

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 this Doctor's personal attention, free of charge.

Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists. 10 41

**RAILROADS.**

**PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.**

**ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.**

**November 5th, 1877.**

**TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS**

For New York, at 5.20, 8.16 a. m., 2.00 p. m., and 7.55 p. m.  
For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.16, 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 2.57 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 3.20, 8.10 a. m., 3.57 and 7.55 p. m., trains leave 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, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m.  
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m.  
Leave Reading, at 7.40, 7.49, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 4.15 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 5.30 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 3.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.

J. E. 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. 12.22 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, 4.43 p. m., daily.  
Mifflintown Acc. 8.43 p. m., daily except Sunday.  
Pittsburgh 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 13 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time.  
J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

**DUNCANNO 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. 12.56 P. M., daily, except Sunday.  
Mail 7.30 P. M., daily.  
Atlantic Express 10.30 P. M., daily (flag)

**WESTWARD.**  
Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily except Sunday.  
Mail, 2.09 P. M., daily.  
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.16 P. M.  
Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M.  
W. M. 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 everybody 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. 31wly

**REMOVAL.**

The undersigned has removed his **Leather and Harness Store** from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a. 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 findings made a speciality.  
JOS. M. HAWLEY.  
Duncannon, July 19, 1876

**STATE 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

GEORGE W. SMILEY, Administrator.  
CLAS. H. SMILEY, Attorney for Adm'r.

**OPIMUM**

Will Morphine Habit absolutely and speedily cure. Suffering or partially cured persons get relief. 187 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

**ENIGMA.**

I am composed of 19 letters.  
My 6, 7, 13, is a fish.  
My 1, 18, 13, is a long time past.  
My 4, 9, 11, is what children like.  
My 15, 12, 16, is an article of food.  
My 17, 3, 7, is what we should do.  
My 8, 19, 18, is a valuable earth product.  
My whole all should do.

**A MAGICIAN'S TRICKS.**

LOOK at the number in this gentleman's watch. Now, then, do you see it?"

"Yes."  
"Well, what is it?"  
"Two thousand eight hundred and seventy-five," said Miss Heller; "it is a gold watch, and can be wound without a key."

In a parlor in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, recently, sat Robert Heller, a sandy-haired, long-mustached man; his sister, a tall, flaxen-haired blonde, in a blue silk dress; the editor of a dramatic newspaper, the purser of a European steamer, Stanley Dust, a young Englishman, and myself.

The wizard was in a particularly lively humor, and performed many amusing and some amazing tricks, but being tricks, I was not especially interested in them—much more, in fact, with the rare dexterity with which he accomplished his purpose.

But his exhibition of Miss Heller's marvellous power of second sight enlisted all my interest, and as the room was absolutely free of any possible accessory, I thought I might perhaps detect or happen on a solution of the supernatural problem.

With cheerful alacrity the Hellers allowed themselves to be suspected and investigated, and I must say their tests were tolerably severe.

The purser's red bandana handkerchief was carefully bound over the lady's deep eyes—although much of her seeing was done with her back to us, so the necessity of blindfolding is apparent rather than real—and she sat with her gloved hands folded on her lap.

At first the tests were such as the average audience invariably supplies.

A gold pencil case, a ring, a scarf, a cane, an umbrella, a button hook, a charm, a diamond, a watch, a hat, and all that sort of thing which naturally suggests itself to the questioner.

Many of these articles are so common that if there were not a system of lingual telegraphy, it would not be difficult to invent one.

Indeed, my first impression was that by constant practice they had classified and arranged a vast number of articles to be indicated by set questions.

It is obviously impossible. For instance: "What is this?" might always indicate a gold watch; "And this?" a gold pencil; "What have I now?" an opera glass; "Will you describe this?" a handkerchief.

Up to a certain point this is clear enough. I could do that much myself. And if, without practice, I can do a little, by constant and intelligent practice a professional sightseer could do a great deal more. A trade is a trade all the world over, and it's well to remember it.

I remembered it, and determined not to be outwitted on that line.

Answering a touch of the bell, a waiter appeared, disappeared, and reappeared with a bottle.

"Waiter," said I, "have you a pocket in your jacket?"

He wore a white jacket, and, as was developed afterward, his pockets were on the inside.

"Yes, sir," he answered.  
"May I see what you have in one of them?"

He grinned all over, evidently unaccustomed to such familiarity, but influenced by the remote possibility of a quarter, he turned one of his pockets inside out.

In it had been a knife with a corkscrew blade, a white button, a little change, and something that looked like silver.

While I examined the articles not a word was said, but we all saw everything; Mr. Heller as well as the rest.

I carefully scrutinized the little white article, and as I did so the waiter's grin changed to a frown of apprehension.

On it were some characters such as I had never seen combined before, and after thoroughly looking at them I handed it to Heller.

He spent a few seconds in looking at it.  
"Now, then, this is difficult; what do I hold in my hand? Come, you must try."  
Did that "must" hint at mesmerism? With visible effort the dignified woman bent her mind to its task.

Presently, with a sigh of relief, she faintly said:  
"It is a piece of silver."  
"Wrong."  
"It looks like silver—a white metal—a charm, I should say. It's a queer thing."

"Right. It's not silver, but aluminum;

but it looks like it. There are characters traced on it; what are they? Come, now."

"I think there is a cow."  
"Yes. Go on."  
"A cow, a triangle, and a crescent."  
"A cow, a triangle, and a crescent.—Yes, that's right, can you make out the characters?"

"They may be R and D, but they are intertwined and not distinct."  
The applause that followed this triumph of—well, I don't yet know what to call it. But the applause was as hearty as any she ever received in her life, for the test was most remarkable.

"Where did you get this, Henry?" asked Mr. Heller.  
"Got him from the priest in New Orleans," replied the much relieved darkey.

"From the priest? What priest?"  
"The colored priest. He sells 'em for dollars."  
"What is it?"  
"Safety piece, sir. I don't have no more fevers."  
"You wouldn't sell it, I suppose?"  
"No, sir, not for nuthin', sir."

I suggested that possibly Miss Heller was fatigued, but she laughed, and said not. So we went on.

Of course, no system of lingual telegraph could have answered their purpose in this test, unless it was so extensive as to comprehend metallurgy, natural history, the alphabet, and masonry, and with some reluctance I dismissed the idea for the moment.

Having seen considerable of ventriloquists in private as well as public, and knowing Heller to be *facile princeps* in the practical joking line, it occurred to me that, though not probable, it was possibly possible, that ingenious and perfected ventriloquism was the base slave who thus deceived our senses.

And I confess I was somewhat impelled to a serious consideration of this thought by a suggestion made last week in the *Sun*, that Heller would not allow others to put the questions to Miss Heller.

Why not?  
Was his voice necessary as well as his eyes?

I tried, therefore a second, experiment.  
The young dramatic news editor wore a peculiarly shiny satin cravat, evidently fresh from the haberdasher's stock.

Taking him aside I asked him to lend me his cravat.

With some reluctance, for it was very handsome, he did so, and, as I had hoped, the name of a dealer was stamped in the collar.

I showed the name to Mr. Heller.  
"May I ask her what this is, and test her generally by my voice?"  
"Why certainly."

He told me afterward that he had encountered shrewder men than myself, and that I needn't go away utterly cast down, as one without hope.

"What is this, Miss Heller?"  
"A young person's cravat. It is made of satin, has a stiff collar band, and is worn in folds arranged in front."  
"Correct. What, if anything, is there written on it?"  
"Nothing."  
"What. Look again."  
"There is something stamped on the inside in gilt, old English letters. It is a little worn on the edge, or rather imperfectly stamped. I should say 'Sillock & Co.'"

And that's precisely what it was.  
"I give it up," said I.  
"No, no, go on man. Try it again. For all you know I buy my underwear there. Try something of your own."  
Mr. Dust pushed from a greasy leather wallet a ticket and handed it to me.

"If she can hit that," said he, "she's a witch, for I'll swear no one has ever put eyes on it before but my uncle and myself."  
Mr. Heller looked at it.  
No one in the room but Dust, Heller and myself had thus far seen it.  
"Please describe this article, Miss Heller."

"It's a bit of paper, about two inches long and one inch wide, with printed and written letters on it."  
"Will you read the letters?"  
"I can't very well make out the number, but I think it says:

No. 1,246. R. Simpson & Co.,  
195 Bowery, opp. Spring street.  
November 3rd, 1877.

Cont.  
10 25.  
Mr. Dust.  
Not answerable in case of fire or damage by moth. 25 per cent. per annum.

"Is that all?"  
"I should say that was quite enough," replied Mr. Heller. "Twenty-five per cent! Why, Dust, that's fearful!"

Others of the party asked questions of Miss Heller precisely as her brother did, precisely as I did, and that did away with the theory of ventriloquism.

Tired as they were, the magicians were apparently pleased with our mystification, and spared no pains to aid us in wrong directions.

When we talk of mesmerism, we imitate the ministers who talk about hell.

In fact, Heller is comparatively worse than the other subject, because the latter can be postponed indefinitely.

But, allowing me so much of common sense as will clear me of the imputation of writing on a subject I know nothing of, let me use the word "mesmerism" as indicating an enforced condition of mental obedience, controlled in an inexplicable manner by the favored on earth.

I thought that Mr. Heller might possibly have put his sister in a trance, and that while in that state he mysteriously affected her mental powers.

There was but one way to detect that. We had seen the two enter the room, at different times and by different doors. Conversation, such as would naturally follow, had ensued, and at no time was Mr. Heller nearer the lady than any of us. The bandana handkerchief was tied on by the purser himself, and unless Heller can magnetize a woman at a distance of eight or ten feet, there was nothing of the kind done.

I watched carefully and conscientiously every movement and utterance of the Hellers, participated in the tests, and shared the enthusiastic determination of the others to detect the plan if possible.

And like the rest I was baffled. It is of course impossible to get anything serious from a man like Heller, on this subject. As he says, "If it's a trick you must admit it's well done, and if not a trick then you are well done."

"Come now, Heller, said one of us, "give us a hint. Is it mesmerism?"  
"Certainly," said he, "if supernatural vision is based upon mesmeric hallucination, wherein the real and the unreal, hand in hand, so closely approach each other that our distinction is absolutely fulfilled, then is this wonderful phenomenon far beyond the possibility of conjecture, and it were better to be content with simply watching and studying the effect produced, than to attempt to analyze that which being, as it may be, more than it appears, becomes still more so, as we find ourselves sinking in the mire of doubt, from which, on emerging, our faculties, benumbed and paralyzed, give no hope of enlightenment other than that which might have been, and perhaps ought, still couldn't, without verging upon that bourne from which no traveler returns."

"What's all that to do with it?"  
"I really can't answer."  
Miss Heller rose, turned her chair with its back to us, and with equal correctness described everything that was shown to her brother, no matter by whom asked.

A happy thought occurred.  
"I'll put one more test," said I.  
The day before New Year's a little black-eyed beauty came into the office, with his box slung over his shoulder.

"Black your boots?"  
"No, guess not."  
"I wish yer would."  
"Well, hurry up."  
He gave me a beautiful shine, and I remembered his shoe—for he wore no stockings—with a quarter.

"Thank yer, boss. Here's me card."  
His dirty little hand laid on my desk a cute card, in which was a strange device.

"What's this for, bub?"  
"Them's to call with. I've got lots of 'em."  
"Do you call on ladies and give them these?"  
"Yes, and they treats us."  
Well, I had that card in my pocket, and I said to Miss Heller, whose back was turned towards us:  
"Please describe this."  
She laughed outright.  
"That's a card. An old orang outang sits in the lower corner, and three festive monkeys are grouped cross-legged on a scroll, each crowned with laurel, and playing on a fiddle. On the scroll it reads: 'Frank Howton. A Happy New Year.'"  
And so it did.

I passed a pleasant hour or two—but I also passed the secret.

**An Eccentric Clergyman.**

IT is now near twenty years since Father Newel, as he was called, happened to be in Charleston during the pastoral vacation, and was invited to preach in the old Circular Church, then as venerable as St. Michael's. The committee heard more of him, and of his eccentricities, in which he rivaled Lorenzo Dow, and resolved to give him a friendly hint on the Sabbath. They did so, saying that he must not forget that he was in the great city of Charleston, and was to preach in a fine church to a very refined audience.

There was an ominous smile, as he said he would remember.

Service commenced, and hymn and prayer were not much out of the common, save with more power in them, and the committee on pulpit supply began to breathe freely, and to use their fans and handkerchiefs.

It was time to preach, and old Newel got up. He looked all around, and upon the gallery, crowded with the quodron and mulatto nurses and servants of the quality, and then he began:

"I am told I must be careful what I say to-day, for this is a refined church and a refined city, and I am to preach to a v-e-r-y refined audience. I have been looking around for the refinement, and I see it. You refine a thing when you take it in its coarse state, like black molasses or yellow sugar, and make it white and fine. You bring a ship load of negroes to this city of Charleston, and every face is so black it would cast a shadow on a chimney back and the hair is as kinky as a theological student's ideas. You keep them in Charleston one hundred years, and to save my soul I can't tell, half the time, the negro from the white man, nor the quodron nurse from the child's mother, nor the yellow girl from the white, only she ain't so bilious. Yes I own up to you. You are a powerfully refining people, and I give you glory for doing it all, for the Lord ain't no hander it. It's your refinement, for God Almighty never made a mulatto nor a mule."

Then he preached to as humble a congregation as he ever had in the backwoods of Elbert. But he was not asked again.

**A Peculiar River.**

The Colorado river (not the Texas Colorado) is noted for swirls so called.—They occur everywhere, but only at high stages of the water. A bubble rises from the bottom and breaks with a slight sound on the surface. The water at the point begins a rotary motion, so small that an inverted tea-cup might cover it. Large and larger grows the circle, till a surface of 30 feet in diameter is in motion, spinning around a funnel-shaped hole in the centre, two or three feet across at the top and coming to a point in the depths below. Often a large tree floating down the stream is caught, and its foremost end thrust up in the air twenty or thirty feet while the other passes underneath—the exposed end to be slowly drawn down again and disappear. Three soldiers—deserters from Camp Mohave—passing the ravine in a skiff, immediately below the fork, suffered their craft to run into a swirl. One of the crew, at the first intimation of danger, threw himself overboard beyond the charmed circle, and as he swam away, he turned his head and saw the boat spin around until one end being down in the vortex and the other upheaved in the air, it slowly sank as it revolved into the turbid bosom of the river, its human freight to be seen no more; for the Colorado river does not give up the dead—no corpses lodge on its shores.

**Talk After Church.**

"Well, Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon. Where was the text?"  
"Oh, I don't know—I have forgotten it. But would you believe it, Mrs. V. wore that horrid bonnet of her's. I couldn't keep my eyes off of it, all meeting time. Miss P. had on a lovely little pink one; and Miss T. wore a new shawl that must have cost fifty dollars. I wonder her folks don't see the folly of her extravagance. And there was Mrs. H. with her pelisse. It's astounding what a want of taste some folks exhibit."

"Well, if you've forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience. But which preacher do you prefer, this one or Mr. A.?"  
"Oh, Mr. A. He's so handsome, and so graceful! What an eye, and what a set of teeth he has!"

An old darkey who was asked it in his experience of prayer was ever answered:—"Well, sah, some prars is ansued and some isn't," pends on what you axes fo'. Jess arter de wah, w'en it was mighty hard scratchen fo' de culled breddern, I 'bserved dat w'enebber I pway do Lo'd to sen' one o' Marse Peyton's fat turkeys fo' de ole man dere was no notice taken ob de partition; but w'en I pway dat he would sen' de ole man fo' de turkey, de matter was tended to befo' sun up nex' mornin'; dead sartin'."

A lawyer who always made it a point to win his case, was applied to by a man who had stolen some pork, to defend him. Accordingly, in his usual inventive way, he ruined the principal evidence on which the plaintiff relied, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. After the verdict was declared, as the criminal was leaving the court, he whispered to his attorney thus:—"Counselor, what shall I do with the pork, for I have got it yet?"  
"Eat it," replied the attorney, "for the jury say you did not steal it."

A young mother, explaining christening to her five-year-old boy, told him that when he was christened he "would be one of God's little lambs."  
"And will I have hind legs and ban?" eagerly asked the boy.