

The penetrating winds incident to this season of the year are a severe ordeal for the lungs. The neglect of a hard cough generally leads to a weakness of the lungs, which, not infrequently, results in Consumption.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup will at once relieve and loosen a tight cough, and is such an agreeable remedy that children will take it without being coaxed. A cold on the lungs, if consumption is not already developed, may be easily mastered by the use of the Pulmonic Syrup, together with Schenck's Mandrake Pills to clear the system of the accumulated mucus.

In more serious cases, where the disease has become deeply seated, and the patient suffers from loss of appetite, weakness and emaciation, Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic should be used in connection with the above mentioned remedies, to stimulate the appetite and bring the digestive powers into healthy action, thereby sustaining the strength of the patient and enabling him to resist the progress of the disease until the Pulmonic Syrup may perform its healing and cleansing work.

The use of these standard remedies according to the directions which accompany them, cannot fail to produce most satisfactory results. A letter addressed to Dr. Schenck, cor. Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, asking advice, will promptly receive the Doctor's personal attention, free of charge.

Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists. 10 44

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. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00 3.57 and 7.55.

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, 5.00 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.

SUNDAYS: For 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.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

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

EAST. Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.32 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 5.54 p. m., daily except Sunday.

WEST. Way Pass. 9.05 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.48 p. m., daily except Sunday.

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

EASTWARD. Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.52 p. m., daily, except Sunday.

WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.58 a. 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. Books usually sold from \$1 to \$3 given (unchanged and unabridged) for 10 and 20 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.

For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, or sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price by GEORGE MUNRO, Publisher, P. O. Box 567, 21, 23, and 25 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 illustrated family publication in the World.

The Dutchman's Application.

MR. CARL DEUDENHEIMER so far modified his unfavorable opinion of life insurance as an investment under the persuasive arguments of the Great American Eagle's talented canvasser, that he decided to take a policy without delay; and the agent in his blindest manner commenced the questions laid down in the application.

"Name and residence? All right, I have that." "Occupation?" "Hey?" "What is your business?" "Mein pishness. Vell, I don't got some pishness now, since mine bardner he vos runned away mit der sassidge schopper. I vos make bologna sassidge already by Katerine street."

"Well, I will say you are a provision dealer." "Yah, dot ish all right; ov it got me some chance mit greenbacks monish, I don'd care how it vos." "Age of father, if living?" "Vell, let me saw. Ov he vas Hefen, he vill, I dinks, be ein hundred, but he vos dumbe by der schdebel von der schureh he vill paindt, more ago osvorty year, and since den he ish gone dead."

"Oh! I see. Well, is your mother living?" "Well, I tole you how dot vos. Mein moder dot vos shpank me already ven I vos leedle schap, she vos runned away mit a cigrus mans, und den mein fader he vas marry dem order voman dat vos cook by der hodel, und den he vos dumbe by der schdebel, und dot cook, dot vos mein moder, she vos got married some oder vellar, und I don'd kin dell ov she vos mein moder some more, or mebbe she ish gone dead already, how dot vos I don'd kin dell you about dot meinsel."

"Are you married?" "Nein. But I don'd saw some order gal so poody like Katrina, and I dinks ve got married ven I got mein monish by der life insurinks company. Katrina dinks great deal much by me."

"What amount of insurance do you wish to apply for?" "Vell, how much I got?" "Oh, any sum you wish."

"Vell, I dinks I vill dook dirdeen hunder dollar. Dot ish der monish Hans Spiegler vill sold me der saloon by Ginton strasse, und I dinks dot vill me und Katrina mek goot pishdeas already."

Thirteen hundred dollars. Well, what plan?" "Vot ish dot you call blan?" "In what way do you wish to insure?"

"Ob, vell, I don'd vos bardicular about dot. I dinks I vill dook pard ov der monish in greenbacks and der resht pard in shmall monish, und dot vill be handy in der saloon."

"Yes, but the money is not paid, you know, until you are dead?" "Vot voolishness ish dot! I vos goot dot monish vill come und I vos dead all der dime. Eh?"

"But the object of insurance, as I explained to you, is to provide for the widow and orphan."

"Vot ish dot you call orphan?" "An orphan is one who has lost his father and mother."

"Vell, dot vos me meinsel. Don'd I vos tole you already how dot vos mit faders und mudders?"

"Yes, but you insure for the benefit of your own widow and orphans."

"Vell, but I dontd got some vidder and orphan mineself. Der vas ein vidder by Prooklyn, und she vos keep dem poarders, und owes me blendy money ov der sassidge meat I shall sell dot vidder, she vos dold me she not kin dot bill pay already, und ov I vos like dot arranchment ve vill got married, und dot vill der bill den seddle, but I vos dold dot vidder not ov gourt is mit himself acquant already, und I don'd sold her no more sassidge meat since dot dime, und so I don'd got some vidder meinsel."

"I see, you do not understand the workings of life insurance."

"Der vorkings! I dinks me dot der surinks monish vill come vidout vorkings. Not ish dot so?"

"No. I see you fall to get the idea. Suppose you and Katrina were to get married as you say."

"Yah. I dinks ve vill." "—And after a time, you were to die and leave her a destitute widow and—"

"Nein, she vill den be a Cherman vidder by dot." "—Well, a German widow. Now, I suppose you love Katrina?"

"Yah." "Well, an insurance policy will enable you to leave her some money."

"Vell, vot goot dot vill me do meinsel?" "True, it will not benefit you, but it will make her happy."

"Vot for I shall make her happy, und I ish gone dead? It makes me mad ov she ish dew happy."

"But—"

you ish mek a mistake mit me. Ov you dinks dot I vos vot der poys call ein greenhorn call, let me tole you I vill more os ten dollar bet, ov you kin learn a vellar dot ish make sassidge ment some new drieks already. Mebbe dot ish besser you gone mine shop outd before I shall go so more mad as I kick you quick outd.—Mebbe you don'd vas hear dot adferd how dot said, 'Nobody kin dem old bird mit some chaff got by der trap!'"

Willing to Settle.

IMPUDENTLY cool was the Erie railway guard, whose interview with Manager Fisk is thus related:

"You are a conductor on the Erie, I believe?" "Yes, sir."

"How long have you been on the road?" "Fifteen years."

"Worth some property, I learn?" "Some."

"Have a very fine house in Oswego? Cost you some thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, sir." "Some little money invested in bonds, I am told?"

"Yes, sir." "Own a farm near where you reside?"

"Yes, sir." "Had nothing when you commenced as conductor on our road?"

"Nothing to speak of." "Made the property since?"

"Yes, sir." "Been at work for no other parties?"

"No; but I have been saving money, and invested it from time to time to good advantage."

"Well, sir, what will you give me to settle? Of course, you cannot pretend to say you have acquired this property from what you have saved from your salary? You will not deny that you have pocketed a great deal of money belonging to the railway—at least fifty or sixty thousand dollars?"

Now, sir, what will you give to settle, and not be disgraced, as you certainly will be if a trial is brought, and you are compelled to give up the property you profess to own, but which in reality belongs to the company?"

"Well, Mr. Manager, I had not thought of the matter. For several years I have been running my train to the best of my ability. Never looked at the matter in this light before. Never thought I was doing anything wrong. I have done nothing more than other conductors; tried to earn my salary and get it, and think I've succeeded. I don't know that I owe the company anything. If you think I do why there's a little difference of opinion, and I don't want any trouble over it. I have a nice family, nice father and mother; relations of good standing; they would feel bad to have me arrested and charged with dishonesty. It would kill my wife. She has every confidence in me, and the idea that I would take a penny that did not belong to me would break her heart. I don't care anything for the matter myself; but on account of my family and relatives, if you won't say anything more about it, I'll give you say—a dollar."

Lost Jewels.

SOME years ago, writes a correspondent of Chamber's Edinburgh "Journal," I was admiring the handsome rings of a relative of mine, when I noticed upon her little finger an insignificant little ring of pale gold set with a bloodstone.

"Why do you wear that trumpery little thing?" I asked; and in reply she told me the following anecdote:

"The night before my eldest son was born, I undressed as usual in my big bed-room up stairs, and put my rings into a little china plate (which contained some oatmeal used for washing my hands) on my dressing-table. I had only two or three rings at the time, and among them was the little bloodstone, which had been given me by a school-friend before my marriage. My boy James was born the next morning, and so it came about that for the next fortnight or three weeks I neither wore nor thought of my rings. However, when convalescent and dressed for the first time, I naturally looked for my rings, and found all there except the bloodstone. Search was made for it through the whole room, and afterward through the whole house, but with no success; it was not to be found. I never thought for a moment that it had been stolen, for it is of little value; and this turquoise hoop which had lain with it would have been much more attractive to a thief."

Years passed; and James was a sturdy boy of 10, when some alterations being made in the house, the flooring of my bedroom was removed. Under one of the planks was found the skeleton of a mouse with my bloodstone ring round its neck. It had evidently venturated upon my toilet table in search of the oatmeal, had unwittingly pushed its head through the ring, and had returned

to its hole to die, an unintentional thief strangled by its useless prize."

The second is an out-of-door story. A young lady, governess in a friend's family, was one Autumn day walking with her pupils in their father's kitchen-garden. The children pulling at their governess' hands as she walked between them, loosened a ring which she wore, and before they noticed whither it sprang, the ring was gone from her finger and was nowhere to be seen. The garden-beds around, which had been newly dug over, were searched, so were the celery and cabbage growing near; but no ring was forthcoming. The governess mourned for the loss of her ornament, more particularly because it had been her father's signet-ring; and every day for some time she and her pupils searched the kitchen-garden, but in vain. A month afterwards she returned home for a holiday, taking with her a basket of garden produce, as a present to her mother from her pupils' parents; when lo! almost the first thing unpacked from the country basket was a fine hearty cabbage with a close green heart, among whose curled blades lay the much-lamented and long-sought-for signet-ring.

Good Reasons.

John Farrago, a Pennsylvania militia captain, once declined a duel in the following words:

SIR:—I have two objections to this duel business. The one is lest I should hurt you; the other is lest you should hurt me. I do not see what good it would do me to shoot you. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I could not eat you. Why then needlessly shoot you down? A buffalo would make better meat than you. For, though your flesh may be delicate and tender, it wants the firmness and consistency that takes and retains salt. It might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or opossum; but I do not like barbecue meat.

"Beside, it would seem a strange thing for me to shoot at anything that stands still to be shot at, as I am accustomed to shoot at things flying, running or jumping. Were you on a tree, now, like a squirrel, trying to hide yourself in the branches, and I could spy you through the intervening boughs and leaves, your hinder parts alone being visible, I think I should enjoy taking a shot at you—but as it is, there is no skill or judgement in either discovering you or bringing you down.

As to myself, I do not like to stand in the way of anything harmful. I am afraid you might hit me. I shall consequently stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, such as a tree or door about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I will publicly acknowledge that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me."

Scandal Denounced.

In a reporter's wanderings about town he heard a lady talking across the street to a neighbor, thus deliver herself on the subject of scandal: "Of all things I do hate in this world it's a scandalizing woman. Now, there's Mrs. Jingle-tongue, that everybody knows isn't a bit better than she'd ought to be, and whose two daughters cut up so shameful that no decent woman ought to speak to them, and whose husband gets drunk, and they do say he owes for that grenade she puts on so many airs in over her betters. If I was to say any mean things about people like she does I would pull my tongue out by the roots, the nasty, scandalizing stuck up old cat."

A Good Father.

One evening as the wind was raging and howling with terrific force, shaking the house, and making timid people tremble for fear of fire or other accidents that might befall them, a number of grown persons were complaining of the wakeful and restless nights they had endured during the recent winter storms.

A little boy who had listened unalarmed, with a sweet beaming trust in his face, said in his turn, "I sleep so well and sound because I've got such a good father. I know he would not let anything happen to me. If the house should catch fire, he would take me right up in his arms and run down stairs with me, and I'd be safe."

This went to my heart, and rebuked the fears of those who tremble and toss upon restless pillows, when He who holds the wind in his fist is their Father and friend. The remark of that dear boy has taught me a lesson which I hope to remember. When I go to his bedside, after he has been asleep for hours, and see his ruddy cheeks and clustering ringlets, and watch his peaceful, innocent expression, and listen to his gentle breathing, knowing, as well as I do, that he is a timid child, often flying with fear from trifling causes of alarm, then I feel how deep pervading must be his

trust in a father's loving heart and strong arms, to cause such dreamless slumbers amid howling winds and storms. Can not the experienced Christian learn a lesson even from a babe's lips? Ought we not to rest peacefully amid causes of alarm, because we "have got such a good Father?"

Lawyer and Witness.

A story is told of a very eminent lawyer receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A— should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

"How old are you?" "Seventy-two years of ago," said the witness.

"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago is it?" asked the lawyer.

"I do not know but it is," replied the witness.

"State some circumstance which occurred, say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember?"

"I appeal to your honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent!"

"You had better answer the question," the judge replied.

"Well, sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B——'s office, did you not?"

"Yes," answered the lawyer.

"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me, 'Mr. E——, my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothes.' I remember also, sir, that from day to this he has never paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it was but yesterday."

"That will do, sir," meekly said the lawyer.

"I presume it will," answered the witness.

"Pitch In."

Come, young ladies, the time for folly, foolishness, and fashion is about gone.—The sooner you "pitch in" and make yourselves more useful and less ornamental, the better for you. Everybody's son don't own a bank, and men ain't around "buying" household pets and wall-flowers for wives. The stock of "old fools" is about run out, and Betsy Jones and Hannah Anns will be in demand after a while by sensible men, who want helpmates and not help eat. Pitch in, help your mother, learn something from her before she dies and leaves you an idle, ignorant do-nothing—stumbling block in the road of life for others to run against and fall over. Go to work, it must come. These are terrible times, and the sooner you realize the awful facts and condition of things in everyday life the better it will be for you.—Take your old mother's place in the dining-room and the kitchen, and "give her a rest." Show a disposition to help her, even if you are in the way. It will cheer her old heart to know that you are at least willing to help her, even if you don't know how. Pitch in and try at any rate.

Parenthetical Preaching.

An officer of a volunteer corps on duty in the place, and very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to Mr. Shirra's church in Scotland, and walked about as if looking for a seat, but in fact to show his dress, which he saw was attracting attention from some of the less grave members of the congregation. He came to his place, however, rather quickly, on Mr. Shirra quietly remonstrating.

"Oh, man, will ye sit down, and we'll see your new breeks when the kirk's dune."

This same Mr. Shirra was well-known from the quaint, and, as it were, parenthetical comments which he introduced in his reading of Scripture; as, for example, on reading from the 116th Psalm, "I said in my haste all men are liars," he quietly observed, "Indeed, David, an' ye had been i' this parish ye might hae said it at your leisure."

Which Denomination.

A German farmer in Eastern New York was one morning drawing his wheat to market, when he was accosted by a friend who was irreligious and who hoped to confound Uncle Peter. Said he:

"Uncle Peter, which denomination do you think is in the right?"

"Uncle Peter answered: Vell, ven we tooks our veat to market some fellers goes von vay und I goes annunner. But ven ve all comes to de market blace der merchant don't say, 'Vieh vay you come?' but he vant to know if my veat is good. Dats vot he is after."

Certainly a very pointed answer—do you not think so, reader?"