

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.

SUNDAYS: For New York, at 5.20 a. m., for Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 1.30 p. m., Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 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. Johnstown Ex. 12.55 p. 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. Johnstown Ex. 12.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.

THE SEASIDE LIBRARY.

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

- 1. East Lyons, Mrs. Henry Wood (Double No.) 20c. 2. John Halifax, Gent., By Miss Mulock. 20c.

GOLD! Great Change 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 illustrated family publication in the world.

A WASHINGTON ROMANCE.

A SAD STORY.

THE following sad story shows that even the records of the departments at Washington have their romances too.

Posted conspicuously all along the corridors of the Interior Department at Washington is the following notice:

"There are no vacancies in this department. Applicants cannot be seen. Application in writing will be received and placed on file for further examination."

I called the attention of the venerable clerk, who was showing me around and giving me lessons in Civil Service reform, to the notice, and remarked:

"I suppose this is another device got up to deceive people?"

"Yes, it serves the purpose of deceiving applicants to a limited extent, but it was originally got up for the benefit of one person alone. The history of that notice is somewhat romantic and would be a good subject for a 'yaller kiver.'"

I urged him to give me the story, which he did in nearly the following language:

"Some years ago there was a young clerk occupying a desk near the entrance of the building. He was rather reckless in his character, fond of a joke, and loved an adventure better than he loved wine, which was saying a good deal.

"The clerk ascertained that she had no backing, but that in her simplicity of mind had come here thinking that no such thing was necessary. He thereupon decided upon a line of action, infamous in design and disastrous in its consequences. Still carrying the idea that he was the Secretary he ascertained her stopping place, and agreed to consider her application and call that evening to inform her of the result.

"Overwhelmed by the loss of his position and consciousness of the infamy of his conduct toward the poor girl, he shrank from telling her the truth; and fearing the consequences of his guilt should it become known, he resolved to conceal his crime by further deception. To this end he wrote her a note telling her that he had been suddenly called to Europe on important business connected with the department, but that he had left orders to have a place given her as soon as a vacancy occurred; that in the meantime she could always tell by looking at the notices posted on the walls in the department if there was such vacancy.

"Filled with grief at his sudden departure, and filled with a foreboding of impending evil, she wended her way to the department on her first visit of reconnaissance, she saw the notices, and, overcome with despondency, she for the first time ventured to disobey the instructions she had received. Entering the office where she first met her deliverer, months before, she inquired for the Secretary of the Interior. She was shown to his room, and there the whole secret came out. The scene in that office, when the kind-hearted Secretary revealed the truth, can never be described. Suffice it to say, she was conducted from that room utterly broken in mind and health.

"I have been taught not to drink it," said Alfred. "You have had good teaching, I don't not," said the lady, "and I honor you for respecting it; but I think it makes a difference where and in what company you take it. I should not be willing for George to go into bar-room company with dissipated young men, and call for wine, but at home in a family circle it

is different. A moderate use of wine never hurts any one. It is only when carried to excess that it is injurious.— You had better drink yours. So little as that will never hurt."

Jessie was sitting by Alfred. She took up the glass he had set upon the table and gave it to him with a charming smile.

Again he took the goblet in his hand. The glowing wine was tempting still.— He raised it towards his lips. But at that moment there arose up before him a pale, sweet face, with pleading eyes—the sweet face of his mother in heaven. The boy laid down the glass with a firm hand and with a firm tone, said:

"I cannot drink it. It was my mother's dying request that I should never taste of wine, and if I disregard it now I fear greater temptations will follow. You must pardon my seeming discourtesy, but I cannot drink it."

A silence fell upon the little circle.— No one spoke for several minutes. Then Mrs. Warren said, in a voice choked with emotion:

"Forgive me, my boy, for tempting you to violate your conscience. Would that all young men would show as high sense of duty."

Every one of the family put down their wine untasted.

"The boy is right," said Mr. Warren. "Drinking wine leads to deeper potations. We have done wrong in setting such an example before our children.— Here, Ellen," he called to the servant, "take away this decanter."

And as the table was cleared of the wine and glasses, Mr. Warren said, solemnly, "Now here, in the presence of all, I make a solemn vow never to have any more wine on my table, or drink it as a beverage; and may my influence and precepts be as binding on my children as the request of this boy's mother to him."

And Mrs. Warren softly responded "Amen."

Mr. Warren turned to Alfred. "We are not drunkards nor wine bibbers here, my boy. I have always preached temperance to my children, but I have never realized before how an occasional glass of wine, if partaken of in good society, could injure. I see it now. If a person can drink one glass, he can drink another, and yet another, and it is hard to know just where to draw the line. I thank you for this lesson. I will show that I have as much manliness as a mere boy. My children will follow my example and pledge to abstain totally from wine as a beverage."

"We will, father," was the response. The pledge was never broken by any of the family, and never did Alfred Harris have cause to regret that he resisted the temptation to drink one glass of wine. Years afterwards, when he was a prosperous and worthy merchant, and sweet Jessie Warren was his wife, they often spoke of the consequences that might have followed had he yielded to that one temptation; and Jessie tries to impress as firm principles upon the minds of her children as her husband's mother instilled into the heart of her boy.

One evening one of his fellow clerks, George Warren, the most high-toned and moral among them, invited Alfred to go home with him to supper and make the acquaintance of his family.— The boy gladly assented, with only his books and his thoughts for company.

He found his friend's family very social and entertaining. Mrs. Warren, the mother, was a pleasant, winning, I might almost say fascinating woman; one of the kind whose every little speech seems of consequence, and whose every act praiseworthy. Mr. Warren was a cheery, social gentleman, fond of telling stories and amusing young people. And George's sister, Jessie—how shall I describe her? A girl about Alfred's own age, a half-bashful, half-saucy, dimpled, rosy cheeked maiden, sparkling with wit and pleasantry, and pretty enough for any young man to fall in love with at first sight.

This was Mr. Warren's family, and it was no wonder that Alfred was charmed with them. They were not wealthy people but they were in easy circumstances, and on a promising road to fortune. Alfred very soon felt as if he had known them for years. The supper was delicious, especially to a boy whose salary could afford him only the plainest living.

After supper, wine was brought in.— Mrs. Warren poured it out herself, and with a winning smile passed a glass of the sparkling liquid to the guest. Alfred took it with some hesitation, but did not raise it to his lips. Each of the family held a glass, waiting to pledge their visitor. But Alfred feared to drink. He sat the goblet on the table, while a burning blush overspread his face.

"What! do not drink wine?" asked Mrs. Warren in her pleasant tones.

"I have been taught not to drink it," said Alfred. "You have had good teaching, I don't not," said the lady, "and I honor you for respecting it; but I think it makes a difference where and in what company you take it. I should not be willing for George to go into bar-room company with dissipated young men, and call for wine, but at home in a family circle it

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chillon mightily. Here's six cents, sah. Send de paper 'long, and if it giba sassa-faction I'll come in an' prescribe for a hul month. Good mornin', sah!"

Courage in Every-day Life.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will, and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show that you respect honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you pay for your new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses.

Have the courage to provide entertainments for your friends within your means—not beyond.

A Remarkable Experiment at Sea.

A novel application of oil was recently made by Capt. Betts, of the King Cenric, a fine wooden ship of 1,940 tons, which has recently arrived at Bombay from Liverpool with a cargo of coal.— Common pine oil was used in a heavy gale of wind to prevent the sea breaking on board, and with perfect success. The gale lasted for nearly five days, and raged with determined violence. It had lasted some little time when the chief officer, Mr. Bowyer, bethought himself of a plan he had seen tried on some occasions when in the Atlantic trade to prevent the sea breaking in. He proposed to the captain that the plan should be tried, and the suggestion was followed. Mr. Bowyer got out two canvas clothes bags, and into each poured two gallons of pine oil. He punctured the bags slightly, and flung one over each quarter, towing them along. The effect was magical. The waves no longer broke against the poop and side of the ship, but at yards and yards away, where the oil had slowly spread itself over the surface of the water. Around the poop, in the wake of the vessel, was a large circuit of calm water. The crew were thus able to repair damages with greater ease, the ship was relieved of those tremendous shocks received from the mass of waters which poured over her quarters and stern, and the danger was considerably lessened. The two bags lasted two days, after which, the worst fury of the gale having expended itself, no more oil was used. Four gallons of oil, scarcely worth 30s., perhaps saved the King Cenric, its cargo, and the lives and property of the crew.

Why Should Any Man Swear.

I can conceive of no reason why he should, but of ten reasons why he should not.

It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as be a swearer.

It is vulgar. Altogether too mean for a decent man.

It is cowardly. Implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man, well bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the streets and throw mud with a clodhopper.

It is indecent. Offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

It is foolish. Want of decency is want of sense.

It is abusive. To the mind which utters it, and to the person to whom it is aimed.

It is venomous. Showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them sticks out its head.

It is contemptible. Forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

It is wicked. Violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.

"I say Mich, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure; your honor wouldn't be thinking I plant boiled ones."

A BOY'S GOOD EXAMPLE.

A YOUNG MAN, or rather a boy, for he was not seventeen years of age, was a clerk in one of the great mercantile houses in New York. An orphan and poor, he must rise, if he rose at all, by his own exertions. His handsome, honest face and free cordial manner won for him the friendship of all his fellow laborers, and many were the invitations he received to join them in the club room, in the theatre and even in the bar room. But Alfred Harris had the pure teachings of a Christian mother to withhold him from rushing headlong into dissipation and vice, and all the persuasions of his comrades could not induce him to join them in scenes like this. He feared the consequences.

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