The Huntingdon Journal.

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e Huntingdon Journal.

DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

on the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

: HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every esday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2,50 if not paid six months from date of subscription, and ot paid within the year.

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PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Colors, done with neatness and dispatch.— bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every y and style, printed at the shortest notice, very thing in the Printing line will be execu- the most artistic manner and at the lowest

Professional Cards.

A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'71.

R. J. C. FLEMMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens ntingdon and vicinity. Office second floor of ngham's building, on corner of 4th and Hill may24.

C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, [ap.19,'71.

LLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney- at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention te collections, and all other legal business led to with care and promptness. Office, No. hill street. [ap19,'71.

ILES ZENTMYER, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend promptly legal business. Office in Cunningham's new ng. [jan.4,'71.

R. G. D. ARNOLD, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, offers his pro- nal services to the people of Huntingdon and ty.
FERENCE:—Dr. B. P. Hook, of Loysville, Pa., whom he formerly practiced; Drs. Stille and w of Philadelphia.
ce on Washington street, West Huntingdon, [ap.19,'71.

LISON MILLER. H. BUCHANAN.
ILLER & BUCHANAN,
DENTISTS,
228 Hill Street,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
ril 5, '71-1y.

DENGATE, Surveyor, Warriors- mark, Pa. [ap12,'71.

CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied essrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., ingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

R. R. R. WIESTLING, respectfully offers his professional services citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. ce removed to No. 615½ Hill street, (SMITH'S DING.) [apr.5,'71-1y.

R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the al Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular tion given to the settlement of estates of dece- ice in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Hun- on, Pa. [jan.12'71.

ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settle- of Estates, &c.; and all other Legal Business cuted with fidelity and dispatch. Office in room lately occupied by R. Milton r, Esq. [jan.4,'71.

W. MYTON, Attorney-at-Law, Hun- tingdon, Pa. Office with J. Sewell Stewart, [jan.4,'71.

HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, second floor of er's new building, Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

M. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys- at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to inds of legal business entrusted to their care. ice on the south side of Hill street, fourth door of Smith. [jan.4,'71.

SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

A. POLLOCK, Surveyor and Real Estate Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend rveying in all its branches. Will also buy, or rent Farms, Houses, and Real Estate of ev- ind, in any part of the United States. Send circular. [jan.4'71.

R. J. A. DEAVER, having located at Franklinville, offers his professional ser- to the community. [jan.4,'71.

W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., ers' claims against the Government for back bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attend- with great care and promptness. fice on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

N SCOTT. S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY
COTT, BROWN & BAILEY, At- torneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pensions, all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against Government will be promptly prosecuted. ffice on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

R. D. P. MILLER, Office on Hill street, in the room formerly occupied by John M'Culloch, Huntingdon, Pa., would res- fully offer his professional services to the citi- of Huntingdon and vicinity. [jan.4,'71.

R. PATTON, Druggist and Apoth- ecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Hun- gdon, Pa. Prescriptions accurately compounded. e Liquors for Medicinal purposes. [nov.23,'70.

R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. ffice on Washington street, one door east of the holic Parsonage. [jan.4,'71.

J. GREENE, Dentist. Office re- moved to Leister's new building, Hill street ntingdon. [jan.4,'71.

Miscellaneous.

OBT. KING, Merchant Taylor, 412 Washington street, Huntingdon, Pa., a lib- l share of patronage respectfully solicited. pril 12, 1871.

EAR THE RAILROAD DEPOT,
COR. WAYNE and JUNIATA STREETT
UNITED STATES HOTEL,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
LAIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. Mch15-tf

XCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Pa. JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. anuary 4, 1871.

The Muses' Bower.

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

God's Love.

BY GIPSY WILDE.

A marvellous thing!
This love of His, that led my way
Through pain and anguish, mist and tears,
Through gloom of night and clouded day,
These many years.

Most wonderful!
Even when the Sun had set,
Nor light of Moon nor Stars did come
In all these years, His mercy yet
Hath led me home.

I count it strange!
That e'en while the dark and stealthy trail
Of grim Despair, wound in and out
The path of Hope, and all did fail—
His love did not.

Amazing love!
E'en when the dark-browed hosts of Wrong,
Had crossed the highway of Right,
Out of the warring, and chaos and gloom,
Saved by His might.

And more than this!
When Duty pelted hard and long,
Deaf to the heart's wild yearning;
And suffering, endurance, and sacrifice,
Into the soul burning

Furrows of doubt and defiance,
And darker rebellion, that shames to ask
For a casual crumb, and scorning reliance
On God and Heaven, take to life
The bootless task

Of hating the Greatness
That giveth the power to be;
Despising the kindness of Him, who sayeth
"Come unto me!"

Indeed a miracle!
The tide of scorn sent up to Heaven
Was beaten back, by the love and might
Of Him—who pitying darkness—said
"Let there be light!"

And now from under the iron hoof
Of human blindness, I lift my head;
The nails may have torn the quivering flesh,
The wound may sometimes bleed afresh,
But Doubt is dead.

Political.

ADDRESS
Of the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania.

The Republican party, appealing once more to the people of the State for their support, points with just pride to its record, and it fearlessly claims the renewed confidence of the people because it has been faithful to its trust, and is committed to the only line of policy that can secure continued prosperity to the State and Nation.

The Republicans of this State first carried both branches of the legislature in 1859, and first elected a Governor in 1860. Since then it has held control of the legislative and executive branches of the Government until last winter, when the Democrats obtained control, temporarily of the Senate.

In 1861, when Gov. Curtin come into office, the State Debt, in round numbers, was $40,000,000. Shortly afterwards the Southern Rebellion broke out, and the State was compelled to borrow $3,500,000, to arm the troops and protect our borders, thus adding that much to the State Debt.

In the ten years that have since passed away, this war loan of $3,500,000 has been paid off; the State Debt has been reduced from $40,000,000 to a little over $29,000,000; the three mill tax which was levied for State purposes on real estate prior to 1861 has been repealed; the tax on professions and occupations has been taken off; the annual contribution of the State to the Public Schools has been greatly enlarged; a system of schools has been built up for the education and support of the orphans of soldiers who died in war—a noble benefaction, costing over a million yearly; and the affairs of the State, generally, have been so managed as to secure prosperity to the people.

The Republicans of the nation elected their Presidential candidate in 1860, and succeeded, against many angry threats from the opposition, in putting him into office in March 1861. Almost immediately afterwards the government was confronted by an armed rebellion in the South, (openly as well as secretly encouraged by many Democrats in the North, whose sympathies still remain with those who took arms to overthrow the government,) and was compelled to maintain the honor of the national flag and the integrity of the country at whatever cost; and the four years' war which followed necessarily entailed a heavy debt and burdensome taxation upon the people.

Since the suppression of the rebellion, the country has not only returned to peace but to prosperity. The fears of many that the nation would be bankrupt, her industry paralyzed, and her people ruined, have not been realized. No people ever recovered so soon, so steadily and so surely, from the consequences of war, as we have done; and for this recovery from the destructive influences of civil strife we are mainly indebted to the fostering hand held out by the national government to the industries of the people.

Among the necessities growing out of the Rebellion the National Government found itself compelled to submit to the States for their ratification, three amendments to the Constitution—one (known as the thirteenth) abolishing slavery; another, (the fourteenth,) securing the rights of citizens to the enfranchised slaves, and prohibiting the repudiation of any part of the National Debt, or the payment of any part of the Rebel Debt; and another (the fifteenth,) prohibiting the States from excluding any one from the right of suffrage on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

These three amendments having all been duly ratified in the method pointed out by the Constitution, are now component parts of that instrument. Their adoption stands as the grandest peaceful achievement of ancient or modern times. No party ever before undertook so great a task; and its accomplishment, in so short a space of time, is a work of which the Republican party may well feel proud.

To secure the complete protection of these emancipated and enfranchised people is now one of the unquestioned duties of the nation; and no party is so fit to be entrusted with that duty as the party which has done the preliminary work. The party which has hitherto continuously resisted the policy thus established, is not the one, now, to carry it out.

During the war for suppressing the Rebellion, and in carrying out the great measures which have necessarily flowed from it, the Democratic party has continuously been in the opposition. It opposed the adoption of stringent measures to put down the Rebellion; the levying of troops to suppress it; the borrowing of money to pay the cost of the war; the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln; the adoption of all the amendments to the Constitution; the reconstruction measures by which the revolted States were brought back into the Union; and generally, every measure necessary to the successful prosecution of the war, or to the successful restoration of peace.

At present, too, it is opposed to the means necessary for raising revenue to pay the interest on the public debt, and secure its steady reduction; is in favor of a semi-repudiation of that debt by paying it in a depreciated currency; if paid at all; is watching for an opportunity to annul the new amendments to the Constitution; and is generally committed to any line of policy which will remit the country to its condition prior to 1860.

It may be urged, here, that the Democratic party of this State, in the ninth resolution of the platform adopted by its late State Convention, has acquiesced in the adoption of the amendments of the Constitution we have referred to, and cannot be now charged with hostility to them. We answer that the acquiescence expressed in that resolution has not, itself, been acquiesced in by the rank and file of the party. Over one-third of the Convention voted strenuously against it, and the action of the Convention has since been repudiated by many leading men and journals of the party. Besides, whatever acquiescence has been given, has been given sullenly and not heartily—as a matter of policy, springing from party necessity, and not from a conviction of its propriety. Wherever a vote has been honestly given, or sincerely raised for this "New Departure," it may very properly be regarded as an extorted confession that the Republican party has all along been right in what the Democratic party has steadily opposed; and this confessed, what need is there, or can there be, for the further existence of the Democratic party?

When Gen. Grant came into office in 1869, he announced his determination to secure the honest and faithful collection of the revenue, the steady reduction of the public debt, and such an abatement in taxation as was consistent with this policy. In the space of little over two years this determination, faithfully adhered to, has resulted in paying off $230,000,000 of the public debt, and in the abolition of nearly all the taxes imposed under previous laws.

In addition to this he has, by his wise and firm foreign policy, succeeded in settling all our outstanding difficulties with Great Britain, in a manner alike honorable and advantageous to us as a people. The treaty, lately ratified by both nations, which removes all causes of quarrel, and establishes peace and amity between them, has commanded the admiration of the civilized world, and placed the United States in the foremost rank among the nations of the earth. This result is one of which every American may justly feel proud.

To continue the Republican party in power is to continue the policy begun, both in the State and Nation, of maintaining the public credit, paying off our debt, reducing taxation, settling international difficulties without blood shed, and sustaining the great principles involved in the measures necessarily growing out of the war.

To restore the Democratic party to power is to destroy the public credit, pave the way for repudiation, bring in the old tide of corruption, mismanagement and extravagance, and open up anew all the questions involved in the reconstruction of the southern States, now settled upon an honorable basis.

For present proof of this we refer to the consequences flowing from the accidental majority of the Democrats in the State Senate last winter. To that fact we owe a session prolonged to the middle of May, at an extra cost of $100,000; the re-establishment of the forsaken policy of employing extra (and useless) officers in the Legislative bodies and granting them extra pay; an appropriation bill increased beyond all former bounds, to the extent of half a million; the defeat of all measures for calling a Constitutional Convention at an early day to put an end to that curse of our State, SPECIAL LEGISLATION; and, as if determined to show that this curse should not be removed by their aid, the enactment of the enormous number of 1800 local bills. And this is but a tithe of what we should have had to endure had they had both Houses and the Governor on their side.

A still further proof of the unfitness of that party to be entrusted with power is to be found in the melancholy history of the late riots in New York. In that city the Democrats have undisputed sway, and, through it, in the State. They had the power in their hands to prevent this riot and bloodshed, but they would not use it either at the right time or in the right way. Why? Because the party is possessed of no principle which can lead it to respect the rights of man, be they civil or religious. Its sole idea of rights is derived from the maxim that MIGHT makes RIGHT. This was clearly evinced in the debate in our State Senate, in 1869, on the Fifteenth Amendment, in which the Democratic leader in the State scouted the claim that there were any such things as human rights. The idea, he said, was a myth and a humbug.

And this sentiment of the Democratic leader in Pennsylvania has been carried out to the letter in New York. A few thousand men, in the exercise of their Constitutional right to assemble together, inform the authorities of their purpose to parade the streets on a certain day. Another body of men, who always vote the Democratic ticket, and numbering many more thousands, notify the authorities that this parade must not be permitted, and that if it is, they will attack it and disperse it, no matter at what cost of life or limb to the party attacked. The Democratic rulers of New York at once decline to defend the few against the many in the exercise of their Constitutional right; deny that there *is* any such right; yield to the defiance of the mob, because it has might on its side, and, at the demand of that mob, forbid the peaceable and law-abiding citizens to assemble together, as the Constitution permits, or to exercise the rights which the law allows.

It is true that at the last hour, when the public indignation had been aroused at this base abandonment of the civil rights of the people, the State authorities stepped in and permitted what the city authorities had previously forbidden; but the mob had already triumphed too far to yield peacefully to this sudden change, and the slaughter which followed is attributable solely to the official cowardice which first yielded to a mob it was afterwards unable to control.

It is plain, moreover, that the first act, of prohibiting the parade, was the legitimate outgrowth of the principles controlling the Democratic party, that MIGHT alone gives RIGHT. It brought into view the ferocious claws which, though afterwards withdrawn, the furred foot could not wholly conceal. It was a clear indication of what we may expect throughout the country should the Democrat party ever returu to power.

If our civil and religious rights are to be preserved in this country against the attacks of turbulent mobs and the demands of a wild fanaticism they can be preserved only by the party based immovably on a deep regard for Human Rights and Constitutional guarantees; and in the light of these facts we appeal to the people of Pennsylvania to rally to the support of their imperilled Constitutional franchises, and by the defeat of the Democratic party, which has proven itself alike unwilling and unable to uphold them, teach it that the people will bear no yielding to mob violence nor tampering with their constitutional rights, and will never permit the surrender of the citadel they have erected at a bloody cost sacred, now and forever, to CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

RUSSELL ERRETT, Ch'man.
EZRA LUKENS, D. F. HOUSTON, P. M. LYTLE, } Secretaries.

The Jokers' Budget.

The Force of Imagination.

Buckland, the distinguished geologist one day gave a dinner, after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner-table looked splendidly with glass china and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

"How do you like the soup?" asked the Doctor, after having finished his own plate addressing a famous gourmnad of the day.

"Very good, indeed," answered the other; "turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat." The doctor shook his head.

"I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," says another; "not unpleasant, but peculiar."

"Alligators have," replied Buckland," the cayman peculiarly so. The fellow I dissected this morning, and which you have just been eating—"

There was a general rout of guests; every one turned pale. Half a dozen started from the table; two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment.

"See what imagination is" said Buckland. "If I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, salt water amphibia, or fresh, or the gluten of fish from the maw of a sea-bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion would have been none the worse. Such is prejudice."

"But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady.

"As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

What's in a Name?

In an Eastern town there is a woman who is exceedingly deaf, and her affliction has caused an extremely unpleasant mistake, of which her infant child is the victim. She took the baby to church the other day to have him baptized. While she was waiting in the vestibule, she thought she would keep him quiet by feeding him from a bottle of milk. While the youngster was taking his nourishment, the mother was summoned to the church by the announcement that the minister was ready. In her agitation she drew the bottle from the child's mouth hurriedly, when the gum nozzle came off, and some milk was spilled on the child's new clothes. When the clergyman took the child in his arms, he looked down upon it, and asked the mother what name should be given it. She, having her mind troubled about the accident, thought he was asking how the clothes were soiled, so she answered:

"Nozzle came off."

Rather surprised, he asked again for the name, and then thinking he did not understand her, she bawled out:

"Nozzle came off, I say."

Whereupon the astonished divine poured water over the child's head, saying:

"Nozzle-came-off Furgeson, I baptize thee," &c.

What this woman wants to know, is whether the Legislature, or something, cannot change that child's name to Henry, or Lucullus, or William, or some other euphonious appellation.

AN Englishman, employed in a family living in Cleveland, while dusting in the library, accidentally knocked over a plaster bust of Washington, which, falling on the floor was broken into a thousand pieces. Shortly after, one of the members of the family found the servant seated in the midst of the fragments and crying bitterly, whereupon the following conversation ensued:

'John, what is the matter?'

'O! I haccidentally knocked hover this bust while dusting, hand hit's hall broken to pieces,' said John.

'Well never mind, it didn't cost much.'

'Hit hisa't the cost hi'm thinking hoff, but, the *disrespect to the man.*'

A THIRSTY gent enters the bar-room of a first-class hotel early in the day:

'Landlord, I guess I've got sense enough to take a drink this morning.'

Obsequious bar-tender furnishes the desired beverage, and the thirsty gent smiles, smacks his lips, and remarks:

'Well, old top, that's prime, but I'm cussed if I've got cents enough to pay for it.'

A LADY had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog, to make him follow her.

"Come along, sir."

A would-be-wit stepped up to her one day, and accosted her with,

"Is it me, madam, you called?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the lady, "it was another puppy I spoke to."

SAID a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind him and given him a kiss, "Madam, I consider such an act indecorous!" "Excuse me," said the wife, "I didn't know it was you."

A YOUNG lady, while walking with a gentleman, stumbled, and when her companion, to prevent her falling, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, she simpered, "Oh, sir, if it comes to that, you must ask my pa!"

"WHY do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him, Pat?"

"A heavier coat of flesh on him? By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

HOW to make a hot-bed—set the mattresses on fire.

Miscellaneous.

Beginning at the Right End.

All Greenville knew that Will Norton and Kate Jedley were going to marry. Indeed the parties interested made no secret of the matter; for months piles of snowy linen had been steadily growing beneath Kate's nimble fingers, and as for Will, he was equally busy.

And for the marvel, most people seemed to be satisfied and agreed in saying what a good match it was, and what a fine couple they would make. Kate was so neat and industrious; not strictly beautiful, but with a natural loveliness that youth, health and a sweet temper gives to every woman. And Will was a steady, sensible young man, with a stout heart and broad shoulders, with which to push his way into the world.

They had brought unto this mutual partnership, together with the wealth of loving hearts, and strong, helpful hands, a little of worldly gear. Will's consisted of a new and pretty cottage, every stick of which was laid with his own hands—for he was a house-carpenter—and every room constructed with an eye to the comfort and convenience of its expected mistress. Kate's dowry consisted of a few hundred dollars left her by an uncle, which was to be hers at the age of eighteen, or on the day of her marriage.

Kate thought the best use to put the money to would be to furnish the house, and go at once to housekeeping, and Will agreed with her.

Then came the all-important subject of selections, for Kate had only a certain amount, and was anxious to lay it out to best advantage. She had neither mother nor sister, but fortunately, Aunt Sarah, a kind-hearted, sensible woman with no little experience in such matters, was on her annual visit to her brother's house, and she determined to avail herself of her counsel and assistance.

The old lady had been but a few days in the house, but her sharp, kindly eyes had been sufficiently observing; so she was not at all surprised when her neice said, with a slight blush:

"I am going to be married next month, aunty."

"So I judge, from the appearance of things, my dear. And, unless my old eyes deceive me, you will have a good husband."

"Will is one of the best and kindest of men," returned Kate, with a pleasant and happy smile. "I only wish he was sure of getting a good wife. You know the money Uncle Eli left me. Will has built a beautiful little cottage, and I think of furnishing it, so that we can go to house-keeping directly. And, as I shall have to buy a great many things, I should like your advice in selecting and arranging them."

"I think your plan a very good one, neice, and shall be glad to give you any assistance in my power. It will be less expensive than boarding, besides being so much pleasanter."

The next day Kate showed her aunt over the house, which had just been painted, papered and blinded. The ground floor contained four rooms—parlor, sitting-room, kitchen and wash-room, and above were the chambers.

They looked very pleasant and convenient, and Aunt Sarah duly admired them, to Kate's great satisfaction.

"I shall have enough to furnish it very nicely," she said, "and shall take so much pleasure in arranging and selecting it."

"You will have enough to make you very comfortable, my dear," returned Aunt Sarah, "but you must not count a great deal for mere outward show."

"Oh, no, aunt, I intend to do with things that are plain and inexpensive, until we can afford to have better. I think we will go to Brown's first. I saw some carpeting and curtains there that will be such a nice match for the parlor paper, and very reasonable too."

As they were walking along, Aunt Sarah suggested that before purchasing, she make an inventory of what she intended to get, together with the price. To this Kate agreed, though she was confident that she had ample means to carry out the plans she had laid down.

So Kate began to select her furniture; first for the parlor, then for the sitting-room, then for the chambers, jotting down the price of each article. Then they went home to dinner.

Aunt Sarah promised to make out a list of what kitchen furniture she would need, and after dinner she sat down to redeem it. In the meantime Kate, at her suggestion, began to add up the long row of figures that had been the result of her morning's work. Her cheeks flushed as she proceeded, and the result seemed very unsatisfactory, for she went over it twice

Aunt Sarah noticed her perplexity.

"How much will you have left for your kitchen furniture?" she inquired.

"Three dollars and five cents!"

The old lady smiled.

"You will have enough to get a couple of tin plates and half a dozen knives and forks.

"I don't understand it. I thought I had quite enough to furnish the house comfortably."

"And so you have my dear; but in your selection you have an eye more to show than comfort. I thought that I would let you take your own way, but I knew very well where it would terminate for you did not begin at the right end."

"I do not know what you mean, aunt."

"Why, you should have begun with the kitchen and thus have secured the things you must have. Then, if there is anything for the parlor, it could easily be got."

Kate looked aghast at the list of articles that was handed her.

"Shall I need all these things, aunt?"

If you wish to do your work well and economically, you cannot get along with less. Never stint the kitchen to make a show in the parlor."

"I don't see that I shall have anything left for the parlor," said Kate after a few minutes calculation of the figures before her; "the kitchen, sitting-room, dining-room and chambers will take the whole.

"And supposing that it should remain unfurnished, at least for the present. Those who come to see you will not object to being received in your sitting-room, and those who come to see your furniture are not worth being received at all."

"But then it will be so odd, so different from what other people do. Mrs. Weston has her parlor very nicely furnished."

Mrs. Weston was an old schoolmate, who had married a few week before.

"Yes, and I happen to know how it was paid for. Mr. Weston mortgaged his house. I presume your husband can do the same."

Kate's natural good sense recoiled at this suggestion.

"I would rather never have any parlor," she exclaimed.

"Perhaps we can do with less in the sitting-room," she suggested, as she ran her eyes again over the list of articles.

"I suppose that the sitting-room will be the place where you will spend the most of your evenings, and the most of your spare time?"

"Yes."

"Then take the advice of an old married woman, my dear, and make the room where your husband spends his evenings the pleasantest one in the house."

Kate followed Sarah's advice, and has never had reason to regret it.

Five years later Mr. Weston's mortgaged house was sold under the hammer, and all his fine furniture went with it.

Kate has now a pretty furnished parlor, and she enjoys it none the less that none of its adornments were purchased at the expense of the happiness of home and the substantial comforts of life.

What Will You Have?

The group stood besides the marble slab that formed the bar of a saloon. The lights flashed from the costly chandelier, and showed well the gilded room built by the earnings of working men. "What will you have? what will you have?" cried the bar-tender. A young man looked around and said, "Bitter ale."

There was nothing to do but press a lever, and the tankard, with its foamy crown, was at his lips, and the glasses were filled and refilled. When he went home to his mother's there was no marble table, no flashing light, and he was short of temper, aye, even to his mother! And he found his way back, evening after evening, and had bitter ale, whisky, and water and gin; for you must increase the dose as you proceed. And now he has a young wife, in whose eyes there is no more of the old light; and he has four little children, who go to no school, for they have nothing to wear, and hardly enough to eat. And he has blotches on that once frank and honest face. There is an unhealthy redness about his eyes; his lips are flabby, swoolen, and of a sickly whitish color; his hands are very unsteady; he has been twice dismissed, and taken back at the request of a minister who knew the broken-hearted wife in better days, and who attended his mother's funeral, for her son was drunk at it. And if cholera or fever came to his cheerless room, his wife would likely be a widow and his children without a father, and, worst of all, it would be no great loss to them.

He did not mean to have these when he said "bitter ale." But all these have come; or fire will burn, and folly will injure, and vice will curse us, whether we mean it for not. Ah! it has been bitter ale to him, indeed.

My friend, what will you have? Look beyond the hour and glass, think of the future; however pleasant it looks to the eye, or tastes to the lip, "at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Dr. Hall.*

American Boys.

There is good material for careful culture in American boys. Their stuff has been tested. The war has shown what there is in our boys. It was not the officers that made our army, as in the old countries of Europe; but the boys who grew to sudden manhood amid the roar of artillery. They could wear out shoes in the march, and then march on without them in uncomplaining heroism. They could work under fire in the trenches, or charge on the batteries in the thickest of the fight. They had genuine delicacy and tenderness, as well as stern resolution, keeping fresh the images of mothers and sisters and sweethearts, whose memories were their inspiration and their joy. They could waste in hospitals, poisoned with the malaria of swamps, or die in silence on the lonely battle-field. The soil we tread is redolent of their memories. The roses are redder for the rich blood that moistens them, and the lillies are whiter for the beauty of spirit in which they suffered. Such boys live still all over this regenerated land. They can not have the stern discipline of war to fit them for the work that looms up before them; but they must have its equivalent War-time has had its influence on the boys of this generation which they will not be likely to outgrow. It ought to produce even a loftier type of character than that they have witnessed, for the whole atmosphere is drenched with the spirit of heroism. But the future holds out a noble prospect still. There never was a wider scope than now for men of broad intelligence and earnest purpose; but the standard of culture is higher than ever before. The boys of to-day must have a training commensurate with the grandeur of the work that is thrust upon them.

A Printer's Toast.

From *Tubner's American and Literary Record* we quote the following ingenious sentiment, given by M. H. L. Williams, at an annual dinner of printers in America:

"The Printer: An Epitome of many trades and professions. Like the Lawyer, he practices at the bar, and handles capital as well as lower cases; like the Moralist, few have plainer rules to guide him; like the Bravo, he sticks daggers into many forms; like the Astrologer, he reads the stars; like the Jailor, he is great on locking up; like the Cheat, he is versed in all the arts of imposition; like the Hunter, he knows all about the chaise; like the Perjurer, he has a strong lye always ready; though his Profession is not as old as Adam's, yet like the Gardener, he must be able to manage a Hoe, yet unlike the original gardener will never want clothes, with a Taylor in his office; like the Soldier, he can handle a shooting stick, arrange columns, and set up cannon; like the Dandy, he is fond of a dash; like the king, he has plenty of pages; like the base ball player, he catches on the fly; like the Milliner, he keeps a stock of small caps, borders and flowers; like the Jeweller, he can set pearl, ruby, agate and diamond; like the housekeeper, he has a supply of furniture, beds and sheets; he never wants for music with so many Harpers in the profession. Finally, like the Clergyman, he sees his most perfect forms after he has corrected all errors, carried off, and their beautiful faces covered with clay.

Pleasant Experiments.

Would you like to be able, "just for the fun of the thing," to take a coin out of a plate of water without wetting your finger? Our friend, the *Little Gleaner*, shows us how to do it: Fill a plate with water to the depth of a quarter of an inch; a coin is then put in the water. A piece of paper is then lighted, put, while burning, on the surface of the water and covered with a tumbler. As the paper burns under the tumbler, the water will rush up under the tumbler and leave the coin in the plate, when it may be lifted without wetting the fingers.

How to take impression of any veined leaf you wish to copy: Brush over a thick sheet of letter paper with oil; hold it over the smoke of the lamp until well blackened; take a perfect leaf having a pretty outline; after warming it between the hands lay the leaf upon the smoked side of the paper, with the under side down; press it evenly upon the paper, that every part may come in contact; go over it lightly with a rolling pin, then remove the leaf with care to a plain piece of white note paper; cover it with another piece of white paper and use the rolling pin again; you will then have a beautiful impression of the delicate veins and outline of the leaf. Ferns generally make fine leaf-pictures.

Shaking Hands.

To present the left hand for the purpose of a friendly greeting is a piece of discourtesy—sometimes intentional on the part of superiors in rank to their inferiors, and an act that no true gentleman will commit. There is no reason why it should be considered more discourteous than it would be to kiss the left cheek instead of the right; but doubtless the custom that makes the right hand imperative in all sincere salutations dates from these early times when hand shaking first began, and the hand that shook or was shaken in friendship was of necessity weaponless. The poor left hand that one would think ought to be of as much value and strength as the right, just as the left leg or foot is as strong as the right leg or foot, because they are both used equally, has fallen into disrepute, as well as into comparative disuse, until it has become an accepted phrase to say of any proceeding that is inauspicious, artful, sly or secretly malicious, that it is "sinister,"—that is, left-handed. To shake hands without removing the gloves is an act of discourtesy, which, if unintentional and thoughtless, requires an apology for the hurry or inadvertance which led to it. This idea would also seem to be an occult remnant of the old notion that the glove might conceal a weapon. Hence true courtesy and friendship required that the hand should be naked as a proof of good faith. To refuse pointedly to shake hands with one who offers you the opportunity in a friendly manner amounts to a declaratian of hostility. And after a quarrel or act of open hostility, the acceptance of the hand offered is alike the sign and ratification of peace. —*All the Year Round.*

Inside the Earth.

The greatest depth of the earth hitherto attained by man's explorations has not reached more than one mile from the surface. When, as Professor Forbes states, it is remembered "that the diameter of the earth is 7,900 miles," the disproportion of our studies between the surface and the interior of our planet is evident. We have traversed every sea from pole to pole; the desert, the prairie, the great forests, and the inland river founts have alike been explored. All the sciences prove with what ardor we have studied things of the earth's surface and thence directed our attention to distant planets to study them; yet of our planet no attempt has yet been made beyond one mile down. What, however, we have learned from this descent is astonishing. We have discovered that the earth is not a solid substance; on the contrary it has a fluid interior, and only the crust is solid; and relatively not so thick in proportion as a hen's egg. It is found that, for every hundred feet of descent there is a rise of temperature of two degrees Fahrenheit for every mile. At twenty-five miles deep we should have a temperature of 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which is sufficient to melt iron, and the lava which we see ejected by volcanoes. Now, without any verifying experiment, the existence of volcanoes in different parts of the world, the perpetual springs of boiling water in Iceland, at Bath and Matlock, clearly proves the existence of subterranean heat. Fortunately, experiments of a different character from those of descending into the earth substantiate the fact of interior fluidity.

Ingratitude of Children.

There was once a father gave up every thing to his children—his house, his fields and goods—and expected that for this his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him:

"Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there where your arm-chair stands, the cradle must come; will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a larger room?

After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said:

"Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head; won't you go to my brother, the baker?"

The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he found him troublesome, and said to him:

"Father, the people run in and out here all day as if it were a pigeon-house, and you cannot have your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?"

The old man remarked how the wind blew and said to himself, "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts."

But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs, and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor.

For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter.—But after some time she too was tired of him, and told him, by a third person, that her house, near the water, was too damp for a man who suffered with the gout, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife at St. John's, had much dryer lodgings.

The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather:

"Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth, that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs."

These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sank back in his chair and died in a moment.

NEVER mention what you wish should not be mentioned again, two to a secret are enough, and one should not know anything about it.

POVERTY is a hard task master.

The Home Circle.

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

God in Nature.

BY DR. WILLIAM J. MULLEN.

Praise God! the lofty pine exclaims,
And points unto the skies;
Praise God! with outstretched limbs,
The mighty oak replies.

Praise God! is echod from the hills,
And from the valleys deep;
Praise God! in thunder tones is heard
From out the surging deep.

Praise God! the passing zephyr says,
In whispers, soft and sweet;
Praise God! comes up from every spear,
Of grass beneath your feet.

Praise God! the little brooklet sings,
Meandering on its way;
Praise God! is heard from every plant,
And all the flowrets gay.

Praise God! resounds in upper deep,
From every twinkling star;
Praise God! comes floating on the air,
From myriad worlds afar.

Praise God! the very stones cry out—
Him whom the angels praise;
Praise God! ungrateful, fallen man,
Your voice the chorus raise.

Energy Added to Faith.

The right balance of the Christain graces, that no one grace shall be dwarfed or perverted by the unscriptural development of others, is greatly to be desired, especially in our day, when piety takes on such different modes of manifestation. Entire symmetry of Christian character, in which each grace holds its true place and all exhibit a proportionate completeness, is a rare attainment, and as difficult as rare. As an aid to this end is the scriptural injunction, "Add to your faith virtue."

Faith is the foundation of true Christian character. It is as essential as the corner stone to a material structure; and this because by it we are brought into union with Christ, and secure the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Without this living union, "the fruits of the Spirit" can have no development, as they have no starting-point; with it all the benefits of Christ's redemptive work may in time become ours.

This faith, the corner stone of the Christian edifice in the heart of every true believer, is far more than a mere intellectual assent to the truth relating to Christ; it joins with this assent of the understanding a hearty embrac