

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.

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 p. m.

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, 3.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 10.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.20, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. G. H. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table. NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Millintown Acc. 7.52 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 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.

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, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world.

Select Poetry.

A RARE OLD POEM.

Poor Friar Philip lost his wife, The charm and comfort of his life; He mourned her just like modern men, For ladies were worth having then.

At last he made a vow to fly, And hide himself from every eye; Take up his lodgings in a wood, To turn a hermit and grow good.

The place he chose for his retreat Was once a lion's country seat, Far in a wild, romantic wood The hermit's little cottage stood.

'Twas there our little hermit grew; His father taught him all he knew, Adapting, like a cheerful sage, His lessons to the pupil's age.

At ten he lectured him on herbs (Better than learning nouns and verbs), The names and qualities of trees, Manners and customs of the bees;

And now his sixteenth year was nigh, And yet he had not learned to sigh; Had sleep and appetite to spare; He could not tell the name of care;

Now, in his native town he knew He had disciples—rich ones, too— Who would not let him beg in vain, But set the hermit up again.

In short, he knew not what to do, But thought, at last, to take him too; And so, with truly pious care, He counts his beads in anxious prayer.

It was a town, they all agree, Where there was everything to see, As paintings, statues, and so on, All that men love to look upon.

At last he spies a charming thing, That men call angel when they sing— Young lady, when they speak in prose— Sweet thing! as everybody knows.

Poor Philip knew not what to say, But tried to turn his eyes away. He crossed himself and made a vow— 'Tis as I feared, all's over now;

Harvest never comes to such as sow not; and so experience will not, unless you do what God has commanded.

SAVED BY LIGHTNING.

"IT LOOKS like a shower, don't it, Reuben?" said a young, fair-looking matron, standing in the doorway of a cabin just as the sun was drooping behind the tree-tops to the West, in one of the frontier settlements of Minnesota.

A young man, hardy and strong, was coming up from the "clearing" down by the river, with the axe he had been wielding all through the day thrown over his shoulder. These words from his wife saluted his ears as he came near and caused him to turn his head and glance away to the southward, where a great bank of sable clouds was piled high against the evening sky.

"Yes, Ruth, it does look like it," he answered. "I thought I heard it thunder just before I left work."

"It looks as though it would be a heavy one," she said, a little apprehensively, for to tell the truth, she was a little cowardly in this respect.

To this her husband made no reply, but playfully pushing her aside from the doorway, he entered the cabin, and at once took down his rifle from the hooks where it was hanging.

"What have you seen to shoot, Reuben?" she said. "Don't go out again to-night, for supper is waiting now."

"I am not going," he answered quietly. "I am only making sure that my rifle is in good order—but still I may have no occasion to use it before morning."

The young wife turned pale. "You don't mean to say that the savages are here again?" she asked.

"You may as well know the truth at once, Ruth," said her husband, looking her full in the face. "There are redskins hanging about here, and I am afraid they mean us mischief. I've seen no less than three at one time within an hour, skulking along in the edge of the wood. Their motions tell me that we had better be on our guard to-night—were they friendly they would have come openly to me or to the cabin."

"Oh, Reuben! what shall we do?" and her eyes sought the bed, where a rosy-cheeked boy of some two summers was lying fast asleep.

"We must do the best we can. The cabin is stout and strong, and I doubt about their being able to break in should they try it. But you must have a lot of courage, Ruth. May be it won't be needed, and I hope it won't. Now let us make sure that the cabin is all right, and then we will have the supper which you say is waiting."

He spoke cheerfully, but could not dispel the fears that filled her heart, and made her face as pale as death.

The heavy oaken shutters of the two small windows were put in place and made secure there, and then the door was closed and barred, and a large stick of timber that was kept for that purpose was placed against it. When the preparations had been completed Reuben announced that he was ready for his supper. This was soon placed upon the table, and it must be confessed that the danger which hovered over them did not in the least diminish his appetite.

He spoke cheerfully, but could not dispel the fears that filled her heart, and made her face as pale as death. The heavy oaken shutters of the two small windows were put in place and made secure there, and then the door was closed and barred, and a large stick of timber that was kept for that purpose was placed against it.

The darkness increased, and the sound of distant thunder broke upon their ears. Through a chink in the shutter they saw that the cloud in the South was fast rising and spreading itself over the heavens, hastening on the fast-coming darkness.

"We shall get a good shower," said Reuben. "I hope so," answered his wife. "If there is it may keep the savages under cover of the forest to-night."

"Hark!" said Reuben, "what was that?" Both were silent, and holding their breath to listen. In a moment the sound was repeated. It was a footstep without. Ruth trembled with apprehension. Then another and another was heard.

The redskins were about the cabin. "They have come," said Ruth, in a low tone. "Yes," said Reuben. "Hark! let us see what they mean to do."

A minute later, and the door was shaken violently. Then a savage without exclaimed, in broken English: "White man open door. Injins want to come in."

To this appeal Reuben made no answer. He had no idea of granting the request, and words he knew would do no good. Again the demand was made. But, as before, no answer was made. Then there came a few minutes of silence on their part. The mutterings of the thunder were nearer and deeper. The tempest was fast coming. Suddenly there came a fearful blow upon the door that it made the entire cabin tremble, while Ruth gave utterance to a shrill cry of alarm.

"Courage," said her husband; "they are trying to batter the door down, but I hardly think they can do it. They cannot so long as the prop holds as well as it does now."

"It is not for myself I fear," she said. "It is for our child, Reuben." "We will do our best to save him, and our own lives," he answered. "Even though the door gives way, with my rifle I can do much to save us."

Once more a terrible blow was dealt upon the door, and at the same moment a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the solid earth. So tremendous was the blow the savages dealt that the prop against the door gave way, and fell from its place, and the door itself trembled as though it was coming down. The heart of Reuben sank within his breast. Another such a blow must place them at the mercy of the savages. Only his rifle would stand between them and death. But at this moment Providence interposed its hand. As though the peal of thunder had been a signal for the tempest to commence, the rain came down in torrents. Not knowing the execution their last blow had done, the savages hesitated as the storm broke upon them.

A little way from the cabin stood a large oak that the settlers had spared for its beauty and grateful shade. To the shelter of this the savages fled, to wait until the tempest was over. Thus our friends had a respite for a time. Hastily Reuben replaced the prop, and did his best to make the door secure again.

Ten minutes passed and the rain came down as though there was a second deluge upon the earth. He heard nothing of the savages, but he thought he knew where they were, and that the attack would be renewed as soon as the rain had cleared.

Suddenly there came a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a report that seemed to shake the earth as though it was a leaf suspended in mid-air. For a long time they sat half dazed and stunned by the report, and when at last they were themselves again the rain had ceased. A bright light shone without, and Reuben once more gazed through the crevice to see what it meant.

The oak was riven into a thousand fragments, and its trunk was on fire. Scattered among the debris lay the mangled forms of the savages. The same blow that had blasted the oak had deprived them all of life.

In after days Reuben and Ruth told their grandchildren how it was that they were saved by lightning.

Tricks of an Amateur Bartender.

THE Nevada Enterprise says: The Hon. Hugh Carlin, of Lyons Co., was in Virginia City last week. He is naturally good-natured and unsuspecting, but don't presume too far, or he will be sure to drop on your little game. Some time ago Hugh was in Eureka. Not having anything to do when he first arrived in the town, he wore away a good deal of time at a saloon kept by an old acquaintance, whom he happened find there.

One morning this friend had some business out of town and got Hugh to take charge of the bar, during his absence. Hugh laid aside his hat and took up his position.

Some person who was in the saloon when Hugh thus took command went out among the boss jokers of the town. In pursuance of a plan agreed upon the first customer that arrived said, as he marched up to the bar: "Got any real first-rate whiskey?"

"Have I got any real good whiskey? Haven't I! You don't find anything else passed over this bar. Never was a finer package of whiskey lugged into Eureka than what is on tap back in the store room!"

The man poured out a big horn, took a light swallow of it and began coughing. He coughed so hard that he was obliged to set down his glass. He then clapped both hands upon his stomach and coughed himself all about the room—coughed his hat off and coughed till the tears streamed down his cheek—till he seemed not to have strength left to cough more, or to utter a syllable, when he took his handkerchief from his eyes, shook his fist at the astonished bar-keeper, and rushed out of the saloon without a word, leaving his glass of liquor standing on the counter.

Hugh was frightened and bewildered. He took the whiskey bottle, held it up to the light, and carefully examined it, fearing he had made some mistake. Finally, to make sure, he tasted it, and found it to be whiskey, and pretty fair whiskey, too.

He had but little more than recovered his usual serenity of mind when a gentleman came in and said: "Have you got any good brandy—real genuine brandy—no manufactured stuff?" "What do you take us for?" cried Hugh. "There's not a drop of doctored liquor of any kind about this establishment. No such brandy as this was ever before brought to Eureka. It cost \$22

a gallon in San Francisco. It's like oil!" The customer poured out a liberal allowance, but had no sooner attempted to swallow it than he began coughing and spit out what he had taken into his mouth. He held both hands to his cheeks and whirled around on one heel like a dancing Dervish, then ran for the water pitcher, and finally began coughing as though he would cough up his lungs.

"Ough, o-ough—hoop!" coughed he. "Call that brandy?" and, doubled up like a half-open jack-knife, he coughed himself out of the saloon.

Again was Hugh astounded, and again he critically inspected the liquor he had dealt out. He was finally convinced that it was all right, but that the fault was in the people—something wrong with them.

About the time he had arrived at this conclusion a man came in, and, spreading himself out before the bar to good advantage, said: "Have you got a good article of gin—real good, pure gin?"

"Of course we have, never keep anything else. What do you take us for?" and Hugh reached down the gin bottle from a shelf behind him with his left hand, while with his right he brought up from under the bar a cocked revolver, which he pointed at the head of his customer as he placed the bottle before him, saying, "Now, you cough, d—n you!"

That customer didn't cough.

Wanted an Even Chance.

THERE is one figure that stands out refreshingly cool and unique during these troublesome times. This was John M. Dooly, the man who announced that he would not fight under any circumstances. He was probably the most brilliant man produced in that era, prolific of giants. He was the peer of Crawford on any field, and his superior in the forum. His abilities were transcendent, and his failure to make a national reputation arose doubtless from no other cause than his refusal to fight on any and all occasions. A non-combatant could not hold his head up in those turbulent times. Dooly had the most delicious humor, and a sharp tongue withal. He was continually getting into trouble because of his satirical sayings. He was perfectly fearless of speech. Judge Gresham once threatened to chastise him. Dooly replied:

"You can do so if you like. You'll get no credit for it, however. Anybody can do it, and a great many have done it."

He was once knocked down by a man that he introduced as the inferior judge of the inferior court of the inferior county of Lincoln. He called lustily on the spectators for help, and when rescued from his antagonist, rubbed his head and remarked, drily:

"Well, that is the forty-second fight I have been engaged in, and if I ever get the best of a single one I do not now remember it."

Poor Dooly's peace proclivities were fully known, he was challenged to mortal combat by a Mr. Tate, who came to the field with Mr. W. H. Crawford as his second. Dooly accepted the challenge. Tate had lost a leg and wore a wooden one. When he and his friend reached the field they found Dooly alone, sitting on a stump.

"Where is your friend?" asked Crawford, in some surprise.

"He is in the woods, sir."

"And will be present in a moment, sir, I suppose?"

"Yes, as soon as he can find a beegum."

"May I inquire what he wants with a beegum?"

"Why, I want to put my leg in it.—Do you suppose I can afford to risk my leg of flesh against Tate's leg of wood? If I hit his leg, he will get another tomorrow and peg as away as usual. If he hits mine, it may kill me or compel me to stump it like him for the balance of my life. No, sir; I must have a gum. Then I will be just as much wood as he is, and we will be on equal terms."

"I understand you, Colonel Dooly; you do not intend to fight."

"Why, really, Col. Crawford, I thought everybody knew that."

"Very well, sir; but remember, Colonel, your name in no enviable light will fill the column of a newspaper to-morrow."

"I assure you, my dear sir, I had rather fill every column in every newspaper in Georgia than one coffin."

Always a Chance.

It is scarcely necessary to remind reasonable men that if they wish to be sad and sour, to grumble and complain, there is always a chance. Reasons for being cast down and dejected are as plenty as blackberries in the height of harvest. If one thing goes right, you may be sure there is always something else going wrong; and if one thing is in order, something else is out of joint, or at any rate soon will be. The chief difference in the feelings and dispositions of people results from the different way of looking at things. Few nights are so dark that no stars are to be seen; the thing is to look them out and keep your eyes on them, and make the most of what light you can discover.