

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.
For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.
For Auburn via S. & 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., 3.57 and 7.55 p. m., trains have through cars for New York.
The 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 2.00 p. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

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, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 14.40, 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 Branch at 8.15 a. m.
Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon.
Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:
Leave New York, at 5.20 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, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.
J. K. 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, Passenger trains will run as follows:
EAST.
Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.
Johnstown Ex. 12.23 P. M., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Atlantic Express, 9.54 P. M., flag—daily.
WEST.
Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily.
Mail, 2.43 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Pittsburg Express, 11.57 P. M., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday.
Pacific Express, 5.17 A. M., daily (flag).
Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 15 minutes faster than Allentown time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time.
J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.
On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon as follows:
EASTWARD.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M.
Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 P. M., daily (flag).
Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag).
WESTWARD.
Way Passenger, 8.08 A. M., daily.
Mail, 2.09 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 P. M.
Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M.
WM. C. KING Agent.

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. 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 subscribes. One Agent reports making over \$100 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over 400 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote 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. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine. 317

REMOVAL.
The undersigned has removed his **Leather and Harness Store** from Front to High Street, near the Penna. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at **REDUCED PRICES.** Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition. Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.
P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe linings made a specialty.
JOS. M. HAWLEY.
Duncannon, July 19, 1878.—17

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Daniel Shatto, late of Carroll township, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned residing in the same township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to
GEO. W. SMILEY, Administrator.
CHAS. H. SMILEY, Attorney for Adm'r.

OPIMUM and Morphine habit absolutely and speedily cured. Pains, no matter how long standing, relieved. Dr. C. SCARLETT, 107 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

BESSIE'S FALSE LOVER.

"**BESSIE! BESSIE!**" called Grandma Ross from the pantry, "them pies is burnin', I'm sure. Look in the oven quick, child."

But there was no quick "tap, tap" of Bessie's high-heeled shoes across the floor, in answer; and grandma herself was fain to hurry across the kitchen, and fling wide open the oven-door.

Alas for the Western housewife's pride and glory! The pumpkin-pies, so well-shaped and golden when placed in the oven, were now only a heap of blackened, smoking ruins.

"Dear! dear!" said grandma disconsolately. "And here it is almost meeting time, and no time to make any more. Where can Bessie be? I never knew the child to do such a careless thing before."

"What are you scolding about, grandma?" said the sweet young voice grandma loved best to hear. "I heard you clear up-stairs."

"And what on airth was you doin' up-stairs, Bessie Ross, I'd like to know?—and these 'ere pies all burnt to a crisp! Deary me!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, grndma. I will make some more, though. Don't scold."

The bright, pretty face lifted to the old lady's just then was enough to disarm the ancient Xantippe if she had been there in person, and Grandma Ross couldn't hold a candle to her for scolding.

"But you can't make any more," she said. Them black ponies'll be up here in a jiffy, now, to take you to meeting. Wasn't you up-stairs looking at that new dress just now?"

"Never mind," laughed Bessie; though a tell-tale blush stained her cheek as she rolled the sleeves down over her round, white arms, and hung her big kitchen apron on its nail behind the door. "I'll be all ready long before the ponies come. Don't you worry."

"Listen," said grandma; "I hear buggy-wheels now."

Both went to the door, light-hearted; Bessie little suspecting that what she should see would spoil her happiness, not only for that day, but for many days thereafter. The black ponies were truly dashing through the lane; the glittering wheels of George Howard's new buggy spinning merrily round in a cloud of dust, and George himself on the seat, his firm hand on the reins. But he did not pause for Bessie's little brother to open the great barnyard gate, and then whirl lightly in, as he had done every meeting-day before for two years. No; there was another figure on the seat beside him,—a slender, stylish figure, in a robe of shimmering gray silk, and a hat of white lace and flowers,—a bridal-hat, plainly to be seen. Neither head was turned toward the farm-house, but who shall say that deep down in George Howard's heart there was not a shivering of remorse and shame? for he knew, as well as if he had been looking, how, shading her eyes with the little hand upon which gleamed the ring he had given her for a birthday gift; a betrothal gift also he knew she thought it was.— And he had intended she should think so, though all the while upon the hand that now clasped his arm there had shone another and a costlier ring that truly meant betrothal. It was a shameful betrayal of trust, a shameless flirtation, on his part, he knew; but he meant to carry it off bravely to-day, with his haughty bride by his side.

"There, now," said Grandma Ross, "I shouldn't a mite wonder if George Howard has married that stuck-up Alice Dorsey, after all. I heard some say, last meeting, that he went to see her pretty steady. Didn't he say nothin' to you about it, Bessie, child?"

The keen blue eyes turned suddenly to the spot where the girl had stood. But Bessie was gone. Out of the back door into the orchard she ran like a wounded deer, until she fell prostrate on the velvety grass beneath the old apple-tree that rained its white blossoms down upon her.

The blow was cruel in its suddenness. If she could only have seen him growing colder, drifting away from her, she could have borne it better; but only last sabbath night, as he kissed her lips, he had called her his "little wife,"— words that always brought the bright blood to her cheek and brow. And now! No wonder that she covered in the grass, and hot tears of agony and shame streamed from the dark eyes. She had never doubted that he was married.— Some way it had never entered her mind that it might be a mistake; for, almost unknown to herself, there had always been mingled with her love for George Howard an element of distrust. Her own soul was too spotlessly pure not to recognize the falseness of his. And now how she thanked God that she had always been so chary of caresses and endearment that he had called her his "little prude"! That one kiss last Sabbath night was all he would have to remember and boast of to his proud wife; all that she would have to remember in

a shame that made her loathe the lips she had touched. It was a hard blow, Bessie Ross. But, dear child, you still have much to thank God for. Oh! if there is one punishment greater than another, when God shall judge his creatures, will it not be given to such men as this George Howard, who only lacked the opportunity to become more than a murderer?

"Bessie! Bessie Ross!" called grandma from the porch. "Come, child, and get ready for meeting."

She was not blind, the dear old lady; but, judging from her own remembered girlhood, she knew Bessie was best left alone for a while. She knew, too, that, with all her gentleness, Bessie was proud, and would not ask sympathy, or wish to receive it.

Her pride came to her rescue now. "I will go," she thought. "His triumph would be too great if I should stay away."

And she hastened to the house. "Say, Bessie," said Willie, meeting her at the door, "did you see your feller gin' by with that other girl? Didn't you?"

But here he was caught by the shoulders, and whirled round so fast that his speech was utterly demoralized; and, when he stopped, he looked up in such a bewildered way, that involuntarily a laugh rang from Bessie's lips.

"I am glad you can laugh, Miss Bessie," said Willie's tormentor, looking in mock gravity at the girl; "for verily I thought it was a ghost slipping out of the orchard, and thought I would stop Willie before he offended you."

"Needn't whirl a feller's brains out," grumbled the boy, retreating into the kitchen, leaving Bessie and her "big cousin," as she always called Harvey Lane, alone on the porch.

"Hurry, Bessie," was all he said.— "I'm going to saddle 'Black Queen' for you. Don't you think you would like that better than to go in the 'express' with the old folks?"

"Of course I would," she said gratefully, looking into the honest blue eyes above her; "but they never will let me ride her alone, and I never thought of your going to Saturday meeting. I'll be ready in five minutes."

"It was no use telling her," thought Harvey, looking after the little figure with a tender light in his eyes, "that the only reason I am going to Saturday meeting now is because she has no one else to go with her."

But Bessie knew; and mingled with the love she had borne for Harvey Lane as her true friend from childhood was a new feeling of gratitude and appreciation.

They were orphans, these two,—one the child of the only son of these old people, who met his fate at Gettysburg, leaving his child to his mother's tender care; the other, only an orphaned nephew, whose home had been on the farm since his earliest recollections, and who, since the death of their son, had become the mainstay and pride of the old people. Bessie had never thought of Harvey in any other light than that of a dear friend and relative, and, since her intimacy with George Howard, had seemed almost oblivious of his existence. And, though Harvey had loved Bessie with a far different love than that of a cousin or a brother, he had been obliged to content himself with this.

In little over the five minutes Bessie had given herself, she stood at the block toward which Harvey led the prancing horses, and in less than five minutes more they were galloping away over the smooth, hard road toward the little old church.

For a mile, no word was spoken; then, as Harvey adjusted his bridle, he said: "I suppose you saw the new-married couple this morning?"

How thankful the girl was, that just then the nervous system of Black Queen was so very much shocked, by a cow that lazily rose from a fence corner, that for the next few minutes she demanded all of Bessie's powers to keep her in the road! When both her nerves and Bessie's were quieted, the latter replied quite composurely:

"Yes. When were they married, Harvey?"

"Last night," he said, watching her closely.

But the dark eyes looked unflinchingly into his, and the red lips did not tremble.

He did not tell her that in his pocket lay hidden the note of invitation which George, to add insult to injury, had sent to him and to her; though it was hard to keep from doing so.

"I expect we will pass them on the road," he said, for George had to stop at home. Look! there they are just in front of us, Bessie."

Bessie looked, and in obedience to a sharp stroke of the whip, Black Queen bounded forward swift as a bird. Harvey followed, and the two dashed past the two in the buggy on a mad gallop, Bessie's brown curls floating in the breeze, with the long white plume of her hat above them, her bright eyes

dancing, and a touch of scarlet in her cheeks. Harvey sat erect and graceful in his saddle; and George, with his new-made bride beside him, could only think,—

"How proud and happy that fellow looks! and how pretty and bright Bessie Ross is!"

And Bessie thought, too,—

"How handsome Harvey is! Wonder I never noticed it before. And so much better than George;" stealing a glance at her "big cousin," that, if he had seen it, would have made his heart beat quicker.

They had reached the church, and dismounted, and were standing in a group of the other young people of the neighborhood, chatting gayly, when George drove up.

Of all the crowd, Bessie was first to congratulate the bride and groom; and there was not a shadow in her eye or a tremor in her voice as she pronounced the usual "I wish you much joy," though George thought he could detect a slight tinge of sarcasm in it.

Her hand did not tremble when it touched his, but when it was withdrawn, his hand closed over the plain gold ring he had given her.

For the next two weeks, Harvey did not give Bessie time to think. It seemed to her there never was as many merry-makings in the neighborhood before at that season, and attended by Harvey, she went to all of them.

Bessie wondered at herself in those days, when she got time to wonder. All the maidens she had ever read of, who had been jilted as she had been, had, as a natural consequence, taken a consumption, and died most interesting deaths. But she saw no signs of it in her case. Her appetite was as good as ever; and she found herself really enjoying the parties and picnics, and very proud of her handsome escort.

"Harvey rides so much better than George ever did, and if he isn't quite so polite, why, he has more heart."

So she would say to herself, and when she caught herself making such comparisons as these, she jumped at the conclusion that she never really had loved George Howard, after all,—which was not so very far from the truth.

Cunning Harvey saw it all, but wisely kept his thought to himself till his time should come. Cunning grandma saw it all too, and laughed under her big sun-bonnet at the way things were turning round to suit her plans after all that trouble about George Howard. But she said nothing either, and Bessie drifted on in delightful ignorance that she was bending her proud little head for the silken noose of love again.

"Bessie," said Harvey, one evening, as he took the brimming milk-pail from her hand at the bars, "what ever became of that pretty gold ring you used to wear? Your hand looks bare without it."

"I—I—lost it," she stammered.— "That is, I mean," bravely now, "I gave it back to George Howard, Harvey. I couldn't wear a married man's ring."

Harvey said nothing more just then, but later, when he found her alone on the porch, he took up the little bare brown hand, and—strange act for matter-of-fact Harvey!—held it warmly to his lips a moment.

"Too bad this little hand should go bare, Bessie," he said, "I wish you would let it wear this;" and, in the moonlight, she caught the flash of a heavy gold band as it slipped upon her finger.

With her heart fluttering like a frightened bird, she looked up into the honest, earnest blue eyes, but spoke no word.

"I have had that ring, Bessie," he went on, "ever since your birthday; but before I had a chance to give it to you, George had put his ring on your finger, and I would not offer it. I thought at first I would throw it away, but then concluded I would wait. I loved you then, Bessie, and I love you still. I don't ask you to say anything now, little girl; but think over it to-night, and, if you have the ring on to-morrow, I shall know you love me, and will some day be my wife."

And he left her alone in the moonlight, where for an hour she sat gazing vacantly at the ring. Harvey loved her. Harvey wanted her to be his wife. Harvey had loved her so long. And with this thought came a burst of happy tears, and Bessie Ross knew her own heart.

And in the morning, as Harvey came to the kitchen door before breakfast, and watched those busy little hands rolling out dough, and fashioning biscuit, he saw his ring gleaming there, and careless of who might be looking, he caught the little figure, kitchen apron and all, close to his heart.

Grandma put her head out of the pantry just then, but drew it back so quickly they never knew that the glad old blue eyes saw that stolen kiss, brimful of happiness.

And thus was the heart of sweet Bessie Ross caught in the rebound.

Couldn't Civilize Him.

SOME Indians cannot be civilized and some can, but a half-breed is never civilized. Take a half-breed "Injun" from his tribe, educate him and make him intelligent, and he invariably becomes the meanest and most vindictive of Indians. An instance corroborating this assertion was brought to notice not long since at the State Line depot. A well-educated Indian of the Ohio tribe, just from school in Carlisle, Pa., passed through this city on his way to join the tribe of his mother in the Indian territory. He was accompanied by Major Charles Bushness, one of the agents of the colonized Indian tribes, from whom the same interesting facts relative to the untamable Indian were obtained.

The young man is the legitimate son of Capt. McDougal, formerly of the Fourth Dragoons. At the beginning of the war McDougal went South from Ft. Kearney, Nebraska, and left his Indian wife and son, both of whom returned to the Otoe reserve, in north-western Kansas. McDougal afterward returned to the federal service and enlisted in the Eighteenth United States Infantry, commanded by Colonel Carrington, recently at Camp Chase, Ohio. He went with the Eighteenth Infantry West at the close of the war, and by some means found his Ohio wife had reclaimed his son, then a boy of 15 years. He sent his East to his old home in Pennsylvania, and has done all in his power to make his half-Indian son a white man. By the assistance of some of the friends of his early days, McDougal had his son appointed to the West Point Academy about three years ago, but he failed to pass the required examination. As a last resort, and by way of encouragement, he permitted him to visit his mother in her tribal home in the Indian Territory. He remained there a year, and got into some horse stealing trouble in Southern Kansas. His father's influence in Washington saved the young Indian from serious punishment, and he was sent to his father, at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., where he was again sent to school. He is now of age to decide for himself. His actions in the East have discouraged and disgusted his father.— At his own request he has been sent back to his mother, and Jerome Baptiste McDougal will assume his tribal title among the Otoes. Young Jerome was the centre of attraction last night at the State Line Depot. He is more than half white in his appearance, and he has all the manners and deportment of a young white man. In a brief conversation with him he assured the interrogator that he felt happy to get back to his mother and family friends. He said he was tired of white people wanted to go home. He seemed to be well posted on current topics of the day, and could drink whiskey like a white man and smoke like a Mexican. He says he goes to his tribe to do the best he can for them. He is an Indian and proposes to don the breech-clout, shave off his mustache and become one of the Otoes.—"Kansas City Times."

Obelisks.

Only forty-two obelisks are known to exist. At Karnah four are standing and two prostrate. Nine more are prostrate at Saou. One stands at Philae, twelve are at Rome—the largest of them being at the church of St. Lateran. Florence contains two, and Paris, Arles and Constantinople one each. In England there are four—two at the British Museum, one at Alnwick Castle and the fourth at Kington Lacy Dorsetshire, brought over by Mr. William Bankes, a friend of Lord Byron. The obelisk now on its way to England was the companion of one still standing at Alexandria, to which place it was transported from On.— Though named after Cleopatra, its erection at the Temple of Caesar did not take place until the reign of Augustus, and several years after the death of the Queen. Abdul Lanteel says that the obelisk stood in his time—the twelfth century.

An Original Method of Marrying.

Of all original methods of getting married, commend us to the "Ruglen marriage," familiar to the people of Glasgow, Scotland, until within the last twenty years. When the parties objected to the proclamation of banns, and contracted an irregular marriage, a friend of both would be commissioned by them to lay a criminal information against them with the Procurator-Fiscal, or public prosecutor. He straightway summoned the misdemeanants before the Sheriff and charged them with the offense. They, of course pleaded guilty, and the Sheriff would gravely fine them five shillings. The Procurator-Fiscal took the fine and in return gave the parties a receipt which stated why they were fined, and this was valid as a legal proof and certificate of their marriage.

"Capital punishment," as the boy said when the school mistress seated him with the girls.