, at 6.40, 9.35 a. m., and 2 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 5.45 p. m., and on Saturday only, at 4.45, 6.10 and 9.30 p. m.

Returning, leave STEELTON daily, except Sunday, at 7.00, 10.00 a. m., and 2.20 p. m.; daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 6.10 p. m., and on Saturday only 5.10, 6.30, 9.50 p. m.

J. E. WOOTTEN, Gen. Manager.

C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

PRISON NOTES.

SOCIAL relations are as distinct among criminals as among honest men, and it is not a little amusing as well as interesting, to note the severity with which the lines are drawn. Forgers, bank robbers, bank burglars, "false pretense men" and an exceptional class of murderers form the "upper ten." Housebreakers, highwaymen and the like are rated next, while men convicted of rape and other depraved crimes must walk in the lower circles.—A "high toned" convict would not deign to converse with a meaner prisoner, much less to associate with him. In a sketch of prison life at Auburn the Syracuse *Courier* says:

The aristocrat holds up his head in the consciousness of his supremacy, while the lowly one shuffles along in a dejected manner. The aristocracy, strange as it may seem, are not disliked by the humbler prisoners, but on the contrary are respected. Perhaps the most aristocratic convict that ever wore the prison garb was Gilman, the insurance scrip raiser from New York. He could not find it in his nature to place himself on a level with the beings about him, and held himself strictly aloof from them.

One afternoon the writer entered the office of the State Agent for Discharged Convicts, where Gilman was employed as clerk. The man seemed glad of an opportunity to converse with some one from the outside world, and talked long and earnestly. When Marie Roze sang to the convicts in the prison chapel, Gilman who was an adept in the use of the pen, prepared an embellished card, bearing a quotation from Tennyson, which was so applicable to a person shut out from the world, that Marie Roze inquired after the man. She was told of his position and his offense, and evinced a deep interest in him. She accepted the card, and returned a graceful expression of sympathy.

Joe Coburn, the pugilist, is an aristocrat. He occupies the place of "Deputy's waiter." A part of his duties is to apply the paddle to refractory convicts. Joe's physicial developments enables him to wield the instrument of correction with salutary effect. Coburn looks after the office of the Deputy Agent, or head keeper, but his task is an easy one on the whole. The lawyers are looked upon as "great men" by the prisoners, and words from their lips find endless repetition among the other prisoners.—Stone, one of the famous Canastota "fire bugs" is pointed out as a "prominent" convict. He is a keen perceptive man, and exerts a great influence over the men. He is at present serving in the capacity of chaplain's waiter.

King, a lawyer from New York, a "life man," is shrewd but deceitful.—The prisoners respect him, but at the same time are distrustful of him. "Dan" Kelly, the bank robber, once escaped from Auburn prison, but is now carefully watched. On account of his escape he is the idol of the convicts, although he will have nothing to do with them. The lowest man that ever entered the prison was an old negro named Frank. He served half a dozen terms, all for rape, and was despised by every man in the institution. He died about a year ago while serving a sentence. Envy is a rank element of prison life.

There are many "desirable situations' even in a prison, and the strife among convicts to secure these places is astonishing. The position of waiter is a particularly good one. A waiter's duty consists of taking care of the shop, office, hall or wing where employed.—There is but little to do, and the convict is enabled to read, chew tobacco, and talk to his heart's contents. A place as attendant in the hospital is one of the best in the prison. The convict has many opportunities to secure a dish of milk or some delicacy purchased for the patients. The men in the hospital live like kings, so to speak, and enjoy many advantages that the convicts in the shops never know. The kitchen is a place much sought after, as the men can once in awhile make little dishes for themselves, such as they would not otherwise obtain.

There are convicts who possess more influence with the officers than would be imagined, and not infrequently they exercise it in securing a position. Gambling is carried on to a great degree.—The convicts do not use cards, as one would suppose—those are too liable to detection. They bet on events, changes in the weather, the time of day, and everything of that character. They also "odd and even," "flip," "match," "roll," "throw for the crack," and the like. Convicts are not supposed to carry money, but they do just the same and sometimes considerable sums. As they are carefully searched and their clothing taken from them, the men cannot take money into the prison with them. They obtain their money usually from friends who visit them.

They sew their money up in their clothing and it is seldom that it is discovered. Occasionally a man will be found with ten or twenty dollars in coins in his coat collar or other parts of his clothing. There are pawnbrokers and money lenders. These criminal Shylocks are more exacting than the "uncles" of the street. The convicts "put up" some trinkets, which they mostly all have, or pledge something else to get a few dimes or pennies. Gambling is the great evil, but it is the only exciting pastime the convicts have. If a keeper or guard can be "bought" the convicts will pay him a good salary right along to perform services for them such as bringing papers, tobacco and edibles and taking out letters.

Some convicts keep up a regular correspondence with friends outside. The letters "pass through the underground" as the officers term it. A convict prevails upon the foreman of his shop, who is always an outsider, or some citizen, as there are many of them employed in the fine work in the prison, to carry out his letters and bring back the answers. Thus letters go in and out. The convicts will give a great deal for New York papers, and they will have them at any price. The prisoners keep well posted on the events of the day, and discuss with intelligence any subject that is being treated in the papers. If there is one thing more than another that a convict likes to do it is to "trade."

The men are bartering constantly and some become possessed of considerable "property" which, however, they must at all times keep concealed. Not so very long ago an interesting convict established a distillery in the prison and engaged in the manufacture of liquor. He excavated beneath a stone in the floor of the kitchen, where he was employed, and set a small tube in the hole. With hops used in making yeast and corn and barley used in making bread and soup, he produced a potation that would intoxicate. Drunkenness became quite prevalent, and finally the distillery was discovered and the "moonshiner" put in the prison jail on bread and water.

While he ran the distillery he did well, and would in a short time have been comparatively wealthy. "Beer" as it is called, is made to this day from the bread crusts, but the makers have to exercise caution. One man raised a quantity of tomatoes on the window sill of his shop, and sold the crop for a large sum. Smoking, although strictly prohibited, is indulged in at night after the men are "locked." A spell ago a watch was taken from a man. The convict carried it in a leather bag suspended in his pants leg by means of a string. The convicts pin things inside their clothing to keep them from the officers, and carry knives and other implements in their hats and shoes.

Gen. Morgan Carries Out the Joke.

WHILE we were lying in camp at Rossville, Georgia, writes a correspondent, the Sixtieth Illinois returned from their furlough with a number of recruits. One of these having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, and not having learned to be his own laundress, asked a veteran where he could get some washing done.

"Do you see those tents there by the church? Well, go there and ask Mr. Morgan; he does washing. He's a crusty old cuss, but if you talk pretty nice to him he'll do it for you."

The recruit went as directed and found Gen. Morgan walking in front of his tent, dressed as was his custom in the uniform of a high private.

"Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked the recruit.

"My name is Morgan. What will you have?"

"I came here to get some clothes washed."

"H-m-m. Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?"

"John Smith, over here in the Sixth."

"Corporal of the guard!" (The corporal advanced and saluted Morgan.) "Young man, go with the corporal and show him John Smith, so that he can bring him here. And you come back with him and bring all the dirty clothes you have."

They departed and so returned with the guilty veteran and a huge armful of dirty shirts, socks, etc.

The General to Smith—"Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?"

"Yes, sir, for a joke."

"For a joke! Well, we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes. Corporal, take this man Smith and that bundle of clothes down to the creek and have him wash them, fold them up neatly, and return them to the owner! See that he does the job up handsomely."

The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully, and the General resumed his walk.

Do You Like the New Remedy?

A man in Rhode Island was cured of a bad case of rheumatism by being struck by lightning. He was not killed either. We may now expect to see a "testimonial" something like this:

"Mr. Jove; Dear Sir;—It is with a grateful heart that I can recommend your Thunder Bolts for the cure of rheumatism in its worst stages. For seventeen years I was a sufferer; I lost the use of my lower limbs, and spent five hundred and forty-two dollars in medical attendance. Life became a burden, and I prayed for death, when one of your Bolts came along and went right to the spot. I was knocked insensible, but soon recovered, and now I am well enough to run for a political office.—Your Bolts contain no mercury and do not have to be "well shaken before taken." For sale at all druggist.

U. S. Grant, Jr.'s, Broken Engagement.

The version of Miss Flood's friends is that the former and her mother went to the mountains with the understanding that young Grant should join them in a day or two. Instead of doing so he wrote to say that he was sick, and could not come until the next day, neglecting to add that his malady was sickness of his bargain. The next day he wrote that his illness continued, and he must again postpone his coming. And so it went on from day to day, until the story reached Miss Jennie's ears that her Ulysses was industriously flirting with other women down here. Then she got out her sal volatile and wept, and said he did not care for her, and wanted to marry her only because of her money, and she vowed he should never have a single silver brick, not even a solitary scad, and she broke off the engagement. The version of young Grant's friends is, that the wedding was the fancy of the old folks, and that they talked their children into the engagement, while their own inclinations were not over ardent. After obligingly and filially plighting faith they separated, Ulysses going East and falling desperately in love with another girl. After struggling loyally against this passion for months without weakening its force—in fact, fighting it out on that line all summer, according to the family proverb—he resolved to come here in the fall and state the case fairly. This, they say, was his sudden errand here, and he performed his duty.

Which version is correct it is hard to determine at present, society here being very much divided upon the question, and only certain of the one momentous fact that the much-talked-of engagement is off.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Brave Boy Kills a Horse Thief.

A few miles west of Culbertson is a ranch, and near by a herd of horses. About a week or so ago four men, one of whom was supposed to be an Indian, suddenly came upon the herd, and commenced to "round up" the horses.—"Round up" is a herdsman's phrase, and means driving the horses together, and, in doing so, the horses walk or run around and around in a circle, and are thus more easily driven away. One of these men approached a boy, 14 years of age, and the only person in sight, and jokingly asked to see his revolver. The boy said he guessed not, and stepped back. The man then attempted to get the revolver, but the boy was too quick for him, and instead of getting the revolver the man got a bullet in his breast and fell to the earth. In the meantime another of the herders, hearing that something unusual was going on, hastened to the scene. The three robbers became alarmed and fled without taking the herd of horses. The man and boy then approached, rather cautiously, the man lying on the ground, but they soon found that he was dead.—*Nebraska Ex.*

A Revengeful Camel.

We find this Eastern story illustrating the camel's malignity and passion—notwithstanding his patience and good service when well treated: On one occassion a camel-driver, from the expression of its eye, saw that there was mischief in it, and kept a sharp watch for some days. On night before he retired to rest, he left his cloak spread over the wooden saddle of the camel outside the tent. During the night the camel approached the cloak, and, believing that its master was fast asleep under it, lay down and rolled itself backward and forward over the cloak; the saddle broke under its weight, and the animal was evidently much pleased at what it thought was the cracking and breaking of its master's bones. After a time it arose, and looking with contentment on the havoc it had caused retired from the spot. Next morning the driver, who had heard all that the camel had done, presented himself to the animal. The disappointed camel was in such a rage at seeing its master safe and well that it died.

What Everybody Wants,

Is a pleasant, reliable medicine that never does any harm, and prevents and cures disease by keeping the stomach in perfect order, the bowels regular, and the kidneys and liver active. Such a medicine is Parker's Ginger Tonic. It relieves every case, and we have seen stacks of letters from thousands who have been saved and cured by it. See other column.—*Tribune.* 37 4t

SUNDAY READING.

PRAYER.

"To say my prayers is not to pray
Unless I mean the words I say;
Unless I think to whom I speak,
And with my heart His favor seek.

"In prayer we speak to God above,
We seek the blessed Saviour's love;
We ask for pardon for our sin,
And grace to keep us pure within.

"But oh, if I am found to smile,
Or play, or look about a while,
Or think vain thoughts, the Lord will see
And how can he be pleased with me?

"Then, let me, when I try to pray,
Not only mind the words I say,
But let me strive with earnest care,
To have my heart go with my prayer."

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is sometimes regarded and spoken of as a separate and distinct principle in the mind, placed there to warn us when we do wrong, and to approve what is right. Hence it is called God's vicegerent, an inward monitor, and various other names expressing its use and its claims. This view of conscience, it must be remembered, is only a figure of speech, neither telling us what conscience really is, nor how it operates, nor giving help to enable us to employ those means which may enable conscience to act most correctly and usefully.

The truth is that conscience is not a distinct principle, or something separate from the mind, but is nothing more than the mind or understanding itself acting in a particular manner, just as judgment is really the mind judging, memory is the mind remembering, perceptions is the mind perceiving. So conscience is really the mind acting in a particular manner, passing judgment on the actions or affections of the individual himself, according to some received standard of right and wrong; and to the mind so in action the name of conscience is applied.

Another mistaken opinion about conscience, it is necessary to notice. Sometimes it is spoken of as a law of action, itself pointing out what is right as distinguished from that which is wrong.—But conscience is not a law. It is more like a judge. And as a judge does not make law, but only declares or expounds what is law, so does conscience, having already an outward standard of right and wrong, to go by, compare a man's own action with it, and pronounce a decision of right or wrong, according to their agreement with or contrariety to the same.

Now the importance of these corrections or cautions will be evident. Every one is prone to plead conscience when wishing to defend some line of conduct. But this plea is valid only when conscience is really brought into exercise, and when the standard by which conscience makes its judgment is on the side of truth, justice and right.

A Lawyer's Opinion of the Bible.

In a letter to Mr. B. A. Hinsdale, General Garfield wrote in November, 1878, the following interesting incident: "Last evening I called on Judge Black at the Ebbett House, and found him with a Bible in his hands. He said: 'I don't know any one who has properly appreciated the parables of Jesus. I do not believe that the man ever lived who could have written any one of them, even the least of them. They are unlike anything in literature or philosophy in their spirit, purpose or character. If they were all that Jesus had left us, they would be conclusive proofs of his divinity.' What do you think of this?" Think of it? It is a most admirable expression from a man of great acumen, perhaps the first constitutional lawyer of his time, and a man whose finely trained intellect recognizes at once the incomparable beauty and merit of the Saviour's words. It is the testimony of one who knows the force and meaning of testimony to the divinity of Jesus, judged only by his own teachings.

A Missionary's Persuasiveness.

A Constantinople correspondent tells the following incident in the life of Rev. Dr. Parsons, the American missionary who was robbed and murdered recently by nomad Turks, while he was carrying succor to the starving people living near the Sea of Marmora:

"Some years ago Mr. Parsons, riding alone, unarmed and with nothing of value about him save a small package of Bibles and Testaments, was stopped by three desperadoes, who commanded him to disburse in their favor.

"I have no money about me," mildly remarked the missionary.

"What are you carrying in your package there?" roughly asked one of the men.

"Only good books," was the answer; and taking one Bible out, by dint of exhorting and talking these hardened criminals were persuaded to purchase and pay for a Bible apiece, they leaving money with him whom they had intended stripping of all he had. This is but an instance of his courage and gentleness.