

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. These deservedly celebrated and popular medicines have effected a revolution in the healing art, and proved the fallacy of several maxims which have for many years obstructed the progress of medical science.

Dr. Schenck himself who enjoyed uninterrupted good health for more than forty years, was supposed at one time to be at the very gate of death, his physicians having pronounced his case hopeless, and abandoned him to his fate.

Full directions accompany each, making it not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenck unless patients wish their lungs examined, and for this purpose he is professionally at his principal office, Corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, day, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 29th, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS:

For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a.m. 2.00 and 7.55 p.m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a.m. 2.40 and 5.57 p.m.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a.m. For Philadelphia, 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. 3.40, and 7.20 p.m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 3.30 p.m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p.m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST. Millintown Acc. 7.19 a.m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Express 12.22 p.m., daily.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

EASTWARD. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 7.53 a.m. Johnstown Express 12.53 p.m., daily except Sunday.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penna. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

REDUCED PRICES. Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition.

JOS. M. HAWLEY. Duncannon, July 19, 1876-tf

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a., D. M. RINESMITH, Proprietor.

This well-known hotel has lately been enlarged, re-painted and re-fitted. Best accommodations afforded. Careful hostlers always in attendance.

THE PERRY HOUSE

New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa., THOS. SUTCH, Proprietor.

WEST STREET HOTEL,

No. 41, 42, 43 & 44 West St., NEW YORK,

TEMPERANCE HOUSE, ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. ROOMS 50 and 75 cents per day. Charges very MODERATE. The best meats and vegetables in the market. BEST BREAKFAST in the city.

JOB PRINTING of every description neatly executed on short notice and at reasonable rates at this office.

The Unknown Guest.

ONE pleasant evening, in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson river, his appearance that of a person above the common rank.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his own coat, as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees.

"Who is there?" said he. "A friend who has lost his way, and is in search of a place of shelter," was the answer.

"Come in, sir," added the first speaker, "and whatever my house will afford, you shall have, with welcome."

But the farmer undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well-stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully.

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry that I was obliged to misuse him so, as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him; but I have yet to thank you for kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and, therefore, am entitled to no thanks."

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising her well-known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredaters, but a few days before, in that neighborhood, and as report stated that the ruffians were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this man might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a plentiful repast. During the meal, there was much interesting conversation among the three.

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my heavenly Preserver, after the events of the day; such exercises prepares us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached the Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer, then, lighting a pine knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wished him a good night's rest, and retired to the adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highwaymen as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than all his kind inquiries after our welfare. I wish our Peter had been home from the army, if it was only to hear this good man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife, "but it may be he himself, after all, my dear; for they do say he travels just so, all alone, sometimes. Hark! what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of their guest, who was now engaged in his private religious worship. After thanking the Creator for his many mercies, and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued, "and now, Almighty Father, if it be thy holy will, that we shall obtain a place and a name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey thee."

The next morning the traveler, declining the pressing solicitations to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately; at the same time offering part of his purse as a compensation for what he had received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," continued he, "since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is but just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also add to them, by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and being alone, ventured too far from the camp. On my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads, and the fleetness of my horse.— My name is George Washington."

Surprise kept the listener silent for a moment; then, after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshment, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying in the river, near the door, and soon conveyed the general to the opposite side, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey.

The above is only one of the hazards encountered by this truly great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them in their purity.

LOVE IN IOWA.

A DUBUQUE letter says: Most of the citizens of Dubuque were familiar with Mr. E. Frenress, who died in Dunleith a few days ago. His being a cripple made him more particularly known—and a cripple he had been all his life.

By diligence and hard work Mr. Frenress soon amassed a profitable competency, and it was then that he deplored his bachelorhood. He became much attached to a young lady resident of Dunleith, whom we will call Miss Johns, and proposed marriage, but the young lady's parents were not willing that their daughter should espouse a man who was a confirmed cripple, and so Mr. F.'s desire in that quarter was ended.

His new made wife was gay and fond of society, while Mr. Frenress was extremely opposite—probably from the fact of his bodily affliction. Time wore on, and from cause best known to himself Mr. F. applied for and obtained a divorce from his gay and wayward wife, who afterwards married a brother of a prominent judge, now on the bench in the State of California.

Time in his flight did not heal the burning attachment in the breast of Mr. Frenress for his first love. He availed himself of every opportunity to see and compliment her. His despondent heart soon bore him to a sick bed, and at last he realized that the grim messenger of death was knocking at his

door. He wrote to Miss Johns and told her of his constant, ardent attachment, and begged of her to attend him in his sore distress. The letters to the young lady were intercepted, and of course he received no response. At last he deputed a trusty servant to go after the young lady in person urging her to come to his dying bed. She could not refuse the appeal, and contrary to the wishes of her parents, attended the summons.

The appearance of Miss Johns at the bedside of the dying man seemed to revive his energies, and kissing her hand, he smiled with the greatest happiness.— He told her of his long attachment, and urged her to remember him when dead and gone; and, placing a package of papers in her hand, bid her a long farewell, and expired soon after. It was an affecting scene, and moistened the eyes of all who witnessed the struggle between death and love.

When Miss Johns returned to her home, she was astonished to find in the package of papers given to her by Mr. F. a will, in which he bequeathed her \$10,000 in money and part of the real estate of which he was possessed. Truly this is a bit of romance not found in your yellow-covered novels.

Her Last Offer.

AMONG the tide of people pouring into a circus yesterday was a benevolent looking woman of forty, carrying an umbrella on her shoulder and a shipplaster in her fingers. She handed out the quarter and was pushing along, when the ticket agent called out:

"See here madam, I must have fifty cents."

"It's all right—I'm a good Democrat," she replied, trying to get in.

"Another quarter, madam," he said, detaining her.

"I say I'm a good Republican, and I say two shillings is enough," she exclaimed, beginning to look mad.

"More money, or you must stand aside," said the doorkeeper in a firm voice.

"Now I won't do it!" she bluntly replied. "I've walked four miles to see the show and I'm going to see it. Seems to me you're mighty high-nosed about it, and seems to me that I am just as good as you are, if I don't own no mammoth aggravation of animals."

"Two shillings more, madam," was his song.

"I'll say thirty," she remarked, feeling in her pocket.

"Can't do it, madam."

"Then I'll say thirty-one."

"Can't do it."

"Thirty-two."

"Don't block the way, madam."

"See, here, mister showman with a cargo of hyenas, that's my last offer.— If you want the cash, all right. If you don't why say the word."

"Stand one side, madam, if you please," was the reply, and she stood.— She went over to a stand and bought a glass of red lemonade, and then took a scout along the canvas. Just as the show begun some boy caught sight of a pair of shoes kicking the air under the tent, and some people inside were surprised to see a woman's head come up between the benches. A body followed the head, an umbrella followed the body, and as she got a seat and a brace for her back, she smiled benignly and remarked:

"Thirty-two cents saved to buy pickles for winter, and now let the performance go on!"

ADJUSTING A LOSS.

KEEN fellows those insurance agents. There was an alarm of fire the other day, caused by a gas explosion in the "saloon" of Mr. Michael McGowan at the north end. As soon as the excitement had quieted down a little, Mr. McGowan started for the insurance office, where he had taken out a policy on his "shebeen" and its contents.

Soon after Michael left, a quiet-looking gentleman entered and interviewed Mrs. McGowan on the subject of gas. He was very severe; he thought the gas had been improperly used; he doubted if the company would put pipes in there again if so much damage was done.

Mrs. McGowan was alarmed. She knew that much of Mr. McGowan's business was transacted, "under the gas-light" and she volubly protested:

"Aye, sir, ay ye please; is it the gas and the fire? Divil a harm have they done anyway, barrin' Mike driven' the head av him thro' the windy, but many the worse lick he's got whin he's been out wid the byes. Burn, is it? Nothing was burnt but Mike's ould coat. As fur the whiskey, it wouldn't burn if you'd trow it on the fire. Damage is it? Wait till I get a drop o' whitewash, the morrow, and divil a sign of a scorch ye'll see."

Meanwhile Mike, with his head bound up and wearing a woeful countenance, was waiting at the insurance office.— Presently the agent arrived and Mr. McGowan opened his case at once.

"Good Mornin' mister Prelum. I've jist dropped in fur me insurance, sor.—

The bloody gas works, bad luck to 'em, busted the stoofing all out ov the pipes, and set fire to me place, and throwed me clane through the windy wid me head again Murph's wall as kapes the grocer's shop that came from County Cork, and knows me well barrin' he'll sell a glass of whiskey on the sly, which being a grocer, is again me rights."

As soon as Mr. McGowan stopped for wind, the agent quietly replied:

"How much do you think your loss is, Mr. McGowan?"

"Well, I do not know, sor. What wid me place busted, and me stock burned, me clothin' destroyed, me head bruk, to say nothin' av the blud on Murph's wall, I'm thinkin' a matter of five hunder dollars would be squarin' me."

"Mr. McGowan," said the agent, drawing a bank note from his drawer, "I have been up to your place this morning and seen what damage has been done, besides having the pleasure of an interview with Mrs. McGowan.— There is twenty dollars to pay for a bucket of whitewash, a pane of glass and your broken head, and don't try to play games on insurance people."

Mr. McGowan's face lengthened inch by inch, and his square jaw dropped as the insurance man continued. Finally, his eye falling under the gaze of the other, he pocketed the money, signed the necessary papers, and merely remarked:

"So ye've had an interview wid the ould woman, have ye? Be gorra! I'll have one wid her meself agin I go back."

Mr. McGowan was true to his word, for he paid the \$20 to the clerk of the police court the next morning, for, as Mrs. McGowan described it, "bairn' her like an ould carpet."

A Funeral Spoiled.

Among the multitudes of saddening anecdotes connected with the Brooklyn Theatre fire, it is a relief once in a while to come upon one which has its humorous aspect. On that fatal night two youths, one a resident of Newark and the other of Brooklyn, attended the performance at the Brooklyn Theatre.— They left the building previous to the last act, as the Newark boy had persuaded his Brooklyn chum to go home and sleep with him, and it was necessary to leave early to catch the train. No hint of the terrible disaster reached Newark until the next afternoon. The next day the Brooklyn boy returned to his home. He found a hearse at his father's door and all the other appliances of a funeral. Ringing the door bell he was met by a servant girl who nearly fainted at sight of him.

"Whose funeral is this?" said the boy. "It's your own, darlin'," said the girl, "we got your body yesterday at the morgue, and you're just about bein' buried."

The denouement may be imagined.

Ingenious Precocity.

A balky horse made himself conspicuous on Chestnut street, Philadelphia recently, and as the altercations between him and his employers took place in the very centre of business, a crowd of idlers instantly assembled to look on. After the first excitement was over and the novelty of the thing began to wear off, various original expedients for starting the animal, such as building a fire under him or tying a string round his ear were suggested with thoughtful kindness by the crowd, and one or two of them had been tried of course, without result, when a boy stepped up to the horse, put a string around his foreleg, and began to saw away on it as if it were a bass fiddle. Indignant at such treatment, the animal started off instantly, the crowd applauded, and the youth, whose modesty was equal to his ingenuity, withdrew, carefully wrapping the string around a slate pencil.

Buried Alive.

Many years ago Mrs. Erskine of Scotland died and was buried. On one of her fingers was a valuable gold ring, which could not be removed on account of the finger continuing swollen after death. This fact became known, and the night after she was buried, to obtain the ring, two men opened the grave and took the body of Mrs. Erskine out of the coffin, and to remove the ring they began to cut away the flesh of the finger, when Mrs. E. exclaimed, "Oh! it is so painful." The thieves left her and fled, and she got up and walked to her husband's house. She lived many years afterwards, and became the mother of Ebenezer Erskine, one of the authors of a valuable book called Fisher's and Erskine's Catechism.

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which unless fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning.