

IT IS NOW an acknowledged fact that Consumption can be cured. It has been cured in a very great number of cases (some of them apparently desperate ones) by Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone, and in others by the same medicine in connection with Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, one or both, according to the requirements of the case.

The old supposition that "Consumption is incurable," for many years deterred Physicians from attempting to find a remedy for that disease, and patients afflicted with it reconciled themselves to death without and effort being made to save them from a doom which was considered inevitable.

Dr. Schenck himself 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: he was cured by the aforesaid medicines and afterward enjoyed uninterupted good health for more than forty years. Thousands of people have used Dr. Schenck's preparations with the same remarkable success.

Schenck's Almanac, containing a thorough treatise on Consumption, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia &c., can be had gratis of any druggist, or of J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia. Full directions for the use of Schenck's medicines accompany each package.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills are for sale by all druggists. Jan. 1st

**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, 0.45 a. m. and 3.57 p. m.  
For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 0.45 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. & B. Rv. at 5.10 a. m., for Allentown, at 8.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.  
The 8.20, 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 8.20 a. m.  
For Allentown and Way Stations at 8.20 a. m.  
For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

**TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:**

Leave New York, at 6.45 a. m., 1.00, 3.30 and 7.45 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, 5.30 and 11.35 p. m.  
Leave Pottsville, at 8.10, 9.15 a. m., and 4.35 p. m.  
And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 9.15 a. m.  
Leave Auburn via S. & B. Rv. at 12 noon.  
Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 1.50, 4.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.50 and 9.00 p. m.

**SUNDAYS:**

Leave New York, at 8.30 p. m.  
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m.  
Leave Reading, at 10.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.  
Leave Allentown, at 2.30 p. m., and 9.05 p. m.  
J. H. 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.  
Johnstown Ex. 12.22 P. M., daily. Sunday  
Mail 7.30 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Atlantic Express, 8.51 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Atlantic Express, 3.51 P. M., daily.

**WEST.**

Way Passenger, 9.08 a. m., daily.  
Mail, 2.45 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Mifflintown Acc. 6.05 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.**

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

**WESTWARD.**

Way Passenger, 8.35 a. m., daily.  
Mail, 2.09 P. M., daily except Sunday.  
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 P. M.  
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.35 P. M.  
WM. 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, 45 ly York, Pa.**

**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. Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. P. R.—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 THINGS AWAY.

Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK,  
West Main Street.

**Josh, Jemima, and the Wolves.**

JOSH STAVER loved Jemima Pine-apple. Loved her, did I say? Love was no name for it. Whenever he saw her his heart bounded up into his throat so violently that he was thrown to the ground. Cold chills would run all over him, as he expressed it, "from the sole of his head to the crown of his foot." Jemima was pretty, to Josh; her hair "red as the red sea," large eyes which had the faculty of looking ways opposite each other at the same time, and a nose which looked as if it had been lengthened by the addition of several others.

Now Joshua had never escorted Jemima home, for she lived near two miles from Fleaburg. She came to "meetin'" every Sabbath night, and would walk across the fields all alone, not in the least afraid of the wild beasts which at that time infested the country. But one night our hero resolved to bear the damsel company, and accordingly prepared for his nocturnal journey. He got his grandfather's horse-pistol, and loaded it to the muzzle, and thrust a large butcher-knife in his bosom, which thrust didn't hurt him much, for it was the bosom of his coat. A lantern completed his "fixings."

The meeting closed, and Josh, with Jemima leaning on his arm like a large gourd hanging from a tall vine, set out for the Pineapple mansion.

"We are in the woods now, Jemima," said Josh, as he assisted his partner over the fence of the last field, "and now comes the tug of war. I'll bet a dime that these woods are full of wolves."

"I think they will not attack us; but if they do, oh, Joshua, on thy arm I will recline, and breathe my life out sweetly there." And she gave such a sweet sigh that Josh started, thinking it the half-smothered growl of a bear.

"What's the matter, Josh?" "Oh, nothing," and gaining new courage at the sound of Jemima's voice, he squeezed her arm till she nearly screamed aloud.

Suddenly a strange cry echoed through the wood. "Wolves!" shouted Josh. "Bears!" re-echoed his partner. "Come, Jemima, let us git." And they got.

Through the wood they went, Josh literally dragging Jemima along. The foe was approaching; the couple could hear his footsteps in the leaves, for they had wandered from the path.

"Josh, I can't go any further; we must 'tree it,'" said Jemima, as she paused for breath.

"By gosh, we must. Here is a tree with its limbs nigh hanging on the ground. Climb it, Jemima! Here I go. Gods! if the animal climbs the tree, what then?" And with a bound the terrified Joshua climbed up the tree, leaving Jemima to follow him or be devoured by the terrible pursther a few feet in his wake.

But Jemima was an old dimber, and was soon beside Josh, who was perched in one of the highest branches of the tree.

"Listen, Jemima: hear the horrible thing gnawing at the tree. It is wolves, sure'n shootin'. They will gnaw the tree down in half an hour!"

"I fear so, Josh." "But hold, Jemima! I've got a pistol," said our hero, thinking of his weapon for the first time that night.—"Now, just keep still while I shoot."

He deliberately cocked the weapon, pointed it down through the branches where the pursuer was pawing among the leaves, and fired. It was a destructive shot, and Josh went spinning through the tree like gressed lightning. He had loaded the pistol so heavily that it had kicked him from his perch into the jaws of the animal below. But fortunately he alighted on his feet, and in an instant he was again up the tree, hatless, his red locks catching in the limbs, which cruelly tore them from his head.

"I was a durned fool, Jemima, to have loaded that pistol so heavily, and it kicked me right into the wolves' mouths, but, that thank Moses, escaped. Just feel my head."

Jemima placed her hand upon Josh's cranium, and withdrew it wet with gore.

"That is my blood, shed for you, Jemima, and I am willing to shed more, dogged if I ain't."

"Can the wolves climb?" "Climb like rabbit, Jemima; and every minute I am looking for them to come up here. I do believe my shot killed half a dozen of 'em. Listen at them gnawing. If we only could keep them gnawing at something else beside the tree, till daylight, we would be safe."

"Well, I'll try 'em; so first, here goes my boots," and tiking off his fine boots Josh groped his way out on a limb.

"Farewell, dear boots, bran new ones, cost eight dollars this blessed morning.

Farewell, I sacrifice you to Jemima," and the splendid boots were gone.

For awhile the animal ceased gnawing the tree and gnawed the boots, Josh cursing inwardly the while. At last the gnawing recommenced.

"Blast him! he ain't satisfied with eight dollars' worth of leather, so I'll have to give him seventeen dollars' worth of cloth," away went his coat; it was soon followed by his vest and stockings, and Joshua declared that his "unmentionable raiment" would follow the rest, at which declaration Jemima blushed and said: "Oh! Joshua."

"Blasted if I don't Jemima," he spoke determinedly, and would no doubt make his word good.

But the vest satisfied the animal beneath the tree, and a few hours later morning dawned. The lovers, for they were such now, descended the tree, when lo! to their astonishment they beheld Jemima's pet calf chewing at Joshua's coat. They realized all in an instant. It was the calf which had followed them and not wolves. The gnawing they heard was the harmless animal chewing at some undergrowth which grew plentifully around. Josh's eyes filled with tears when he looked around. There lay the boots, but ruined forever; here the coat and vest chewed into pulp.

They said nothing, but proceeded to the Pineapple mansion, when they told a doleful story about being treed by wolves; how Joshua had sacrificed his clothes to save their lives; how he slaughtered near forty of the ravenous animals, &c., &c.

Old Pineapple said such bravery and devotion should not go unrewarded, and placing Jemima's hand in John's, told him to take her as his mate.

P. S.—They were married, and now live in a little hut with one room and a garret, near Fleaburg, now a flourishing "burg" on Turtle Creek.

N. B.—Jemima's pet calf was never seen after the night it treed the devoted couple. We rather guess it didn't.

**An Ignorant Cuss; But Very Friendly.**

**"IS YOU the editor?"**

The writer looked up from the desk on two small gamins with dirty faces, who had entered the sanctum and stood nervously twitching their ragged caps before him.

"Yes, sir. What do you want?"

"We belong to the 'Silver Stars.' I'm ketcher and he's shortstop. And we waked them fellers, didn't we, Bill?"

"You bet," responded Bill. "Why didn't you say so before? The 'Irish Boys' is a good-enough club, but by Jove, give me the 'Silver Stars.'"

"Why, I'm delighted to meet both of you," and the editor rose up, shook both of them warmly by the hands, and yelled for the printer's devil to bring the gentlemen chairs.

The two redoubtable Silver Stars looked at each other very much perplexed, and seemed at a loss whether to sit down or to dash out of the office. Finally they adopted the former plan, and pulling their chairs over near the door, so as to be ready to dart out at the first sign of hostilities, sat suspiciously eyeing the editor, who entrenched himself behind a mass of paper, pencil in hand.

"Now, then, tell me all about the game, and I'll write it down."

"Well, the Irish Boys they was a braggin' they could beat us, and we said we had twenty-five cents that they couldn't. We played 'em and give 'em six goose eggs."

"O! now, boys," said the editor, "don't tell any lies. It is wrong to lie. Where could you get goose eggs this time of the year?"

The catcher and the shortstop of the Silver Stars looked at the editor in amazement, and then seemed to be mentally deciding that he was an infernal idiot.

"We mean to say," continued the catcher of the Silver Stars, who was first to recover from the shock to which he had been subjected, "that we white-washed 'em."

"O, sure," said the editor, with a sudden burst of intelligence; you put white-wash over them until they looked like goose eggs. By Jove, that was a good idea."

"No," said the catcher of the Silver Stars, with rising ire, "we skunked 'em, you know—skunked 'em."

"Skunked 'em—what do you mean by that?"

"We Chiclegoed 'em—gin' 'em no runs."

"O, now I see," said the editor, almost bursting into a roar of laughter at the look of intense relief which came over the face of the two Silver Stars.— "Go right on."

"We got right on ter the balls of the pitcher of the Irish Boys in the last innins, and we pounded the life out of him."

"Hold on," said the editor, rapidly writing. "The Silver Stars stood on the ball in the last inning, and almost killed the pitcher of the Irish Boys when he tried to get it."

For two whole minutes the Silver Stars regarded each other in speechless astonishment, then the shortstop pityingly asked:

"Mister, did you ever play base ball?"

"Very little," said the editor, making Herculean efforts to keep his face straight, "but I'll scratch this out if it is not all right."

"Course it ain't right. We mean to say we hit his balls easy; we knocked 'em hard. I hit him for three bags, and made a home run."

"You did?" said the editor, dashing off at a tremendous rate on the paper.— "The catcher of the Silver Stars hit three bags with a ball, and run home."

This was too much. The two Silver Stars got up and unanimously concluded that they must go.

"What is your hurry?" asked the editor, again shaking their hands warmly; "stay a little while longer. If you can't, come up this afternoon and bring all your friends with you—glad to see you any time."

The catcher of the Silver Stars blew his nose, wiped it on the cuff of his coat and led the way down stairs in deep thought.

"At the bottom of the first fight his feelings could no longer control themselves.

"Bill," muttered he, "if that fellow ain't the ignorantest cuss I ever saw, why yer can jest shoot me."

"Yes," replied Bill; "but he's awful friendly, ain't he?"

**The Death of a Monkey—A Remarkable Scene.**

"I NEVER saw such a thing in my life," said James Donohue, the night watchman of the Central Park Museum, New York. "On Tuesday, Zip, one of Mr. Barnum's monkeys, fell suddenly and dangerously ill. He was a great favorite with his companions—their leader in mischief. Superintendent Conklin examined him and said he would die. We got a bed of straw and cotton for him."

At 11 o'clock I went to the cage. Usually the monkeys at night sit huddled together, sound asleep; but this time they were all wide awake, sitting silent and moveless, watching Zip's dying agonies. Zip lay in a corner sobbing and moaning. Jack and Pete, the two trick monkeys, were at his side, Jack and Zip's head resting on his bosom, while Pete every now and then dipped his paw in the milk and and wet Zip's lips.

"But there's a strange thing about it yet," Mr. Donohue continued; "at midnight Zip died. Then came what my partner Reilly, and Barnum's men, say they never saw the like of. As Zip's head fell limp in the arms of Jack, he gave a little low squall, and Pete sprang to his side. Pete looked at Zip, lifted up one of his paws, tapped him gently on the breast, put his ear to his heart, raised his head, and then gave a shrill squeal. Jack in answer dropped Zip just as naturally as a human being would at the first intimation that the form he held was dead. Pete was the first to recover himself. Slowly he approached Zip, examined him closely, raised him in his arms, dropped him hard on the floor of the cage, and as Zip didn't move, sprang to the uppermost perch. Wasn't that strange?"

The reporter assented.

"Then, sir," continued Mr. Donohue, "came the most extraordinary thing ever witnessed in the park. The monkeys set up the most piercing screams.—The baby monkeys pressed close to their mothers, and the females close to the males. All chattered and chattered, and pointed to poor Zip. Finally Pete and Jack, followed by all the others, sprang to the bottom of the cage. They were all silent now, moving slow, and in the form of a circle they gradually came nearer and nearer. Then hugging close, they stopped. All night long they remained watching the body, and I never saw a wake that could beat that one for earnestness and sympathy."

**A Generous Lover.**

Elizabeth Hanes is a sprightly young German girl, who, a few weeks ago left her dear Fatherland and crossed the broad Atlantic to find a home in this city.

While on board the ship she fell in love with a young German, who was endowed with considerable of this world's goods. Her dream of love did not last long, however, for she had another lover waiting for her, who had sent word to Germany for her to come over and join him. On her arrival, the lover whom she met on the ocean was forsaken for her former swain, whose name is Wilhelm Edmund Schuman. An explanation ensued between the trio, and the result was that Wilhelm was conceded the right to bear off his dear little Lizzie.

The other lover, however, accompanied them to this city, and last week, throwing away all fond hopes of being united to his darling, escorted Lizzie and Wilhelm to the Probate Court. He

explained to Clerk Reebtin that the twain who were with him wanted a marriage license, and that at once.

The demand was complied with, and after the rejected lover had bestowed a blessing on the couple, left the room and proceeded to Rev. Pohlmeyer's church on Main street and McMicken avenue, where Wilhelm and Lizzie were firmly bound in those bonds "which no man should rend asunder." Lover No. 1 did not seem to take the matter to heart, for he acted as groomsman for the happy couple, and when he found that they were man and wife, departed, after paying all the expenses incurred by the newly married couple.—Cincinnati Star.

**Two Types of Life in Nevada.**

In the Carson "Tribune" of last week we find this little item: Judge F. K. Betchel arrived on the stage this afternoon from Bodie. He is enroute to the scene of his boyhood days in Pennsylvania. The Judge has resided in Bodie since 1862. His implicit faith in the mines has been finally rewarded, and he returns to his Eastern home a wealthy man.

On Friday last a man named Carrol-ton, here in Virginia City, fifty years of age, blew his brains out. A day or two previous he remarked to a friend that he had a daughter, eighteen years of age, to educate whom he had sent money East; that his daughter had recently married a gentleman there; that they were coming here to see them, and that he would rather die than have his daughter come here and find him poor. He was discharged a few days since from one of the mines; he had drunk heavily for two or three days, and on Friday borrowed a pistol from a friend and, bidding him good-by, turned around and blew his brains out. The cases of Betchel and of the suicide make between them a pretty good history of this country. In the Consolidated-Virginia office yesterday we saw half a million dollars worth of silver bricks, and outside sat a beggar. Both were types of Nevada—the latter the more common type.

**Dad's Distant Relations.**

A FARMER'S wagon, in which were seated a family of eight, drove up to a house on Boston street, and leaving his team at the curbstone, the farmer knocked at the door, drummed on the windows, and seemed determined to get in at every hazard. When all efforts had failed he returned to the wagon, hitched his horses, and the family sat on the grass to wait.

A lady who had watched the performance, passed around the corner and suddenly discovered the boy whose parents lived in the house.

"Here—you—there's a whole family trying to get into your house!" he shouted.

"Hush—shut up!" whispered the other.

"But they are visitors," continued the other.

"Don't I know all about it?" growled the hiding boy; "didn't mam and I see 'em drive up, and didn't we scoot out of the back door as the feller came through the gate? I'm here and mam's over in that house, and we feel like some one ought to boot dad all over town."

"Why? What did your father do?"

"What did he do? Why, he was out in the country buying poultry and eggs, and he stopped at a farm-house, made 'em believe he was a distant relation, and got his dinner for nothing.—He came home and told it as a big joke, and he grinned around for a week; but now I want to see him when he comes up to dinner and finds them 'relashuns' squatted around the grate. Do they show any sign of leaving?"

"Nary a sign," replied the other, as he climbed the fence.

"Well, let 'em stick. Mam won't come home. I'll be gone, and if this turns out a Black Friday for dad, it'll serve him right. Let's get where we can see his knees wobble as he turns the corner and sees his distant relashuns covering half an acre of ground!"

**A Faithful Dog's Reward.**

A gentleman who lives in Vernon county tells a remarkable story of the sagacity of a dog which accompanied him on his travels. While in the Short creek timber, on his way to Joplin, the dog jumped and caught the horse by the bridle-rein. Mr. Ewing drove the animal off, but it persisted in catching the horse by the reins, until the gentleman concluded it must be mad. Under the impulse of the moment he pulled his revolver and shot the animal, which then ran back along the road over which he had come. In a few minutes Mr. Ewing missed his overcoat, which had been tied to the saddle. He turned back to find it, and after riding about a mile, not only found his coat, but his faithful dog, which was lying on the garment dead.—Jefferson (Mo.) Tribune.

An old negro cook says, "Stess is powerful good in everything but children, Dey needs some oder kind of dressin'."