

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 7.55 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 p. m.
 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., 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 7.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.43 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 11.40, 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. & 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. WOFFEN, 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.
 Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily " Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday
 Atlantic Express, 9.34 p. m., flag, daily.

WEST.

Way Pass. 9.08 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 2.42 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, 6.17 a. m., daily (flag)
 Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 13 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.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m.
 Johnstown Ex. 12.52 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mail 7.30 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 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. CRIDER, 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.—H

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 THINGS AWAY.**

Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK.

West Main Street.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

I VISITED Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption in 1845, and the following is a brief narration of a fearful adventure which happened to me upon that sublime and desolate elevation.

Having procured a guide, I set off at an early hour on the morning following my arrival in Salzun (at the foot of the extinct volcano,) praying for fair weather, good luck, and a safe return.

As you push on, ascending summit after summit, on your way to the great and awful centre of all, you find the danger, dreariness and devastation gradually increase to the most terrible sublimity—till at last, when you do finally stand on the highest point in this unlivable world of chaos you instinctively pray heaven, with an icy shudder shivering through your miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left forever behind you.

Oh, how shall I attempt to convey to any mind the awful scenes of desolation that surrounded me when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of the barren Hecla!

Six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—had I been clambering upward from the world below; and then, among the very clouds that rolled and swept around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice and snow—the lava black as midnight, the snow of blinding whiteness—and not in all that region a tree, a bush, a shrub, a blade or even a solitary living thing, excepting myself and guide! Far as the eye could reach, when the moving clouds permitted me to see, was a succession of black, rugged hills, snow-crowned peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound streams, into whose inanimate solitudes no human foot had ever penetrated—a world without plant or life—the very desolation of desolation—filled with yawning chasms and dreadful abysses.

Wrapping one of the blankets about me to protect me from the freezing cold, and cautiously using my pointed stick to try every foot of ground before me, I now began to move about, over blocks and heaps and hills of lava, and across narrow chasms and pitfalls and patches of snow and ice, my faithful guide keeping near, and often warning me to be careful of my steps. In this manner I at length ascended a ridge of considerable elevation, stumbling my way to the top and now and then displacing fragments of lava that rolled crushing down behind me. As yet I had seen no signs of the mouth of the crater, which eighty years before had vomited forth its terrific and desolating streams of melted black sands, but on reaching the summit of this ridge, I looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side and having some three or four deep seams or chasms in the centre, into which the melting snow and ice, on its sides, were running in small streams. A peculiar and not very agreeable odor came up with a thin, smoky vapor, and I fancied I could hear a distant sound, something between a gurgle and a rumble.

"I suppose this is the original crater?" I said, turning to the guide.
 The fellow was as pale as death, and every feature expressed surprise allied to fear.
 "What is the matter?" I quickly demanded. "Have you ever seen this spot before?"
 "I have seen this place before, master," he replied, "but never anything like this. When I was here last, there was no hollow here, but only a level plain of snow and ice."
 "Indeed!" exclaimed I, feeling strangely interested. "What, then, do you infer—that there is to be a fresh eruption?"

"I fear, so, master. What can have caused this change? You see there is heat below, which has melted the thick glacier, and only a few streaks of ice now remain above the upper part of the sides, while all the centre is gone."
 "And the ground has a slight feeling of warmth, too," I rejoined, as I bent down and laid my hand upon it.
 "Let us leave, master," returned the fellow, hurriedly, looking around with an expression of alarm. "I do not like to remain here; we may be destroyed at any moment. Let us hasten down and report what we have seen."

"Nay," said I, feeling strangely interested and fascinated by the perilous novelty; "I do not think there is any immediate danger, for the snow and ice, as is plain to be seen, have melted slowly; and I should like to venture into this basin, and look down into one of those chasms."
 "Oh, no, master," replied the guide, with nervous anxiety; "do not do it. It might cost you your life."
 "At least, I will risk it, if you will agree to wait for me," said I, fully determined on the venture, even though I were to go without his consent.
 "I will wait," he answered; "but, remember, master, you go down against my advice."
 The crater or hollow was about fifty

feet in depth, with gently sloping sides; and using my pointed stick, with the greatest care, I forthwith began the descent, often stopping to try the temperature of the lava with my hand, and finding it growing gradually warmer as I proceeded, though not sufficiently so to excite any alarm. In a short time I reached the bottom, and stood on the verge of one of the seams or chasms which opened far down into the heart of the mountain. It was about four feet in width, zigzag in shape; emitted strongly the peculiar odor before mentioned. A small, trickling stream, from a melting layer of ice above, was running into it; but I could only see that it was lost in the deep darkness below, from which came up a kind of hissing, boiling, gurgling sound, with something like a rumbling shock at slight intervals and gentle puffs of heated air.

Giving no heed to my guide's earnest solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if possible, the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to inspect the others; and for this purpose I broke off from a larger one a small block of lava, and, advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down, and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance, than to cease because of the stone having reached its destination. It was an awful depth, and fearfully impressed me with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed and soared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if a cannon had been discharged far down in the bowels of the earth.

This new manifestation of the powers of nature, fairly startled me into a desire for flight, and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a sort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dreadful abyss. I was thrown down, and on my hands and knees, praying Heaven for mercy, was scrambling over it and upwards to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without crushing them held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below and breath the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

Oh, the horrors of that awful moment! what pen or tongue can portray them?

There, a helpless but conscious prisoner, suspended over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, to be hurried downward by the next great throes of trembling nature!

"Help, help, help!—for the love of heaven, help!" I screamed, in wild despair.

I looked up to catch a glimpse of my guide; but he was gone, and I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of Heaven; and I prayed as I never prayed before, for a forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment. It might be a second—it might be a minute—it might be an hour—that I should have to undergo a living death; but, be the time long or short, I felt that there was no escape from a doom that even now makes me grow pale, and shudder when I think of it. Above me was a clear blue sky—beneath me, a black and horrible abyss—around me, sickening vapor that made my brain grow dizzy.

Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might occur at any moment, and another would be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla! I strove with the madness of desperation to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move a mountain. There I was, fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. Oh, mercy, what a fate!

Suddenly I heard a shout; and looking around I beheld, with feelings I can never describe, my faithful guide hastening down the rugged sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first alarming demonstration, but had nobly returned to save me, if possible, by risking his life for mine.

"I warned you, master," he said, as he came up panting, his eyes half starting from his head, and his whole countenance expressing commingled horror and pity.
 "You did—you did!" I cried; but oh! forgive and save me!
 "You are already forgiven, master; and I will save you if I can—save you, or perish with you."

Instantly he set to work with his iron pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress, when again the earth trembled and the blocks parted, one of them rolling down into the yawning chasm with

a dull, hollow sound. I sprang forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled hard, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit and any moment we might be hurried to destruction.

"Quick, master!" cried the guide; "up! up! and run for your life!"

I staggered to my feet, with a wild cry of hope and fear, and half supported by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater. As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion; and looking back, I beheld with horror, a dark, smoking pit where we had so lately stood.

And then, without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We reached our horses in safety, and, hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, rewarding him as a man grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed to do.

A few days later, when the long silent Hecla was again convulsing the island, and sending forth its mighty tongues of fire and streams of lava, I was far away from the sublime and awful scene thanking Heaven I was alive to tell the story of my wonderful escape from a burning tomb.

Wanted His Money.

A PITTSBURGH paper says:—The criminal court was astonished the other day to see a seedy individual working his way into the court room and up to the bar, where he said to the court: "Ich moechte mein geld haben." The judge directed "Squire Krehan, the court interpreter, to see what that meant, who reported that the man said: "He wanted his money." The man upon being questioned by "Squire Krehan explained himself more explicitly. He was in the city during the war, employed in one of the mills, and was a saving man. He had deposited all his savings in the Dollar Savings Bank, and in 1864 he had deposited, he said, in that bank money to the amount of \$1,400.

The bank had given him an account book, which he had left in the bank. A few years later he went back to Germany, where he remained for a number of years. He has now returned to this country and this city. Upon arriving in this city he went to the bank to get his money which he left deposited there in 1864. As he didn't get it he innocently enough walked up to the court house and asked the judge of the quarter sessions court for it, evidently supposing that that was all that was necessary to do to have the court compel the payment of his money.

A visit was made to the bank, where it was found that the man's name, Ammerman, was not on the books, although he states positively that he deposited the money there during the war. If the man had deposited the money and the name had been put on the books, the name would be there if he had drawn the money out, but there is no trace of the man's name on any of the books. The foreman of the mill where Ammerman worked states that he knows he deposited money in the bank, as he had been with him on several occasions when Ammerman made deposits. The only theory to account for the matter is that some dishonest clerk employed in the bank at that time, 1864, who thought Ammerman, who does not speak English, a good subject to make a few dollars from, and hence purposely neglected to make an entry of the deposits. The matter will probably be investigated.

Evils of Gossip.

WE have known a country society which withered away to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships, once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then ran away to water only, because of this; love that promised a future as endearing and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and a son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them; and a husband and a young wife, each straining at the hated lash which in the beginning had been the promise of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and all because of this. We have seen faith transferred to mean doubt, joy give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the fell words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrongs and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from the larger passions; but woeful and most mournful are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and defraction; most mournful the

shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt-waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see; and to silence words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruellest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's heart.

A Beautiful Thought.

No man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor faithless souls that we are! How we shall smile at our vain alarms when the worst has happened. To us here death is the most terrible word we know. But when we have tasted its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what health is to the sick man. It will be what home is to the exile. It will be what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's great morning lighting up the sky. Our fears are the terror of children in the night. The night, with its terrors, its darkness, its feverish dreams is passing away; and when we awake it will be into God's sunlight.

A Curious Will.

A curious will, says the Boston Advertiser, has just been settled in Berlin, containing a moral worth a wider circulation than a miser's last testament often obtains. The poor man died, when to general surprise it was found he left 34,000 marks. The 30,000 in a package, signed and sealed, was to be given to his native town in Bavaria; 1000 each to three brothers, and 1000 to a friend with whom he had quarrelled. It was stipulated that none of the four should follow the body to the grave, which suggestion the three brothers gladly accepted, but the quarreller walked alone and forfeited his thousand marks, for the sake of paying a last mitigating honor. When the package was opened for the town it disclosed another will, giving the 30,000 to any of the four who should disregard the stipulation.

How to Dress.

It is idle to assert in the presence of girls that the way in which they dress is of no consequence. It is really of great consequence. A woman's dress is the outward expression of her inward life. If she be coarse, vulgar, fond of display, and bent on low, material ends, her dress, though extravagant, will be an unconscious revelation of her character. If she be modest, self-reliant, and cultivated in the best direction, the style of her ordinary apparel will befit her, as the leaves befit the flower. But in America young girls are too often overdressed. The rounded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her teens need only the simplest setting. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adorning are more for the matron, her dress gaining in ample fold and graceful sweep as she puts on the dignity of years. The seasons teach us something here, if we go to nature for an object-lesson. How different her charm from the deep, maturing summer, when the hues are decided, and the air is loaded with perfume from a thousand censers. The school-girl is only on the threshold of summer. She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day.

A Mother's Influence.

It is hard for a young mother, who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature, to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators, who copy her morals and manners. As the mother is, so are her sons and daughters. If a family of children are blessed with an intelligent mother, who is dainty and refined in her manners, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the drawing-room and an entirely different person in her every-day life, but who is a true mother, and always a tender charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of speech and perfect manners repeated in her children. Great rough men and noisy, busy boys will always tone down their voices and step quietly, and try to be more mannerly when she stops to give them a kind word and pleasant smile; for a true woman will never fail to say and do all the kind, pleasant things she can that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of to-morrow.

Rascally Trick on a Farmer.

A Canaan, Conn., farmer agreed with two men who were driving a hog by his house to kill the animal for half the pork. He obligingly dressed the meat in addition, when the strangers drove off with their half. But when the farmer went to feed his own hog at night, an empty pen told him that he had killed his own property for the sake of half of it.