A timely dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pills is sure to prevent an attack of billousness when a short neglect of the warning symptoms may develop a serious case of fever, either billious, intermittent or typhoid.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills remove all causes of billousness, promptly start the secretions of the liver, and give a healthy tone to the entire system. It is no ordinary discovery in medical science to have found a harmless cure for this stubborn complaint, which accomplishes all the results heretofore produced by a free use of calomel, a mineral justly dreaded by mankind, and acknowledged to be destructive in the extreme to the human system. That the properties of certain vegetables comprise all the virtues of calomel without its injurious qualities, is now an admitted fact, rendered indisputable by scientific tests. Those who use the Mandrake Pills will be fully satisfied that the best medicines are those provided by nature in the common herbs and roots of the fields.

These pills open the bowels and correct all billions derangements without salivation or any of the injurious effects of calomel or other poisons. The secretion of bile is regulated as will be seen by the altered color of the stools, disappearance of the sallow complexion the cleansing of the tongue.

Ample directions for use accompany each box of pills. Prepared only by J. H. Schenck & Son, at their principal office, cor. Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents per

For sale by all druggists and dealers. April

#### RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

### November 5th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.20, 8.16 a. m. 2.00p. 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 Schuyikill and Susqueharna
Branch at 2.40 p. m.
For Anburn via S. & 8. Br. at 5.10 a. m.
For Anburn via S. & 8. Br. at 5.10 a. m.
For Alleatown, 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:

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 FOL LOWS :

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 †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

Leave Pottsville, at 6.16, 8.16 a.m.
And via Schuylkill and Susquebanna Branebat
8.15 a.m.
Leave Anburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon.
Leave Allentown, at †2.39 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.

p. m Leave Allentown, at2-30 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, Pas-enger trains will run as follows: EAST.

WEST.
Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily.
Mail. . . . 2.43 r. M. daily except Sunday.
Millintown Acc. 6.55 p. M. daily except Sunday.
Pittsburgh Express, 11.57P. M., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday.

eept Sunday.

Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag)

Prains 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.

DUNCANNON STATION.
On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains willeave 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., Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag)

Way Passenger, 8.38 a. M., daily Mail, 2.09 r. M., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 r. M., Pittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.38 r. M. WM. C. KING Agent.

GOLD! Great Chance to make money. Hyou 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 subscribers. 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 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.

# REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store

from Front to High Street, near the Penu'a., Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

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 Shins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.

P. S.—Blankets, Bobes, and Shoe undings made a speciality.

Jos. M. HAWLEY.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Daniel Shatto, late of Carroll township, Perry county, Fa., 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

December 18, 1877. GEO. W. SMILEY, CHAS. H. SMILEY, Attorney for Adm'r.

UM and Marphine Habit absentedy and specifity cured. Painteen no publicity, fiend stamp for particulars. Dr. Canason, 18th Washington St. Change, Ill.

The Deacon's Hunt for Facts.

DEACON TARBOX, I'm a virtoous woman, and I've tried to be a good and Christian wife, and for me to be treated in this way, I declare it's a a burnin' shame!"

The speaker was Mrs. Jerusha, the wife of Dr. Amadeus Brown, and the scene was the library of the deacon's house in the village of Oak Hollow .-Mrs. Brown had worked herself into quite a heat of scarlet excitement, and the deacon sat in his armchair, looking at her with a troubled expression through his gold bowed spectacles.

"So 'tis; so 'tis," said the deacon, "ef your suspicions are correct. You say that your busband visits the parson's wife every day ?"

"Every individual day for the last three weeks. Don't I know it? Haven't I watched him? I've stood it jest as long as I kin, and now I'm going to speak out. I'll have a divorce, I will Let him run away with that little pink and white doll-baby if he wants to. He'll find out one of these days who kin cook his vittles best, and mend his clothes, and take care on him. Ef he'd rather have her do it, he's welcome to try her. It-it ain't that-that I care-harehare-r-r-r."

Mrs. Brown, having restrained her feelings as long as was possible, at this Juncture burst into a flood of tears, and became incoherent.

"You say," observed the deacon, when she had somewhat recovered her selfpossession'again, "you say that your husband only visits the parson's house when that gentleman is absent?"

"Well, he takes those times generally. You know the parson is away this week to Conference. Now, you won't believe it, mebbe, but the doctor has been in that house just six times since the parson went off. It's no more'n I expected. I knew just how it would be ef Parson Gray went and married a young wife and brought her here. But I did not believe,"-and here Mrs. Brown brought her hand down on her lap with great emphasis-" I did not believe my husband would be the fust one to fall in love with her."

"It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Gray didn't choose some older person," said the deacon, gravely. "His wife is too young for a parson's wife, and too pooty."

"Pooty!" exclaimed Mrs. Jerusha, firing up. "Well, that's a matter of opinion. I don't admire her style myself."

"This is a very serious matter," said Deocon Tarbox, with great solemnity .-"This must be brought at once afore the selectmen of the parish-that is, supposin', of course, ma'am, that you ken prove what you say."

" Prove it!" replied Mrs. Brown, violently. "I ken prove it fast enough .-Didn't the doctor order the parson to send his wife to the city for a change of air, as he said, and when that poor unsuspectin' man went an' done it, didn't my husband post right off after her, under pretence of having business there? O, don't I know it? He little thought as how the eye of his wronged and outraged wife was upon him. Then, no oner does she come back than Doe Brown begins his visits to the cottage agin. He says she's sick, and Parson Gray is fool enough to believe it."

"It must be looked into," said Deacon Tarbox. "I promise you, Mrs. Brown, you shall hev justice done to you. Now, I'll jest step over'n consult Elder Pilberry. He's a clear-headed man, the elder is, and we'll do whatever he thinks best about it. Dear, dear!-Why can't folks obey the Scripturs and leave other people's wives alone?"

Mrs. Brown began to cry again. "Now you jest go home an' never mind anything more about it," said the deacon. "The elder an' I will come to some conclusion. It'll be a dreadful blow to the parson, though, poor man. But then we must do our dooty, Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Jerusha dried her eyes and took her leave, while Deacon Tarbox, full of a solemn sense of responsibility for the secret confided to him, went in search of Elder Pilberry. He found that worthy in his backyard, in his shirt sleeves, sawing wood, and at once laid the matter before him.

"Wall," said the elder, standing with one foot on his sawhorse, and resting his elbow reflectively on his knee, "my opinion is jest this: We must work slow, ye know. Missis Brown is naterally a kinder jealous little woman,an' she may be mistaken in some of her facks. Now we can't git along without facks to steer by. Doctor Brown may be visitin' the parson's wife with the most honorable intentions, an' the parson may know all about it when Missis Brown don't. It won't do to stir this thing up, you know, deacon, till we git more facks,"

"Yans, that's so, Brother Pilberry," replied the deacon; "but how kin we do it? There ain't no doubt about Doctor Brown's bein' down to the parson-

age most every night since Parson Gray went away. Then, ye know, he followed her down to the city, too. That 'ere don't look right, now does it ?"

"No, it don't," said Mr. Pilberry, "but 'taint best to take things for granted. As you say, the parson's wife is young'n pooty, and 'taint sing'lar the doctor should be kinder took with her; but then Doctor Brown is a married man, an' a member in good standin', so I guess we'd better make sure of all our facks fust. Now wouldn't it be a good idee for you an' I to kinder hang round down by the parsonage to-night, and see what's goin' on? Ef we could get a look in through the winders, ye know, we might be able to tell what the doctor goes there for."

"That idee never struck me," said Deacon Tarbox, in a convinced tone of voice, implying that it had struck him now, and that he was very foreibly impressed by it. "That's a good suggestion."

"Waal," continued the elder, "you just come over here along about eight o'clock, and we'll walk down that way."

" How about the parson's dog?" asked the deacon, a little nervously.

"O, he don't do nothin' but bark, an besides, he's chained up. I guess 'taint best to say anything to Missis Brown .-Shouldn't like to hev it known how we git our information, ye know.'

The deacon nodded, and the elder returned to his wood-sawing, each of them gloating with an inward satisfaction over the choice bit of scandal of which they had suddenly become possessed, and never for a moment doubting that it was their sacred duty, as godly men and pillars of the church, to stir it up and make the most of it.

That night Elder Pilberry and Deacon Tarbox might have been found snugly enseonsed behind the hedge fence which separated the parson's South meadow from his backdoor yard. The deacon had risen from his seat on the damp grass for the twentieth time, remarking that he should "ketch his death a' cold ef he staid there any longer," and that he didn't believe the doctor would come that night anyhow, when the elder, looking through the branches of the hedge, suddenly exclaimed:

"There he is! Duck your head, deacon!"

The doctor fastened his horse to the tying-post, and knocking briskly at the door of the parsonage, passed a few words with the person who opened it, and entered, closing the door behind him.

"Back door !" muttered the clder,-"That's suspicious."

"Where's that light?" asked the dea-"Aint that in Missis Gray's con. room ?"

"Yes," said the elder, "that corner room in the second story is Mrs. Gray's chamber, an' there's somethin' goin' on there, too. Jest see them shadders."

The curtains of the room were not drawn, and the two eavesdroppers, looking upward at the windows, could plainly see the ceiling and a small segment of the opposite wall. Upon this portion of the plastering was cast a singular complication of moving shadows, giving apparent evidence of there being several persons in the room. Who they were, or what they were doing, the elder and his companion, not being favored with a view of the whole apartment, were unable to determine.

"Hi!" exclaimed the deacon, after vainly stretching his neck for several moments. "That's the doctor's fig-

And so it was. As the deacon spoke a person advanced to the window for an instant, and then quickly turned away. But in that instant both of the watchers below had recognized the familiar outlines of Doctor Brown.

"Wall," exclaimed Elder Pilberry, rising to an erect position, "I never would have believed it to my dyin' day ef I hadn't seen it with my own eyes,1

"In Missis Gray's own chamber!" said the deacon. "And her husband away. This is a subject for a vestry meetin', elder."

"We must find out about this," observed Pilberry. "If it goes afore the selectmen we must have facks. I calculate it's our moral dooty, Deacon Tarbox, to see what's going on in that there chamber.31

"How ken it be done?" asked the deacon. "'Twon't do to go bustin' the door open, an' if we ring the bell he'll take the alarm.

"We kin do better than that," replied the elder. "There's a rain-water barrel at the corner of the house, right by the settin'-room winder. Now, ef we kin git another barrel to put on top of it, we kin git up to the second story casv.

The deacon approving of this idea, they searched cautiously through the parson's woodshed and succeeded in finding a headless barrel, which they duly placed on the top of the water-butt at the corner of the parsonage. On the barrel the elder balanced a board and mounting this

unsubstantial structure with the deacon's a salstance, he succeeded in gaining a good view of the sitting room on the first floor, but found himself considerably below the window-sill of the upper chamber. The lower room was quite empty, but a lamp was dimly burning on the centre-table

"Kin you see ?" whispered the deacon in a voice which might have been heard for a hundred yards. "No," returned Elder Pilberry, "not

high enough." " Hey ?" " Not high enough."

"Will the choppin'-block do ?" asked the deacon, with a gesture toward the wood-pile. " Yes, hand it up."

It was rather heavy, but the deacon succeeded with some difficulty in bringing it to the water-butt and passing it up to the elder. The latter placed it firmly in the centre of the board, and mounted it earefully, holding on to the spouting to steady himself. With the aid of this last addition to his pedestal, Mr. Pilberry now found the rim of his hat about on a level with the lower panes of Mrs. Gray's windows. Letting go the spout he raised himself on his tiptoes and prepared to take a leisurely survey of the apartment; but at this critical juncture the parson's dog, which was chained in the barn, suddenly became suspicions that something was going wrong, and forthwith set up such a terrific howling and barking that the deacon was frightened nearly out of his wits. This sudden loss of his presence of mind on the part of Deacon Tarbox was fatal to the success of Elder Pilberry's observations, for the former fell in consternation against the water-butt with such force as to upset his companions equilibrium, and to cause the overthrow of the barrel. board and chopping-block together, thereby precipitating Mr. Pilberry through the sitting-room window with most astonishing velocity, and landing him on the floor with a crash of broken glass which might have been heard for half a mile.

It was fully two minutes before the elder sufficiently recovered himself to realize what had happened. His first impression was that there had been an earthquake, but this idea gradually resolved into the conviction that the day of judgment had arrived. He seemed surrounded by a blaze of fire-works, and he only awoke from the influence of this optical illusion to find himself held in the bony clutches of an infuriated female, who was rapidly removing his bair in handfuls, apparently with the idea of obtaining enough to fill a mattress.

"I say!" shouted the elder. "Confound it! Git out! Let me go, will you ?"

"Let you go!" screamed the woman, shricking at the top of her voice, and shaking him violently by the collar. "No I wont. Come on! I've got him! Fire! Murder! Robbers! I've got him!"

"Do you - you know -who-I-I-I am?" exclaimed Mr. Pilberry, his remark rendered somewhat disjointed as a result of his antagonist's shaking.

"No, nor I don't care who you are!" shouted the weman. "Murder! mur-"

A violent tussle ensued, the elder using his most desperate endeavors to escape, and the enemy hanging to him with the tenacity of a bull-terrier, the only appreciable result being the removal of the greater portion of the clothing of both combatants. In the midst of the melee the door burst suddenly open, and Doctor Amadeus Brown entered in a state of great excitement.

"For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "what is the matter? Elder Pilberry! Nancy! Let go that gentleman at once. Do you know who he is ?"

"No," sald Nancy; " who is he?" "He's-why, bless my soul!-he's an elder of the church."

"He's an elder of the church!" exclaimed Nancy, drawing off and looking at the dilapidated Pilberry contemptuously. "And so elders in the church come round smashin' the minis-

ter's winders in this 'ere way ?' By this time the deacon had gained admittance by some means, and he now appeared upon the scene, with his eyes fixed upon the doctor selemnly. He was determined that the elder's unfortunate plight should not deter him from his righteous purpose.

"Doctor Brown," he exclaimed, slowly, "how cum you in this house?"

"Well, gentlemen," said the doctor, " I will answer that question by asking another. Pray how came you here?"

The deacon might have replied that it was very evident how Mr. Pilberry got there, and that as for himself, he came in through the back kitchen-but that would hardly have comported with the dignity of his errand.

"We came," he said, "in pursuance of our dooty as selectmen of this village. It is a painful dooty, but we must do it. You hev been seen, Doctor Brown, in the chamber of Missis Gray, in the absence of her husband."

Nancy here burst out into a loud laugh. and the doctor smiled.

"Yes," he said, "I don't deny it." " Elder Pilberry," exclaimed the des-con, "you hear that? He don't deny it. Now, Doctor Brown, perhaps you hev some explanation to make-some excuse to offer. We are ready to hear

what you hev to say," "Well, gentlemen," replied the doctor, looking from one to the other, and making a great effort to restrain a strong inclination to laugh, "perhaps you will not deem any excuse necessary when I tell you that our 'respected pastor has this night become a happy father. It was a little premature perhaps, gentlemen, and the parson would undoubtedly have remained at home had he supposed the event likely to occur so soon; but it is a fine boy, gentlemen, and weighs eight pounds and a half."

Deacon Tarbox and Elder Pilberry hung their heads and looked foolish. Stammering out a confused apology. they hurriedly took their leave, both sadder and wiser men. The experience was not without its results, for from it the elder derived a very excellent motto. which he never afterwards failed to fire at the deacon on all favorable occasions: "Never jump at conclusions without fust bein' sure of your facks'"

### A Useful Tramp.

Sometime ago, about bedtime, a rather seedy individual, whose outer garments betokened an estrangement from the washer-woman, called at farmer Bin Berks county, Pennsylvania, and requested lodging for the night. Mr. B. did not have any rooms suitable for the traveler, but offered some old blankets and the hay mow. These were thankfully accepted, and the tramp was soon soundly asleep in the hay. About midnight two men, having only vague ideas of meum and tuum, drove a team and wagon to the barn, and commenced stealthily and noiselessly to fill the wagon with twenty-two or twenty-three bags of wheat which Mr. B. had ready for market next day.

They had all loaded up save a five bushel sack, standing in a corner, which they had vainly tried to lift.

" Let us go; we can't load it," said one of them. The tramp about this moment happened to awake, and considering the above an appeal to his manhood, arose out of the hay saying. "I'll help you!" The men, at the appearance of the king of shreds and patches issuing from the corner, flew from the premises, leaving horses. wagon and all behind them. The tramp aroused Mr. B., who, coming to the barn, recognized the team as belonging to a man living not a thousand miles away. They are still in M. B.'s possession.

## Woman's Love.

A man, who had struggled with a malignant disease; approached that crisis in its stage of which his life seemed to depend. Sleep, uninterrupted sleep, might insure his recovery. His anxious wife, scarcely daring to breathe, was sitting by his bed; her servants, exhausted by constant watching, had all left her. It was past midnight; a door was left open for air; she heard, in the stillness of the night, a window open below stairs, and soon after approaching footsteps. A moment more and a man with his face disguised entered the room. She instantly saw her husband's danger, and anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband, and pressing her finger upon her lips to implore silence, held out to the robber her purse and her keys. To her great surprise, he took neither. Whether he was terrified or charmed by the courage of her affection cannot be known. He left the room, and, without robbing a house sanctifled, by such strength of affection, he departed.

## Remarkable Feet.

"May, be" said an affectionate husband to his loving spouse, "you would not be so handy about displaying those big feet of yours if you knew what occurred at the shoemakers when I took your shoe to be mended the other day."

"Well what was it?" "The shoemaker took it in his hand, gazed upon it a few moments and burst into tears.' What was the fool crying about ?"

"It seems that his Grandmother raised him, and he was exceeding fond of her, and during his absence from home one time she died and he returned only in time at attend her funeral. Your shoe, in size and shape, painfully reminded him of her coffin-A slap in the face accompanied by "take that you ruffian," put and end to the story, and our readers must imagine the rest.

An ugly bachelor suggests that births be published under the head of "new music." What a wretch!

Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasure at the cheapest rate.