

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 unimpeded 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. 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. For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 5.10 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. The 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 3.57 and 7.55 p. m., trains have through cars for New York. The 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 2.00 p. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS: For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 14.40, 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 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent. \*Does not run on Mondays. +Via Morris and Essex R. R.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

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

EAST. Millintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 5.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. WEST. Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 12.22 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. 5.55 p. m., daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 p. m., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag). Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 15 minutes faster than Atlantic 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. Millintown 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, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.00 p. m., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.39 p. m. W. M. O. 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. 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 speciality. JOS. M. HAWLEY. Duncannon, July 19, 1876—17

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, 23 1/2 West Main Street.

THE OLD MAN AND THE FAST MAIL.

"Young man, I am tired and weary, and I'll borrow your chair for awhile, To sit by your office window, where the golden sunbeams smile, For I've traveled some miles since morning, although I am old and gray, To see Uncle Sam's pet hobby, the fast white mail, to-day.

How Time keeps ringing his changes; it ain't many years ago, Since I traveled this same road, youngster, in a stage-coach, old and slow. There wasn't a sign of a railroad, nor a telegraph pole in sight, And the earth lay asleep in a mantle of snow-flakes, pure and white.

A little log cabin yonder, peeped out from the edge of the woods, Like the nut-brown face of a maiden from under a snow-white hood, And there we unhitched our horses, in twilight cold and gray, To rest in the brown log cabin 'till the dawn of another day.

Then I came here again the next Summer, when the meadows with grass were green, When the birds in the oaks were stogin', and the fish were at play in the stream, And I built, in a little clearing, way yonder over the hill, A cabin o' logs and brushwood, and, stranger, I live there still.

But the cabin o' logs has vanished, and there stands in its place to-day A mansion of brick and granite, while over across the way My lad has built him a cottage, a cottage he calls his own, That discounts the big brick mansion where the old man isn't at home.

For old dogs don't learn new habits, and an old man's hard to please, It ain't easy to rest from labor when one isn't used to ease; Yet I don't know as I'd be willin' to toil in the fields again, A workin' for paper dollars and killin' both heart and brain.

Once a week we got our mails, then, folks wasn't a hurry to go, They didn't think that the stage-coach was lumberin', old and slow, And you couldn't have made us believe it, if you'd argued an hour more, They'd be carrying mails by steam power, and throwin' 'em off at the door.

Now cars run over their roadways with the speed of a gust of wind, They've left the lumberin' stage-coach and the old-fashioned ways behind, And they tell me, to lands far westward, where the eagle has left his trail, Uncle Sam is sendin' 'em letters by way of a fast white mail.

So I've driven from home since morning, although I am old and gray, To see Uncle Sam's pet hobby, the fast white mail, to-day; For in twenty-six hours, I've heard it, and it beats an old man like me, They've the ocean mail a readin' by "the queen o' the inland sea."

Well, time is changin' surely, one is never too old to learn, Though there may be flaws in the marble that my old eyes can't discern, Yet I'm tired of the Deacon's croakin', and I wish he'd "give us a rest;" God's runnin' the world, I reckon, and He doeth what seems the best.

Now I'll move my chair here, youngster, and sit where the bright sun smiles, 'Till I hear on the curve, down yonder, the whistle o' old John Miles, For they tell me he's runnin' an engine on the fast white mail to-day, And he runs like a wild young fellow, if his hair is turnin' gray."

The old man sat by the window till he saw o'er the curve below The smoke from the engine rising like the wings of a great black crow, Then he crept with a gait unsteady across the office floor, And stood like a statue watching the train from the open door.

It came like a great white arrow tipped with a barb o' steel, Spurring the road beneath it with the touch of its iron-shod heel, Catching the mail while passing with a demon's outstretched hand, To be scattered in showers of blessings afar o'er the peaceful land.

Miles, with his hand on the lever, looked out as he passed the door, Looked out at the sunbeams stealing down toward the lake's green shore, Then pulled the throttle wide open, and seemed with his air to say, "Uncle Sam, I have run like lightning with your fast white mail to-day!"

The old man looked in wonder, as they caught the mail below; "Aye! time is fast," he muttered, "for that idea ain't slow." And then, as way they vanished with a flash like a comet's tail, He said: "Old Time, you're anchored by steam and the fast white mail."

Telegraphic Anecdotes.

THERE is probably no better place in all this world for studying human nature than in a telegraphic office, says Mr. Johnston, in a telegraphic volume, just published, called "Lightning Flashes." You are brought in contact with so many different people, made a confidant of in so many important transactions, meet so many peculiar people, and see

so many strange messages passing over the wire, that you feel as if from some loophole of retreat you were viewing the world shorn of its shams and its pretences. Perhaps no class of men enjoy a good joke better than telegraphers, and they certainly often find in the ordinary routine duties of their position many dispatches calculated to provoke a smile. For instance; a Massachusetts man recently telegraphed to his son:

"I am dying, come immediately," which elicited the very sympathetic reply: "Can not come. Let me know when you die."

A message was sent not long since to a doctor in this city from the husband to one of his patients, which read:

"Please come down right away, wife very ill," and fifteen minutes afterward another, merely saying: "You need come. Funeral Tuesday."

The following message, addressed to an insurance agent, recently passed through the Western Union general office in this city:

"Have you received proofs of my death? They were forwarded sixty days ago. [Signed] JOHN BAIRD, deceased, per Mary Baird."

As the operators always "follow copy" and senders are often a little excited, very queer messages are sometimes sent; for example this one:

"Cousin; Go for Auntie. Father is dying as soon as possible."

An Irishman—of course—in Palmer, Mass., sent the following message to his brother in New York:

"Your wife died yesterday. We will wake her to-night. Come home. P. S. Don't open this for two hours, so as to prepare yourself for the melancholy news."

But the most laughable messages are generally those from love-sick swains to their sweethearts. A gentleman in the South not long since telegraphed to his affianced in Maine:

"Your life is a rich bouquet of happiness, yourself the sweetest flower. If Northern winds whisper Southern wishes, how happy you must be! Good night. Happy dreams, sweet love—Frank."

The following message recently passed through the Chicago office:

"I lent you one year ago to-night \$4.87. If you have not had it long enough, please keep it one year longer."

To this delicate hint this answer was returned:

"Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year."

Mr. Beecher, years ago, when he was but little known outside of New York or Brooklyn, received a telegram from a Y. M. C. A. in the West, asking him to come on and lecture for a fame.

His reply created a hearty laugh in the telegraph office. It was:

"Yes; I will lecture for F. A. M. E.—fifty and my expenses."

Operators occasionally encounter some very strange people in the way of customers. It is quite astonishing what crude ideas many even intelligent people have of the telegraph. A German once brought a message to one of the branch offices in this city for transmission. It was so indistinctly written that the operator couldn't read it, and asked to be enlightened. Hans studied it carefully for some time, but couldn't make it out either. After a while, however, his face brightened up, and he said:

"Oh, well, just send it that way; he'll understand it."

A porter belonging to one of the city hotels one night handed the operator a message and a two-dollar bill. The operator returned him the change, and was not a little surprised to see him walk off with both change and message.

"Ain't you going to have the message sent?" he inquired.

"Oh!" replied the porter, "I thought you had sent it. I supposed that all you had to do was simply to look at it."

A lady of color once asked what the tariff was to Portsmouth.

"What Portsmouth?" asked the operator.

"Why, just Portsmouth."

"What State is it in?"

"The U-nited States."

"Yes, but there are over thirty States. Which particular one?"

"I never heard of any Portsmouth but the one."

And she looked like it. After a little questioning she spoke of Richmond, and he concluded it was Virginia.

"Seventy-five cents for ten words."

"Well, what's a word?" I want to say 'Arrived safe, but my trunk hasn't come on. Please forward at once by express, care of Mrs. Julia Johnson, without delay. I'll write as soon as ever I have time.' Is that more than one word? He thought it was. Not long since a man stopped at the little window of a branch office in the "Hub," the inhabitant evidently of a little sphere of his own, outside of which he was lost in the mazes of life.

The young lady operator satisfied him of this fact.

"I want to telegraph," he proceeded, growing confidential—"I want to telegraph to my wife and tell her I missed the train."

"You will have to write it on one of those blanks," said the operator, coolly, entirely unimpressed by the (to the sender) exciting event.

"Oh, well—I guess you'd better write it. I can write," (evidently thinking it necessary to establish this fact before proceeding further,) "but," (flatteringly,) "you can fix it up better than I can."

"Whom is the message going to?" asked the operator, as she armed herself with pen and blank.

"To—my wife—in Providence," he replied, with the most sublime innocence.

The operator looked at him doubtfully.

"What is the address? To whom is the message going?"

The man eyed her with great astonishment.

"I told you," he said, raising his voice as if he thought her afflicted with deafness, "to my wife in Providence."

"I am afraid," the operator replied, trying to speak ironically, "that the message might not be received if addressed in that way. Providence is a small place, I know, but it might possibly go to some other man's wife."

The story of the Irishman who hung his boots on the telegraph wire is laughed at, but is not really believed any more than many other tales of people who imagine everything is transmitted bodily over the wires. Yet parallel cases are constantly occurring.

A young woman brought a letter, sealed, directed to the same telegraph office to be "telegraphed," she said.

"Shall I open it?" inquired the operator, thinking perhaps the message was inside.

The young woman looked insulted. "Of course not!" It was to be "telegraphed" just as it was, of course!

"Don't you send letters by telegraph?" she asked, with her nose in the air.

The operator advised employing the United States mail in the transmission, and the young woman departed with evident impression that telegraph institutions were all nothing more or less than "frauds."

Another young woman came into the Boston office above mentioned. The inevitable "I want to send a telegram," brought the operator to the window, whom, after explaining all the whys and wherefores, and relating the family history for the past three generations, she dictated the message while the operator wrote. When finished the young woman took the document, scrawled in the operator's "third best" handwriting—the one that "no one but herself could read"—examined it critically, pointed disdainfully to a spider-like word, as she asked:

"What's that?" crossed a few t's, dotted a few i's, rounded some o's, and finally flung down the message angrily, exclaiming to the wondering operator: "John never will be able to read that; I shall have to write it myself. And she did.

A few months ago, a darkey came into the office at Bainbridge, Ga., and said he wanted to send an "expatch" to his girl.

"Very well," said the operator, reaching for a blank. "What do you want to say to her?"

"Now, that's cool," remarked the ebony customer, "I ain't gwine to tell you what to say to her; I ain't no fool—I ain't."

And he put his quarter back in his vest pocket and marched off.

A Very Honest Quaker.

A GOOD story is told of a ship owner of Liverpool, which will bear repeating. Our merchant was a Quaker, and prided himself on his honesty. He would not have told a downright falsehood to save the value of his best ship. Jacob Penn was his name.

Once upon a time Friend Jacob suffered one of his ships to set sail from Calcutta for home without any insurance upon either vessel or cargo. At length he became uneasy. He was confident his ship had encountered bad weather, and he feared her safety. In this strait he went to his friend Isaac. He called him Friend; though Isaac was under the impression that Isaac was of the children of Israel.

"Friend Isaac," he said, "I would like for thee to insure my ship which is at sea. I should have done it before, but have carelessly neglected it. If thee canst have the policy signed, all ready for delivery, at three o'clock on the afternoon of the morrow, I will send and get it, and send thee the money in full."

Isaac did not seem to be anxious to insure the ship, but upon being assured that no unfavorable intelligence had been heard from her he said he would have the policy made out, to take effect on and after three o'clock of the follow-

ing day, but to cover the ship and cargo from the day of her leaving India.

Early on the following morning Jacob received a message, by the hand of a captain just arrived, to the effect that his ship was stranded and her cargo lost. This was very unfortunate. Should Friend Isaac happen to hear the news before the policy was made out, he would not make it at all; or, if it was made, and not signed, he would not sign it. What should he do? He wanted to act honestly. It would not be right to let Isaac go on and make out that policy under such circumstances. Finally he hit upon a plan. He summoned his confidential clerk, and sent him with his message:

"Tell Friend Isaac," he said, "that I have heard from my ship, and if the policy is not signed, he need not sign it at all."

The clock was close upon the stroke of three when the clerk arrived. Friend Jacob's message was delivered. The ship had been heard from, and if the policy had not yet been signed he need not sign it.

"I think I am in season to save it," the clerk said.

"No, sir," answered Isaac, promptly and emphatically. Now in truth the policy of insurance had not been signed for the insurer had been in doubt; but when he heard the message he judged at once that the ship was safe, and that Jacob sought to save the heavy item of the premium he had agreed to pay.

"No, sir," he said; "you are not in time. It is past three o'clock. The policy is signed. I will go and get it."

He slipped out and hastily finished and signed the policy, and having dried the ink he brought it to the clerk, demanding the return sum which had been agreed upon. The money was paid, and the policy was taken home to Friend Jacob, who received it very gladly.

The end we can readily imagine; and it is not difficult to judge which of the two felt most sore over the matter.

Tracy's Lost Home.

ABOUT a mile and a half north of Nodaway station, a point on the Bluff road, about 14 miles from St. Joseph, Mo., James Tracy, with his wife and two children, resided for many years. Peace and quiet reigned in that household until Tracy became a drunkard.

About eight years ago he committed a robbery at Amazonia and was sent to the penitentiary for two years. Regaining his liberty at the expiration of his imprisonment, he resolved to drink no more. But he again fell, and it was not long before he was sent back to his old quarters for two years for committing a robbery at Elmwood. Shortly after being placed in the penitentiary he killed a fellow convict, and was sentenced to another two years and a half.

Tracy is a marble cutter by trade. While in the penitentiary he got up a model piece of workmanship, which was forwarded to Philadelphia and took a premium at the Centennial. For this he had six months of his time commuted.

Mrs. Tracy remained constant and true until she heard of her husband's last crime. Under the mistaken apprehension that he was to be imprisoned for life, she married again.

Last week James Tracy, for the first time in four years, placed his feet upon the threshold of his old home. Sad and tearful was the scene. They both took a sober, thoughtful view of the situation. He told her to live as she had been living, and try to forget that he had ever returned. He made his children several presents, gave his wife some money, and took his departure for St. Joseph, telling his wife to give the children a good education, and if they wanted anything to write to him, James Tracy is at work in St. Joseph.—St. Joseph Herald.

God's Alarm Clock.

Now, conscience is God's alarm clock. God has wound it up so that it may warn us whenever we are tempted to do that which is wrong. It gives the alarm. It seems to say, "Take care, God sees you. Stop!" How important it is to have a conscience that will always warn us of the danger of sin! But if we desire such a conscience, we must be willing to listen to it. If we stop when it says "stop," if we do what it tells us to do, then we shall always hear it. But if we get into the habit of not heeding its warning and not doing what it tells us to do, then by and by, we shall cease to hear it. Our conscience will sleep, and we shall then be like a ship at sea that has no compass to point out the right way, and no rudder to keep it in that way.

The Adrian (Mich.) Times prints the following as a genuine "excuse" brought to a teacher in that neighborhood: "Miss — please Excuse minnie for she was helping me. She is a grate help to me thou Small she may be I would miss her if the lord should Call her at any time & oblige Mrs. B—."