

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.

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.

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.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 1.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

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.

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.

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.

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, clearest and best illustrated family publication in the world.

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 Lizzie Doyle, going to the mirror and re-adjusting a twenty-dollar hat.

"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 studied 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."

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.

"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, I 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. Doyle 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! Good-by, 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.

stood by to take it himself. It was indeed humiliating. 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?" she asked. "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, rise 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 long.

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 drifted to the island on a raft of tules or driftwood. Doc 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 water-fowl, 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 accessories 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 honest man or boy. Wealth and position, with his first requisite, will be no deduction, 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 ascendancy. 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 oftentimes 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 balance-sheet. 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.

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.