Four squares, 9 00. 13 00. 22 00
Half a column, 12 00. 16 00. 24 00
One column, 20 00. 30 00. 50 00 One column, 20 00. 30 00. 55 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines, 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 acceptable to these forms

DENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD. TIME OF LEAVING OF TRAINS.

cording to these terms.



UNTINGDON& BROAD TOP
RAILROAD.—CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
On and after Wednesday, Sep. 3d, Passenger Trains will arrive and depart as follows: UP TRAINS,

Leave Huntingdon at 7.40 A. M. & 4.00 P. M. "Saxton "9.40 A. M. Arrive at Hopewell "10.15 A. M. DOWN TRAINS,

Leave Hopewell at 10.45 P. M.
Saxton "11.20 P. M. & 6.30 P. M.
Arrive at Huntingdon 1.20 P. M. & 8.30 P. M. ON SHOUP'S RUN BRANCH, a passenger car will conoct with morning train from Huntingdon for Coalmont, Crawford, Barnet and Blair's Station, connecting at the latter place with Hack to Broad Top City, where first class hotel accommodations will be found.

J. J. LAWRENCE,
Sep. 5, 1800.
Supt.

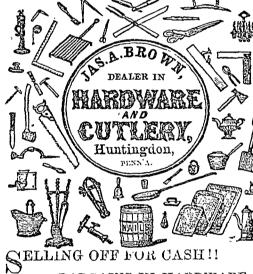
ON'T FORGET,

THE NEW STORE.

WALLACE & CLEMENT, Have just received another stock of new goods, such as DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, &C., in the store room at the south-east corner of the Diamond in the borough of Huntingdon, lately occupied as a Jewelry Store.

Their Stock has been carefully selected, and will be

sold low for cash or country produce.
FLOUR, FISH, HAMS, SIDES, SHOULDERS, SALT, LARD, and provisions generally, kept constantly on hand on reasonable terms. Huntingdon, Sept. 24, 1860.



BARGAINS IN HARDWARE.

As "the nimble penny is better than the slow sixpence," and small profits in cash, are better than vexing eyesore book accounts, JAMES A. BROWN is now determined to sell off the large and splendid stock of Hardware, Paints, &c., which he has just brought from the east, at such low prices, as will induce everybody to crowd in for a share of the bargains.

His stock includes a complete variety of

His stock includes a complete variety of
BUILDING-HARDWARE, MECHANICS' TOOLS,
CUTLERY, HOLLOW-WARE,
OILS. PAINTS, SADDLERY.
VARNISHES, GLASS, CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS,
STEEL, IRON, CHAIN PUMPS, LEAD PIPE,
MOROCCO, LINING SKINS,
COAL OIL LAMPS and COAL OIL, &c., &c.,
Together with a full assortment of everything pertaining
to his line of business.

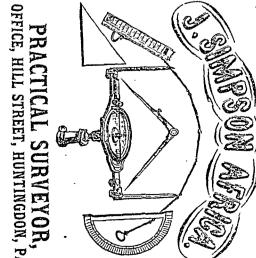
AP-All orders receive prompt attention.—GA
JAS. A. BROWN.
Huntingdon, Sept. 24, 1860.

Huntingdon, Sept. 24, 1860. 2,000 CUSTOMERS WANTED! NEW GOODS

FOR FALL and WINTER. BERJ. JACOBS Has received a fine assortment of DRY GOODS for the Spring and Summer season, comprising a very extensive assortment of

Extensive ansortment of
LADIES DRESS GOODS,
DRY GOODS in general,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
For Men and Boys

GROCERIES, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES, &c. &c.
The public generally are requested to call and examine my goods—and his prices.
As I am determined to sell my Goods, all who call may expect bargains.
Country Produce taken in Exchange for Goods.
BENJ. JACOBS, at the Cheap Corner.
Huntingdon, Sept. 24, 1860.



AINES BROS. OVERSTRUNG GRAND ACTION PIANO FORTES,

Celebrated for superior quality of Tone and elegance and beauty of finish. These Pianos have always taken the FIRST PREMIUM when placed in competition with other makers. CHALENGE ALL COMPETITION. A splendid assortment of LOUIS XIV and plainer styles always on hand. Also Second-hand Pianos and PRINCE'S IMBROVED MELODEONS from \$45 to \$350.

Every Instrument warranted. GEO. L. WALKER'S GEO. L. WALKER'S
Piano and Melodeon Depot,
S. E. Cor. 7th & Arch Sts., Philadelphia.
July 25, 1860.-6m.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

-PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XVI.

HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 28, 1860.

NO. 23.

Select Poetry.

WHAT IS LIFE.

BY W. H. DAVIS. O, what's life? 'tis one beset With many days of doubt and fear, Of which we all our share shall get, As rolls around each passing year.

O, what is life? 'tis one of pain. Of vain regrets and tearful eyes; Of constant toil for ill or gain,-So pass away our fleeting lives.

O, what is life? 'tis one of care, Of trouble much, and sorrow too: With now and then a day that's fair, Which often ends at night in woe. O, what is life? 'tis one for aye

Of dark forobodings ever near,

That ever drive our joys away, While we live on in constant fear Yes, such is life's true picture drawn. E'en from the cradle to the grave: And but for hope that cheers us on.

The ills of life we ne'er could brave.

An Interesting Shetch

MY PENNY DIP.

What was it? A tallow candle, to be sure. The gas wouldn't burn, the kerosene strangled me with its noxious odor, the fluid sputtered, burned blue, and went out. I am afraid of the dark; that ghostly blackness which makes one's eyes ache with its want perhuman, I imagined that perhaps I might of light; that palpable gloom which seems to beat like a roomful of palpitations of the heart around you, above you, about you, everywhere; that visible nothing, which holds the tables, the chairs, the portraits you are familiar with, yet hides them in its black veil from your view; that empty fulness through which you thrust out your groping arms, then shrink back, oppressed with a presence you can neither, hear, see, nor feel.

"Milly," I said to my little maid, "run somewhere and get me a light."

She ran to the grocer's wife, and came back with a penny dip in a brass candlestick. As she placed it on my table, went out and

the figure of time, twelve ringing blows upon the heart. It was midnight.

The candle burned clearly. I resumed the old volume of German legends I was reading. paused to ponder on the possibility of spirits foes, or work weal to friends, I heard a deep

sigh at my elbow.

same prim dress with which I had grown familiar in the picture.

for her.

sank there more noiselessly than she did .-She kept her hands in the same position on ing, I was put to the breast; this, at such her breast, that somebody tied them twenty times, I would indignantly refuse. Then years ago.

She fixed her keen black eyes upon mein the portrait. None of her descendents had

such eyes. your chimneys, and blown our ghostly breaths bore with it. We shall have to yield. Ker- and sound. osene is a modern discovery. Ghosts are old-fashioned. To be out of date is to be out of during my whole life no one had ever thought mind. Your tallow candle pleases me. We of giving me a single spoonful of the water I

my penny dip steadfastly for a moment. She | fiery drink, until finally I was literally burnt seemed to see visions and dream dreams.

the family that has returned to candles since crisp, my intestines were shrivelled-my the innovation of gas. You are indebted to lungs no longer filled with pure air, belched your dip for my presence. How hollow I forth only the fiery fumes that had consumed would have looked under a chandelier—how me. I died. I was good for nothing. I looking very natural, am I not?"

She glanced up at her portrait and waited I inhabited it, with alcohol.' my reply.

but tell me, dear madam, if your pursuits to the pandemoniac chamber; as it subsided, in the other world are of such a nature that another little figure had taken the standthey admit of your returning to this at any

time!" in this sphere but seldom. My influence I Highland laddie of American parents and in can make felt oftener. I have not been seen America. I was dressed, or left undressed before, since my coffin lid was closed. I am rather, in short plaid stockings, reaching to come to tell you there arose a yell in Pande- the calf of my leg, and an elegant kilt reachmonium. I looked in to see whence it came. ing just to the knee. My limbs were moulded I found the great chamber assigned to little in cherubic forms, and when exposed in the children, and which is always full of little ones of all sizes and ages, the scene of great commotion. Infants were crawling into corbeauty. On bitter cold days I was walked ners, three-year-old toddlers were tottering out over the icy streets, the keen wind chapout of the way. Older ones were hastily find- ping my flesh and chilling my blood till my ing seats, and all faces were a listening ex- knees looked like twin nutmeg graters painted pression. A small voice was saying :-

here. I, who am now but five years old, over warm hose, and wondered if she could might have lived to be fifty. Nature, unfortunately, gave me fine physical development. My chest was round and full, my skin clear, matory rheumatism, and unable to endure my limbs finely moulded. My birthplace the pain, gave up the ghost." was in a cold climate. My tender mother; proud of her offspring, bared my neck and victim was a sacrifice to a fashion started arms in the chill winters, when her rose-bushes | since my day. I know that your father was and vines were packed in warm straw and never dressed in such a ridiculous style when answered he was in health; and how rich he out evil and good must prevail, for the mind

brought down to be viewed by company, and warm woolen stockings, and saw that his from room to room. My mother, wrapped in | instep of his little calf-skin shoes." soft velvet and comfortable silks, did not suffer. I did, but could not tell her so. I took cold. I became a great trouble in the house. My beauty faded. I lingered on from month to month, and died at last, at five years, of consumption. My mother cried over my little coffin. I knew, but I could not tell her then, that her own vanity had placed me therewould send me here.'

"'I was trotted to death,' cried a more piping voice, as the first speaker sat down .--A woman was hired expressly to take care of me, and she took care that I should not want for exercise. Her days and nights were spent in keeping me going "up, up, upy," and "down, down, down," That unknown wonder, perpetual motion was to be found in my nurse's knees. Every bone in my poor little body was racked, every ounce of flesh was sore. My food went down milk, and came up cheese. If I cried, I was trotted, if I screamed, I was trotted; if I was still, I was trotted—I became little better than a human churn, from which the butter had been taken and the sour milk left standing. My brains turned to bruises, my blood to whey, my bones grow so sharp they almost pierced the knees which trotted them. As I began to cut teeth, my tongue was constantly jolted between my jaws, and in danger of being bit tween my jaws, and in danger of being bit off. I dared not whipe for I knew the penoff. I dared not whine, for I knew the penalty; I began at last to calculate how long come, in spite of all sorts of ill-treatment usethe torture could possibly continue. Warm weather was coming on, and I thought one or the other of us must soon give up the ghost; perhuman, I imagined that perhaps I might outlast her. One unlucky day, however, my mother, entering the room unexpectedly, I smiled at her. I had never done so before. "The darling," cried my parent, "see, it

knows me." "Poor thing, rather," said the nurse, "it

has wind on its stomach!" ". Forthwith she proceeded to trot it out. Every thump of her foot on the floor was, I knew, a nail in my coffin. I felt I should never smile again. My faithful nurse continued her efforts, and I was trotted out of existence upon the poor old woman's knee.'

"As the speaker ceased, one of the older As she placed it on my table, went out and closed the door, the little boy in bronze, on my mantle, raised his hammer and struck me to enter, and begged me to remain awhile and hear the remarks. I consented, and took

a seat near the entrance." "'I.' said a little fellow, rising from his

seat, with his blue eyes all bloodshot, and his and as I laid my finger on a paragraph, and curls matted together, 'died of delirium tre-pused to pender on the possibility of spirits returning to earth to wreak vengeance on confirmed drunkard. I had not been a very quiet baby, and every time I was uneasy a little liquor was administered to do me good. I turned and beheld the ghost of my grand- I did not want wine, but water. I was naturally a very thirsty child, and everything and expound the same as he proceeded in or-I knew her from her resemblance to her that was put between my speechless lips inportrait. She wore the same white cap with
creased my thirst. My mother's milk was they remembered of his comments, he might its wide border plaited round her face—the sweet, the panada given me was sweet, and if ascertain who were the bright boys of the now and then I was blessed with a draught school. On one occasion he read from the of goat or cow's milk, it was warmed and book of Job thus: She died twenty years ago. I was named sweetened first, to make it as much like my mother's as possible. I used to cry. No other I drew up the rocking-chair for the ghost.

She sat down in it. A pillow could not have feelings, and the chances are ten to one that we will be misunderstood. To stop my crythere would be a commotion. "Nurse," my mother would say, "what shall we do with beautiful eyes, which I had always admired him?" The nurse was a stout, hearty old woman, who always made a practice of tasting whatever was provided for her charge.-"I could not come," she said in deep sep- Her sovereign remedy was liquor. It was ulchral tones, "in gas-light. Ghosts and gaslight are at war always. As for kerosene oil, we groan in spirit at its use. How mor-coughed. The firm hand held the spoon to tal noses, can, night after nigh, inhale the odor it emits, is a wonder. It is worse than in spite of me. Little by little the dose was brimstone. We have put our cold lips under increased. I soon liked it. In my thirsty moments I cried for it. It was given me into the flame. We have seen the chimneys readily, for after a few moments of wild glee, blacken with smoke, and apartments fill with I fell into a drunken stupor, which gave my disgusting fragrance. People only said the attendants many opportunities of enjoying lamp is in a draught. They moved it and themselves, as my sleep was sure to be long

ghosts like the light of other days around us. had craved—the cooling, cheering, refreshing We always, in the body, burned tallow can- drop of water! Now, I no longer cared for it. In my wildest frenzies I was accused of The fine eyes of my grand-mother gazed at having the colic; down, as usual went the out. I am nothing but a cinder within, a "My dear," she said, "you are the first of shell without. My stomach was cooked to a bloodless, how white! As it is, I think I am hope whatever from my dust is destined to take on earth, it will not be water, as when

"As this speaker ceased, there arose a wail "A little pale, grand-mother," I said; of sympathy, such as had first attracted me

"'My legs,' he said, 'brought me out of the world. My mother labored under the "By no means. I am permitted to appear strange delusion that her child was born a purple. I used to look at my mother's long "'It was no fault of mine that brought me | comfortable skirts and thick leggins drawn up survive a fashion such as I wore if adopted by herself. I became afflicted with inflam-

"I felt," said my grandmother, "that this

exposed to different temperatures as I went comfortable little trousers came well over the

"The next speaker was a dream faced little girl, who trembled as she rose and said:

"'I am an opium-eater. My death-warrant was written on the label of the first bottle of Godfrey's Cordial brought into my mother's house. A few drops at first sufficed to hush my feeble cries. Then Godfrey's Cordial would not do. A few drops of pure laudanum was administered. Soon I could not go to sleep without it. Then my nurse ready with patriarch hand to have a superior with the soul looks down in which has been also been also been down in the soul looks down in which has seen and the soul looks down in which has seen also been down in the soul looks down in which has seen also been down in the soul looks down i would give me a small opium pill in my papada. Of course I was but little trouble. I was a deep sleeper, but my digestion became impaired; too much sleep weakened me, and I knew no natural slumber. My eyes became like those of a sleep-walker, full of dreams when wide awake. I lost my appetite; my head grew full of pain; my baby-heart was always aching. I closed my eyes one day forever on the home where I felt I could be little loved, when my low wails were never permitted to appeal to those around me, but were hushed at once; where my blue eyes and only get in the way when they have be-

"This child was still speaking," said my grandmother, "when I rushed out. I had been a mother once, and I could not listen to these innocents in that fearful waiting chamber, recapitulating the woes that had sent them there, any longer.

ful or ornamental members of society."

"I felt impelled to revisit the earth. came. In no light could I make myself visible to you, until your tallow candle was

brought in. "My dear, remember what I have told you. Some of these days you may be a mother. the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are Be more than careful of the sacred charge of mellow, without sign of decay. This is that little children. Think for them-feel for them. Do not, to ease your cares, sink them into unnatural slumbers, or give them over to selfish nurses. Upon you hangs their manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorboth here and hereafter, I beg you will give-

Just at this moment the cock crew loudly. The voice at my elbow was still. I looked around-the rocking chair was empty, the

ghost had vanished.

Miscellancons.

EXPOUNDING THE BIBLE.

A learned pedagogue at Nantucket used every morning to read passages in the Bible,

"There was a man in the land of Uz, and his name was Job, who feared God and eschewed evil. Eschewed evil, that is, he eschewed evil as I do tobacco, he would have nothing to do with it."

With this very clear and forcible elucidation of the word "eschew" he proceeded, and a number of verses were read and commented on in a similar clear and intelligible manner.

After a long interval, when the young mind had time to digest its food the pedagogue called upon one of the youngest boys, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Who was the man that lived in Uz?" " Job."

"Was he good man?"

" Yes." " What did he do?"

"He chewed tobacco when nobody else would have anything to with it," was Bob Holmes' answer. The boy was permitted to take his seat.

SLANDER.

Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend; nor man deplore so fell a fee; it stamps with a word—with a nod-with a shrug-with a look-with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller can't avoid; it is the heart searching dagger of the dark assassin; it is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable; it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder; murder is its employment; innocence its prey-and ruin its sport. Its foundation is in envy, jealousy, and disappointed ambition. Its heralds are found in all sects, in every community. The slanderer is vindictive, malicious, a cowardly insinuating demon -worse than a murderer.

A boy of thirteen, in Memphis, Tenn., had been in the habit of stealing from his father's pockets, by slipping into his room at night. The servants were suspected, charged with the offence, and one after another sold off, yet the young rascal continued his crimes. His sister at length detected him, and he sihis father. She promised silence if he would and finally, on the morning of the 2d, the sister, finding that she horself was at last suspected, told the whole story. The boy instantly drew a large knife, and rushed on him; the father caught his son, who kicked in a room, in which his chief pastime was swearing vengeance on his sister.

time, and see what a fine bill you have !--

A person being asked how old he was. thoroughly protected from every blast. I was a little boy, for with my own hands I knit his was, observed, he was not in debt.

OLD AGE.

Age has furrowed with many years. They tell us of lives well spent, when in addition to years the ruddiness of health still lingers, loth to depart, upon the shrunken cheeks.

Old age is the Alpine height of life, from vista of the past upon deeds that have added

and set upon his generations, and who is ready with patriarch hand to bless the world, and smiling, bid it good night forever, is a

Rarely do men of turbulent souls live to that period when they can say we have embraced Old Age; and are thence prepared to go willingly to the silent chambers of the lead, there to prepare themselves for that ourney into the unknown regions of eternity

Only the good grow old. It is only they who, loving truth—who, having rested confidingly upon lofty assurances and holy purposes, gradually pass from stage to stage in Life's great journey—enjoy what may be truly called a "sweet old age"—an age that is

We all involuntarily respect the aged. No one, however uncouth his nature, but feels in the presence of the snow-crowned patriarch as if there were something of Heaven near unto him. Such a one knows that one life at least has been well spent-that a soldier, full of honor, has retired from the battle of the world, and is now camly awaiting the hour when he shall be summoned to his reward; and, that when he does depart, there are those who will not soon forget his place even in the narrow circle in which for the last time he saw the sun, so typical of his career,

go down forever. Remarking upon sweet old age, a writer has well said, "God sometimes gives to man guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes child-like, not childish-and fought-for land of Beulah, where they who lives—in a great measure their happiness, rows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family that numbers among it one of those not yet ascended saints! Gentle are they and tolerant, and apt to play with little children, easy to be pleased with little pleasures."

THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD. We subjoin some information relative to

London, 3,470,000 - 2,000,000 Paris, 960,000 New York, 600,000 840,000 Philadelphia, Constantinople, 600,000 St. Petersburg, 500,000 Vienna, 480,000 Berlin, 198,000 Rome. 308,000 Dublin. Mexico. 218,000 193,000 Palermo 158,000 Cincinnati, 158,000 Leeds, 150,000 Hamburg, 160,000 Turin, 125,000 Genoa, Frankfort. 163,000 510,000 Naples, 400,000 Liverpool, Glasgow, 380,000 Boston, 178,000 370,000 Moscow. 304,000 Manchester. 286,000 Madrid, 300,000 Lyons, 254,000 Lisbon. 225,000 Amsterdam, 240,000 Havana, 206,000 Marseilles, 153,000 Milan, 132,000 Brussels, Copenhagen, 136,000 120,000 Bristol,

Florence, 107,000 Second Class American Cities. St. Louis, Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, Zanesville, Columbus, 40,000 Dayton, Washington, 61,400 49,000 Providence,

contain above 500,000.

knowledged by every person of discernment. lenced her, threatening to stab her if she told propensity whatever. Such being its influquit stealing, but he continued his habits, tract habits that have a useful tendency. Our his sister, exclaiming, "I told you if you told strange, or too strong can be asserted of it.—father I'd stick you." The girl ran from The story of the miser, who, from long acand hit at him, and was only mastered by cheat himself, and with great delight and main force. He was at last accounts locked | triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea Draw up a particular account of your | the growth of bad habits. It is more difficult Time is what we want most, but what we use ate a desire to gain knowledge; and if wrong cannot be inactive.

It is pleasant to look upon those whom Old

which the soul looks down through the long The good man who has seen the sun rise

noble monument to look at.

vhich all must take.

full of honor and glory.

their time, but greatly abused by our people the chief cities of the world, commencing

with the numbers of their inhabitants:

161,000 46,000 47,000 43,550 9,21218,628

48,000 Rochester, There are 57 cities in the world which contains from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants. 23 from 200,000 to 500,000, and 12 which

THE FORCE OF HABIT. The force of habit is perceived and ac-

It is allowed to have a more steady control over our actions than any other principle or ence, too much pains cannot be taken to conhappiness and usefulness depend on making no material mistakes in this respect. Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce anything too customing to cheat others, came at last to to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. The principal part of the task in educating youth, consists in preventing to guard the mind against error, than to creprinciples and actions are carefully suppress ed, learning and virtue will grow up and flourish almost of their own accord. Keep

There is a gradual change going on in society now-a-days, so that it is really fushionable to dress conveniently. The "dress" or swallow-tail coat is perhaps the most inconvenient and unsuitable article of dress to be worn out of doors that can be, and yet how many men go to church in this ball costume, and think they are well dressed. Our atten-

FARMERS' CLOTHES.

tion is called to this garment at this time by seeing from our office window a charcoal dealer, standing in the rain, dressed in black pantaloons and a dress coat. A red shirt and overalls would be appropriate, and with a blue frock he would look like a man of sense. Clothing should always be appropriate and

convenient. In farm labors the body has to undergo as many peculiar bendings and take as many attitudes as in the sailor's, but not as constantly. We go aloft in the barn, we climb fences, spring upon horseback, dig in narrow ditches, and go through all sorts of movements in using the axe and flail, the hoe and pick, the scythe and shovel,; and our clothing, like the sailor's, should be loose and easy, warm, not in the way, and many-pocketed, A Dutchman's frock is a good dress to go to market in; and, depend upon it, a farmer in a frock will be better attended to in market, whether he is purchaser or seller, than if he comes in an old-fashioned rusty broadeloth suit, like a poor gentleman, or decayed professional man. By his very dress he shows that he is not above his business. and buys and sells as a farmer.

A sailor's dress is after all not exactly the best dress for a farmer. The farmer should wear boots—thick, water-proof boots for much of his work. The sailor wears shoes. The pantaloons of the farmer should tuck into his boots, hence, as little cloth as possible should be in the legs. For our own part we like the style worn by the old countrymen, whose breeches button moderately tight about the ankle and half way up the calf. Like the sailor's, the farmer's pantalouns should be supported by the waist-band and not by suspenders, unless indeed the man be grown corpulent, and like a barrel his waist is the thickest part of him, -and should be loose

and full about the hips.

It is most important that persons who are liable to profuse perspiration--and all men who labor are-should wear woolen garments next the skin. Red flannel shirts are to be recommended for both summer and winter. They are cool in summer and warm in winter, absorb the perspiration, and permit its evaporation without chilling the wearer. The color is bright and agreeable, and it prevents a soiled appearance before the shirt is really dirty. A knit shirt, particularly for winter wear as an outer garment while at work, tucked inside the waistband, is exceedingly comfortable; and when the regular sailor's pea-jacket, made of good stout pilot cloth, just long enough to cover the hips, with liberal side-pockets, double breasted, and with a good collar to turn up to keep snow out of the neck. is worn outside, a man needs no better clothing for ordinary cold weather. There are no coat-tails or skirts in the way, no difficulty about getting one's hands into his pockets, nothing superfluous and everything convenient; loose enough for every action, and close enough for warmth. The throat ought, never to be protected, (except when affected by a cold or cough; then keep it thoroughly warm.) except in cases of extreme exposure, like driving in a storm or great cold. Nothing makes the person more susceptible to lung and throat complaints than this bundling up with furs, or tippets, or comforters-good in

by being used at all times.

Finally—hats. A farmer is not exposed to falling ropes, or spars, or tackle-hence, does not need a stiff tarpaulin, like a sailor or a fireman. His hat should be cool and airy in the summer, and should give shade to his head and face. A light straw, palm-leaf, or chip hat, with a moderately broad brim son. For the winter we need something which is warmer, which will not blow off easily, which will shade the eyes from the great glare of the sun on the snow, which will in a measure protect us from the rain, and which will not be in the way nor become easily injured. A cloth cap with good liberal front-piece, or a medium or low-crowed soft felt hat, answers these requirements perfect-

As to color of garments—the farmer should avoid black, unless he is in the habit of making and attending fashionable parties, and then he must, of course, conform to the mode. All the greys, pepper-and-salts, and a great variety of browns commend themselves. Blue we avoid, because it is a color that has been adopted by the military, and has a sort of "U.S.A." or "U.S.M." look. Poor stock is oftener made up into black goods than into cloth of other colors—an additional reason why it is not profitable. It shows every speck of dirt, and when threadbare looks poverty-stricken enough.
As to texture. Other things being equal,

those goods which either possess a full nap or felty surface besides the thread, and thus are, though loosely woven, quite thick, and enclose considerable air, are warm in proportion to the quantity of air, enclosed in their structure. A shaggy cloth, if not made of too coarse wool, though coarsely woven and loose in texture, will be found warmer than an equally heavy cloth which is woven compactly, and which has been sheared, carded and teazled till on every part the close short pap is laid in an even silky surface. Our clothes keep us warm not by keeping the air off, that is, from contact with the skin, but by surrounding us with a mass of air which is warm and by its adhesion to the fabrics with which we are clothed is not readily displaced, at least not before it imparts a portion of its warmth to the air which displaces it, and so prevents our feeling the chill. Outer garments with a long nap shed rain also much more readily than those with a fine-finished surfaace.

The long and short of this matter is that we should have a regular working dress, which should be made with a view to convenience and decency only, and for other times clothing that can be worn and worn out without its appearing ridiculous. We are said to be the worst-dressed class of the population. and distinguished from others by being inappropriately and inconveniently dressed, and it is because we cannot say it is not so, that we have written the abave. Let us make a change. - Condensed from The Homestead.

The Vermont Legislature has passed a law against prize fighting-principals, ten years imprisonment or \$5000 fine; aids, seconds or surgeons, five years imprisonment or \$1000 fine; and citizens of the State who attend a prize fight in either capacity, out of the State, to receive the same punishment.

Envy is like a sore eye-offended by whatever is bright.

The gay world, so called, is generally the least happy.

Is Hearts may agree, though heads may