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 Schenk's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, one or both, according to the requirements of the

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 reconclied 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 abondoned him to his fate: he was cured by the aforesald medicines and afterward enjoyed uninte rupted good health for more than forty years. Thousands of people have used Dr. Schenck's preparations with the same remarkable success.

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. Scheuck & Son, Philadelphia. Full directions for the use of Schenck's medicines accompany each package.

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

RAILROADS.

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

November 5th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5,20, 8,10 a. m. 3,57p. 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.
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 Anburn via S. & S. Br. at 5,10 a. m.
For Anburn via S. & S. Br. at 5,10 a. 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 FOL LOWS :

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 †4.40, 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 Branchat 8.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at †2.30 5,50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.03 p. m.

30 and 9.05 p. m.
SUNDAYS:
Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Alientown, at2 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, Pas-EAST.

Miffilintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily "Sunday Mail", ..., 0.54 p. m., daily exceptSunday Atlantic Express, 9.54 p. m., flag,—daily.

Pittsburgh Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag)
Pacific Express, 5.17 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 Sundayat 8.12 A. M., Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 P. M., Mail 7.30 P. M., daily (flag)

WESTWARD.

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily
Mail, 2.09 P. M., daily except Sunday at 6.16 P.M.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 P.M.

Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (lag) 11.33 P. M.

WM. C. KING Agent.

500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a grand ficture. 22x28 inches, entitled "The Llustrated Lord's Prayer." Agents are meeting with great success. For particulars, address. H. M. CRIDER, Publisher, York, Pa.

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. inuance of the same.
P. S.—Blaukets, Robes, and Shoe findings made

JOS, M. HAWLEY.

CURPRISING! 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 re almost GIVING THINGS AWAY. es. Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK, West Main Street.

An Adventure with a Convict.

ONCE had the fortune to be elected to fill the office of District Attorney -an office of little honor, of little pay but plenty of hard work. I had accepted the place at the earnest solicitation of the Judges of our Supreme Court because they feared if I did not, a man would get it who was in no way qualifled to perform the duties thereto appertaining; and having allowed myself to be placed in charge of the legal interests of our section of New Hampshire, I resolved to perform the duties without fear or favor, trusting that right and justice would bear me out.

I had been in office about six months, and I had succeeded in convincing a few, at least, of our good people that they had a prosecuting officer who could not be easily corrupted, when a man named Marlo Cropt was arrested for horse stealing, and one of whose first moves, after being arrested, was to send for me. I went and found him in jail, one of the most sinister-looking fellows I had ever seen. He was, as I afterward learned, a half-breed, his mother having been a Mohawk Indian, and his father a Virginia slave driver. Marlo was born in a wigwam somewhere among the wilds of the Alleghenies, and had been brought up to manhood by men and women who lived by plunder and beg-

At the age of one-and-twenty, or there abouts, he left the tribe; and since then, now some ten years, he had lived by his wits, in the exercise of which he had stolen horses and sheep and other four-legged things. In short, he was a villain of the very deepest dye-so born, so bred and matured. He was rather short of stature, but compact, broadshouldered, heavy-limbed and muscular, presenting a figure of brute strength such as is not often seen. His face bore very strongly the Mohawk stamp, the Indian standing out above all else; but there was a certain cast of broad, grasping shrewdness which betrayed the admixture of white blood.

Marlo Cropt, when he knew me for the officer who was to present his case to the grand jury, and who was also to appear against him in court, assumed a very confidential manner, and commenced by intimating that he could give me a chance to "make a pretty good thing." If I would use my influence in his favor, he was sure he should get clear. This was the first time he had ever been arrested in that part of the country, and he did not exactly understand our method of doing business. But of one thing he could assure me, if I would like a thousand dollars, he could get it for me.

I asked him what he meant. "Bah!" said he, poking his fingers into my breast-and the end of that single forefinger came with a force equal to a blow of the fist from some men-"don't go for to be backish wi' me. I know, and we both know money's money; and you may as well have it as anybody. Let it off easy, and I'll say a thousand dollars. I've got it mister; and I can fetch it in no time, too. Now,

what d'ye say? Is it a go?" I looked at the rascal, and he must have discovered from that single glance that he had approached the wrong man, for his countenance fell and a fierce light flashed in his eye.

"You'd better do it!" he whispered. But I only sought to make him understand that I would sooner sell my life than my honor; and without waiting to listen to his entreaty I left him.

Within a week from that time Cropt was brought before the Grand Jury, and as he came into the jury room he found an opportunity to speak privately with

"Look here, mister," he whispered; "I'll make it two thousand. You'd better think on't!"

I made a motion to push him away, when he grasped my arm, and pressed his lips close to my ear.

"Mister Leverett," he hissed-and I could feel his words burn-"with me,it's liberty or prison. With you it's my liberty or your death !"

He looked at me with a look that was more potent than a score of oaths, and then turned away with the sheriff.

The business before the Grand Jury was very quietly done. The prisoner's foul threat had excited me, and I brought forward the witnesses against him, and questioned them promptly and to the point. The evidence was of a character that admitted of no doubt or argument, and a bill was found, and Marlo Cropt was duly indicted of the crimes which had been alleged against him, and in a few days he would appear for trial.

I had three cases for the commencement on my docket before that of Marlo Cropt; and as there were several other matters that engaged the attention of the court, it was a week before he was brought up. But he came at length, and once more he approached me.

This time he said "three thousand!" if I would make the case break down against him.

Villain as he was, with heart as hard

and wicked as could be, I had never seen a man who so dreaded imprisonment. Never before had he been in prison. He had been often apprehended and had been frequently fined; but never had been restrained of his liberty for any great length of time. His Indian instincts were strong; and he felt, he told me, he would rather die than to be shut up in a close prison where there could be no more roaming in forests and green vales.

Cropt had secured one of the most able lawyers in the State, and the government witnesses were cross questioned and brow-beaten unmercifully; and in addition to this, the prisoner brought forward witnesses who had been paid and prompted for the occasion. But the man's guilt was too evident. In my plea I presented the case as it appeared to me, and, as I believed, it must appear to every reasoning man. And I presented to the jury the man they were to pass judgment upon, asking them to look at him as he sat before them.

The charge of the judge was very brief, and entirely against the prisoner, and the jury were out just twelve minutes, when they returned with a verdiet of "Guilty."

Marlo Cropt trembled not an atom at this, for he had been prepared for it, but when the judge, in solemn accents, pronounced his penalty-five years at hard labor in the State Prison-he shook like an aspen, and for a few seconds I thought he would break down. But presently he revived, and looked around until his eyes rested upon me, and when he saw me he beckoned me to come to him. I looked at his hands, they were ironed and empty, and went to the dock.

"Thomas Jefferson Leverett," said he, speaking my whole name as though he would fix the identity beyond dispute, "I am going to prison to stay five years; and I shall see you again. When I come out I shall look for you. If you are in China, I'll go to China, I will find you," and his voice sank to a low whisper, and without the least tone of profanity, but with a reverence for his oath, he swore solemnly he would pay me for this.

Marlo Cropt went his way, and I went mine. Some one told my wife that the prisoner had called me to him after the trial, and that he had spoken to me in a very solemn and strange manner, and she asked me what he said to me. Her question confused me, and I was not prepared with an answer, and I told her that I could hardly remember what he did say.

"Thomas," said she, "you are afraid to tell me."

And then she questioned, until I was forced to admit that Cropt had threatened me, and then I told her the rest of the story-how he had sought to buy me over before the trial. And to close the scene, I laughed as though the whole thing were a rich farce.

One evening, about two weeks after the trial, my wife came in, quite fatigued having been absent all day.

"Bertha, where have you been ?" "To the State Prison," was her an-

"The State Prison!" I reiterated.

"What have you been doing there?" "Looking at a certain prisoner they have there," she replied. "One whom I might wish to recognize should I ever

meet him outside of those walls." "You allude to Marlo Cropt," I said. She nodded assent.

And then I told her she was foolish, and begged of her to forget the man entirely.

"Thomas," she said, with a degree of feeling that startled me, "I have seen that man, and I tell you we both have occasion to dread and fear him. I shall not forget him, though I will try henceforth not to worry myself as I have during the two weeks that have passed since he was tried and condemned.

The attractions of my New Hampshire home were not strong enough to hold me after I had found an opening in the West, where the promise of success was equal to a bond issued by good fortune. It was about two years after the trial of Marlo Cropt, that I packed up my books and family treasures, and took up my march for a new and thriving town in Minnesota; and within a year after my settlement in the new home, I was richer by hundreds of dollars than I had ever been before. In fact, I literally tumbled into a nest of good luck.

Three years passed away, and, in the midst of my comforts, a troublesome thought of the caste's oath came once in a while to chill me; for the term of the man's imprisonment had expired. And I knew that my wife had thought of it, too; but she said nothing to me, and I said nothing to her. Another year passed -and another-and Marlo Cropt was well nigh forgotten. Time passed on, each returning season bringing new gains and new honors, until there were touches of silver in my hair, and a grandchild crawled upon my knee when I went home from my office. It was a dull, dismal, drizzly afternoon.

in October when the door of my office

was opened, and in walked a stranger,short, thick-set, gray baired man, with a muffer round his chin, and a soft felt hat pulled down to his eye. I could only see that his face looked swarthy, and his features were those of a half caste!

It was Marlo Cropt-come now after a lapse of almost twenty years, for-what? Was it to fulfil his oath? If so, what should I do? The idea of crying for help had been dismissad the moment he entered, and laid aside as only a last resort; because to your thoroughly desperate villain, an outery is the signal for the death stroke. The man looked at me, then stared carefully around the office, and next sat down and threw off the muffer, winding it carefully around the left fore-arm. Then he raised his hat without entirely removing it, looking straight at me, and said, "Mr. Thomas Jefferson Leverett, do you know me ?"

"Of course I do," I replied.

"Speak my name, then." "When I knew you years ago, you

were called Marlo Cropt." "Well, if your memory's as good as

that," pursued my visitor, in a quiet whispering way, without betraying emotion of any kind, "p'r'aps something else you can remember."

As he spoke the last word his whole manner changed as though he had been a piece of pyrotechnic contrivance touched by the match of the exhibitor. He leaped to his feet, his whole face ablaze with fierce vengeance; and while with his right hand he drew an enormous bowle-knife, with his left he grasped me by the throat, hissing between his teeth, "You don't forget my oath! I have never forgotten it-never! I've hunted for you, and I've found you! You put me on! What did you gain by doing so? Take that!"

He thought to strike me; but with the quickness of thought, and the strength of desperation, I caught his right wrist with both my hands and held him at bay. I held that awful knife suspended; but the grip of that hand on my throat was choking me. I could not cry out, and, as his grip tightened, I found it difficult to breathe. Several times he sought to free his right hand, but finding my two hands more than he could overcome, he turned his attention to my throat. Thus far his grasp had been below the larnyx; but now he raised his great broad thumb above that strong bony cartilage and pressed it upon the soft part, pretty soon changing the position of the fingers, so that it seemed as though he were literally tearing both gullet and windpipe from my neck. A moment so, and then my breath was stopped entirely. I thought of using my right hand to remove the grip from my throat; but, if I did that, the knife would find my bosom. I was a child in the hands of a master; for that man was a perfect Hercules-a literal Samson-while I was a slim framed man.

With one last effort of strength I reeled backward, and we both went to the floor, overturning the tables and two chairs as we went down.

My hold had relaxed, and in the fall his right hand had been freed, his left still gripping my throat. I saw the knife gleaming in the dim, uncertain light. I thought of that scene in the court room, twenty years before-the jury's verdict-the sentence-and the half-caste's oath-I thought, too, of the loved ones at home-and then-

A blaze-a crash-a roar, as of the wreck of worlds-a falling of the weight from my bosom and from my throatand all was darkness and chaos!

When I came to myself, my office was full of people. Two physicians wère supporting me, while my wife was telling a story to the crowd; and pretty soon the last part of her story was told to me :-She had been at the school-house, with

an umbrella to escort home the children. On the way home she met a man whose peculiar appearance attracted her attention. She took him for one of the old forest rangers and trappers, who come to the settlement to obtain jobs as guides to emigrants over the prairies; and as he passed she detected something familiar in the small portion of the face she saw. All the way home she tried to think where she had seen those features before; and just as she reached the sittingroom and saw the pistol upon the mantle, the truth flashed upon her. The moment her mind was turned into that channel, she had no doubt-not a particle. She felt sure the victim had gone to fulfill his oath; and with only one idea in her mind she caught up the pistol, made sure it was loaded, and started upon a run. She reached the office just as we went over; the crash of the table and chairs prevented us hearing her. She saw the knife raised for the fatal blow; and heaven itself must have lent nerve to her hand, for when she had fired and seen the half-breed roll over, she sank down fainting and powerless; but she soon revived, her strength returned her auxiety for me giving her energy, and enabling her to help the neighbors, when they came in.

As for Marlo Cropt, he probably never knew what hurt bim. The bullet had entered the left temple, coming out just over the right ear.

When I had fully recovered my senses and would have expressed my fears for my wife, she smilingly said to me, as though to turn my thoughts from the subject, "Thomas, you never but once accused me of doing a downright foolish thing, and that was when I went to the State Prison to look at Marlo Cropt. What do you say now? For my part," she added solemnly, "I think it was the most sensible thing I ever did, for even then I had a strong presentiment that it was my duty to know that man."

I could not dispute her declaration.

The Man Who Talked too Much.

HE slipped into an ice-cream saloon very softly, and, when the girlasked him what he wanted, he replied:

"Corned beef, fried potatoes, pickles and mince pie," "This is not a restaurant; this is an

ice-cream parlor," she said. "Then why did you ask me what I wanted? Why don't you bring on

your ice-cream ?" She went after it, and, as she return-

ed, he continued: "You see, my dear girl, you must infer-you must reason. It isn't likely that I would come into an ice-cream parlor to buy a grindstone, is it? You didn't think I came in here to ask if you had any baled hay, did you ?"

She looked at him in great surprise, and be went on:

"If I owned a hardware store, and you came in, I would infer that you wanted something in my line. I would not step out and ask if you wanted to buy a mule, would I?"

She went away highly indignant .-An old lady was devouring a plate of cream at the next table, and the stranger, after watching her a few moments, called out:

"My dear woman, have you found any hairs or buttons in your dish?"

" Mercy, no!" she exclaimed, as she wheeled around, and dropped her

"Well, I'm glad of it," he continued.

"If you find any, just let me know." She looked at him for half a minute, picked up her spoon, laid it down again and then rose and left the room. She must have said something to the proprietor, for he came running in and exclaimed:

"Did you tell that woman that there were hairs and buttons in my icecream ?"

" No, sir."

"You didn't ?"

"No,sir,I did not; I merely requested her, in case she found any such ingredients, to inform me."

"Well, sir, that was a mean trick." "My dear sir," said the stranger, smiling softly, "did you expect me to ask the woman if she found a crow-bar or a sledge hammer in her cream? It is impossible, sir, for such articles to hide

in such a small dish." The proprietor went away growling, and, as the stranger quietly sipped away at his cream, two young ladies came in, sat down near him, and ordered some cream and cake. He waited till they had eaten a little, and then remarked : "Beg pardon, ladies, but do you ob-

serve anything peculiar in the taste of the ice-cream ? They tasted, smacked their lips, and

were not exactly certain. "Does it taste to you as if a plug of

tobacco had fallen into the freezer?" he asked. "Ah! Bah!" they exclaimed, and tried to spit out what they had eaten .-Both rushed out, and it wasn't long be-

fore the proprietor rushed in. "See here, what in blazes are you talking about ?" he demanded. "What do you mean by plug tobacco in the

"My kind friend, I asked those ladies if this ice-cream tasted of plug tobacco. I don't taste any such taste and I don't believe that you put a bit of plug tobac-

"Well, you don't want to talk that way around here," continued the proprietor. "My ice-cream is pure, and the man who says it is not, is a bold

He went away again, and a woman with a long neck and a sad face sat down and said to the girl that she would take a small dish of lemon lee-cream. It was brought, and she took about two mouthfuls, when the stranger in-

quired:
"Excuse me, madam, but do you know how this cream was made? have you any idea that they grated turnip and chalk with the cream?"

and chalk with the cream?"

She didn't reply. She slowly rose up, wheeled around and made for the door. The stranger followed after. By great luck his coat-tails cleared the door an instant too soon to be struck by a five-pound box of figs, hurled with great force by the indignant proprietor. As he reached the curb-stone he halted, looked at the door of the parlor, and soliloquized: soliloquized:

"There are times when people should infer, and then there are times when they shouldn't. I suppose if I had asked that woman if she thought they hashed up a saw-mill in the cream, she'd have felt a circular saw going down her throat."