

The standard remedies for all diseases of the lungs are Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Schenck's Mandrake Pills, and if taken before the lungs are destroyed, they effect a speedy cure. To these medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivalled success in the treatment of pulmonary diseases. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs, and then throws it off by an easy expectoration, and the patient has relief from the prostrating cough. The Mandrake Pills must be freely used to cleanse and stimulate the stomach and liver; they remove all obstructions, relax the gall bladder and start the bile freely and the liver is soon relieved. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and alterative; the alkali of which it is composed mixes with the food and prevents souring. It assists digestion by toning up the stomach to a healthy condition, so that the food and the Pulmonic Syrup will make good blood; then the lungs heal, and the patient will surely get well if care is taken to avoid fresh cold. Full directions accompany each preparation. All who wish to consult Dr. Schenck personally can do so at his principal office, corner of Sixth and Arch Sts., Phila., every Monday. Letters to the above address, asking advice, answered free of charge. Schenck's medicines are sold 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., 2.00 p. m., and 5.25 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 R. & 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 3.20, 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, 5.50 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. 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 R. & S. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 11.30, 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. Middletown Acc. 7.22 a. m., daily except Sunday. Jostown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail, 1.30 p. m., 5.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 8.51 p. m., flag, daily. WEST. Way Pass. 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. 6.55 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 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. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Jostown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Mail 1.30 p. m., 5.54 p. m., daily (flag). Atlantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday at 11.23 p. m. WM. C. KING, Agent.

THE SEASIDE LIBRARY.

Choice books no longer for the few only. The best standard novels within the reach of every one. Books usually sold from \$1 to \$3 given (unchanged and unaltered) for 10 and 30 cents. 1. East Lynne, Mrs. Henry Wood (Double No.) 25c. 2. John Halifax, Gent., By Miss Mulock. 25c. 3. Jane Eyre, By Charlotte Bronte. (Double No.) 25c. 4. A Woman Hater, Charles Reade's new novel. 25c. 5. The Black Indies, Jules Verne's latest. 10c. 6. Last Days of Pompeii, By Bulwer. 10c. 7. Adam Bede, By George Eliot. (Double No.) 25c. 8. The Arundel Motto, By Mary Cecil Hay. 10c. 9. Old Myddelton's Money, By Mary Cecil Hay. 10c. 10. The Woman in White, By Wilkie Collins. 25c. 11. The Mill on the Floss, By George Eliot. 25c. 12. The American Senator, By Anthony Trollope. 25c. 13. A Princess of Thule, By William Black. 25c. 14. The Dead Secret, By Wilkie Collins. 10c. 15. Romola, By George Eliot. (Double No.) 25c. 16. The English at the North Pole and Field of Ice, in one book, By Jules Verne. 15c. 17. Hidden Perils, By Mary Cecil Hay. 10c. 18. Barbara's History, By Amelia E. Edwards. 25c. 19. A Terrible Temptation, By Chas. Reade. 10c. 20. Old Curiosity Shop, By Charles Dickens. 25c. 21. Foul Play, By Charles Reade. 10c. 22. Man and Wife, By Wilkie Collins. 25c. 23. The Square's Legacy, By Mary Cecil Hay. 25c. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, or sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price by GEORGE MUNRO FISHER, P. O. Box 567, 21, 23, and 25 Vandewater St., N. Y.

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Mr. EDITOR:—As the 14th of February is approximating, I thought I would send you a few samples of "Valentines" for the readers of your paper. J. HUMES.

I. Clara, the licensee of a valentine Has made me free to ask you to be mine? THE ANSWER. Since you, Dear Sir, appear so free and kind I may perhaps yet be your valentine.

II. Ellen, your soft and pretty eyes of blue Has made my heart go pit-a-pat for you, So let me hope, Miss Ellen, if you please, That you will come and heal this heart disease? THE ANSWER. Dear Sir, if you are sick and need physician, Just come until I have more demonstration, When, if I find you handsome, smart and kind, It's likely I will be your valentine.

III. Katie, accept these simple lines of love, For they are true, bear witness, Gods above; But if your heart is closed to all I say, Then, farewell, earth, adieu the light of day? THE ANSWER. Such burning love as you profess to me, I do, Dear Sir, declare I cannot see, The love that's always calling on the skies, Is often gas, prolixity and lies.

IV. Mary, your silvery voice and auburn hair Has made me thus my passion to declare, And nothing but your promise to be mine Will ever do me for a valentine? THE ANSWER. William, you have my answer in one line, And that is, I will be your valentine.

V. When first I saw you at the Fair Along with other girls, I thought you beat them all, Miss Ann, You had such pretty curls. THE ANSWER. If you do think me nice, Dear Sir, And wear such pretty curls, Why don't you come and call on me, And leave those other girls?

VI. Madam, I'm lonely, though for all, I have two little kits That play around me through the day, But still I'm lost at nights. THE ANSWER. I know exactly how you feel, For that's the very way with me; I mourn for my lost "turtle dove," And think it cannot be.

THE GHOST ROBBER.

ON A FINE evening in the spring of 1830, a stranger, mounted on a noble looking horse, passed slowly over the snow-white limestone road leading through the Black Forest. Just as the sun was going to rest for the day, when the gloomy shadows were beginning to stalk, he drew rein, as he said: "This must be near the spot, surely. I'll stop here, anyhow, for a while, and see what I can learn." He thereupon dismounted and entered the parlor of the inn, where he sat down beside a small table. "How can I serve you, meinheer?" said the landlord. "See to my horse outside," replied the guest carelessly, but at the same time eyeing the landlord from head to foot; "and let me have some wine—Rhine will do." The landlord was turning to withdraw from the stranger's presence, when he stopped and said: "Which way, meinheer, do you travel?" "To Nanstaid," replied the guest, sipping at his wine disinterestedly. "Then, if you'll take my advice," said the landlord, "you'll stay here till morning." "Why?" replied the stranger, looking up curiously. "Because," whispered the landlord, looking around as if he was disclosing a great secret, and was afraid of being heard by somebody else, "every man that passed over the road between this and Nanstaid at midnight, for the last ten years, has been robbed or murdered under very singular circumstances. "What were the circumstances?" the stranger asked, putting down his glass empty, and preparing to fill it again. "Why, you see," the landlord went on, while he approached his guest's table and took a seat, "I have spoken with several who have been robbed; all I could learn from them is that they remember meeting in the lonesome part of the wood, something that looked white and ghastly, and that frightened their horses so that they either ran away or

threw their riders; they felt a choking sensation and a sort of smothering, and finally died, as they thought, but awoke in an hour or so to find themselves lying by the roadside, robbed of everything." "Indeed," ejaculated the stranger, looking abstractedly at the rafters in the ceiling, as though he was more intent upon counting them than he was interested in the landlord's story. The innkeeper looked at him in astonishment. Such perfect coolness he had not witnessed for a long time. "You will remain then?" suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak. "I?" cried the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction, as though he was not sure that he was the person addressed. "Oh, most certainly not; I'm going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost, to-night."

Half an hour later, the stranger and a guide, called Wilhelm, were out on the road, going at a pretty round pace toward Nanstaid. During a flash of lightning the stranger observed that his guide looked very uneasy about something and was slackening his horse's pace as though he intended to drop behind. "Lead on," cried the stranger, "don't be afraid."

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person addressed, continuing to hold his horse in until he was now at least a length behind his companion. "My horse is cowardly and unmanageable in a thunder storm. If you will go on, though, I think I can make him follow close enough to point out the road."

"The stranger pulled up instantly. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his hand sought his breast pocket, from which he drew something. The guide saw the movement and stopped also. "Guides should lead, not follow," said the stranger, quietly, but with a firmness which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the person addressed. "But," faltered the guide, "my horse won't go."

"Won't he?" queried the stranger, with mock simplicity. The guide heard the sharp click, and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He seemed to understand perfectly, for he immediately droye his spurs into his horse's flanks, and shot ahead of his companion without another word. He no sooner reached his old position, however, than the stranger saw him give a sharp turn to the right and then disappear, as though he had vanished through the foliage of the trees that skirted the road.

He heard the clatter of his horse as he galloped off. Without waiting another instant, he touched his horse lightly with the reins, gave him a quick prick with the rowels, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much superior to the other's the race was a short one, and terminated by the guide being thrown nearly from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon his bridle, stopping him. He turned in his seat, beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and trembled violently as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his cheek.

"This cursed beast almost ran away with me," cried the guide, composing himself as well as he could under the circumstances. "Yes, I know," said his companion dryly, "but mark my word, young man, if your horse plays such a trick again, he'll be the means of seriously injuring his master's health."

They both turned and cantered back to the road. When they reached it again, and turned the heads of their animals in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide, in a tone which must have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness: "Now, friend Wilhelm, I hope we understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on ahead of me, in the right road, without swerving either to the right or left. If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you without a word of notice. Now push on."

The guide had started as directed, but it was evident from his mutterings that he was alarmed at something besides the action of his follower. In the meantime the thunder had increased its violence, and the flashes of lightning had become frequent and more blinding.

For a while the two horsemen rode on in silence, the guide keeping up his directions to the latter, while his follower watched his every movement as a cat would watch a mouse. Suddenly the guide stopped and looked behind him. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol and saw his up-lifted arm. "Have mercy, meinheer," he groaned, "I dare not go on."

"I give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger sternly. "One!" "In Heaven's name, spare," implored the guide, almost overpowered with fear, "look before me in the road, and you will not blame me." The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the centre of the road, but presently a flash of lightning lit up the scene, and he saw that the white figure was indeed ghastly and frightful enough looking to chill the blood in the veins of even the bravest man. If his blood chilled for a moment, therefore, it was not through fear that he felt for his ghostly interpreter, for the next instant he set his teeth hard, while he whispered between them just loud enough to be heard by his terror-stricken guide: "Be it man or devil!—ride it down—I'll follow. Two!"

With a cry of despair upon his lips the guide urged his horse forward at the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger, who held his pistol ready in his hand. In another instant the guide would have swept past the dreadful spot, but at that instant the report of a pistol rang through the dark forest, and the stranger heard a horse gallop off through the woods riderless.

Finding himself alone the stranger raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the ghostly murderer and pressed his finger upon the trigger. The apparition approached quickly, but in no hostile attitude. The stranger stayed his hand. At length the ghost addressed him in a voice that was anything but sepulchral: "Here, Wilhelm, ye move out of your perch this minute and give me a helping hand. I've hit the game while on the wing, haven't I?"

The stranger was nonplussed for a moment, but recovered himself, he grumbled something unintelligible and leaped to the ground. One word to his horse and the brave animal stood perfectly still. By the snow-white trappings on the would-be ghost he was next enabled to grope his way in the dark toward that individual, whom he found bending over a black mass, about the size of a man, on the road.

As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the stranger leaped upon the stooping figure before him and bore it to the ground. "I arrest you in the King's name," cried the stranger, grasping his prisoner by the throat and holding him tight.—"Stir hand or foot until I have you properly secured, and I'll send your soul to eternity."

This was such an unexpected turn of affairs that the would-be ghost could hardly believe his own senses, and was handcuffed and stripped of his dagger and pistol before he found time to speak. "Are you not my Wilhelm?" he gasped.

"No, landlord, replied the individual addressed, "I am not. But I am an officer of the King, at your service, on special duty, to do what I have to-night accomplished. Your precious son Wilhelm, whom you thought was leading an innocent sheep to the slaughter, lies in the road, killed by his father's hand."

Two weeks later, at Bruchsal Prison, in Baden, the landlord of the sign of the Deer and the Ghost of the Robber of the Black Forest, who was the same identical person, having been proven guilty of numerous fiendish murders and artfully contrived robberies, committed at different times in the Black Forest, paid the penalty of his crimes by letting fall his head from the executioner's ax, since when, traveling through Schwartzwald has not been so perilous to life and purse, nor has there been seen any Ghostly Knight of the road in that section of the world.

Reading a Love Letter.

THREESCORE and ten is not a very green old age if, as astronomers assert, the period of time in which the earth will be inhabited is as a minute of its actual existence. And yet some people will really forget that they were ever young.

There she stood, the apple of their eyes, trembling with suppressed weeps. Their frowns deepened as the mother wiped her glasses preparatory to reading a letter found in the girl's pocket. It began "Angel of existence."

"What! howled the male parent.—"You don't mean to say it begins like this? Oh! that a child of mine should correspond with—but pray proceed, my dear."

"Hem! existence spelled with 'a,' too," proceeded the mother. "Why, the lunatic can't spell?" chipped in the old man.

"It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me."

"Then why does he attempt it, ass.—

But pray don't let me interrupt you. Go on, go on; let joy be unconfined."

"I have spent the whole night in thinking of you"—that's picturesque, any way—and in bitterly deriding the obstinate, besotted old whelp who will not consent to our union."

"Oh, let me get at him. Whelp. Is thy servant a toad, that he should be thus spoken of?"

"But, Theodorus, my dear," interrupted his other half. "Yes, one moment; I was about to observe that the hand that would pen such words would not hesitate to scalp his most cherished relative."

"Theodorus, I didn't see this over the leaf."

"Eh! let me see, hum:—Yours, with all the love of my heart—Theodorus, May 10, 1835." "Why bless my eyes, it's one of my letters!" (Sensation.) "Yes, papa," chimed in the 'Olive Branch. "I found it in the closet yesterday, only you wouldn't let me speak!"

"You may go to the park, my child. Hem! we've made a nice mess of it."

"Yes, love. Next time we will look at the date first."

Calculating Interest.

There are several rules for calculating interest, which are used by many without understanding the principles on which they are founded, these principles being to them a mystery. We consider it very wrong ever to apply any rules for making calculations without being possessed of the key on which these rules are based, and therefore, will explain the fundamental principle of several of the rules for calculating interest.

A rate of interest at 5 per cent. is 1-20 of the capital, therefore divide the capital by 20 and you have the interest per year; divide this again by 365, the number of days in a year. You may combine these two operations, and divide the capital at once by 365 multiplied by 20, that is, 7,300, to have the interest per day in dollars, and if you divide the capital by 73, you have the interest at 5 per cent. per day in cents. This you have only to multiply with the number of days to find interest for a given time; but this multiplication may be done first—it will avoid fractions—hence the rule: Multiply the capital by the number of days, then divide the product by the constant number 73, and you have the interest at five per cent. For 6 per cent. add 1-5, for 7 per cent. 2-5, for 8 per cent. 3-5, for 9 per cent. 4-5, for 10 per cent. double it.

A Good One.

A Covington (Ky.) correspondent tells this:—"A country merchant visited the city a few days ago, and, going to Cincinnati, purchased from a dollar store a table-caster, which he took home with him, and after putting a tag on it marked \$14, made it a present to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The reverend gentlemen took the package home, opened it, and examined the contents. The next day he brought the castor (with tag attached) back to the groceryman, and said to him:

"I am too poor in this world's goods to afford to display so valuable a castor on my table, and if you have no objection, I should like to return it and take \$14 worth of groceries for my family in its stead."

"The merchant could do nothing but acquiesce, but fancy his feelings."

Compliments to Women.

Lessing exclaims, "Woman is the masterpiece of the universe." Bourdon says, "The pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl." Tracery writes, "A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven." Balzac says, "Even the errors of woman spring from her faith in the good." Voltaire declares, "All the reasoning of men are not worth one sentiment of woman." Lamartine asserts that "women have more heart and more imagination than men." Otway exclaims, "Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper men. We had been brutes without you."

Crazed by Slander.

In Mendon township, Clayton county, Iowa, a young Norwegian girl became insane from the effects of evil reports circulated about her character by one who aspired for her hand in marriage and had been rejected, and was taken to the insane asylum at Independence for treatment. She has about recovered from her malady, but strangely enough is minus the ability to understand or converse in her native language, but she can talk English quite fluently.