

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 Ainaasac, 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. 1 m

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. 2.00 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.

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 11.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 3.30 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.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST. Middletown 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, 9.54 P. M., Bag., daily.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: EASTWARD. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily (flag). Atlantic Express 10.30 P. M., daily (flag).

WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.5 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.00 P. M., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.35 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, 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.

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., All of which we are selling at astonishingly LOW PRICES.

Give us a call and SAVE MONEY, as we re almost GIVING THINGS AWAY. Butter and Eggs taken in trade. VALENTINE BLANK, West Main Street.

MRS. PERKINS' LECTURE.

BY EM. RANDALL.

"MY LOVE," said Mrs. Perkins, "woman hasn't found her sphere until she reaches the polls."

"Exactly," said Perkins. "And because she hasn't attained the summit of her ambition—hasn't reached the polls, she should bring all her energies to bear upon that one point. Until that point is gained, everything else should be secondary in her thoughts, for this should be her design:

First, Object to be gained. Second, Home and family. If her husband is neglected he should remember that it is only for a short time, and it will be the making of his wife. If he feels hurt because his children are uncared for, he must keep in his mind that his wife's work will make his girls famous, and, in the end, elevate the morals and principles of his boys."

Little Mrs. Perkins paused, quite out of breath, inwardly gloating over her eloquent speech, yet, with an undercurrent of feeling that her husband didn't appreciate it after all.

Mr. Perkins was silent for an instant only. "What does this all tend to, my dear?"

"That I want to join the H. Woman's Rights' Association," said the lady, with it must be confessed, the least spice of defiance in her voice.

"Eureka!" said Perkins, then drawing the little, blue-robed figure to him tenderly smoothing down the soft, auburn hair, looking steadily into the brown eyes that despite ten years of married life, couldn't meet the old, blue ones without giving their owner a throb. "What good would it do you, little wife? Would you love your husband and children any better for so doing; be any more thankful for the blessings your Heavenly Father has given you, or perfect yourself more completely for the life that is to come? If so, join it and welcome."

And Mrs. P. did join the club. True, she felt a bit of compunction at first about leaving her family three nights in a week, knowing, as she did, that her husband was more fond of home, than is usual in most cases, and that he felt her absence severely.

Not a word, however, from his lips as night after night he watched his wife's retreating form flit across the back garden, and adjoining field, until it was lost to view in dusky shadows about the little cottage where lived Miss Polly, the leader in this grand woman rebellion. Only on moonlight nights, however, did she take the trip alone. Neither pity for his wife, nor shame for himself, nor fear of Miss Polly's sharp-edged tongue, could prevent him bearing his wife company, when there was no light to guide her. Usually Mr. Perkins, impelled by his strong sense of honor, retraced his steps immediately after leaving his wife at the door; but upon one occasion the temptation of hearing Humboldt eloquence proved too strong for him. A curtain to one of the windows of the little back parlor had not been lowered sufficiently, and either a passing glimpse of the little group within, or a part of the curiosity wrongly imputed to women alone, led the aforesaid gentleman to take up a position, where he couldn't be seen and yet could see.

"Ladies," said Miss Polly, the blazing sun of this grand system, "what are we here for, to-night?"

"What?" echoed the lesser orbs.

"We are here said Miss Polly, "to prepare us for the great struggle—the struggle which is eventually to rob the lords of creation of a portion of their might, their power. Power, not only over the bodies of women, but their minds; not only the bodies and minds of women, but their souls! What, has it not already been boasted that a woman, if she could vote, would vote the same ticket that her husband did?—Has not many a woman been led by her husband to forsake the path of religion, avoid praying people, and take delight in the society of dancing, card-playing companions? Is it not so, ladies?"

"But," ventured little Mrs. Perkins, "has not many a husband been reformed by the prayers and Christian example of his wife?"

"Mrs. Perkins," said Miss Polly, awfully, "don't let your partiality carry you too far."

The lady sank back, abashed.

"Fellow workers," said the speaker, "our sisters are already in the field.—Why do we sit with folded arms?—Preaching will do no good, if we do not put into practice. We must send out lecturers and use our best endeavors to raise the yoke which has galled our necks so long."

Miss Polly, who was really an intelligent, well-meaning, middle-aged lady, then unrolled a long sheet of legal-cap pages, written over with bold characters.

"Ladies," once more began the speaker, "I have been thinking and planning

lately, and, as president of this honorable body, have made the following appointments:

"Mrs. Janet Perkins will lecture in the Humboldt town hall Monday eve., Oct. 12th. Subject, 'Self Chosen.'"

"Miss Valeria Ferris will lecture at the Waverly school house Wednesday eve., Oct. 16th. Subject, 'Sisterhood.'"

"Miss Georgiana Blodget, in the red school house Friday eve., Oct. 16th.—Subject, 'Woman's Present Influence.'"

"The meetings of the H. I. W. R. A. will be adjourned until week after next," said Miss Polly, without appearing to notice the excitement caused by her manifesto. "Secretary, read the by-laws."

"Jove," ejaculated Mr. Perkins, a few minutes later, following just close enough after his wife to avoid exciting her surprise, the lady in question being rather timid, "I'll let her try it, and I have a notion that one trial will be enough."

Poor Janet Perkins! Those awful words "self chosen," burned into her very brain. They rang in her ears with the Sunday sermon, and were echoed in the clear pure tenor of her husband's voice singing the closing anthem. She read "self chosen" in fiery characters all over the daily news, until she felt that even Esau's pottage, in exchange for the birthright of "suffrage" which Miss Polly had urged her to fight for, would be really a bargain. All composition, too, was out of the question.—Even the eloquent speech which she had flung so triumphantly in her husband's face, had deserted her. Miss Polly could not help her. She wrote "by inspiration," she said. Words to that effect addressed to Mr. Perkins, produced the remark:

"Guess she isn't often inspired."

"Sit right down, Janet Perkins," ordered Polly, "and think of something. Make up your mind you've got to write—then write. But on my knees, I beg you," said she, with a theatrical gesture, "don't let one of the other sex help you! Do be independent of your tyrant!"

Monday morning—noon—evening came, before the manuscript which Miss Polly dominated "the lecture," was completed, and not until 8 o'clock did Mrs. J. P. find herself mounting the steps of the town hall. Every eye was turned upon her, as she entered the lecture room, but still she had no feeling of fear or responsibility. She was dazed, bewildered. She had one great reason to rejoice, her husband had yielded to her pleadings and remained at home to care for the children. Fall as she might, he would never witness it.

She never thought of herself as she walked down the aisle supported by Miss Polly, only of the way she could assist her suffering sisters.

But let us return to Mr. Perkins.

In a very singular manner had that gentleman behaved after seeing his wife depart; he changed the outer garments of the children for others, assuring them that "they should see mamma," over and over again. About nine o'clock he left home, taking the children with him and closing the house, directed his steps toward the town hall. At the door he was met by a few others, and in company with them, entered the building.

Mrs. Perkins had finished ninthly, and, warming with her subject, and just given utterance to the following words:

"Dear sisters, let each of you from this night, begin your new mission.—Educate your girls to know that they are to have a part in the government of their country, and rights equal to those inherited by their brothers. Teach your boys that, in order to win a pure woman they must be pure themselves, and, in doing so, feel that you are not only self-chosen for the work, but chosen of—"

Here she was interrupted by a most unearthly shriek from Miss Polly, and following with her eye the direction indicated by that lady's outstretched hand, gave one scream herself and fainted.

Down the aisle came two gentlemen, one Mr. Perkins, and the other a gentleman, whose wife also belonged to the H. I. W. R. A., each carrying two children. Behind them followed eight or ten children, perfect rag-a-muffins loaded with tatters of every description, and, bringing up the rear, another man, with a baby in his arms.

Mrs. Janet Perkins lectured no more!

A Call Upon an Editor.

"FROM the sample trunks in the hallways of the hotel, we should judge the drummers from New York houses have arrived in town," was the innocent paragraph a Western editor wrote for his paper.

When he returned from dinner the grinning office boy announced to him that four gentlemen were waiting to see him.

"Where are they?" asked the quill driver.

"Well," said the imp, "they've been smoking in the composing room till the compositors have sneezed all the type

out of their sticks, 'n they've sent me out six times for beer, 'n now they're playin' draw poker with the foreman on the imposing stone."

"Very well," said the editor, bringing a large club in the corner into view, replacing the paper cutter with a bowie knife, and half opening a drawer in which reposed a revolver, "show 'em in."

Four gentlemen, in very plain suits, with very large diamond pins and very large watch chains, with lockets at the ends as big as dollars, entered, the foremost laying a card on the desk, inscribed—

SHARP, CHERRY & Co., 101 Beekman Street, New York, Hardware and Cutlery.

In small letters, and Presented by GEO. GOUGE.

In very large ones, asked: "Are you the editor?"

The journalist looked at the party quietly, as if calculating the cost of their grave clothes, and answered, "I am."

"Here is a little paragraph about commercial travelers," said Mr. Gouge, pulling a paper from his pocket, "which me and my friends, who are members of the Temple of Honor, and belong to the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, would like explained."

The miserable man took the paper mechanically, and gazed at his paragraph, which the printers had set as follows:

"From the simple drunks in the hellways of hotels, we should judge the drunkards from New York houses have arrived in town."

Quietly taking up his revolver, the editor strode up stairs. Two sharp reports and heavy falls were heard, and the journalist returned and pleasantly remarked to his visitors:

"Gentlemen, there are not many entertainments in this town now, but a proof-reader and a compositor are to be buried to-morrow, and if you care for that sort of thing, should be pleased to see you at the funeral."

And he went down to write an obituary notice, while that night, through the cold and heavy mist, four gentlemen bought railway tickets for Chicago. —"Boston Bulletin."

Anecdote of Jackson.

WHEN Andrew Jackson was a young attending court at Rogersville, Tenn., he lived at a hotel famous for its good cheer. One day, as he sat on the piazza, a youth came riding along dressed in the pink of fashion, his eyes fixed on vacancy, replying not to the salutes which it was the custom of the times for strangers to give each other.

At a glance Jackson saw the fop, and determined to play the part of Boniface. He welcomed the stranger with distinguished politeness, and the company about the fire made room for him. But the automaton was not to be won to conversation.

He walked up and down the room contemplating his own graces, and presently exclaimed commandingly:

"Landlord, I want supper."

Supper was spread and the stately youth devoured it. Then he resumed his walk, answered not a word to the remarks of the fireside circle of lawyers and judges, and Jackson grew more and more wrathful.

"Landlord, I want to go to bed!" was the next demand; and he added, "I want a room to myself."

Jackson represented that the house was full, and there was not a single room to be had; the young fellow was not to be moved. Jackson disappeared, and shortly returned, announcing that the guest's room was ready. The two went through the front door, all the company following, and stopped—at the corn crib, through the cracks of which a light was shining.

"There's your room," said Jackson.

"Do you wish to insult me, sir?" the youth asked.

"No insult at all, sir. You vowed you would not sleep in a room with any one and demanded a room by yourself. There it is, sir."

"I vow I will not sleep there," said the dandy.

"By the Eternal you shall!" exclaimed Jackson, and grabbing the youth, he sent him at one toss into the crib and locked the door.

And there he staid all night, and in the morning he was released and dismissed breakfastless by the impetuous Jackson. This is a tale related by an ancient lady of Rogersville.

Where Should Emigrants Go.

EVERY train from the East, says the Santa Cruz (Cal.) "Local Item," and every steamer that arrives, bring numberless emigrants seeking the shores of our Golden State to find homes and gather wealth. A large portion of these new-comers are those of small means, who come without any objective point at which to locate, and with no definite course of action marked out. Many come

to these shores with the delusive expectation of finding employment plentiful, and golden ducats lying around loose, waiting to be picked up. Arriving here almost penniless, they find the same old cry of "hard times" they left behind them, and which they had vainly hoped to escape. Already the State is overrun with this class of people, who can find no employment, and how they subsist is a mystery.

California has broad acres, and there is room enough for all who may come.—But unfortunately there are so many large landed proprietors, who hold immense tracts of rich and valuable land, which cannot be purchased for love nor money, that the prospects of these emigrants are not the most flattering.—Large land grants have been California's curse, and are to-day. Our salubrious climate and unbounded resources are well enough to boast of, but there must be something more tangible for incoming settlers to subsist on.

The day for gold-digging, except in the deep mines owned by large companies, is nearly past in California, and those who go thither now, must, to a large extent, become farmers. But if the land is thus held by large owners, this can only be by their becoming hired laborers. How much better to go to a State like Texas—which has equally good climate, and is far more promising as an agricultural State—where land is to be had in abundance! In the remoter regions of Texas emigrants can have a farm as a gift from the Government; in places more accessible one can be bought at a low price and on easy terms of payment, from the railroad companies which are all anxious to sell.

Late Market Report.

In Miscellaneous Securities, Atlantic Cables, we may say, have touched the bottom, and therefore cannot go lower.

The end of these are all paid up.

With regard to articles of merchandise, we find that iron is firm, but Indian rubber is a little yielding.

Chloroform is still a drug in the market, and millstones are difficult to move.

Oysters yesterday were opened quietly and ultimately went down still lower.

Lead is rather heavy, but tin is eagerly sought for.

The Tobacco Loan still remains popular, borrowers of cigars being easily found.

Cheese may be quoted as lively, while whiskey has a downward tending.

The stock of Feathers is light with an upward tendency.

Too Sharp for the Beggars.

The following legend relates how a certain Grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the State:—"The Grand Duke issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time should be provided with a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed time the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue in the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Aruo, still called the 'Beggars' Bridge."

To Cure Drunkenness.

Charles Napier, an Englishman of good standing in science, has been testing the theory that alcoholic drink is compatible with animal food, but not with farinaceous. He announces, as the practical result of many experiments, that vegetable diet is a remarkable help to the cure of drunkenness. He mentions the case of an old man, whose constitution had been shattered by repeated attacks of delirium tremens, and who was cured of his appetite for liquor in several months by eschewing meat.—This is an easy way to cure drunkenness and it ought to be read in the temperance meetings now in progress all over the country.

Loving Friends.

Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one through petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before the love grows cold! Life is too short to quarrel in, or to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one.