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 Polmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs, nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, and the patient has relief from the prostrating cough. The Mandrake Pills must be freely used to cleause 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 digestian 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., Phil'a. every Monday.

Letters to the above address, asking advice, answered free of charge.

Schenek's medicines are sold by all drug-

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. 2.00p.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.

For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a.m. and 2.00

For Pottaville at 5.20

3.57 and 7.55.
For Pottaville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuyikill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.
For Auburn via 8, 8 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., 2.57 and *7.55 p. m., trains have through cars for New York.
The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 2.30 p. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

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

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, 0.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

Leave New York, at 5.39 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, 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-enger trains will run as follows:

EAST. Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 P. M., daily "Sunday Mail, ..., 5.54 P. M., daily except Sunday Atlantic Express, 9.51 P.M., flag, -daily.

WEST.

is 13 minutes laster than New York time. utes slower than New York time. J. J. BARCLAY, Agent. s 13 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 min

DUNCANNON STATION.
On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, frains will leave Duncannon, as follows:
EAST WARD.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. M. Johnstown Ex. 1255F. M., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 F. M., daily (flag)

WESTWARD.
Way Passenger. 8.88 A. M., dally
Mail, 2.09 P. M., dallyexceptSunday.
Miffintown Acc. dally except Sunday at 5.16 P.M.
Pittsburg Ex. dally except Sunday (Hag) 11.83 P. M.
WM. O. 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 unabridged) for 10 and 20

cents.

1. East Lyune, Mrs. Henry Wood (Doubld No.) 20c.

2. John Hallfax, Gent., By Miss Mulock.

3. Jane Eyre, By Charlotte Bronie. (Double No.) 20c.

4. A Woman Hater Charles Reade's new novel. 20c.

5. The Black Indies, Jules Verne a latest.

10c.

6. Last Days of Pompell, By Bulwer.

7. Adam Rede. By George Ellot. (Double No.) 20c.

8. The Arundel Motto, By Mary Occil Hay.

10c.

9. Old Myddelton's Money By Mary Cecil He?

10d. The Woman In Whice, By Wilkie Collins.

20c.

11. The Mill on the Floss, By George Ellot.

20c.

12. The American Senator, By Anthony Trollope.

12. The American Senator, By Anthony Trollope.
13. A Princess of Thuie, By William Black.
14. The Dead Secret, By Wilkie Collins.
16. Bomoia, By George Ellot, (Deuble No.)
16. The English at the North Fole and Field of
16. It ce, in one book, By Jules Verne.
16. The English at the North Fole and Field of
17. Hidden Perlis, By Mary Ceell Hay.
18. Barbara's History, By Amelia B. Edwards.
19. A Terrible Temptation, By Charles Dickens.
20. Old Curiosity Shop, By Charles Dickens.
20. Man and Wife, By Wilkie Collins.
21. Four Blay, By Charles Reade.
22. Man and Wife, By Wilkie Collins.
23. The Squirc's Legacy, By Mary Ceell Hay.
20.
23. The Squirc's Legacy, By Mary Ceell Hay.
20.
24. For sale by all Bookseilers and Newsdealers, or
26. For sale by all Bookseilers and Newsdealers, or
26. Sent, postage prepaid. The receipt of price by
26. Cikic Munko, Posishers.
27. P. O. Box 6657. 23. 23, and 23 Vandewater St., N.Y.

GOLD! Great Chance to make money. If you can't get Gold you can get Greenbacks. We need a person in EVERY TOWN to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best Hussirated family publication in the World. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost every body subscribers. One agent reports making over \$100 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over \$60 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast.—You can devede all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well others.—Pull particulars, directions and terms free. He span and expensive Outsie free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once.—It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages falls to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine.

EATING HUMBLE PIE.

ONLY think of it! A clerk! A sales woman!" " It seems to me I'd have worked my fingers to the bone in some other way before I would have come to that," said Lizzle Doyle, going to the mirror and re-adjusting a twentydollar but.

"So would I. But then, what could she do !"

At least she might have made herself a little less public. If there's anything I despise, it's these saleswomen !"

" So do I. How much better it would have been to have gone into dress-making, or millinery, or something of that sort. But to stand behind the counter like a man !"

" Papa always did like those Stanleys," said Lizzie Doyle, petulantly.

"Yes, we all liked them well enough until Mr. Stanley failed, didn't we ?"

"No, not I, for one. Laura was always too independent in her notions. Don't you remember how hard she studled at school? It does seem as if she foresaw her father's failure."

"I wonder she didn't try for some better position, then. She is surely capable of being something better than a shop-girl,"

"Oh, I believe papa intends to promote her when Mr. Jobley goes west. She will then take Mr. Jobley's place as junior book-keeper. Think of that for a woman !"

"That would be better than selling goods. I don't see how she can do that, with her refined tastes. Why don't she give lessons, I wonder? It might not bring her in quite so much money, but it would be a deal nicer."

"Yes; and then we could recognize her," said Lizzie Doyle.

"That's what I was coming to," was the quick reply of her companion, a small, sallow-faced girl, elaborately trimmed and flounced. "How are we to treat her now? We have been great friends you know-that is when she was in our set," she added, seeing Lizzie's brow darken.

"I'll tell you how I shall treat her." responded Lizzie, slowly drawing on a pair of perfumed, three-button kid gloves; "precisely as I treat all of papa's clerks. And I should like to see any of them presume!"

"Oh, but Laura won't presume! You needn't be afraid of that; she's too proud."

"She must be," said Lizzie sneeringly, " to take that position! I shall not notice her."

"But how can you help it when you go to the store or to church? She sits so near to us, you know."

"Of course she'll give up that pew. She can't afford that."

"That's precisely what she does not mean to do. I heard her say that the family must economize somewhere else and keep the pew. Her mother is hard of hearing, and could not enjoy the services further back. The children, too, must go to church. That is the last thing, she said, one ought to give up. I heard her say this to your father last Sunday."

"How provoking!" said Lizzie, impatiently. "She will always be in our faces. But I shall have nothing to do with her. I know what it's for, the artful minx!-it's to keep near us. She knows she has got into papa's good graces; and Al, too, admires her. I don't see what there is though, to admire. She's very plain."

"Laura is no beauty," was the reply; "but I don't think she's so very plain. She certainly has lowered herself, though by going into a store." And thereupon the two girls went out for their walk.

It was near twilight of that same day, when Laura Stanley walked briskly home and entered the neat two-story house to which her mother had lately removed such of her household effects as had been spared by the auctioneer.

"This is really pleasant," she said, sinking into a chair that had been drawn near to the glowing grate. "I had no idea, mother, that you would so soon make the house so homelike and comfortable."

"Are you very tired, my dear?" asked her mother, a pretty, refined-looking woman, as she helped her daughter to take off her cloak and hat.

" Rather, but I like the business; and it's a fine place for the study of character," she added, with a curl of the lip, which her mother noticed.

"I wish you had chosen something elso, my dear. I was sure your feelings would be hurt."

"I don't wish so," said Laura briskly, "There is nothing else would brought a salary at once, and as for my feelings, it don't burt me a bit to find out the hollowness of society. I used to wonder what a certain person would be to me if I were not the rich Harvey Stanley's daughter, and now I know. It's a knowledge worth gaining."

"Do you meet many persons you are acquainted with?" asked her mother, busying herself in getting the fea.

"Ok yes; and it's amusing when they

come upon me suddenly. 'O !-- it's-really !- is this Miss Stanley ?' and sometimes up go the eye-glasses. Then I feel-well, as if I should like to freeze somebody, if I could for a minute. Others see me and make believe they are examining goods; so absorbed are they that they go clear by me without looking up, and pass out in the same way. But such slights don't bother me. I find out how much true friendship is worth, and who, out of all the seeming ladies I have been in the habit of meeting, are true, and who are false."

"Then you meet some who are true?" "Yes, indeed; Judge Agate's wife, who always seemed to me so proud and distant, came up to me with a glowing face and fairly congratulated me. She did it like a lady, too, and like a friend. There was nothing patronizing about her. And there were several others to whom I know my position makes no difference. They prize me for what I am. Yet what a price to pay for learning the value of true friendship," added Laura, with a deep sigh.

"I met Aggie Doyle to-day, and she wouldn't speak to me," said Alice, Laura's sister, who had come into the room and overheard the last remark .-"Why shouldn't she speak to me, 1 wonder."

"Because your sister is a clerk in her father's store," said Laura, somewhat bitterly.

"That's no reason why she should treat me so," the child replied.

"Of course it is not; nor is it any reason why Lizzie, her elder sister, should utterly ignore me. I always liked her so much, too. But to-day she came into the store and passed me with such a sweeping glance, after I had prepared a smile and a welcome for her .-Mr. Dovle has been so kind since papa's death that I looked for better treatment from Lizzie. That, I confess, has wounded me; and I shall have to meet her so often! But never mind, I must remember my place," she added, rather bitterly. "I have to work for my living now-but I will be proud of it! Goodby, old life of lazy ease! Good-by, old worthless young lady of fashion who feels it, and she is slowly departing this life."

So saying, she sat down gaily to the tea-table, and soon forgot all about the toil and the slights of the day.

"Have you filled out all your invitations?" asked Lizzie's eldest brother, one of the firm of Doyle & Co., some days after the preceding conversation took place.

Lizzie was arranging a hundred or more tiny cream-colored envelopes, which she tied together with some pretty, bright-hued ribbon.

"I believe so," she replied, with a smile. "I have asked every young lady acquaintance, and I think our party will be the finest of the season, if papa will only have the carpet taken up in the west rooms and the floor chalked. Rutger will do them for fifty dollars, and you have no idea how beautifully he works."

"I think father will not refuse you that," her brother replied. "I'll speak to him about it."

"Oh, thank you, Al. Then I'm sure he will have it done. I have asked him for so many things that I was almost afraid to ask for more."

"By-the-by, have you invited Miss Laura Stanley ?" her brother asked, as he was going out.

"Of course not!" said Lizzie, with assured emphasis.

"Of course not? And pray, why not?"

he asked, standing still. "Why, Al, what an idea! she would not expect it. Our shop-girl-father's

clerk! I wouldn't have her for the

world !" "Then, if you are sure she wouldn't

come, you might have sent her an invitation out of compliment," her brother "I don't consider her an acquaint-

ance," said Lizzie, loftily; and Al walked out of the room with an abrupt shrug of the shoulders.

Presently her father came in.

"Lizzie," he said, "I particularly wish you to send a note of invitation to Miss Laura Stanley.'

"Papa, you don't mean it!" exclaimed Lizzie, chagrined.

'Indeed, I do mean it. What! slight the daughter of one of my most cherished friends, because she has come down in the world in a money point of view? I should despise myself for it."

"But, papa, she won't come," said Lizzie. "Never mind whether she will come

or not. Write an invitation. I will take it to her."

Lizzie sat down, pale and angry, to write the note. After all her boasting of having "cut the Stanleys," it was very hard to be obliged to invite Laura. Her cheeks grew hot, as she indited the polite little missive, while she remembered the many times she had openly ignored her to whom it was addressed. She would have disobeyed had she dared -would even have withheld the note after it was written, had her father not

stood by to take it himself. It was indeed bumiliating.

Later, her brother Al came to her. "I should like an invitation, Lizzie, for a young lady of my acquaintance,' he said, in a quiet voice. "Who is she?"

"The young lady whom I have asked to be my wife," he said, smiling.

"Oh, Al, of course you shall have it! I am to have a sister, then? I'm so glad! What is her name? Is she in the city? Will she be sure to come? I'm sure I can't think of anybody." And then she paused, puzzled at his shrewd smile.

"Do I know her?" sheasked. "You used to," he answered. "It's Miss Laura Stanley !" " Oh, Al !"

She sank down, covered her face with her hands.

"I was afraid she might feel the slight so keenly," he said, softly, "that I hurried matters a little. So you need not be afraid now that she will not come. Will you not prepare an invitation?"

"I have. Papa has carried it to her. But, oh, Al, a clerk !"

"A noble woman," said her brother, " who dares face the sneers of 'her set and take an honest position for the sake of those who are dependent upon her, rather than whine about her former dignity, and live upon charity. I wish there were more like her."

So Lizzie was forced, for once in her life, to eat humble pie.

The Lake Without Bottom.

PYRAMID LAKE is nearly forty miles in length by from fifteen to twenty in width. It is but 4,000 feet above the sea level. The lake contains many islands, several of which, near the middle of the lake, raise to the height of some hundreds of feet, and are pyramidal in form and light gray color. One tall spire, seen far down to the northward, where the lake seems shoreless, is perfectly white. A large island probably the largest in the lake, contains five or six square miles of comparatively level ground, and is covered with vegetation. Upon this island a number of goats were turned loose some years since and they have increased at a wonderful rate, so that they may now be seen feeding on every hill. They need no care winter or summer, and are about as wild as the goats found by Robinson Crusoe on the Island of Juan Fernandez. The lake is of immense depth. It is said that near the centre 600 fathoms of line failed to find bottom. The waters of the lake are brackish, except immediately about the point where the waters of the Truckee River flow into it.

Owing to the brackishness of its waters to its great depth, or to both depth and brackishness, the lake never freezes.

Although the lake is generally very rough, owing to its being exposed to the sweeping westerly winds, the Piute Indians fearlessly navigate it in all directions and almost at all times on their tule rafts. These rafts are often nothing more than a single bundle of tule, but when the raft is intended to accommodate more than one person two or three bundles are lashed together and drawn into the shape of a clumsy boat. Near shore they generally pole these crafts about, but they frequently hoist a sail made of a blanket and fearlessly steer away so far out upon the lake that only their sail remains visible. These tule boats very closely resemble the catamarans used by the natives of some of the islands of the South Pacific. They are so buoyant it is impossible to sink them. Far out in the lake among the islands they set long lines, strung full of hooks. These they visit on their rafts, and sometimes bring in not less than three hundred pounds at one trip. The trout are sold at ten cents a pound at the lake; therefore it will be readily seen that fishing is a profitable business.

At the north, or lower end of the lake, are a dozen or more islands of rock of peculiar and picturesque form. These are of solid rock, and are from three to four hundred feet in height. At a distance they look like monstrous mushrooms or eggs standing on stems-such eggs as might have been produced by the roc, that bird of ancient times one wing of which, according to Ibn-El-Wardee, was ten thousand fathoms

It is impossible to climb these rocks, as, while their stems form perpendicular walls, it is beyond the power of man to ascend those parts where they begin to swell out into domes. Mr. Stiles says he has sounded the lake at the base of these fantastic islands, and, with the longest line at his command was unable to find the bottom.

One of the largest of these islands, the tall white one seen from toward the head of the lake, is not wholly perpendicular on all sides. On one of its sides there is a steep slope which it is thought might be scaled in some way. A story is current at the lake that John C. Fremont, the great "path finder," found a path to the top of this rock. It is believed that he left his field glass and

some other instruments of value on the summit of the rock, and many attempts have been made to climb it in order to secure these articles.

The last attempt to scale the pyramid was by a sailor, who used a long rope, throwing it upward until it caught upon a projecting point of rock, then drawing himself up and again throwing his rope to a rock above. He reached a height of about 150 feet, when he was unable to find any more projections over which to throw his rope and came near never reaching ground alive. He was obliged to descend in the same way as he had effected the ascent, and when he finally got down he was cut and scratched from head to foot. The fishermen have now concluded that the only way in which the field glasses and other plunder can be secured is by attaching a line to a rock and then firing it over the top of the pyramid from a mortar.

One of these small rocky Islands of the lake is alive with rattlesnakes. It is supposed that the first were wafted to the island on a raft of tules or driftwood. Doe Wood, who has visited the island says "there's millions in it." The reptiles have their home among the rocks, and live on the eggs and young of waterfowl, and upon the dead fish that are cast ashore on the Island. Mr. Wood says that the stories that have been told of the snakes rushing in a body, hissing and rattling to attack any man landing on the island, are untrue. He found that whenever they were disturbed they ran away and concealed themselves in the crevices of the rocks, just as would have been done by any other snakes.

Character.

Character is so much more than wealth or knowledge, fame or power, that It is the measure of the man. When a man is placed in a prominent position of any sort whatever, we say at once, "What is he worth ?" not " What does he know?" but "What sort of a man is he?" That is the momentous question that involves all. All others are secondary. Wealth. knowledge, fame and power, are most desirable accessions for a good man; but otherwise they add strength in a wrong direction. I wonder if the young men and boys in our land realize that character is the most important capital in any and all business transactions. If a man of large business is looking for a partner or employee, what does he require first and most of all? An hones, man or boy. Wealth and position, with his first requisite, will be no detraction, but nothing without it.

What pillars are to a building, what the foundation is, and the corner-stones thereof, so is a good character to a man or woman, boy or girl. The wise man said, "A good name is rather to be chosen than riches," and he had no lack of wealth. Remember, boys-and it will harm none to remember-that what you have is finite in its value; its end is the grave; while the former will grow and enrich its possessor through all the ages of immortality. Strive for it as for your life, for life is naught without it; if a man die for his honor he is an everlasting hero; while if he dies for his wealth he is a sordid fool. We honor it in death, if not in life. "So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom,"

The Right Kind of Success.

It may be questioned whether there is any one of the principles or passions of our nature more deeply rooted than the love of fame; the desire to occupy a place in the tablet of human remembrance. Through life it seems unsubdued, and even in death the ruling passion is in the ascendency. There is scarcely a man on the globe insensible to the awakening stimulus of distinction. Human nature has an abhorrence instinctive and powerful, of the idea of being forgotten. This is so strange that any notoriety, however disgraceful, is ofttimes preferred to unobtrusive and therefore, oblivious merit. Even among the criminals of the present day, men are found who glory with an inhuman satisfaction in anticipating the moment of appearing before a crowded court-room. or being referred to in the news-papers.

What it Costs.

Those who commit crime seldom look at more than one side of the balancesheet. Satan always shows the gilded side of sin, and that side only, when he tempts men; and when they are drawn away by their own lusts, they take into account only the profit they hope to derive from an evil course. How otherwise could so many intelligent men cover themselves with disgrace and plunge their families into a sea of wretchedness for the doubtful enjoyment of ill-gotten gains. We wish every young man, and every old man as well, could examine the balance-sheet.

A SHEET PLANTED IN STREET, er she who does not make her family comfortable will herself never be happy at home; and she who is not happy at home will never be happy anywhere.