

The amount of testimony in favor of Dr Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure for Consumption, far exceeds all that can be brought to support the pretensions of any other medicine. See Dr. Schenck's Almanac, which can be had of any druggist free of charge, containing the certificates of many persons of the highest respectability who have been restored to health, after being pronounced incurable by physicians of acknowledged ability. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone has cured many, as these evidences will show; but the cure is often promoted by the employment of two other remedies which Dr. Schenck provides for the purpose. These additional remedies are Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. By the timely use of these medicines, according to directions, Dr. Schenck certifies that most any case of Consumption may be cured. Every moment of delay makes your cure more difficult, and all depends on the judicious choice of a remedy. Schenck's Mandrake Pills are an agreeable and safe cure for Constipation caused by biliousness, and also for sallow complexion and coated tongue. There is no better remedy for disordered stomach and all the evils resulting therefrom. Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office corner Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's Medicines are for sale by all Druggists.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 5th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 3.57 p. m. and 7.05 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 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 2.40 p. m. For Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 5.10 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., 3.57 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, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.15 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 5.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via S. & S. 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 7.30 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.

Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnston Ex. 12.22 P. M., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 P. M., flag, daily.

WEST.

Way Pass, 9.08 A. M., daily. Mail, 2.43 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 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 Atlantic time, which is 13 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time. J. J. BAROLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

EASTWARD.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnston Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily, except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily. Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily. Mail, 2.09 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M. W. M. C. KING, Agent.

500 AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR A GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success. For particulars, address H. M. CHIDER, Publisher, 48 1/2

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a. 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. Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a specialty. JOS. M. HAWLEY, Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—if

SURPRISING!

JUST OPENED

A VARIETY STORE,

UP TOWN!

We invite the Citizens of BLOOMFIELD and vicinity, to call and examine our Stock of

GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, TIN WARE, A FULL VARIETY OF NOTIONS, &c., &c., &c.

All of which we are selling at astonishingly

LOW PRICES.

Give us a call and SAVE MONEY, as we are almost GIVING THEM AWAY.

Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK, West Main Street.

How Wiggles Lost His Bride.

AS TWO men were talking carelessly in a public room, when in answer to a remark one had made, a young man who had not previously joined in their conversations suddenly exclaimed:

"Married did you say?"

"O, yes," said one, "she is to be married to-morrow night, and it will be the most excellent combination of wealth and beauty ever seen in this part of the world."

"But Wiggles is such a numbskull."

"But Wiggles is wealthy, and what more ought a young girl like Irene Maltravers to desire!"

By this time the young man had passed out. One of the speakers touched the other.

"Do you know that young man?"

"No, indeed, not I; who is he?"

"That is young Ned Alford."

"The dickens!"

"You know he has been in love with Irene for this ever so long. He comes up from New York every quarter to see her. I wonder how he'll take this?"

"Why did her father turn the girl over to Wiggles if she was engaged?"

"Oh, he wouldn't give a fig for engagements. He's a surly, crusty old fellow, and don't understand anybody's wishes but his own." As the men spoke they went out.

Mr. Wiggles, the bridegroom, lived in a little town connected by railroad with Bainsford, and not more than fifty miles away. Early on the appointed morning he might have been seen wending his way to the railway station. As he approached an engine driver came up.

"Bound to Bainsford, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, then, you're the gentleman.—There's no passenger train to-day, sir—won't run till midnight, sir. The director of this road told me, sir, to be sure and get a locomotive ready for you to take you there."

"Why isn't there a car?" said Wiggles, as the man pointed to the puffing and snorting machine.

"Please sir, no sir, there are no cars, only this locomotive."

"Humph!" exclaimed Wiggles, solemnly, "I suppose I must go."

Then the man put his carpetbag in, got in himself, touched a crank, and with a puff and snort away went the engine.

Mr. Wiggles at first felt a little flurried, but after a few moments he grew accustomed to the novelty of his situation, and amused himself by watching the scenery. As he looked at the landscape and noticed the telegraph posts one after the other flashing past, the strange thought occurred to his mind that he was traveling at a most fearfully rapid pace. He therefore, touched the engineer's arm, and prepared to speak.

What was Wiggles' surprise at seeing the engineer turn and make a hideous grimace. He laughed in a sickly manner.

"Friend," he cried, "ain't we going rather fast?"

The friend rolled up his eyes till only the whites were visible. After this he turned the lids over so that a hideous red margin appeared over the whites.

"Good Lord!" cried Wiggles, "the man is crazy!"

Suddenly the man commenced dancing violently. Then he sprang on the back of the engine, and standing on his head he put his heels against the funnel and stared at Wiggles. After this he came back.

"We'll soon be there," he said.

"Where?" gasped Wiggles.

"New York."

"They've got an air line from there to Raunsbury. It goes through the air. We go thump against the depot, and we vanish. Last time I went to Raunsbury I went straight on the regular track; this time I'm going to try the air line. Hey?"

He poked Wiggles in the ribs. Wiggles was so paralyzed by fear that he could not utter a word.

"Perhaps, though, we had better not wait till we get into the depot. Perhaps we had better run into the next train, or go off the track now. So—" Suiting the action to the word, the man gave a tremendous pull at the crank.

Wiggles did not wait for the catastrophe. He fainted.

That night the house of 'Squire Maltravers was crowded with guests.—Invited to the wedding they had come, expecting to enjoy the most brilliant marriage festival ever seen in this part of the world.

But the 'squire wore no smile on his face. The bridegroom had been expected at noon. He had not only not come at noon, but at dusk he still was absent. Unable to contain himself, the 'squire rode out to the station. To his horror no Wiggles came.

Perhaps Wiggles had arrived, and was already in the house. In vain. On his arrival there, the first person whom he met asked him where was Wiggles.—Wiggles was not to be found.

"How unfortunate!" said they all.

"The scoundrel!" cried the 'squire, enraged at the disappointment.

"It's my opinion that he has intended this all along," said the bride, who, by the way supported herself with wonderful fortitude.

This remark stung the 'squire to the quick. "By Jove, I'll have revenge on the rascal. I'll teach him how to make a fool of me, I'll—"

But the 'squire was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, who walked straight up to him and bowed respectfully.

"Alford?" exclaimed the 'squire, doubtfully.

"Mr. Maltravers," said he, "you never felt any particular affection for me, but perhaps you won't object to act reasonable now. Here you are in an awkward place through that villain Wiggles. Now, I loved your daughter long ago, and we have been engaged.—You had no right to overlook me and give her to a fellow who doesn't care a pin for anybody but himself. The company are wondering below—the bride is waiting—the wedding must go on. Let me be the bridegroom."

The 'squire did not get angry. He did not even pause to consider. He seized Alford's hand, slapped his back, and to the astonishment of all present, cried out:

"Alford, my lad, take her. Blow me if I ain't glad that cursed nincompoop didn't come. You are worth ten such fellows as he. Come along, Irene, dear, you won't object, I know. Come along, Alford, give her your arm, you dog you. Come."

And the bluff old 'squire, heading the procession, advanced into the midst of the astounded company. A few words explained all. To the honor of human nature, the whole house rang with applause. The ceremony was short but decisive, and the enthusiastic company could hardly wait for it to be over. As the last amen was said every soul crowded up to congratulate the happy pair.

It leaked out in the course of a month, long after Alford and his bride had settled in New York, that the mad engineer was an old friend, who decoyed Wiggles into a car, that he merely carried him off to the other end of the line, where the locomotive was wanted, and that his mad gestures were all dissembled.

EXTRAORDINARY RACE.

SOME years ago a race was run at the Hague, in Holland, which, for its novelty, excited more than ordinary interest. It was between a fast trotting horse and a full-grown hog; distance, six English miles.

The circumstances which led to this unique trial of speed were as follows:—At a club at the Hague a young member expatiated upon the beauty, symmetry, and extraordinary speed of a trotting horse he had that day purchased, expressing an eager desire to get up a match, to prove the superior qualities of his horse. A gentleman remarked:

"I have a hog which I would not hesitate to run against him."

Peals of laughter greeted this strange proposal, to which, when partially subsided, the owner of "grunty" quietly interposed:

"Well, gentlemen, I now challenge to run my hog Nero against that gentleman's fast trotter, in harness, six English miles, provided that the horse carry two persons, and that fourteen days' time be allowed me for training my animal."

"Agreed!" "Agreed!" resounded all round; for the joke was deemed too good and too novel to give it the go-by.

It was agreed that the match should come off that day fortnight, at 11 o'clock A. M. precisely; and the beautiful avenue leading from the Hague to the seashore at Scheveningen was selected as the course.

The news of this extraordinary match for a trial of speed between a fast trotting horse and a full grown porker, spread like wildfire, and caused the most intense excitement among the people, all eager to see the fun. The day was anxiously looked for, and the training of Nero began.

On the first day poor Nero was starved, strict orders having been given by his owner that no one should feed him, himself alone attending to that matter. On the second day Nero was pretty sharp set, when punctually at 11 o'clock, his master made his appearance.

A rope was securely fastened to one of his trotters, and his master drove him with many a kick and forcible persuasion all the way over the course to Scheveningen, where he fed him upon a scanty meal of two herrings, which Nero ravenously devoured, after which he had to trot back to the Hague.

It may be proper here to remark that

the hog prefers fish to any other kind of food.

On the third day Nero felt perfectly ravenous; but he had to bide his time, and his master had to resort to the strictest hog discipline to start him off when, at 11 o'clock, he presented himself to drive him over the course.

After a liberal and energetic application of the booted foot and a little loud and angry discussion between the respective parties, they arrived at their Journey's end, where Nero was regaled with three herrings, being one extra, and which he dispatched voraciously in double quick time, looking for more, but in vain.

He was then, with much coaxing and kicking, persuaded to resume the return trip homeward, which was safely accomplished by vigorous squealing and determined grunting on the part of Nero.

On the fourth day, punctually at 11 o'clock, when his master presented himself, Nero seemed to understand somewhat the object of his calling; he walked off not only without compulsion, but at a good round pace, to get to his journey's end, where his master regaled him not alone with his coveted dinner of three red herrings, but, as a reward for his tractability and conduct, with one herring extra, which Nero devoured with incredible velocity as soon as they came within reach of his grinders.

On the fifth day, Nero was fully up to the game, and his master experienced considerable difficulty to keep up with him. At Scheveningen the usual allowance, now four herrings, was given him and disposed of in short metre.

On the day following, and up to the time of his race, his master had no further difficulty with Nero but to keep up with him, Nero invariably taking the lead, although on the return trips the same difficulties always recurred. A vigorous application of boots was, in such case, the only convincing argument with Nero, who never could see the point nor comprehend the necessity of this back-track movement, and squealed and grunted his objection.

On the ninth day Nero had become perfectly trained, and having grown extremely thin upon his scanty meals, he now ran like a race-horse, a veritable Eclipse, invariably distancing his master, who followed with a fast trotting horse in harness.

Both exercise and spare diet were, however, strictly adhered to up to the day preceding the one on which the race was to come off. On that, the thirteenth day, as on the first day, poor Nero was again starved. At the usual hour of 11 his master appeared, but Nero was doomed to disappointment—no trot, no herring on that day.

With eager eye and impatient grunt he signified his desire to be released from his pen, but alas! it was not so to be; he had to submit to a day of fasting to prepare for the race.

On the fourteenth day both horse and pig appeared at the starting-post, eager for the race. It was a beautiful day, and the road was lined the entire distance on both sides with spectators eager to see the sport. Punctually at 11 o'clock, at tap of drum, off they started, amid shouts of the multitude. The first two miles were closely contested; it was emphatically a neck-and-neck race; but Nero, light as a feather, and having in his mind's eye his delectable meal, now fairly flew over the ground, gradually leaving the horse behind, keeping the lead the entire distance. Amid shouts, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the wildest excitement, he reached the ending-post, beating the horse by half a mile and winning the race triumphantly.

For this extraordinary performance Nero was rewarded with a painful of herrings, which having feasted upon to his heart's content, he waddled back to Hague.

Earth from Borneo.

In the last century a merchant vessel came into London decks with yellow fever, and the captain was suffering severely from it, and no one would go near the sufferers. Dr. Fothergill, however, went on board, partly out of compassion, and partly from his desire to study a disease which was new to him, and he removed the captain to his own house, and finally succeeded in getting him through the fever. When the captain recovered, he inquired from the doctor what he was in his debt, but Fothergill refused to receive any payment. The captain then wished to know how he could compensate him for such kindness, upon which the doctor replied that there was one thing he could do for him, if he were making a voyage to the East, and would pass through the straits of Macassar by Borneo, he should be glad if he would bring him back two barrels full of earth of Borneo, which the captain promised to do. However, when he reached the spot of his voyage out, he thought of the ridicule he must experience from his crew in so strange an undertaking, and his heart failed

him, and he sailed through the straits without fulfilling his intention. On his return by the same route the same thing happened again through his fear of the scoffs of his crew. However, when he had left the straits 200 or possibly 300 miles behind him, his conscience smote him with his ingratitude and the non-fulfillment of his promise, and he put the ship's head about, returned to the spot, and filled the barrels with the earth. On his return he sent it to Dr. Fothergill, who had the surface of the ground thoroughly burned, and he then sprinkled the Borneo earth on it, when it is a known fact that there came up all kinds of new and curious plants, said to be 100 different sorts, some geraniums, and new flowers, which have subsequently spread throughout the gardens of England.

A Submerged City in the Lake of Geneva.

A strange discovery is reported from the Lake of Geneva. A tourist having lost his trunk, two divers were employed to search for it. While they were below water they found what they supposed to be a village, since covered by the lake. Their statements led to an investigation of the spot by the municipal authorities, who took measures to ascertain the truth of the extraordinary account of the divers. On covering the placid surface with oil, these latter were able to distinguish the plan of the town, streets, squares, and detached houses, making the bed of the lake. The ruddy hue which characterized them led the observers to suppose that the buildings had been covered with the famous vermilion cement which was used by the Celts, Cimabri, and the early Gauls. There are about 200 houses arranged over an oblong surface, near the middle of which is a space more open, supposed to have been used for public assemblages. At the Eastern extremity lies a large square tower, which was taken for a rock. A superficial investigation seems to indicate that the construction of these buildings dates from some centuries before our era. The Council of Vaud has decided to have the site of the dwellings inclosed by a jetty stretch from the land and to drain off the water, so as to bring to light what promises to be one of the most interesting archeological discoveries of our day.

"Don't You Want to Py a Hog?"

I had just become interested in one of Jules Verne's Moon stories, when a thundering knock at the front door shook the house. Answering the call I met big Sam Slaughterbeck, from Slum Gullion Hollow.

"Well, Sam, what do you want?" I said.

"Don't yer vant to py a hog?" Sam asked.

I was irritated by the interruption, so I asked, sarcastically:

"Are you for sale?" As Sam was waxing wroth at this, I put in another short saying: "How long has your hog been sick?"

As I hastily closed the door against Sam's fist I could hear him saying:

"Nay, nay, I bees no hog. Mine hog no been sick. I kilt sixty-tree and they all died of cut throats. Yushit you come out here anoder time. I tol you have you any sick hog. Yaw, yaw, I mash your eyes over your nose. Don't it.—Tunner and blitzen I yushit pound you to death, for told me mine hog vash sick?"

The last I saw of Sam he was at a near neighbor's door repeating the query, "Don't yer vant to py a hog?"

SQUEDUNCT.

A lady in Geauga county, Ohio, refused to pay her taxes because of non representation, but one of her kind-hearted neighbors came forward and discharged the tax, saying: "We think a great deal of Miss E— down where she is known.—She is doing this from principle, and I don't know but what she is half right after all. I will pay the tax, and then, after I explain the matter, she will be willing to pay me, but she would never pay an officer."

William Dooley, an amateur detective in search of two cattle thieves, found them at church at White Sulphur, Kentucky, whereupon, pistol in hand, he informed the preacher and congregation that they were all under arrest. While everybody looked astonished, he picked out his men, marched them out of the building at the muzzle of his weapon, and turning on the step, shouted to the minister that he could go on with the benediction.

A widow in New York, while perusing the family Bible the other day, came upon a note given in favor of her husband some two years previous. She sued the maker of the note, and was awarded over \$400 for obeying the injunction: "Search the Scriptures."

As a trial of a breach-of-promise suit was about to begin in San Francisco, a juror arose and asked to be excused, because he was engaged to be married, and consequently his mind was not free from bias. He was excused.