The Globe.

WM. LEWIS, HUGH LINDSAY, Publishers. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $2,00 a year in advance.

VOL. XXVI. HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1870. NO. 5.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$2 00
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JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" the most complete of any in the country, and possesses the most ample facilities for promptly executing in the best style, every variety of Job Printing, such as

HAND BILLS,
CIRCULARS,
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POSTERS,
BALL TICKETS,
CARDS,
PROGRAMMES,
BLANKS,
LABELS, &C., &C., &C

CALL AND EXAMINE SPECIMENS OF WORK,
LEWIS' BOOK STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.

Professional & Business Cards.

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, Having permanently located at Huntingdon, offers his professional services to the community. Office, the same as that lately occupied by Dr. Linden on Hill street. ap10,1866

DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office on Hill street, one door east of Reed's Drug Store. Aug. 28, '65.

R. ALLISON MILLER, DENTIST, Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House. April 13, 1859.

E. J. GREENE, DENTIST. Office removed to Leister's New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon. July 31, 1867.

MORRISON HOUSE, HUNTINGDON, PENN'A. JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. April 6, 1870.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, SURVEYOR & INSURANCE AGENT, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office on Smith street. my12'69

J. A. POLLOCK, SURVEYOR & REAL ESTATE AGENT, HUNTINGDON, PA. Will attend to Surveying in all its branches, and will buy and sell Real Estate in any part of the United States. Send for circular. dec29-tf

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office on Hill street, three doors west of Smith. y5'69

J. HALL MUSSER. S. S. FLEMING. MUSSER & FLEMING, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office second floor of Leister's building, on Hill street. Pensions and other claims promptly collected. my26'69

AGEENCY FOR COLLECTING SOLDIERS' CLAIMS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND PENSIONS. All who may have any claims against the Government for Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, can have their claims promptly collected by applying either in person or by letter to W. H. WOODS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Aug12,1863

K. ALLEN LOVELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Special attention given to Collections of all kinds; to the settlement of Estates, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and despatch. jan1,1867

JOHN SCOTT, SAMUEL T. BROWN, JOHN M. BAILEY. The name of this firm has been changed from SCOTT & BROWN, to SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, under which name they will hereafter conduct their practice as ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. PENSIONS, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government, will be promptly prosecuted. May 11, 1868-tf.

P. M. Lytle & Milton S. Lytle, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA., Have formed a partnership under the name and firm of P. M. & M. S. LYTLE, And have removed to the office on the south side of Hill street, fourth door west of Smith. They will attend promptly to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. ap1-tf.

JOSEPH ABT, MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN WILLOW AND SLEIGH BASKETS, Of all sizes and descriptions, ALEXANDRIA, HUNTINGDON CO., PA. June 9, 1869-tf

BLANKS! BLANKS! BLANKS

CONSTABLE'S SALES,	ATTACHT EXECUTION
ATTACHMENTS,	EXECUTIONS,
SUMMONS,	DEEDS,
SUBPŒNAS,	MORTGAGES,
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LEASES FOR HOUSES,	NATURALIZATION B'KS.
COMMON BONDS,	JUDGMENT BONDS,
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NOTES, with a waiver of the $300 Law.
JUDGMENT NOTES, with a waiver of the $300 Law.
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MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES, for Justices of and Ministers of the Gospel.
COMPLAINT, WARRANT, and COMMITMENT, in case of Assault and Battery, and Affray.
SCIERE FACIAS, to recover amount of Judgment.
COLLECTORS' RECEIPTS, for State, County, School, Borough and Township Taxes.
Printed on superior paper, and for sale at the Office of the HUNTINGDON GLOBE.
BLANKS, of every description, printed to order, neatly and at short notice, and on good Paper.

W. H. WOODS, R. MILTON SPEER, W. B. LEAS, JAMES NORTH, DAVID BARRICK

The Union Bank of Huntingdon (Late John Bare & Co.) HUNTINGDON, PA. CAPITAL, paid up, $50,000. Solicit accounts from Banks, Bankers and others. Liberal Interest allowed on time Deposits. All kinds of Securities, bought and sold for the usual commission.—Collections made on all points. Drafts on all parts of Europe supplied at the usual rates. Persons depositing Gold and Silver will receive the same return with interest. The partners are individually liable to the extent of their whole property for all Deposits. The unfinished business of the late firm of John Bare & Co. will be completed by The Union Bank of Huntingdon. 22,1869-tf C. C. NORTH, Cashier.

PAPER! PAPER!! PAPER!!! Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Drawing Paper, Deed Paper, Tissue Paper, Silk Paper for Flowers, Perforated Paper, Bristol Board, Flat Cap Paper, Foolscap Paper, Letter Paper, Commercial Note Paper, Ladies' Gilt Edged Letter and Note Paper, Ladies' Plain and Fancy Note Paper, White and Colored Card Paper, in Packs and Sheets, for sale at LEWIS' Book, Stationery and Music Store.

WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS A LARGE STOCK AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF Window Curtain Papers, JUST RECEIVED AT LEWIS' BOOK STORE.

LIME. From the kiln in Clay, Taylor, Markleburg, proven by chemical analysis to be of the best quality, constantly kept and for sale in any quantity, at the depot of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad. Apply to Henry Leister, Proprietor of the "Broad Top House." may-031tf

HOW TO CURE CONSUMPTION.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DR. SCHENCK'S GREAT MEDICINES.—Will people never learn to know that a diseased liver and stomach necessarily disease the entire system? The plainest principles of common sense teach this and yet there are hundreds who ridicule the idea, and continue in the course which almost inevitably brings them prematurely to the grave. Unlike as the majority of the people do, at complete variance with the laws of nature, it must be apparent to all that, sooner or later, nature will revenge herself. Hence we find that persons who indulge to excess in the use of very rich or indigestible food or intoxicating drinks, invariably pay a heavy penalty in the end. The stomach becomes disordered and refuses to act: the liver fails to perform its functions, dyspepsia and its attendant evils follow, and still the suffering individuals persist in clinging to the thoroughly exploded idea of the past. Dr. SCHENCK'S medicines are recommended to all such. They bring sure and certain relief wherever they are used as directed, and all that is necessary to establish their reputation with every ailing man or woman in the landis a fair and impartial trial of them. Let those who are skeptical on this point, and who have permitted interested persons to prejudice them against these now celebrated remedies for consumption, discard their prejudices, and be governed by the principles of reason and common sense. If the system is disordered depend upon it, in nine cases out of ten the seat of the disorder will be found in the stomach and liver. To cleanse and invigorate the stomach and to stimulate the liver to healthy action, use

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.—The daily increasing demand for these pills is the best evidence of their value. Thousands upon thousands of boxes are sold daily. Why? Simply because they act promptly and efficiently. Invalids who may not find it convenient to call on Dr. SCHENCK in person are informed that full and complete directions for use accompany each package of the

MANDRAKE PILLS, PULMONIC SYRUP AND SEAWEED TONIC.—These medicines will cure consumption unless the lungs are so far gone that the patient is entirely beyond the reach of medical relief.

It may be asked by those who are not familiar with the virtues of these great remedies, "How do Dr. Schenck's medicines effect their wonderful cures of consumption?"

The answer is simple one. They begin their work of restoration by bringing the stomach, liver and bowels into an active healthy condition. It is food that cures this formidable disease. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS act on the liver and stomach, promoting healthy secretion, and removing the bile and slime which have resulted from the inactive or torpid condition of those organs, and of the system generally. This sluggish state of the body, and the consequent accumulation of the unhealthy substances named prevent the proper digestion of food, and as a natural consequence creates disease, which results in prostration and finality in death.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP AND SEAWEED TONIC, when taken regularly, mingle with the food, and the digestive organs, make good and rich blood and as a natural consequence, give flesh and strength to the patient. Let the faculty say what it may, this is the only true cure for consumption. Experience has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, and thousands are to-day alive and well who a few years since were regarded as hopeless cases, but who were induced to try Dr. SCHENCK'S remedies, and were restored to permanent health by their use.

One of the first steps the physician should take with a consumptive patient is to invigorate the system. Now how is this to be done? Certainly not by giving medicines that exhaust and enervate—medicines that impair instead of improve the functions of the digestive organs Doctor SCHENCK'S medicines cleanse the stomach and bowels of all substances which are calculated to irritate or weaken them. They create an appetite—promote healthful digestion—make good blood, and, as a consequence, they invigorate and strengthen the entire system and more especially those parts which are diseased If this cannot be done, then the case must be regarded as a hopeless one.

If the physician finds it impossible to make a patient feel hungry, if the deceased person cannot partake of good nourishing food and properly digest it, it is impossible that he can gain in flesh and strength; and it is equally impossible to bring a patient to this condition so long as the liver is burdened with diseased bile, and the stomach laden with unhealthy slime.

Almost the first request made to the physician by a consumptive patient is that he will prescribe medicine that will allay the cough, night sweats and chills, which are the sure attendants on consumption. But this should not be done, as the cough is only an effort of nature to relieve itself, and the night sweats and chills are caused by the diseased lungs. The remedies ordinarily prescribed more harm than good. They impair the functions of the stomach, impede healthy digestion, and aggravate rather than cure the disease.

There is, after all, nothing like facts which is substantiate a position, and it is upon facts that Dr. Schenck relies. Nearly all who have taken his medicines in accordance with his directions have not only been cured of consumption, but, from the fact that these medicines act with wonderful power upon the digestive organs, patients thus cured speedily gain flesh. Cleansing the system of all impurities, they lay the foundation for a solid, substantial structure. Restoring the digestive organs to health, they create an appetite. The food is properly assimilated the quantity of blood is not only increased, but it is made rich and strong and in the face of such a condition of the system all disease must be banished.

Full direction accompany each of the medicines, so that it is not absolutely necessary that patients should see Dr SCHENCK personally, unless they desire to have their lungs examined. For this purpose he is at his office, No 15 North Sixth St, corner of Commerce, Phila., every Saturday, from 9 A. M. until 1 P. M.

Advice is given without charge, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer the charge is $5.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic each, $1 50 per bottle, or $7 50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists. Ap. 12 1y.

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"BOOKS WHICH ARE BOOKS."

Here is a list of such Works as should be found in every Library—within the reach of every reader—Works to entertain, instruct and improve the mind. Copies will be sent by return post, on receipt of price.

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Inclose the amount in a registered letter, or in a P. O. Order, for one or for all the above, and address S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York. Agents Wanted. Mch30

Latest Arrival of Gent's Goods, H. ROBLEY MERCHANT TAILOR, Has removed to the room over John Bare & Co's Bank, (Old Broad Top Corner,) where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line of business. He has just received a full line of CLOTHS, VESTINGS, CASSIMERS, CORDUROYS, &c. Thankful for past patronage he solicits a continuance of the same. The attention of the public is called to his stock of cloths, &c., which he is prepared to make up to order in a fashionable, durable and workmanlike manner. Please give me a call. H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor. Huntingdon, Pa., April 7th, 1869.

RIP VAN WINKLE, M. D.

An After-Dinner Prescription.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Taken by the Massachusetts Medical Society, at their Meeting held May 25, 1870.

CANTO FIRST.

Old Rip Van Winkle had a grandson, Rip,
Of the paternal block a genuine chip;
A lazy, sleepy, curious kind of chap;
He, like his grandsire, took a mighty nap,
Whereof the story I propose to tell
In two brief cantos, if you listen well.

The times were hard when Rip to manhood grew;
They always will be when there's work to do;
He tried at farming—found it rather slow—
And then at teaching—what he didn't know;
Then took to hanging round the tavern bars,
To frequent teddies and long-nine cigars,
Till Dame Van Winkle, out of patience, vexed
With preaching homilies, having for their text
A mop, a broomstick—naught that might avail
To point a moral or adorn a tale,
Exclaimed—"I have it! Now, then, Mr. V.!
He's good for something—make him an M. D.!"

The die was cast; the youngster was content;
They packed his shirts and stockings, and he went.
How hard he studied it were vain to tell—
He drowsed through Winter, nodded over Bell,
Slept sound with Cooper, snored aloud on Good;
Heard heaps of lectures—doubtless understood—
A constant listener, for he did not fail
To carve his name on every bench and rail.

Months grow to years; at last he counted three,
And Rip Van Winkle found himself M. D.
Illustrious title! in a gilded frame;
He set the sheepskin with his Latin name,
Ripum Van Winkium, quem—we scimus—know
Idoneum esse—to do so and so.

He hired an office; soon its walls displayed
His new diploma and stock in trade,
A mighty arsenal to subdue disease
Of various names, whereof I mention these;
Lancets and bougies, great and little squirt,
Rhubarb and Senna, Snakeroot, Thoroughwort,
Ant. Tart., Vin. Colch., Pil. Cochiæ and Black Drop,
Tincture of Opium, Gentian, Henbane, Hop,
Pulv. Ipecacuanhæ, which for luck
Of breath to utter men call Ipecac,
Camphor and Kino, Turpentine, Tolu,
Calomel, "Copperas," Vitriol—white and blue,
Fennel and Flaxseed, Slippery Elm and Squill,
And roots of Sassafras and "Sassa'rill,"
Brandy for colics—Pinkroot, death on worms—
Valerian, calmer of hysteric squirms,
Muck, Assafœtida, the resinous gum
Named from its odor—well, it does smell some—
Jalap, that works not wisely, but too well,
Ten pounds of bark and six of Calomel.

For outward griefs he had an ample store,
Some twenty jars and gallipots, or more;
Ceratum simplex—housewives oft compile
The same at home, and call it "wax and ile."
Unguentum Rethaumæ—change its name,
The "drawing salve" of many an ancient dame;
Argenti Nitras, also, "Spanish flies"
Whose virtue makes the water bladder rise—
(Some say that spread upon a toper's skin
They draw no water, only rum or gin)—
Leeches, sweet vermin! don't they charm the sick?
And stinging plaster—how it hates to stick!
Emplastrum Ferri—ditto *Pix*, Pitch:
Washes and Powders, Brimstone for the—which
Scabies or *Psora*, is thy chosen name
Since Hahnemann's goose quill scratched thee into flame,
Proved thee the source of every nameless ill,
Whose sole specific is a moonshine pill,
Tell saucy science, with a quiet grin,
Held up the Acaras, crawling on a pin.
—Mountains have laboured and have brought forth mice,
The Dutchman's theory hatched a brood of—twice
I've well nigh said them—words unfitting quite
For these fair precincts and for ears polite.

The surest foot may chance at last to slip,
And so at length it proved with Doctor Rip.
One fall-sized bottle stood upon the shelf
Which held the mixture that he took himself;
Whate'er the reason, it must be confessed
He filled that bottle oftener than the rest;
What drug it held I don't presume to know—
The gilded label said "Elixir Pro."

One day the doctor found the bottle full,
And, being thirsty, took a vigorous pull,
Put back the "Elixir" where 'twas always found,
And had old Dobbin saddled and brought round.
—You know those old-time rhubarb-colored nags
That carried doctors and their saddle-bags;
Sagacious beasts! they stopped at every place
Where blinds were shut—knew every patient's case—
Looked up and thought—the baby's in a fit—
That went last long—he'll soon be through with it:
Butchook their heads before the knockered door
Where some old lady told the story o'er
Whose endless stream of tribulation flows
For gastric griefs and peristaltic woes.

What Jack-o'-lantern led him from his way,
And where it led him it were hard to say;
Enough, that wandering many a mile
Through paths the mountain sheep trod single file,
O'ercome by feelings such as patients know
Who dose too freely with "Elixir Pro."
He tumbl—dismounted, slightly in a heap,
And lay, promiscuous, lapped in balmy sleep.

Night followed night, and day succeeded day,
But snoring still the slumbering doctor lay.
Poor Dobbin, starving, thought upon his stall,
And straggled homeward, saddle-bags and all;
The village people hunted all around,
But Rip was missing—never could be found.
"Drowned," they guessed; for more than half a year
The pools and ponds did taste uncommon queer;
Some sold of apple-brandy—other some
Found a strong flavor of New England rum.

—Why can't a fellow hear the fine things said
About a fellow when a fellow's dead?
The best of doctors—so the press declared—
A public blessing while his life was spared,
True to his country, bounteous to the poor,
In all things temperate, sober, just and pure;
The best of husbands! echoed Mrs. Van,
And set her cap to catch another man.

—So ends this Canto—if it's *quantum suff*,
We'll just step here and say we've had enough,
And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty years;
I grieve the organ if you lend your ears
To hear my second Canto, after that
We'll send around the monkey with the hat.

CANTO SECOND.

So thirty years had past—but not a word
In all that time of Rip was ever heard;
The world wagged on—it never does go back—
The widow Van was now the widow Mac—
France was an empire—Andrew J. was dead,
And Abraham L. was reigning in his stead.
Four murderous years had passed in savage strife,
Yet still the rebel held his bloody knife.
—At last one morning—who forgets the day
When the black cloud of war dissolved away?
The joyous tidings spread o'er land and sea,
Rebellion done for! Grant has captured Lee!
Up every flagstaff sprang the Stars and Stripes—
Out rushed the Extras, wild with mammoth types,
Down went the laborer's hoe, the schoolboy's book—
"Hooray!" he cried—"the rebel army's took!"
Ah! what a time! the folks all mad with joy;
Each fond, pale mother thinking of her boy;
Old gray-haired fathers musing—Have you heard?
And then a choke—and not another word;
Sisters all smiling—maidens, not less dear;
In tumbling noise between a smile and tear;
Poor Bridget thinking how she'll stuff the plums
In that big cake for Johnny when he comes;
Crippled uncle—rheumatics on the jump,
Old girls so loving they could hug the pump,
Guns going bang! from every fort and ship—
They banged so loud at last they wakened Rip.
I name the picture, how a man appears
Who's been asleep a score or two of years;
You all have seen it to perfection done.
By Joe Van Wink—I mean Rip Jefferson,
Well, so it was—old Rip at last came back,
Claimed his old wife—the present widow Mac—
Had his old sign regilded, and began
To practice Physic on the same old plan.

Some weeks went by—it was not long to wait—
And "please to call" grew frequent on the slate,
He had, in fact, an ancient mildewed air,
A long gray beard, a plentiful lack of hair—
The musty look that always recommends
Your good old doctor to his ailing friends.
Talk of your science! after all is said,
There's nothing like a hare and shiny head,
Age lends the graces that are sure to please—
Folks want their doctors mouldy, like their cheese.

So Rip began to look at people's tongues
And thump their briskets (called it "sound their lungs.")
Brushed up his knowledge smartly as he could,
Read in old Cullen and in Doctor Good,
The town was healthy; for a month or two
He gave the sexton little work to do.

About the time when dog-day heats begin,
Measles and mumps and mulligrubs set in;
With autumn evenings dysentery came,
And dusky typhoid lit his smouldering flame;
The blacksmith filled—the carpenter was down,
And half the children sickened in the town.
The sexton's face grew shorter than before—
Things looked quite serious—Earth has got a grip
On old and young, in spite of Doctor Rip.

And now the Squire was taken with a chill—
Wife gave "hot drops"—at night on Indian pill;
Next morning, feverish—bolt me getting worse,
Out of his head—began to rave and curse;
The Doctor sent for—double quick he came;
Ant. Tart. gran. duo. and repeat the same
If no et cetera. Third day—nothing new;
Percussed his thorax—set him coughing, too—
Long-fever threatening—something of the sort—
Out with the lancet—let him blood—a quart
Ten leeches next—then blisters to his side;
Ten grains of calomel—just then he died.

The Deacon next required the Doctor's care—
Took cold by sitting in a draught of air—
Pains in the back, but what the matter is
Not quite so clear—the calling it "rheumatis?"
Rubs back with flannel—gives him something hot—
"Ah!" says the Deacon, "that goes *nigh* the spot."
Next day a *rigor*—run, my little man,
And say the Deacon sends for Doctor Van.
The Doctor came—percussion, as before,
Thumping and banging till his ribs were sore—
"Right side up the flattest"—then more vigorous raps,
Fever—that's certain—pleurisy, perhaps,
A quart of blood will ease the pain, no doubt.
Ten leeches next will help to suck it out,
Then clap a blister on the painful part—
But first two grains of *Antimonium Tart.*
Last, with a dose of cleansing calomel
Unload the portal system—that sounds well!

But when the selfsame remedies were tried,
As all the village knew, the Squire had died;
The neighbors—"this will never do,
He's killed the Squire—he'll kill the Deacon too,"
—Now, when a doctor's patients are perplexed,
A *consultation* comes in order next—
You know what that is? In a certain place
Meet certain doctors to discuss a case
And other matters, such as weather, crops;
Potatoes, pumpkins, lager beer and hops.

For what's the use? There's little to be said,
Nine times in ten your man's as good as dead—
At best a talk (the secret to disclose)
Where three men guess and *sometimes* one man knows.

The counsel summoned came without delay—
Young Doctor Green and shrewd old Doctor Gray—
They heard the story—"Bleed!" says Doctor Green
"That's downright murder! cut his throat you mean!
Leeches! the reptiles! Why for pity's sake,
Not try an adder or a rattlesnake?
Blisters! why bles you, Cyan, they're against the law—
It's tank assault and battery if they draw!
Tartrate of Antimony? shade of Luke,
Stomachs run pale at thought of such rebuke!
The portal system! What's the man about?
Unload your nonsense! Calomel's played out!
You've been asleep—you'd better sleep away
Till some one calls you—"

"Stop!" says Doctor Gray—
"The story is you slept for thirty years;
With Brother Green, I own that it appears
You must have slumbered most amazing sound;
But sleep once more till thirty years come round,
You'll find the lancet in its honored place,
Leeches and blisters resumed from disgrace,
Your drugs redeemed from fashion's passing scorn,
And counted safe to give to babes unborn."

Poor sleepy Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.,
A puzzled, serious, saddened man was he;
Home from the Deacon's house he plodded slow
And filled one bumper of "Elixir Pro."
"Good-bye," he faltered, "Mrs. Van, my dear!
I'm going to sleep, but wake me once a year;
I don't like bleeding in the first and last,
I'll take the barm, if all the same to you.
Just once a year—remember I no mistake!
Cry, 'Rip Van Winkle, time for you to wake!'
Watch for the week in May when laylocks blow,
For then the Doctors meet, and I must go."

Just once a year the Doctor's worthy dame
Goes to the barn and shouts her husband's name,
"Come, Rip Van Winkle!" (giving him a shake)
"Rip! Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!
Laylocks in blossom! 'tis the month of May—
The doctor's meeting is this blessed day,
And come what will, you know I heard you swear
You'd never miss it, but be always there!"

And so it is, as every year comes round,
Old Rip Van Winkle here is always found.
You'll quickly know him by his mildewed air,
The hayseed sprinkled through his scanty hair,
The lichens growing on his rusty suit—
I've seen a toadstool sprouting on his boot—
Who says I lie? Does any man presume—
Toadstool? No matter, call it a mushroom.
Where is his seat? He moves it every year;
But look, you'll find him—he is always here,
Perhaps you'll crack him by a whiff you know—
A certain flavor of "Elixir Pro."

Now, then, I give you—as you seem to think
We can drink healths without a drop to drink—
Health to the mighty sleeper—long live he!
Our brother Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is like a race where some succeed,
'Tis luck in some, in others speed,
That gives an early winning;
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
"'Tis better late than never!"

And if you keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor:
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
"'Tis better late than never!"

Ne'er labor for an idle boast,
Or victory o'er another;
But while you strive your utmost,
Deal fairly with a brother;
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to do the rest,
"'Tis better late than never!"

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring;
Then though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing;
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor,
But ever keep this truth in mind,
"'Tis better late than never!"

Let your wit be your friend, your mind your companion, and your tongue your servant.

A nu milch cow is stepnother tew every man's baby.

John Quill's Farm Experience.

A GOOD STORY.

If you take my advice you won't practice agriculture for a living. This thing of being a farmer is all very nice for you to read about, you know, but if you get in the business you will wish you had been born in an orphan asylum, and died in your second summer.

I don't want to obtrude my private affairs on the public, but I'm like an awful example in a temperance lecture, you understand, and if I can save any other men from my fate, why I am going to do it. My advice to all men is, be an honorable organ grinder or an ex-President, or a gorilla, or go into the cold victual business, or peddle matches, but don't agriculture.

I bought a small farm in New Jersey, and became a husbandman. I stocked the estate with all the apparatus, and as I didn't know any more about farming than a goose does about four dollars a week, I engaged a man named Stoddles as my constitutional advisor. Stoddles professed to be up to all the herbolic dodges, but I must confess that after eighteen months I consider Stoddles a fraud. As an absolute failure he is a perfect success.

In the first place there was not a drop of water on the premises, and Stoddles said he would advise me as a friend, to dig a well. So I got a lot of tools and begun. We hadn't dug more than six feet before we struck solid rock. I wanted to slant her off to one side, but Stoddles observed that was the rock on which the State of old New Jersey was founded, and we would have to blast her.

So we blasted her and got one of the finest earthquakes you ever saw in your born days. It shook down 2 chimneys and lightning rod, and Stoddles was struck on the head with a falling of a brick.

We dug in that well for a week, and we struck everything but water. I could have got coal, oil, gold, marble and marl or anything else out of that excavation, but I was looking after cold water just then, and I would not want to touch anything else. Stoddles took me aside at the end of the week and confidently advised me to stick at it; 'for,' said he, 'you know if you can't get water at first, if you keep on you're bound to strike water on the outside, and then you have a sure thing of it: you have got it all in your own hands, you understand.'

Stoddles put me in mind of a man who grew carrots so long that the Chinese pulled them down by the roots from the opposide of the globe before he got a chance at them.

My oxen were singular oxen. They both seemed to have St. Vitus' dance in their tails, they could never keep them still.

It annoyed me, for I was afraid every minute they would work loose, and no decent farmer, you know, wants to be wandering around with bob tailed oxen. So I tied a stone to the end of each tail to keep them down, and this worked well enough until one morning when the flies were bad, and the near ox got his brush up, stone and all, and liked to have brained my oldest boy. I've got the tail tied to his off hind leg now, and if he wants to switch it, he's got to lift himself off the ground. And it's the same way with the hens. I bought a lot of hens on purpose to lay eggs, but they are not on that lay. Every one I've got seems to feel that she is out of her normal sphere if she is not setting.—That old speckled hen of mine has been thrown up in the air, soused in cold water, put under a barrel, and had all the inducements held out to her to knock too, but she has a good deal of firmness of character, and she is now trying to hatch a door knob and grindstone handle, and I think she'll succeed.

I planted some onions some time ago, and I waited all summer to see them bear. But they didn't. After they had gone to seed, Mr. Stoddles said that onions grew under ground and not above ground like other vegetables.

Next year I planted some tomatoes, and as soon as they come I began digging for them. Mr. Stoddles said that I had ruined all the plants, for tomatoes grow on the top. Why don't they have all things alike, anyhow? What's the use of one growing in the ground and the other out of it? Why there ain't any. I planted potatoes last year, but they didn't grow. "Never you mind," said Mr. Stoddles, "them is all right." But I was naturally impatient, and so after waiting seven months, I went out and dug for one and there it was, in the very spot where I put it, looking so familiar and natural that I sat down and cried like a baby.

Then I dug them all up; they had kept first rate. There don't seem to be much profit in it. Mr. Stoddles remarked that they were not a prolific variety, and I don't think they were myself.

Don't ever keep bees. I have some, but Stoddles accidentally sat on one, one day, and he made such a howl about it that the whole hive swarmed on me and scared me out of my senses. I like a sociable bee, but there is such a thing as overdoing cordiality.

How are you on parsnips? I advise you not to cultivate them. A man gave me some seeds, which he said were a good variety. I planted one to try it. It was a double rooted kind—straddled out like a fork in the road. When it got ripe I thought I would take it up, but it wouldn't come. I tackled that parsnip with a monkey wrench, a crowbar and a cross cut saw, but it never moved an inch.—Stoddles said it was on account of them roots, and I had better have them extracted with gas. He said he thonght "very like them roots ran around the globe, like the equator, and clinched on the other side."

So we got a yoke of oxen, and hitched them on, and the old vegetable came along with half a ton of rock in his grip, and then it was so tough that you couldn't make an impression on it with a cold chisel.

I suppose you are not bothered any with crows. Well, I am. The crow is a vivacious and sagacious bird. Our crows combined the acute intelligence of human and condor. I sowed a patch of corn last spring, and went to tea at night feeling sweetly and calmly happy.

The crows held caucus that evening, and fell in for grub on my corn. There wasn't a grain left in the morning.

I sowed some more and harrowed it in; you know what a harrow is—an exaggerated curry-comb. Well, strange to relate, the crows missed just seven grains of that corn, and precisely that number of stalks came up, and probably I should have got in a crop of two or three ears to the acre, if the cows hadn't broke the fence, and ate it before it came to any thing. Mr. Stoddles says corn is a poor crop. I should think it was.

As I couldn't get water from the well, I concluded to take it from the river. So I laid down a mile and a half of pipe and set a hydraulic ram to force the water along. It worked first rate, but the trouble is, I can't stop the ram. After I got enough of water in the tank, the ram kept on pumping and the water overflowed and drenched the house, and flooded the kitchen, and finally arranged itself into a first class cascade out of the garrett window. It is going yet, and I sleep in the barn. If you hear of anybody advertising for a magnificent water-fall, let me know, will you?

And then so to speak. I know that man whose horse went so fast that when he stopped him suddenly it turned the baio the wrong way, but that is not the forte of my horse. My horse's weakness is backing. As a backer I never saw his equal. He would back from here to Kansas if you'd let him. He seems to think that is the way nature intended him to go. I always hitch him up with his head over the dash board of the wagon, and he trots along first rate.—That is, he used to. For last Wednesday I tied him to a tree, and he got one of his fits on him, and backed clear out his hide, which he left hitched to the tree while he pranced his old carcass over the asparagus bed, and died. But as he had the glanders, and worried with the bots, and bothered with the blind staggers, and besides having the heaves, and being sprung in the knees, it was just as well. Mr. Stoddles says that is the best day's job he ever did. If you know a man who has a taste for farming—some regular feeble minded, glibbering imbecile or an idiot who wants to buy a place recommend him to me, will you? I want to sell out cheap. I'd rather have a comfortable situation in State Prison than to be gardening here in this kind of style.

The Shadow of Life.

We have rarely met with anything more beautiful than the following, which we find in an old New York *Mirror*:

"All that live must die;
Passing through nature to eternity."

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the faces of the loved ones, whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonism of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton in all our feasts.

We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows.

But the fiat of nature is inexorable There is no appeal or repeal from the great law that dooms us all to the dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest, and the frailest flowers, that blooms and withers in a day, has not a frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever shook the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear like footprints on the shore:

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Each trace will vanish from the sand."

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds