The Huntingdon Journal.

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Huntingdon Journal.

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

the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

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

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	00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
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PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and olors, done with neatness and dispatch.— lls, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every and style, printed at the shortest notice, y thing in the Printing line will be execu- e most artistic manner and at the lowest

Professional Cards.

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

CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, o. 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied rs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

R. R. WIESTLING, espectfully offers his professional services tizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. removed to No. 618½ Hill street, (SMITH'S e.) [apr.5,'71-1y.

J. C. FLEMMING respectfully fers his professional services to the citizens ingdon and vicinity. Office second floor of gham's building, on corner of 4th and Hill may24.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., rs' claims against the Government for back ounty, widows' and invalid pensions attend- with great care and promptness. ce on Hill street. [jan.4,'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 uted with fidelity and dispatch. Office in room lately occupied by R. Milton , Esq. [jan.4,'71.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miscellaneous.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Pa. JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. nuary 4, 1871.

ELLISON MILLER. H. BUCHANAN.
MILLER & BUCHANAN,
DENTISTS,
o. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.
pril 5, '71-1y.

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

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

The Muses' Bower.

Humble Life.

Tell me not that he's a poor man,
That his dress is coarse and bare;
Tell me not his daily pittance
Is a workman's scanty fare;
Tell me not his birth is humble,
That his parentage is low;
Is he honest in his station!
This is all I want to know.

Is his word to be relied on?
Has his character no stain?
Then I care not if he's low born—
Then I care not whence his name.
Would he from an unjust action
Turn away with scornful eye?
Would he than defraud another
Sooner on the scaffold die?

Would he spend his hard-gained earnings
On a brother in distress?
Would he succor the afflicted,
And the weak one's wrong redress?
Then he is a man deserving
Of my love and my esteem,
And I care not what his birth-place
In the eye of man may seem.

Let it be a low, thatched hovel;
Let it be a clay-built cot;
Let it be the parish work-house—
In my eye it matters not.
And if others would disown him
As inferior to their caste,
Let them do so—I'll befriend him
As a brother to the last.

A Beautiful Gem.

"There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light have fled.
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie,
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky."

The Story-Teller.

THE PEASANT HERO.

BOGORODSKOE is a pleasant place in summer, to those, at least, who are not above plain living, for neither hotel nor refreshment room has ever been heard of there. The whole place is simply one of those quaint little clusters of rough-hewn log huts, clinging like limpets to either side of the high road, which are nowhere seen to such perfection as in Sweden or Russia. Some few of the houses are of a grander sort, actually two-stories high, with brightly-painted roofs and white-washed balconies in front, that makes them look as if they had white ties on. These are the "swell" mansions of the place, and look down upon the poor little shanties around them as a footman looks at a beggar; but for the most part, our village is made up of little cabins of the regular Russian type, built with no tool but a short axe—one-storied, thatched with straw, containing two, or, at most, three rooms, and topped by the cocked-hat-shaped "Tekerdak" or garret, in which the Russian peasant stows his hay, piles his wood, stores his provisions, dries his clean linen, (when he has any,) and, in a word, bestows everything that he cannot cram into the little kennel below stairs, where he, his wife, his children, and very often likewise his ox and his ass, his pig and his poultry, and everything that is his. The beams of Mr. Ivan's house fit into each other at the ends like the corners of a slate-frame, his door is fastened by strong wooden pegs, beside his big stove hangs the rudely daubed picture of some Russian saint with a candle burning in front of it, and in the corner of the room stands a huge "soon-dook" or wooden chest, painted red, and clamped with iron bands. This chest is the peasant's greatest pride; he keeps his Sunday clothes in it—and his friends sit upon it like a sofa, and whenever he changes from place to place, he always drags this great heavy sentry-box of a thing along with him.

But I doubt whether any of you would like to live in a Russian cottage. The roof is just a mixture of sapling and spiders; the walls a mish-mash of wood, earth and earwigs; the floor a paste of straw and clay, dotted with black beetles, like the plums in a Christmas pudding.

The hut I lived in had only just been built, so that I had nothing worse to disturb me than a regiment of black ants marching every now and then out of the cracks in my window-sill, or a swarm of mosquitoes coming "ping-pinging" thro' my open window. And, what's more, I had a little table fixed in the ground in front of my cottage, and a low bench put beside it, and there I used to have my breakfast and tea in the open air; and I can tell you that when I was sitting there about seven o'clock on a glorious summer morning, fresh from my early walk, with my cosy little tea-urn steaming in front of me, a fresh roll on one side, and a couple of newly laid eggs on the other, and the soft, dreamy, sunny uplands stretching before me for miles, edged here and there with dark patches of forest, like fur trimmings upon a velvet robe—I was as happy as could be. One may be comfortable in Russia as well as anywhere else; and when you come to travel there, you soon find out that it is not the cold dark prison, full of spies, wolves and frost-bites, that we used to imagine it; that there are other things to eat there beside soap and candles, and other things to do beside sitting all day close to a stove with a woolen comforter round your neck.

While the heat of the day lasts you don't see much of our villagers. Here and there you may fall in with a stray one creeping along the highway, or straggling about the fields; but as a rule, the bulk of the population don't show up till towards evening. Then, as if by magic, the whole place suddenly becomes alive with all kinds of queer figures; bearded laborers in greasy red shirts, with baggy trousers stuffed into their boots; shouting children, shaggy as bears and brown as hazel-nuts, with nothing on but a pancake-colored night-gown well lined with dirt; short-skirted women, with scarlet handkerchiefs round their heads, and round, flat, wide-mouthed faces that look like a penny with a hole through it; sallow students with straggling black hair, and an earthy unwashed look about them, ogling the brown-cheeked, barefooted lasses who come tripping by with their pails of spring water; and spruce village policemen dotted with brass buttons, and looking on with fatherly superiority. But it is beside the rickety pump in front of the village "shop of all sorts" that the great assembly is held. There fathers discuss things in general, with their mouths full of black bread and salted cucumber; there mothers compare notes on family matters, or drive bargains among themselves; and there children of every age amuse themselves with the national sports of rolling in the gutter and throwing dirt in each other's eyes, varied by an occasional bout at knuckle-bones, by way of variety.

But in winter a sad change comes over Merry Bogorodskoe. Instead of the charming little village, full of life and enjoyment, you see nothing but a cluster of silent huts, half buried in snow, peering above the great white desert that extends on every side. All around the bare, desolate fields stretch their ghostly wastes to the horizon, while here and there a solitary raven, disturbed by your approach, flaps heavily away with a dismal scream, like some belated spectre returning to its grave. The few peasants who still linger about, muffled in their thick sheepskin frocks, survey you with an air of disdainful astonishment, as if wondering what business you have here at all; the leafless trees stand up gaunt and grim against the cold, grey sky, like an army of skeletons, and over all broods a dead, dreary, ghostly silence, broken only by the distant barking of a dog, or the moan of the wind through the distant forest. And worse still, if you happen to stroll beyond the village after dark, you will see pale spots of light like the flame of a half-quenched coal flitting among the trees—and hear a long, melancholy howl, like the wail of the wind on a gusty winter night, going drearily up through the still frosty air—and suddenly find yourself face to face with a huge, gaunt, grey wolf, as savage and bloodthirsty as hunger can make him.

Well, it was on a January evening, the winter before last, that six men were assembled in one of the huts which I have described. It was a room of the common sort, a big bed, with a patchwork coverlet, filling up one side, the usual huge chest in one corner, a picture of the emperor on one wall, a picture of the bombardment of Sebastopol on the other, and a portrait of a saint, as usual, beside the stove, several clumsy wooden chairs, and a low table, on which stood a "samovar," or Russian tea-urn, with a tea-pot perched on top of it, while around it stood half a dozen tumblers, full or empty; for in Russia you know its the way to drink tea out of tumblers instead of cups, a fashion which burns one's fingers shockingly, if it does nothing else.

Beside the tea-urn stood a small lamp (gurgling and sputtering as if it had a bad cold,) which threw a pale circle of light upon the heavy cross beams of the roof and the dark, sallow, bearded faces of the company. They made a very striking group under the dim lamplight, these six men, and all the more so from the strange manner in which they were behaving. In an ordinary party of Russian peasants you would have heard ceaseless talking and laughing, boisterous jokes, stories of Neighbor This and Neighbor That, snatches of old song, sung in this very place, by the same kind of men, in the days of Peter the Great, and possibly if the story-teller of the village happened to be of the party, an old legend or two, handed down from generation to generation since Russia first became a people; how Ilia Muromets fought with the Nightingale Brigand, and how Alexcy Popavitch slew the Flying Tartar. But these men were silent and thoughtful; no jokes, no stories, no laughter, every face clouded with anxiety, every eye fixed moodily on the ground.

And what was it, then, that made them so gloomy? Let us listen to their talk, and perhaps we can find out.

"It's a sore judgment on us!" said one who seemed to be the host—a big, burly man, with a tangled, yellow beard. "The like has not been seen since the year '61, when the wolves came right into the village, and killed nine of our dogs in one night. But then there were many wolves, while now it is only one that does all the mischief, and yet we, as many as we are, can do nothing against him."

"And how the mischief can we do anything," cried a second, "against a brute that scurries about as if he had wings?—Pounce he comes into the village, gobbles up the first thing that comes to hand, and off again, and you may try to recollect his name!" (This is the popular phrase for utter disappearance.)

"Well, we must do something to stop it," said the third, a grim old fellow, who had had his nose taken off by a frost-bite.—"Mother Avdotia's only cow killed last week, poor Ivan Masleg torn to bits on Friday, Feodore Nikeetin's dog snapped up last night, and our watchman's shoulder bitten through—brothers, we are wrong before God if we allow this to go on!"

"Ah, it is all very well to say we must do something—but who's to do it?" returned the second speaker emphatically. "When we turn out, three or four together, the cunning rascal marks it, and keeps on, and there's not a man in the village, I take it, that would venture upon him single handed. Who'll try it think ye?"

"I will!"

It was a very low quiet voice that spoke the last words; but there was a firmness in it which no one could mistake. The sixth of the party, seated in the farther corner near the door, had hitherto been so quiet that they had almost forgotten his presence, but now every eye was turned upon him. He was a young man, but little over twenty, though his heavy mustache and square, thick-set, muscular frame made him appear considerably older. His face was course and commonplace enough—the sallow, low-browed, weather beaten countenance of the genuine Russian peasant; but there was a nameless something about the broad, square jaw and small deep-set gray eye, that would have made you pick out that man among all the six for any work requiring courage and he had performed more than one feat which the village gossips still remembered with admiration in their winter evening chat round the tea-urn.

"Ah, Valdimir Mikhailovitch!" (Walter son of Michael), cried the host, "what's this you're thinking of? You that have only been married two months, to go making wolf's meat of yourself? Nonsense, lad, stay at home, and take care of your wife, and leave wolf hunting to them that's got nothing better to do."

Valdimir answered never a word; but his features hardened like a mask of iron, as he slowly rose to his feet. All present knew well that when his face wore the look that was upon it now they might as well try to move a mountain as to persuade him; and they sat silent, waiting to hear what he would say.

"You say that Nikeetin the butcher lost a dog last night; did the wolf eat the whole carcass?" asked Valdimir of the noiseless man, in the quick commanding tone of one who knows that he must be obeyed.

"No; he hardly got a bit of it, the rascal—that's one comfort!" answered the old fellow with a grim chuckle. "Feodore Stepanovitch heard the dog yelp, and out rushed he and his men with lights and hatchets, and scared the brute away. As for the dog, it's lying there in his yard now."

"Go, one of you, and bring it; and if any one has a sharp wood-knife, let him give it to me."

It was curious to see how absolutely this man, the youngest and least important of the whole party, issued his orders; and how unhesitatingly the rest obeyed them. Here, as everywhere, the stronger mind took the lead, and the weaker instinctively followed.

The host produced a huge, broad-bladed knife, which Valdimir slung around his neck without a word; and, a few minutes later, the carcass of Nikeetin's dog was lying beside the door. He then drained his glass and said: "You tell me this brute generally comes about midnight; so between eleven and twelve I shall take this carcass to the cross-roads, and throw it there as a bait for him, hiding myself behind the fence hard by. When he comes up, I shall attack him; and then let it be as God wills. But you, brothers, mind and don't say a word of this to any one, lest my Masha (Marh) should hear of it. If I get off, there's no need for her to know the matter at all; and, if I am killed, she'll hear of it soon enough—God help her! And now, Alexcy Nikolaievitch, if you can spare me your bed for awhile, I'll take a nap to freshen me for my work."

And a few moments later, this hero (himself all unconscious of doing anything heroic) was sleeping as camly as if a deadly conflict, from which he had little or no chance of escaping, were not awaiting him four hours later on.

Midnight—cold, dreary, ghostly. A dead grim silence over the lifeless village and lonely high road. A faint glimmer of moonlight, giving a weird, spectral look to the half-seen outlines of the dark, silent log-huts and making the gloomy depths of the encircling forest seem all the blacker. A shapeless mass lying out upon the hard snow of the cross-roads, and a dark figure crouched behind a fence hard by, with something in its hand which glitters as the moon falls upon it.

Weary, weary work, crouching there in the cold and darkness, with the stiffening fingers clutching the heavy hatchet, and the strained ears watchful to catch the slightest sound. Hark! was not that low howl from the far distance? No, it was but the wind moaning through the skeleton branches of the forest. Patience yet! Hark, again! and this time there is no mistaking the sound; not the long melancholy howl wherewith a supperless wolf may be heard bemoaning himself, on the outskirts of Moscow, almost every night in the week, but a quick, snarling cry, as of one who sees his food near at hand, and wishes to hasten its arrival. And there, gliding ghost-like over the great waste of snow, comes a long gaunt shadow, straight, swift, unswerving, towards yonder shapeless lump of carrion on the highway, upon which he pounced with a fierce worrying snarl that makes even the brave heart of the listener stand still for a moment with involuntary horror. Now is Valdimir's time! To rush out at once might scare the beast away; he must try to cripple it. The axe flies at the monster's head with a force of a catapult; but the dim light deceives his aim, and it hits the fore shoulder instead, tearing it open with a fearful gash, from which the blood gushes freely over the snow. With a sharp howl of pain, the wolf turns and flies; but the swiftest foot in Bogorodskoe is hard at his heels. After his long, weary vigil, this breakneck chase is like the breath of life to Valdimir, and over this hard smooth snow, his speed is a match for any wolf wounded like this one. Already he had almost come up with the game, and is raising his knife for a sure stroke, when the flying grey shadow in front of him suddenly wheels round, shoots up from the earth like a rocket, and falls right upon the breast of its pursuer. Down goes man and wolf amid the whirl of flying snow, while a shrill yell rings out on the silent air, for even in the sudden shock of that death-grapple, Valdimir's knife has found time to come home, and the hot blood pours over his face and breast from the wounded side of his adversary. And so, far out on the lonely plain, with the cold moon looking piteously down upon it, begins the tug for life and death. Over and over they roll in the bloody snow, the wolf clutching at the throat of the man, the man burying his knife in the side of the wolf. Crushed to the earth beneath the stifling weight spent with his long watch and headlong run—with certain death glaring at him from the yellow, murderous eyes of the savage brute, the stubborn Russian still fights doggedly on. In the hot fury of that mortal struggle, the fierce hunter-nature awakes, sweeping away all memory of his comrades, his wife, his devotion, he feels only the longing to tear and kill tingling to his very finger ends, only the grim enjoyment of plunging his knife again and again into that gaunt muscular side where the life seems to lie so deep. See! those merciless stabs are at length beginning to tell; the fierce yellow eyes are growing dim, the huge jaws quiver convulsively, and from their edges the froth and blood drip in hot flakes upon Valdimir's face. But now, with a mighty effort, the wolf wrenches his head from the iron grasp of Valdimir's left arm, and with one fierce crunch of his strong teeth breaks the bone below the elbow. The limb drops powerless at his side. One more desperate stab into the quivering flesh of his enemy, and then he feels the savage teeth, fastening upon his throat; everything swims around him, there is a rushing as of water in his ears, a thousand sparks dance before his eyes, and then all is blank.

"God be praised, brother, that you are still alive!" said a gruff voice in Valdimir's ear, as he recovered consciousness; while, at the same moment, a soft arm was thrown round his neck, and a fervent "thank God!" murmured by a sweet voice that he knew well.

"Where am I?" asked Kovroff, looking vacantly around, and recognizing first his wife, and then his host of the evening before.

"Where are you?" repeated Alexcy; "why in my hut to be sure, where you've been ever since we brought you in last night. You know, when you went out, we followed at a distance; and as soon as we saw you start in chase of the wolf, we set out after you; but it is not every body that can run like you, so we didn't catch you up till 'Uncle Greycoat' was first trying to get the best of it."

And finally he recovered, sure enough; at least, when I met him at Bogorodskoe last summer, he was well enough to run a mile shoulder to shoulder with me, and break a thick sapling like a stick of sealing wax. And after the race I went home to tea with him, and saw the wolf's head (its skin he had sold to a Russian officer) nailed up above the door of his hut. And the old man who had lent him the knife told me the whole story, just as I give it to you; and he told me too, that from that day forward the whole village called Valdimir nothing but 'Mujeek Bogatler,' or the Peasant Hero.

The Jokers' Budget.

A Lawyer Among Cows.

Squire Wick, a lawyer who fancies what he don't know ain't worth "pumkins," and whose home ain't a thousand miles from the Pine Tree State, was a great favorite with the late Judge Cranch. Once visiting the Judge, the latter invited him to walk over his premises. Among other places they visited the barn-yard, and the squire was struck with admiration as he gazed upon the noble herd of cows which had just been driven up for milking. He talked as elaborately of their good points as would a first-rate good stock breeder, when the fact was he knew next to nothing about stock, and some of the good points which he spoke of caused the Judge a hearty laugh—in his sleeve.

"Well," said the Judge, "which of the cows will you take?"

"Which will I take your honor?" said the Squire, not knowing the Judge's meaning.

"Yes, which will you take? I am going to make you a present of one of them—which shall it be?"

"Really, your honor, this is unexpected; I will not object to the present, but had rather your honor would make the selection, as receivers should not be choosers."

"If you accept this present you must make the selection. Being a good *judge of stock*, you will not be likely to cheat yourself." And the eccentric judge smiled to himself.

The Squire rubbed his gold-bowed spectacles, and began to view the cows with a critic's precision. After much scrutinizing, he said:

"I apprehend your honor, you would not like to part with that very fat, short-horned, thick-necked cow?"

"I have no choice; make your selection," said the judge, his risibles hardly controllable.

"I don't want to rob you of your favorite cow, but if you have no choice, I should prefer the very fat one; she has many good *points*."

"No favorite—no robbery at all—the fat cow is yours. My man will drive her to your house before milking."

The delighted Squire hastened home to inform his wife. In about an hour he saw the "fattest and the best cow in the village," as he styled her, driven into his yard, and despatched a sable daughter of Africa to milk her. In a few minutes in came ebony, giggling and laughing. Squire Wick knew something was to pay, and what he could not conjure. There stood Dinah, "round up" with laughter, the empty pail dangling by her side.

"What on earth is to pay, Dinah!" inquired the Squire.

"O massa, for nuffin, only—ki-ki-ki, i-i-i, he-he-he-e-e-e!"

The Squire looked at his wife—she at him—then both at Dinah, who had "conniptioned" with laughter, and settled down by the door, her face covered with her apron, and her laughing machinery shaking her sides at a tremendous rate.

The Squire's mad riz.

"Dinah," said he, at the top of his voice, "tell me what's to pay, or I'll throw you out of the house."

Dinah rose and mastered herself long enough to say, "O lor massa, noffin, only dat cow of yourn's—a *gemmen cow!*" and then fell into another fit of laughter.

If you know how a chop-fallen man looks, a portrait of Squire Wick's countenance would be superfluous. The way that "very fat, short-horned cow" walked back to the yard of Judge Cranch wasn't slow, and the way the Judge shook his sides was a caution to critics.

Morrow B. Lowry and the Rocky Mountain Cat.

Jim Stewart, sometimes called "The Commodore," is the most noted darkey in Erie. Jim is a good natured, shrewd sort of a fellow, somewhat addicted to doing business now and then on the Jeremy Diddler style, as the following incident will testify. Living near the residence of the Hon. Morrow B. Lowry, he was frequently employed by the latter to do odd jobs around the house and in the garden. One day Mrs. Lowry concluded that the peccadillos of a worthless and venerable tom cat, long an attache of the family, were such as demanded the infliction of capital punishment, and Jim was called upon to play the part of executioner. After a long chase, the victim was captured and put in a basket over which an old shawl was securely fastened. The next question was, how to dispose of the prisoner. Mrs. L., suggested drowning, but Jim, with tears in his eyes, protested that he could no more drown "that ere cat" than he could "drownd hisself;" that were he to do so, his conscience, acting on a naturally tender heart, would trouble him so much at nights that he was sure he could never sleep a wink thereafter. Not wishing to ruin Jim's peace of mind, Mrs. L., compromised the matter by giving him a dollar and directing him to take the cat and dispose of it in any way he pleased, so that she could never see it again. Putting the dollar in his pocket and the basket on his arm, Jim started down town. He had not got out of sight of the house, when he met Morrow walking leisurely toward his home, and the following colloquy ensued:

MORROW—Hello, Jim, what have you got there?

JIM—One ob de celebrated Rocky Mountain cats, sah.

MORROW—A Rocky Mountain cat! Why Jim, where did you get him, and what are you going to do with him?

JIM—I golly, sah! Didn't you heah ob de big bunch ob dem cats dat kum to town yesterday from Kaliforny, sah? Bes mousers in de wurl, sah, and dis is de biggest and bes one ob de lot, sah Dey are gwine to gib me foah dollars fur him at the Reed House, sah.

MORROW—(Recollecting the "general cussedness" of the family cat) Jim, we want a good cat up home, and I guess I'll take this fellow, but—but—don't you think four dollars is mighty steep for a cat?

JIM—All de res' sold for five dollahs sah.

This decided Morrow, so he paid Jim the price asked, and told him to carry the "Rocky Mountain cat" up to Mrs. Lowry. Jim, however, had very important business elsewhere, and begged Morrow to take the basket himself, which the latter good naturedly consented to do. Arriving at home he took his prize into the sitting room, carefully closed the doors, slightly lifted the basket and covering, and smiling benevolently at Mrs. L.'s apparent astonishment, remarked: "My dear, I've brought you a Rocky Mountain cat—the best mouser"—at this moment the cat jumped out of the basket and commenced rubbing himself against his master's legs. Morrow stopped short, while his wife broke in impatiently: "La me, Morrow! Why that's the same old cat I gave Jim Stewart a dollar to drown, not more than ten minutes ago."

What followed we know not, but a few minutes later the Hon. Morrow B. Lowry might have been noticed on the streets of Erie, armed with a very heavy walking stick, and wondering "why a man can never find that d—d nigger, when he wants to see him badly."—*Beaver Radical.*

Miscellaneous.

United States Expenditures.

The expenditures of the United States from 1791 to June 30th, 1870, inclusive, for all purposes, may be seen by the following table:

War	$3,925,833,822	61
Navy	816,220,310	16
Indians	122,616,573	33
Pensions	221,153,156	32
Miscellaneous	858,154,938	33
Premiums	43,096,739	63
Interest	1,046,827,786	17
Public debt	4,457,930,869	86
Gross expenditures	11,492,889,196	41

The gradual progress of these expenditures may be seen by the following exhibit:

Years.	Total Expenditures.
1791	$3,797,436 78
1801	12,273,376 94
1811	13,592,604 89
1821	19,090,572 69
1831	30,038,446 12
1841	31,797,530 03
1851	48,479,104 31
1861	85,387,313 08
1870	702,907,842 88

The expenditures for the decade from 1860 to 1870 inclusive were as follows:

Years	Total Expenditures
1860	$77,055,125 65
1861	85,387,313 08
1862	565,667,503 74
1893	899,815,911 25
1864	1,296,541,114 86
1865	1,906,432,331 37
1866	1,139,344,081 95
1867	1,093,079,655 27
1898	1,069,889,970 74
1869	584,777,996 11
1870	702,907,842 88

These figures, referring to the financial history of the United States, cover the political lifetime of this nation. Taken in connection with the increase of population, the acquisition of territory, and the addition of new States to the Union, they furnish an example of national development without parallel in the history of any other country. Such a growth of government expenditures implies a corresponding growth of resources, in order to sustain them. In the course of the next thirty years the greater part of our national debt will probably be paid, and by that time the United States, with the exception of China, and possibly Russia, will in population be the largest nation in the world. It is well worth all the cost of treasure and blood incident to the late war to save such a nation from disintegration and political ruin.—*N. Y. Sunday Press.*

Tit-Bits, Taken on the Fly.

The next State election to be held this year is that of California, on Tuesday, Sept. 5, when a Governor and other State officers will be chosen. The Legislature of the Territory of Wyoming is chosen on the same day.

Tuesday, August 15th, *One Hundred* years ago, Sir Walter Scott was born. Who so dull that cannot think to himself a sermon on what the world has done in this hundred years since the birth of Walter Scott. The event has been largely celebrated throughout all Scotland.

What William Tell did as a matter of fiction, Capt. Travis performed as a matter of fact in Cleveland the other evening, where he shot an apple from the head of a boy 12 paces distant, sending a bullet, clean through the center of the apple, which remained undisturbed on the boy's head.

Secretary Boutwell, in answer to a letter from Hon. John Scott, has furnished a statement of the unadjusted balances against ex-collectors of internal revenue in this State. It is a complete refutation of a favorite charge of the Democratic press, and deserves to be read and pondered by every thinking man.

The Cumberland *Daily News* says: "Within a few days, proposals will be invited for grading the new railroad from the selected point of juncture on the Cumland and Pennsylvania railroad to the Maryland line, a distance of some three miles." The seven miles from the Bridgeport end will be under way soon.

Mr. Edward Richardson, a Vermonter, after residing 18 years on the Island of Hawaii, owns an estate of 400,000 acres of land, plentifully interspersed with lava from the volcano of Mauna Loa. He went to the Sandwhich Islands a poor man to earn a livelihood as a carpenter. Among his other possessions are 500 head of cattle.

Returns from the back counties of Kentucky show Democratic gains on the majorities of last year. We are constrained to concede Leslie, the repudiator of the New Departure, a majority of at least 30,000, if the counties heard from fairly mark the current, as we have no reason to doubt.

Henry Clay Dean having disgusted half of the Democracy by his position in the new departure, a Kentucky paper hopes to get him in disgust with the rest of that party by urging him to wash his face and put on a clean shirt. The scheme will fail, however, for Dean never follows such advice. No never. He is the dirtiest dog we ever saw.

One of our Republican exchanges fits to the new departure policy of the Democracy the old anecdote of the boy and the woodchuck. The boy was observed watching for a woodchuck to come out of his hole. Do you suppose you can catch him? said a passer by. Catch him? said the boy contemptuously; "I've got to catch him stranger, we're out of meat."

Honora Greatan, an old, withered, ragged crone, who, for the past fifteen years, has traversed the streets of New York harnessed to a hand-cart, and collecting rags and bones from the gutters and swill tubs, died suddenly in a tumble-down shanty near the foot of West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. Investigation proves that although she died from starvation and exposure, she had nearly five thousand dollars deposited in the North River Savings Bank. This money she bequeathed by will to a little girl eight years of age, who lived with her. The will provides that the girl shall be educated at some Catholic boarding school.

Petty Expenses.

The value of capital is fairly measured by its ability to produce an income. The value of a hundred dollars is indicated by the fact that the possessor may, without any more trouble than putting it in the saving bank, or in government bonds, receive six dollars a year for its use, or by employing it in his business, together with his own exertions, he may receive very much more. In this community the money itself earns only about six per cent. When a man secures more than that, it is either because he takes a risk and might have lost, or because his special intelligence, skill or industry was combined with his capital, and the increased income was the earning of both. The share which the money alone earns is usually understood to be about six per cent.

Whoever therefore spends six dollars nullifies one hundred dollars of capital for a year. Or, in other words, to save six dollars from superfluities in a year, is as good as to have a hundred dollars of capital at work during that time.

A young man who has a salary of eighteen hundred dollars, considers, perhaps, that squandering five or six dollars is only losing a day's wages; but he might with accuracy consider that it is abandoning a hundred dollars for the year. An investment of five thousand dollars would be nullified by wasting six dollars every week in useless expenditure. The petty expenses nullified just the amount of capital that it takes to produce the sum spent.

If for instance a young man spends on Monday three dollars on a bunch of cigars and Tuesday five on a ball, Wednesday three at the opera, and Thursday two on billiards, Friday three on a big dinner, and Saturday evening two in doing nothing, his eighteen dollars have eaten up all that fifteen thousand dollars could have earned for him in the same time. With fifteen thousand dollars of capital invested, such a free spender is not so well off as a young man without these expensive habits who has not a cent of capital

A questionable expenditure may often be wisely tested in this way: I can get a certain article I have a fancy for, for twenty-five dollars. It is worth three or four years' interest on a hundred dollars? Is it worth while to nullify four hundred dollars for a year, in order to gratify this want?

Knitting.

"I was just thinking, mother," said Rachel.

"Thinking about what?" asked Mrs. Harland, seeing that her daughter did not complete the sentence she had begun.

"It was something about knitting. Mrs. Barclay said this morning, as she passed the window and saw me at work, 'This is soft and beautiful yarn, but not half so soft and beautiful, I trust, as the yarn you are knitting into your life.' I've been thinking ever since what she could mean, and it has just come to me."

"Has it? I'm glad you've thought it out for yourself. What is merely told us, often goes no deeper than the memory, but if we think out anything for ourselves, it becomes more real to us and more our own. We understand it better."

"Yes, I am sure of that," replied Rachel.

"And what do you think Mrs. Barclay meant?" asked Mrs. Harland.

"I suppose she meant that our thoughts and feelings were like yarn, and that every day we were knitting them into our lives."

"I think that was her meaning," replied the mother. "If day by day we knit pure thoughts and kind and gentle feelings into our lives, we shall not only form to ourselves beautiful characters, that will make our presence a charm and a blessing to others, but acquire a heavenly quality that will draw near to us, as like draws like, the angels of God with their protecting power, though we may not perceive their presence."

A tender thoughtfulness was in the eyes of Rachel. She did not answer, but looked down at her knitting, and as the soft thread passed through her fingers, she pondered this new lesson in the book of life.—*Children's Hour.*

The Boy of the Period.

Every body has seen the Boy of the Period. His face hangs on the show-board in front of the photographer's. He is on exhibition for while every fair evening on the corners of conspicuous streets. He is carefully and exquisitely dressed, wears delicate kids; twirls a light stick; puffs a fragrant cigar; eyes every young lady that may chance to pass, and gives his opinion of her at once and while her ears are in reach. Having finished his street performance, he lounges into a billiard saloon, flourishes his cue, drinks his drinks, pays for them with ostentatious parade of his indifference to money, and then sallies out in search of home or of some other place.

The Boy of the Period is a great reader. He is familiar with "Our Best Society," "The Day's Doings," and all the pictorial literature which draws its embellishments from a lewd imagination. He detests reading of a solid kind as being unworthy the attention of a modern young gentleman. His taste is too fine and fanciful to be regaled with the vulgar food of useful knowledge. He glances his eye now and then over the leading daily prits, but if he fails to find in them some rousing sensational record of crime, he tosses them away in disdain. He has heard of the Library, but deems it of no use to him—it may serve plodding blockheads very well.

The Boy of the Period is a genius. He is above work, and has a clerkship; but he has no intention of passing his years in the dull routine of a profession, trade or craft. He is too smart for all that. He needs money, for he has the habits of a spendthrift.

Chance is Protean. Honesty is straight forward, and has a single eye. The Boy of the Period worships chance, and waits daily at her shrine. At length he sails in; makes a venture, in some form, and luck, the deceiver, at first is on his side. Suddenly luck has turned against him. He fights against his luck desperately: flounders into a crime; is detected, arrested, imprisoned, and punished. The Boy of the Period gets his face into the rogues' gallery.