one year, \$3 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$1 75
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms. TEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines,

D. P. GWIN'S CHEAP STORE.

D. P. GWIN'S CHEAP STORE.

D. P. GWIN has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest and most beautiful assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

Ever brought to Huntingdon. Consisting of the most fashionable Dress Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen; Black and Fancy Silks, all Wool Delaines, (all colors,) Spring Delains, Braize Delanes, Braizes, all colors; Debaize, Levella Cloth, Alpacca, Plain and Silk Warp. Printed Berages, Briliants, Plain and Colored Ginghams, Lawns and Prints of every description.

liants, Plain and Colored Ginghams, Lawns and Prints of every description.

Also, a large lot of Dress Trimmings, Fringes, More-Antique Ribbon, Gimps, Buttons, Braids, Crapes, Ribbons, Reed and Brass Hoops, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Neckries, Stocks, Zepher. French Working Cotton, Linen and Cotton Floss, Tidy Yarn, &c.

Also, the best and cheapest assortment of Collars and Undersleves in town; Barred and Plain Jaconet, Mull Muslin. Swiss, Plain, Figured and dotted Skirts. Belts, Marsailles for Capes, and a variety of White Goods too numerous to mention.

SPENING SHAWLS THIRET SHAWLS, MANTILLAS, &c.

SPRING SHAWLS, THIBET SHAWLS, MANTILLAS, &c Also, Cloths, Cassimers, Cassinets, K. Jean, Cot. Drills, Muslins, Tickings, Nankeen, Table Diapers, &c. Also a large lot of Bonnets, Flats, and Hats, at low pri-

BOOTS and SHOES, the largest and cheapest assortment in town.

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BUCKETS, CHURNS, TUBS, BUTTER BOWLS, BROOMS, BRUSHES, &c. CAR-PETS and OIL CLOTH. FISH, SALT, SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, MOLASSES, and all goods usually kept in a country

store.

My old customers, and as many new ones as can crowd in, are respectfully requested to call and examine my goods.

Default kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange, at the Highest Market Prices.

April 21, 1858.

D. P. GWIN.

ATEW STORE!—NEW GOODS!!— FISHER & McMURTRIE having reopened the METROPOLITAN, formerly known as "Saxton"," take pleasure in announcing to their many friends, that they have received a new and well selected Stock of GOODS, which they feel confident will satisfy the demands of the public, and will prove unexceptionable in Style and Quality.

The line of Dress Goods embraces Robes A'Quille, in Organdies, Lawns, Percales, &c., Chaleys, Berages, Brilliants, all Wool DeLaines, Cravella, Mohair, Danubian, Tamise and Lavella Cloths, DeBage Lustres, Alpacture, Chiefman, for cus, Prints, Ginghams, &c.

cas, Prints, Giughams, &c.

We have a fine assortment of Summer Shawls, Mantillas, Dress Trimmings, Fringes, Antique's, Ribbons, Mitts, Gloves, Gauntlets, Hosiery, Ladies Collars, Handkerchiefs, Buttons, Floss, Sewing Silk, Whalehones for Skirts, Reed Hoops, Brass ditte, Skirt Cord, &c.

Also—Tickings, Osnaburg, Blenched and Unbleached Muslins, all prices; Colored and White Cambrics, Barred and Swiss Muslins, Victoria Lawrs, Nainscoks, Tarleton, and many other articles which comprise

sooks. Tarleton, and many other articles which comprise the line of WHITE and DOMESTIC GOODS. We have French Cloths, Fancy Cassiners, Satincts, Jeans, Tweeds, Cottonades, Lineas, Denims and Blue Drills.

Hats, Caps, and Bonnets, of every variety and Style. Also, a large assortment of all kinds of Street

and Style. Also, a large assortment of all kinds of Strate Goods.

A Good Stock of GPOCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENS-WARE, BOOTS and SHOES, WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, which will be sold Cheap.

We also deal in PLASTER, FISH, SALT, and all kinds of GRAINS, and possess facilities in this branch of trade unequalled by any. We deliver all packages or purcels of Merchandise free of charge at the Depots of the Broad Top and Pennsylvania Railroads'.

COME ONE, COME ALL, and be convinced that the Metropolitan is the place to secure fashionable and desirable goods, disposed of at the lowest rates.

April 14, 1858.

TOR EVERYBODY.

TRY THE NEW STORE,

On Hill Street opposite Miles & Dorris' Office. THE BEST

SUGAR and MOLASSES,
COFFEE, TEA and CHOCOLATE,
FLOUR, FISH, SALT and VINEGAR,
CONFECTIONERIES, CIGARS and TOBACCO, SPICES OF THE BEST, AND ALL KINDS, and every other article usually found in a Grocery Sto

ALSO— Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs,
Paints, Varnishes, Oils and Spts. Turpentine,
Fluid, Alcohol, Glass and Putty,
BEST WINE and BRANDY for medical purposes.
ALL THE BEST PATENT MEDICINES.

and a large number of articles too numerous to mention, and a large number of articles too numerous to mention. The public generally will please call and examine for themselves and learn our prices.

MYMANIGILL & SMITH.

Huntingdon. May 25, 1858. TTUNTINGDON HOTEL.

In The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has leased that old and well established Tayran Stanp, known as the Huntingdon House, on the corner of Hill and Charles Street, in the Borough of Huntingdon.—He has fitted up the House in such a style as to render it very comfortable for lodging Strangers and Travelers.

HIS TABLE will always be stored with the best the season can afford to suit the tastes and amerites of his guests.

son can afford, to suit the tastes and appetites of his guests.

HIS BAR will always be filled with Choice Liquers, and
HIS STABLE always attended by careful and attentive

Ostlers.

Solution II have a strict attention to business and a spirit of accommodation, to merit and receive a liberal share of rabble narronage.

P. McATEER. public patronage. May 12, 1858--1y.

A TTENTION ALL!! JUST ARRIVED,
A SPLENDID STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
MISS'S, BOYS AND CHILDREN.
For Men and Boys' Fine Boots, call at
WESTBROOK'S Boot and Shoe Store. WESTBROOK S Book and Shoes, call at WESTBROOK'S.

For Children's Shoes of all kinds, call at WESTBROOK'S. For Men and Boys' Coarse Boots and Shoes, call at WESTBROOK'S. For Morocco Leather, call at WESTBROOK'S. For any thing you want in my line,

CALL SOON. For Ladies' Gaiters at prices from \$1.00 to \$2.25, call on LEVI WESTBROOK. Huntingdon, May 5, 1858.

A LEXANDRIA FOUNDRY! The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by R. C. McGILL, and is in blast, and have all kinds of Castings, Stoves, Machines, Plows, Kettles, &c., &c., which he will sell at the lowest prices. All kinds of Country Produce and old Metal taken in exchange for Castings, at market prices.

April 7, 1858.

R. C. McGILL.

COUNTRY DEALERS can buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the cities, as I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia.

Huntingdon, April 14, 1858. II. ROMAN.

ARNISH! VARNISH!! ALL KINDS, warranted good, for sale at BROWN'S Hardware Store, il 28, 1858—tf. Huntingdon, Pa.

ADIES, ATTENTION !- My assort-ADIED, ALLER LIVE and the ment of beautiful dress goods is now open, and ready inspection. Every article of dress you may desire, can D. P. GWIN. be found at my store.

ARDWARE!

A Large Stock, just received, and for sale at
BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE, THE MAMMOTH STORE Is the place for Latest Styles of Ladics' Dress Goods

RRICKER'S Mammoth Store is the place to get the worth of your money, in Dry Goods, rdware, Greceries, &c., &c. MANE FISHING RODS—A Superior LOVE & McDIVITT'S. DOUGLASS & SHERWOOD'S Patent Extension Skirts, for sale only by FISHER & McMURTRIE.

Are requested to call and examine the Hardware Ec., at BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

ROCERIES,
Of the best, always ready for customers, at
J. BRICKER'S MANMOTH STORE.



WILLIAM LEWIS,

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., AUGUST 25, 1858.

NO. 9.

Select Poetry. TREAD SOFTLY.

BY J. HAL. ELLIOTT. Life is a rough and weary journey all the way,

On which, sometimes, the brilliant sunbeams gaily play, And make it bright-alas! how short-lived is their stay Clouds come before their light, Concealing them from sight, And all their glory bright, So quickly gone.

Affection's hallow'd flame, once lighted, brightly burns For one brief bour, Then flickers into tombstones and sepulchral urns,

And shines no more.

A midnight darkness gathers round the tear-dimmed heart Each footstep grows more faint and weary, And all along the pathway hot tears often start-The brightest spots look lone and dreary, And so throughout the saddening way, Even if your hearts are light and gay, Pity your neighbor while you may; Tread softly.

Tread softly-Affliction chastens with stern, unyielding hand, Sprinkling baptismal tear-drops on each happy band, Wearing away the heart, as sea-waves near the strand. Eyes droop 'neath gathering tears,

How dark the day appears, How long the burdened years, Till they are gone. All slowly, one by one friends drop into the grave;

The grassy mound, And cherished memory is all that's left—all, save Flowers strewed around. The sable robes of mourning meet us everywhere, The chastened heart grows faint and weary, Life becomes a burden, and each daily care, Makes the restless soul sad and dreary. Then, if ye care for others' woes When round your life's dark shadows close. Destroying all your sweet repose, Tread softly.

Select Story.

THE JOURNEYMAN GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Joe Conway was an oddity. He especially delighted in mysteries, disguises, unexpected denouements, intrigues, and romances generally.

Consequently he was always getting into ad scrapes, and-superfluous assertionthere was always a "lady in the case." This made him a bit of a misegamist-an amateur woman hater.

Yet, for all that, he could not let the sex

A profound love of nature and dissipation, attracted Joe and myself to the little village of D____, on the banks of that charming open upon the table, with a very pretty little sketch, to see the scenery, and to drink, for as Joe remarked, the waters of the Erchwon to the cultivated tastes of the occupant, and pleased. All women like admiration, even to the cultivated tastes of the occupant, and pleased. All women like admiration, even to the cultivated tastes of the occupant, and pleased. All women like admiration, even to the cultivated tastes of the occupant, and pleased. All women like admiration, even to the cultivated tastes of the occupant, and pleased. All women like admiration, even to the cultivated tastes of the occupant, and pleased. All women like admiration, even to the cultivated tastes of the occupant, and pleased. stream, the Erchwon. We went to fish, to possess peculiar refreshing qualities—when mixed with a little cognac.

The afternoon of the second day of our sojourn found us seated upon a flower spangled slope, skirted by willows, whose gnarled roots were bathed in the pellucid Erchwon.-We had sought the spot, to smoke, converse, and digest our somewhat elaborate dinner, in peace and quiet, with nature before our

As is very apt to be the case, when two young men get together, our talk was of wo-

Woman! what an inexhaustible subject for contemplation, conversation, writing, oratory, painting, sculpture, and matrimony! "It's all gammon" said Joe Conway, "women don't appreciate cultivation, intellect, or

good fellowship. All they look for is wealth and position when they love. If they don't more hopefully than before. find those amiable qualities, they won't love, and if a fellow hasn't got them he had better let the sex alone. It takes a gilded key to unlock their precious little hearts. That's so!"

"You are sadly mistaken, Joe," said I, "and the worst of it is you know it. You are angry with the husband hunters that have given you chase, and revenge yourself by damning the whole institution of dimity. You are wrong. A man like you, young, rich, and—well, yes, without flattering, I think I may say tolerably good looking, has no chance. You see only the designing ones, who are bound to marry your bank account in spite of yourself, and they play off their charms upon you,

ad nauscum? "But where are the artless ones, who don't want money-who are willing to sacrifice themselves, and all that, for the sake of the tender passion?"

"They are modest. The brazen-faced fortune-hunters crowd about you, and accustom you to being sought. The really good girls require seeking, and as that isn't your line, you never know what nice woman there are

in the world." "I'll tell you what I'll do!" cried Joestarting up suddenly, and half choking himself with a mouthful of cigar smoke—"I'll test that question. I'll do it here in this very place. I'll turn mechanic, ignore my money and my family, make up to the prettiest, prondest girl in the village, and show you that she won't marry me poor. Then I'll come out in my true colors, and show you that my cash is puissant to do that which my conversation and acquirements cannot begin

to do !" "What, marry her?" "Not much-make her ask me to, and

laugh at her." I confess that I secretly hoped that Joe would not test that question. He was a capital fellow, as rich in accomplishments and cultivation, as in money. Now I knew that be dull for me to explain here, the mistake -, contained some charming girlsdaughters of retired sea-captains, merchants, fair writer had confused the laws which gov-&c., who, however much they might love a mechanic, would see him hanged before they wished an opportunity to point out the error would marry him. Au contrairie, a young gentleman of wealth and position, would

prove very acceptable. But he was determined, and when I returned to the city, in a few days, I left Joe arranging a chest of carpenter's tools, and getting himself a pair of blue overalls and a paper cap.

bled in the fine arts, understood shorthand, wood color—which may perhaps be best dea little surgery and medicine, was a finished scribed as a mingling of ashy and golden jockcy, a fair gardener, had built a stone tints, and fell in tangled masses—half ringbridge, written an epic, and half-soled a pair | lets, half disordered—on each side of a neck,

With these somewhat varied accomplishments, he had no fear, of course, but what he could get on very well as a carpenter. No one knew him at D——, and when he introduced himself to the "boss" carpenter of the village, he succeeded in persuading him that he was a journeyman of unusual talent.

He received several commissions, during the first fortnight of his experiment, but on the whole, it was rather lucky that he was not compelled to subsist on the proceeds of his labors. Otherwise, he might have found it difficult to pay his board—especially as he commissioned me to send him some five dollars' worth of cigars every week.

One day after he had nearly exhausted his patience, and had done no end of plotting and planning in vain, the village carpenter asked him to undertake the restoration of a cornice on one of the oldest and most aristocratic houses in D-

third story windows of the mansion of old Commodore Hulkington, dexterously making his measurements and plans for the new cor-

It was not an easy task, for the work was elaborate, and the weather warm. Two days elapsed and Joe had only got ready to commence putting up the brackets which sustained the heavy mouldings. Lunch-time came, and the amateur carpenter getting into the shade, unpacked his little tin dinner pail, and began a repast at once simple and nourishing, when he saw the window nearest him was open, and that some papers, lying on an escritoir inside, were disposed to

"I know it is a trespass," he meditated, "but it is for the proprietor's good—I'll step into the room, and save, perhaps, some valu-

able documents." A little gymnastic exercise brought him down from the scaffold, through the window and into an elegant chamber.

"Hem," said he, "a woman's room." There were paintings—statuettes—ormolu ornaments-and forty other luxurious nothings, such as women of taste love to gather around them. A guitar reposed upon the bed, with some books in French and Italian. The couch itself bore the impress of a form, as if the tutelar deity of the chamber had been lying down, and passing her time with literature and music. There was a portfolio water color sketch, half finished; a well everything about the chamber, from the bed, | ly expressed. delicacy on the part of whoever had arranged the apartment, seldom found, except in young gance of his diction.

and beautiful women, who aspire to have the surrounding like themselves. "Something elegant about this," said Joe, gathering up the scattered papers, and placing them beneath a paper weight on the escritoir, "I must investigate this here's an opening for a splendid romance—poor young carnenter, and rich, lovely woman, ch?-Lord bless me, there have been bushels of

novels written on the very same plot." After a hurried examination of the room he regained his scaffold, and consuming his lunch, set once more about his labors, a little of a mechanic before.

Thus passed a week. Joe got into the very imprudent habit of entering the chamber almost daily, in hopes of meeting the occupant of so charming a temple. He became familiar with all the books and music, whistled the canary bird into a convulsion of song, and drove himself half crazy with

speculations on the fair unknown. He had heard her sing very sweetly of a morning when she opened the window, and just caught a glimpse of her form; but she seeing him, had withdrawn suddenly, and he had not been able to discover whether she

was beautiful as a rose, or ugly as a camel. He had found upon a half-finished sonnet, on the table, several long, brown hairs, apparently plucked out in a fit of abstracted meditation.

Evidently, this girl was blonde. He had found gaiters, of delicate color and wonderful smallness-gloves of corresponding delicacy—tasteful and artistic dress-

es and sacques. What will you say, oh, my matter-of-fact and practical reader, when I tell you that my friend Joe Conway, fell in love with a woman whom he had not yet seen; of whom he knew next to nothing?

Yes he did. Quite naturally, the erecting of the cornice progressed but slowly. The master-carpenter wondered at it, but Joe assured him paper cap-in spite of the notions of the every morning, that it would only take a day or two longer.

One fine afternoon, Joe found, lying on the escritoir, an essay upon music, written in the same beautiful hand which he had so often seen and admired on the margins of books; and the papers in the chamber .-Grown impertinent to an alarming degree he on a honeymoon trip. laid down the saw which he had unconsciously brought with him, and perused the

essay carefully. It was well written and powerful, but there was an error in the philosophy. It would and happy bridegroomwhich Joe saw at once—it is enough that the ern melody and harmony, and Joe devoutly of the sentiments you then expressed."

to her who made it. He was just meditating an epistle, to be left with the essay, as the door opened, and his desse inconnue entered!

contour spoke of grace and health—whose to a simple little urchin, who said "p'raps it peach tinted checks, bright eyes and lips, be a flea."

Joe had a wonderful talent for doing every- like the inner fold of some tropic shell, told thing tolerably well. He played upon a half of vivacity, freshness, and purity. Her hair a dozen instruments, could survey, and dab-was of that peculiar pale brown—almost a white and delicate as the petals of the ca-

She did not scream when she saw the carpenter sitting cooly in her arm-chair, making himself objectionably at home. She only opened her large grey eyes, hesitated a moment, and said:

"Well, sir!" with an accent between sur-

prise and disdain. Joe arose, and bowed politely. "What do you wish sir?"

Joe was put somewhat to his trumps. "I wished to see what kind of a fairy innabited so delightful a domain!"

Truly, a nice speech for a journeyman car-penter to make to Commodore Hulkington's only daughter. "Possibly you are not aware that you are intruding, sir. You will oblige me by de-

parting. "Certainly," said Joe, now in the full enforment of the romance of the thing, "cer-Joe agreed, and in a short time was mounted upon a scaffold, and about the level of the one thing—I wish to explain a little question, on which you have doubts. Harmony, in music, appeals to the intellectual, or reasoning portion of the soul-melody, to the pas-

ing portion of the soul—melody, to the passions and feelings."

The young girl looked a little alarmed, and drew back a few steps.

"No!" said Joe, divining her thoughts, "I am not insane. In your essay on music, you say that 'education refines and intensifies our preceptions of melody. You should have said harmony,' for that rules the brain, which organ is susceptible to the influence of education. Melody is lord of the heart alone, and you, mademoselle ought to be well aware that the heart cannot be aught-either in

music or in love!" Miss Hulkington was astonished. "Sir," she said, "I do not know what to

make of your conduct. You are very improdent and very—very—"
"Audacious! Yes, I acknowledge that,"
interrupted Joe, "but you must pardon me. I first entered your room to place some papers in safety, which the wind had blown out of the window. Once inside, the air of elegance and refinement exhibited here, attracted me. Doubtless, you have noticed one's surroundings became permeated, as it were, with something of one's sphere-so in your room, I experienced an emotion of pleasure, a consciousness of the presence of some invisible but charming spirit, and I have made bold to

enter often, believing that, if you knew my motives, you would forgive me.' The young lady was beginning to feel

The conversation proceeded. Joe proved with its showers of snowy curtains falling from a massive gilt ring, to the canary bird to the fair essayist that she was in error, and in the window, bespoke a refinement and astounded her by the depth of his thoughts. the variety of his knowledge, and the ele-

> On leaving, he held out his hand-almost as soft and white as her own-and stifling the last traces of a false prejudice, gave it a cordial pressure.

"You have not long worked at your trade?" she said. "Since my boyhood," unblushingly answered Joe, "but—but," and he glanced at his hands—"I have generally done the nicer

kinds of work-joinery and the like." This excuse passed very well with a woman who never had the honor of the acquaintance

The next day, when Joe heard the window opened, he presented himself, and after exchanging salutations, the twain again fell into a discussion, which became so earnest that Joe was compelled once more to enter the room.

Alas for the progression of the new cor-

For two weeks this state of affairs continued, and at the expiration of that time, Louise Hulkington was compelled, maugre her pride, to acknowledge to herself that she loved Joe Conway-the journeyman carpen-

He would not believe it. It contradicted his theory of the mercenary character of wo-

And, I notice that we never believe any thing which contradicted our theories. Finally, when the cornice had to be finished, Louise petitioned to her father to have an ornamental wardrobe put up in her chamber. Of course, Joe had the task, although the old Commodore grumbled terribly about employ-

ing such a slow workman. It took Joe six weeks to make the ward-

robe! By the time the job was done-very nicely done it was too, Joe's theory was quite done up, and the sweet Louise Hulkington had promised to become his bride, in spite of her father—in spite of Joe's blue overalls and

world. Sensible girl! There was only one thing left for Joe to do -to reveal to her his true position, which I was very happy to corroborate.

Three months afterward, I said good-bye to a newly wedded pair just starting for Europe, As I held the tiny, white-gloved hand of the bride, and saw her charming face beneath the gossamer-tissued veil, depending, from

"Well, Joe, if you remember our conversation on the banks of the Erchwon, last summer, you can tell me what you think now "My dear George," said the Journeyman.

her "love of a bonnet," I said to the proud

'there are exceptions to all rules." What is the meaning of a backbiter?" said a reverend gentleman during an ex-Figure to yourself a young girl-say of amination at a parochial school. This was

Parlor Daughters.

BY A BACHELOR.

Girls, young ladies, and, if you please, mothers, too, just listen a moment, for I have a short story to tell you; and, perhaps, at the close of it, we will find a "moral," and, perhaps, a sermon.

A few days since, I called upon a young lady. I may as well say that having been considerably "impressed" by her beauty and brilliant conversation at several evening social parties, I had resolved to prosecute the acquaintance. I will not affirm that there had not floated vaguely about in my brain, certain pleasing rose colored "Bachelor's reveries," in which figured conspicuously the beaming face and elegant figure of Miss B.

Be that as it may, I called; and, being ushered into the parlor, I sat down, and awaited, with some impatience, the appearance of the lady.

My attention was soon arrested by voices in an adjoining apartment, and the door be-

ing ajar, I was perforce, a listener.
"Oh, Carrie," said a very weak voice, "If you would only have assisted me three hours a day, this attack might have been averted; but now its too late. I know that weeks, if not months of illness, are before me. I am Mason—ascertained that he had a cancer on all tired out."

Soule, associating with your kitchen girl, with her dingy hands. Why, the idea is absurd; and, besides, I hate housework."

day, but I do know, that for the want of this

Ili-at-ease attempts at conversation, I took my As I slowly walked away, amusing, "a

hange came o'er the spirits of my dreams." A daughter who "hateth housework" to such a degree, as to allow her mother to get "all tired out," and ill, from being "overtasked," eight years, with unfailing success, and not could such a daughter become that most in- a case has been known of the re-appearance

What if her husband had wealth, and filled his house with troops of servants, could be have a quiet, neat, well-ordered home?— has a thorn. The honey-bee has a sting.— Would his children have a true mother? No. The path of life usually bordered with flow-A parlor daughter will make a parlor mife. ers, especially to those of true hearts, is be-Brilliant, facinating—a rare and costly orna-set with ills. The very hedgerows which ment-challenging the admiration of the make the path so beautiful to the eye, afford world, it may be, but never the holy source | shelter and concealment to the poisonous adand centre of the comfort and peace of her | der. The individuals whom you sometimes

family. were changed to sombre-hued realities. I sting you, and become your most deadly foes. queried, was Miss B. an exception to this The venomous tongue is employed against rule? How many young ladies of my acquaintance were really thelps to their monot blush with shame at being seen making sonous insinuation, the malignant inuendo, bread—not cake, but bread? How many are adroitly arranged to injure your reputacould cook and get on the table a good dinner. or superintend and direct such an undertaking? How many to whom the old-fashioned "dish-cloth" is not a "horrid thing?" How many could starch and iron a shirtbosom or collar, so it would look respecta-

Alas! how few could I recall who would not properly be numbered in the long list of or later, to melt the ice surrounding, and those to whom these things were not only soften and purify the heart. Then the enemysteries, but absolutely disagrecables and

undesirables. I say "alas!" for it is a sad thing, not only for us young men, the future husbands of these frail "lilies of the field," who "toil not, neither do they spin," but to the daughters

themselves. Look at them-look at yourselves, young ladies. Where is the round, plump, solid arm and cheek of your grandmother, at your age? Where is her power of endurance, her exuperant spirit, depressed by no circumstances; her energy and self-reliance, equal to her emergency; and where in the future are you to obtain strength to pass unscathed

through the perils of maternity as did she? Look around you at the young wives and flieth affrighted away. Jealousy is there, mothers; what pitiable specimens of feminine humanity; what discouraged, disheartened objects of commiseration; what traces of pain and illness are written upon their shrunken visages before the fifth anniversary

of the "honeymoon!" Look at the unhappy countenances of half the young husbands you meet! Do they not speak of pleasing anticipations, followed by unpleasant realities? How many a husband, who in his bachelor days fondly dreamed of a blithe, cheerful, neat housewife, whose lark-like song should testify each morning that household duties were a wellspring of pleasure, has found, by sad experience, the wide difference between romance and reality! And how many a young man of marriageable age and five prospects, seeing the rude dispelling of this or that companion's dream of domestic enjoyment, takes saved her life. She gave her reasons for the warning, and holds himself sternly aloof act that the girls 'picked upon' her; that from all matrimonial entanglements. I as she was called 'stupid,' and ber teacher had sure you, ladies, I know many a young man, considered by calculating mammas and amiable daughters, as decidedly a good match, who, in confidential conversation, does not

married. position, to me, but last week, "when I stead of larrupping" the future statesman for marry, I want a home; and I have been every fault. looking for the last five years for a wife, calculated, by nature and education, to make a needed? But how can the frail lounger and morning sun, have health for herself, or to side be!"

bequeath to her children? Is not a cheerful disposition needed? But how can this be acquired or kept by those whose lives are but one constant round of selfish frivolity?-How can one gain habits of care and application, without ever having even the care of her own room? How can one superintend the details of housekeeping, so as to minister to the comfort of the househeld, to whom every item of that housekeeping is not only unknown, but positively 'hateful?' No, I tell you, Fred; although I may be able to support an animated parlor ornament, yet my taste does not run that way; and so I choose to remain a bachelor, until I find an intelligent girl, with domestic accomplishments.

Is not this a common-sense conclusion, ladies? Whether it is or not, many of the most desirable young men for husbands are thus resolved, and many more are coming to

Moral.—Young lady, if you wish your mother's life prolonged, help her about the house. If you wish health and lasting beauty, do housework. If you wish a good husband, and wish to make him happy, don't hate housework."

Can Cancers be Cured?

We occasionally meet a person afflicted with that terrible disease, a cancer, and few things to which flesh is heir excite our sympathies more. Cancers have been cured, we believe, without the use of the knife, and perhaps some of those who assume the title of cancer doctors have succeeded in assuaging the pains of the disease, and in some cases, perhaps, effecting a permanent cure.

Not long since an article appeared in the Milwaukie Free Democrat, which the Providence Post thinks of sufficient importance to receive general notice. We agree with the Post, and therefore place on record the remedy, advising each reader to cut out the article and preseeve it, as by so doing he may be able to minister to some suffering brother, and perhaps save life itself.

The statement of the Democrat is, that some eight months ago, Mr. T. B. Masonhis face the size of a pea. It was cut out by "Why, mother," replied a voice, almost petulantly—I had admired it the evening pre-Subsequently, it grew again, and while he Subsequently, it grew again, and while he vious for its spirited yet amiable tones— was in Cincinnation business, it attained the "why, mother, nobody does kitchen work now; at least, nobody that is anybody. Just since Christmas, under treatment, and now think of Mrs. Smythe, or Miss Brown, or Mrs. returns perfectly cured. The process is this: "A piece of sticking plaster was put over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the centre a little larger than the cancer, so that "Well," replied the invalid voice, "I don't know what would have been thought of your skin next to it were exposed. Then a plaster assisting me about the house a few hours each made of chloride of zinc, blood-root and wheat flour, was spread on a piece of muslin help, I am now ill. Yes, Carrie, for the want of the size of this circular opening, and apof your help, I have been obliged to overtask plied to the cancer for twenty-four hours.—
myself."

On removing it the cancer will be found to Miss B. soon made her appearance, with her | be burnt into, and appear of the color and winning smile, gay laugh, and brilliant re- hardness of an old shoe-sole, and the circular partee; but somehow, the image of her over- rim outside of it will appear white and parasked mother constantly came between her boiled, as if scalded by hot steam. The and my previous admiration; so, after a few wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soon suppurates, and the cancer comes out in a hard lump, and the place heals up. The plaster kills the cancer, so that it sloughs out like dead flesh, and never grows again. The remedy was discovered by Dr. Fell, of London, and has been used by him for six or estimable boon this side of Heaven, a good of the cancer, where this remedy has been

THORNS IN LIFE'S PATHWAY.—Every rose labor to benefit, and to accommodate whom, And thus rudely my rose-colored reveries you willingly suffer deprivation, turn and thers" in domestic affairs? How many would | your head. The half suppressed lie, the poition, or to embitter your friends against you, by those who, were they not dead to all sense gratitude, would pronounce your name only to invoke blessings upon your pathway.

> another side to the picture. It is better to suffer than to do wrong. The coals of fire on the head of an enemy will not fail, sooner my is slain; a friend is created. THE Two Worlds .- There is a world where no storms intrude-a heaven of safety against the tempest of life, a little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquility.

Such is sometimes life. But there is

Suspicions are not there, nor jealousies, nor falsehood, with their double tongue, nor the venom of slander. Peace embracing there. When a man entereth it, he forgets his sorrows, and cares, and disappointments: he opens his heart to confidence, and to pleasure not mingled with remorse. This world is the home of a virtuous and amiable woman. There is a world where the storm rages and the tempest riot widely. A world where love and joy enter not, and whence innocence

and Auger and Hatred. Slander and falsehood, twin sisters, abideth there. Peace departs from it. When a man enters it, he returns not again, for the dead are there. This world is the dwelling of a woman who has forsaken the guide of her God, whose house is the way to hell, going down

to the chambers of death. What a volume of thought there is in the following item which is going the

"A Young Suicide.—A little girl, twelve years old attempted to commit suicide at Boston, the other day. She had been severely punished several times by her teacher, and fearing further chastisement, she drank a tea-cupful of burning fluid, but an emetic

punished her, and she was tired of life." The world will never know how many people have been made stupid by the simple cry of "dunce," which has been hurled at them. hesitate to say that he does not dare to get | The late Gov. Marcy was a "stupid" boy until he got a teacher who had sense enough "Why," said a young man of wealth and to treat him intelligently and frankly, in-

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT .- A little Swedish home for me, and a true mother for my children, but in vain, so far. Is not health ry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, nineteen or twenty—whose every line and a puzzle. It went down the class till it came dawdler, to whom the midnight glare of the replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side chandelier is far more familiar than the of heaven is so glorious, what must the right