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RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 5th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS

For New York, at 5.20, 8.16 a. m., 2.00 p. m., and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.16, 9.45 a. m., and 3.57 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.

NEWPORT STATION.

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

Mifflintown Acc. 7.22 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.52 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily (flag).

THE SEASIDE LIBRARY.

Choice books no longer for the few only. The best standard novels within the reach of every one.

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THE WAYS OF THE TRAMP.

Revelations of Detectives who joined the Ramblers.

The appended diary, printed from the report of Chief Detective Stephenson, of Massachusetts, gives the adventures of two amateurs sent out to study by association the ways of the real tramp.

JULY 10.—Left Springfield. Very soon met two tramps, and we immediately made inquiry as to our prospects for getting food and lodgings while we were pursuing our investigations.

JULY 11.—Started from Blandford toward Russell; soon met a tramp, a Frenchman fully 60 years of age. He had tramped about eight years; went with him. He said he tramped through the country during the summer and fall, going to one of the larger cities when the cold weather came on.

JULY 12.—Started from Russell at daybreak in a pouring rain; soon went into a barn, while the Frenchman went out to beg some food.

JULY 13.—Left the barn quite early where we had passed the night; soon met three tramps; went with them into the woods, where we found fourteen more.

JULY 14.—We divided into four squads each of which was to take its turn in providing food for the gang. The Germans went out to-day, and returned with a small pig, nine chickens, a quantity of eggs and bread.

JULY 15.—Started with three others to procure food. We were refused at the first house we called at. Some of the party found in a woodshed near the house a keg containing some five or six gallons of cider.

JULY 16.—Concluded to leave this locality, as it was getting rather hot on account of the deprivations made upon the people in the vicinity.

JULY 17.—Reached Middlefield, where we met three men belonging to one of the other gangs. We kept together on the tramp, generally separating when we came to villages, and going through singly.

JULY 18.—It rained very hard when morning came, but we intended to move on; were prevented by the fact that most of the party were sick from the effects of the bay rum.

and destruction that was proposed. The proposition made to burn the small depots on the road would have been carried into effect, excepting for our remonstrances, and the argument that it would be laid to the poor men who were employed on the road.

JULY 18.—It rained very hard when morning came, but we intended to move on; were prevented by the fact that most of the party were sick from the effects of the bay rum.

JULY 20.—Separated from the gang to-day, as they were going to the western part of New York. We passed through Richmond at night, reaching West Stockbridge, where we slept in a barn.

JULY 21.—Reached the State line, and taking the railroad track, passed through West Stockbridge to Stockbridge, and about a mile beyond the latter place met two tramps who had been put off a freight train; they had beat the railroads for their ride from Dunkirk to this point.

JULY 22.—Passed through Hinsdale very early. About two miles out we met a gang of eight tramps, who said they were on their way to Pennsylvania to join the railroad riots.

JULY 23.—Went to Russell, but could not get anything to eat by begging, and, being nearly out of money, returned to Westfield, and telegraphed to Boston for funds.

JULY 24.—Received some money by telegraph, and moved on; soon met two tramps with valises going to the mountains; went with them, and soon met another party of seven.

JULY 25.—Went to Russell, but could not get anything to eat by begging, and, being nearly out of money, returned to Westfield, and telegraphed to Boston for funds.

JULY 26.—The party separated, to meet between Chester and Middlefield, five taking the turnpike and the others the railroad. The gang to which we belonged arrived at the designated place of meeting on the morning of July 30.

AUGUST 1.—The whole gang started on the tramp toward the town of Washington; we met another party of thirty-three tramps in the woods about twenty miles from Pittsfield.

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Chasing a Railroad Train.

THE following story is told by the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith:

"We stopped at Syracuse, New York, for dinner. You remember the railroad depot, centrally situated, with its eastern and western entrance, which are exactly alike, as much so as the two ends of a car.

Here indeed was a call which admitted neither correspondence nor delay; there was no time for taking it into consideration.

So, without conferring with flesh and blood, I put like a sky-rocket with a double fuse. For a moment I thought I was gaining ground, although I knew that I was losing wind.

To give up the chase, to submit to the chagrin of being left, to lose my party and my passage, meet with disappointment, not to meet my friends—all this was bad enough; but the thought of encountering, all the way back to the depot that line of interested individuals, who, with their cheering exclamations, had so feelingly encouraged me on my outward journey—this was the bitterest pill in this unexpected dose.

But it must be done; so, tapering off gradually, I gave up the contest and went to see if I could find the depot master whose blundering statements were the cause of all my trouble.

"Well, you got left, did you?" I replied with the resentment of a slending eye. If I looked as I tried to look my photograph at that instant would hardly be chosen to grace an album gallery of "eminent divines."

Several bystanders seeking information asked with a show of confidential interest in my case, in what wise the thing had happened; and others wishing to point a moral, advised me to be on hand earlier next time.

With returning breath, relief and words came together, and I squarely charged the railway official with all the blame. I spoke of his incompetency in no measurable terms, recalling how, after I had placed my party in the car, he had assured me that there was full seven minutes to spare before the train went out.

After no little hot talk had shot back and forth, with the usual variations and final perorations of "you did," and "I didn't," "you're another," etc., I asked him if I would be risking another chance of being left if I depended on him to give me the exact hour of the next eastern bound train.

"Eastern?" exclaimed he. "Yes, eastern." I exclaimed with a decidedly upward and rising inflection. "Why," quoth he, "the train you have been chasing with such good luck wasn't the eastern train, but the western express."

getting under way at the other end of the depot; leg it, or you'll lose that."

If ever I made quick time I made it then. I felt as if I was all legs. One glance, however, at the rear door of the last car as I was nearing it came near being too much for me.

The Oddest of Auctions.

The Dead Letter Office, Washington, has had its annual auction of accumulated articles, numbering nearly 10,000. The people who send packages that never reach their destination can look for them here.

From false hair, glass eyes and store-teeth, the lists embrace nearly every article of the female toilet—dress goods, laces, about a hundred pairs of kid gloves, silk handkerchiefs, veils, and every kind of jewelry, some of the latter really valuable, but the greater part consisting of prize packages and dollar store ornaments, and ending up with apple-seed bracelets and peach-stone sleeve buttons.

The goods are rattled off by a bustling auctioneer, who gives no one a chance to see what he is selling. All the small pieces are put in numbered envelopes, and as the auctioneer waves the yellow paper around his head one can just see that there is something in it.

The same way with laces. The auctioneer waved a yellow envelope and cried "lace! lace!" and one valorous lady called out "fifteen cents," and found, on opening her prize, that she had won three yards of fine, creamy Valenciennes, two inches wide.

At this stroke of luck every feminine Toodles prepared to bid on the next piece of lace, and when it was announced, it came down at twenty-five cents, after a spirited contest, and proved to be a few yards of the coarsest touchon that machinery ever made.

Dip It Up.

A ship was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down toward the distressed ship and hailed them: "What is the matter?"

"We are dying for water," was the response.

"Dip it up, then," was answered. "You are in the mouth of the Amazon river."

There those sailors were thirsting, and suffering, and fearing, and longing for water, and supposing there was nothing but the ocean's brine around them, when, in fact, they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe, and did not know it.

Jesus Christ says: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." "And the Spirit and the Bride say, come, and whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." Thirsting soul, the flood is all around you; "dip it up, then!" and drink, and thirst no more.—British Workman.

Gerov, an old man of eighty, was sitting at the door of his rural dwelling, when a youth from town came to him, and entered into conversation. When he heard the number of the aged man's years, he marvelled at the healthy and vigorous appearance before him, and asked Gerov what he had done to enjoy such strength and serenity in the winter of his life.

After no little hot talk had shot back and forth, with the usual variations and final perorations of "you did," and "I didn't," "you're another," etc., I asked him if I would be risking another chance of being left if I depended on him to give me the exact hour of the next eastern bound train.