The Huntingdon Journal.

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Huntingdon Journal.

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

the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

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

DENGATE, Surveyor, Warriorsmark, Pa. [ap12,'71.

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

. R. R. WIESTLING, respectfully offers his professional services, citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. removed to No. 613½ Hill street, (Smith's ng.) [apr.5,'71-1y.

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

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

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

J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street ngdon. [jan.4,'71.

L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., ngdon, 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, doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

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

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

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.

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- kind, in any part of the United States. Send circular. [jan.4'71.

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

ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention n to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settle- t of Estates, &c.; and all other Legal Business ecuted with fidelity and dispatch. ☞ Office in room lately occupied by R. Milton r, Esq. [jan.4,'71.

M. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. ffice 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.

N SCOTT. S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY
COTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-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.

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

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

Miscellaneous.

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

ALLISON MILLER. H. BUCHANAN.
MILLER & BUCHANAN,
DENTISTS,
No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.
April 5, '71-1y.

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

NEAR THE RAILROAD DEPOT,
COR. WAYNE and JUNIATA STREETS
UNITED STATES HOTEL,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
'CLAIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. Meh15-tf

ROBT. KING, Merchant Taylor, 412 Washington street, Huntingdon, Pa., a libral share of patronage respectfully solicited. April 12, 1871.

LEWISTOWN BOILER WORKS. SNYDER, WEIDNER & CO., Manufacturers of Locomotive and Stationary Boilers, Tanks, pes, Filling-Barrows for Furnaces, and Sheet ron Work of every description. Works on Logan reet, Lewistown, Pa.
All orders promptly attended to. Repairing one at short notice. [Apr 5,'71,1y.*

New Advertisements.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

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ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed,

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Bower.

Autumn Woods.

Ere in the Northern gale
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that enfold
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and in gold
That guard enchanted ground.

Oh, Autumn, why so soon
Depart the hues that make the forest glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave the wild and sad?

Ah! 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the southwest,
To roam and dream for aye.

And leave the vain, low strife
That makes men mad; the tug for wealth and power:
The passions and the cares that wither life
And waste the little hour.

The Story-Teller.

THE PASSING CLOUD.

"Do you want me to get anything for you in town?"

Andrew Thurston spoke very calmly, and a chance listener might have thought that he spoke kindly. He certainly spoke deferentially; but his lips were compressed, and there were lines upon his brow which were not usual. Ordinarily he would have said, as he drew on his glove:

"Now, my love, what can I get for you in town?" and he would have spoken gayly and frankly, with sprightliness and sparkle; for they had been married not a year yet, and only the day before Andrew had declared that they would never outlive their honeymoon.

"Ettie," he said with a kiss, "when we cease to love, we shall cease to live; life could be nothing without love."

But now a cloud had come; very small at first—not bigger than a man's hand—but yet a cloud. Ellie had never complained of fatigue or weariness, and yet she was far from robust. On this particular morning she had arisen with an aching head, but she did not mention it. She did not smile as was her wont, and her husband asked her what was the matter. His question seemed to imply that her manner had fretted him—there was almost an accusation in it—and she replied rather shortly: "Nothing."

"But there must be something," said he. "What is it?"

This, to his wife, rendered over-susceptible by her headache, seemed a dispute of her words, and she answered:

"I tell you—nothing."

"But Ellie," he said, "you wouldn't act so if there was nothing the matter."

"Act how?" demanded his wife, flushing under his direct charge. "What have I done?"

What could her husband reply to this? What single act of hers—what word, even, could he point out? Something in her manner had jarred upon the sensitive chords of his heart, and a cloud had come between them; but how could he tell it? How could he give to another an idea of that which had no form nor substance and which he had only perceived because it dropped a discord into the exquisite harmony of his jealous love? He could make no plausible answer, and this fretted him still more.

"Oh, nothing," he said, drawing back. "If you don't choose to confide in me, all right."

His wife's eyes flashed now, and she spoke quickly—spoke so quickly, and so feelingly, that her husband was, in turn, offended; and, with a hasty word upon his lips, he went out into the city, which was but a few miles distant from his suburban residence.

When Andrew Thurston re-entered the sitting-room, with his hat in his hand, he asked the question we have already heard.

"Do you want me to get anything for you in town?"

How cold his voice sounded to his wife who sat, with bowed and aching head, by the curtained window. It did not sound like the voice of her husband, and she did not look up. She would wait until he came to kiss her, as he always did before he went away, and then she might be able to speak—to speak upon his bosom where she could hide her face—but she dared not trust her voice now. She knew that she would cry if she spoke, and she would not have her husband see her do that if he were angry with her. But he did not come to her. He turned without another word and was gone.

Andrew Thurston knew that his wife must have heard his question, and as she did not immediately answer, he allowed his answer to express itself in a slam of the door as he went out. He pulled on his gloves very vigorously, and stepped off with measured strides. But not so long. The fresh morning air fanned his brow with a cooling influence, and he began to think. He had missed something. For the first time since he had married he was going away without his wife's kiss. Surely a cloud had arisen upon the domestic horizon, and something like a storm had come upon their peace. He was unhappy and the more he meditated the more unhappy he became.

"Ellie was to blame," he said to himself. But this did not heal the wound. "I may have been hasty," he acknowledged, after further recollection. "But still," he assured himself, "she irritated me."

Thus he reached a point very far from soothing or satisfactory in its influence.—He was forced to acknowledge that he had allowed himself, in a moment of irritation, to speak hastily and unkindly.

A little thing it was, to be sure, but it gave him great pain. A mote is a tiny particle, but becomes a thing of painful moment when it is lodged in the eye; and the heart that is made tender with a devoted, living love, is as sensitive to motes as to the eye. Hitherto the current of Andrew's love had flowed on unbroken and untroubled, but this incoming of obstruction had produced a turbulance as destructive of peace and happiness, for the time, as though the very fountain of love itself had been broken up. In short, he was brought to the self-confession that there could be no more joy for him until this cloud had passed away. And how should that be done? How should the sunlight be let in again upon his hearthstone? He was proud, and he did not like to make confession of his fault. Would his wife make the first acknowledgement? He hoped so; for thus the evil might be put away.

As he sat alone in his office, he toop up a paper, and sought to overcome his unhappy thoughts by reading. He could not fix his mind upon the thread of a long article, so he read the short paragraphs; and at length his eye caught the following:

"Where there has been a misunderstanding between near and dear friends, resulting in mutual unhappiness and regret, the one who loves most and whose senses of right and duty is the strongest, will make the first advance towards reconciliation."

Andrew Thurston dropped the paper, and rose to his feet. It was as though a voice from heaven had spoken to him.

"I do not love the most," he soliloquized; but I am the strongest, and should show my love by my works."

He looked at his watch—it was almost noon. It was not his custom to return till evening, but he could not remain and bear the burden through the other hours of the day. And he marveled, as he put on his hat and drew on his gloves, how even the resolve to do this simple thing had let the sunlight into his soul.

Ellie Thurston when she knew that her husband had gone—had gone without giving her time to recover her stricken senses—sank down and wept; and it was a long time before she could clearly think and reflect. She had been left alone—alone with pain and sorrow, and she was utterly miserable. She blamed herself for not having called her husband back to her; and she blamed him for not having come of his own accord. To her it seemed as though the death of joy had come. She had never known such misery before. By and by, when she could think, she wondered if her husband would smile upon her, if she would offer the first kiss, and speak the first word of love. She would try it. It would be terrible if he should repulse her; but she could not live so.

The hours passed and the young wife sat like one disconsolate. She thought not of dinner—she had no appetite. She only thought could the warm sunshine ever come over her again? Did her husband love her less than she thought?

Thus she sat with pale cheeks and swollen eyes, when she heard the outer door open, and a step in the hall. She started up to listen, thinking that her senses might have deceived her, when the door of the sitting-room was opened, and her husband entered. His eyes filled with tears when he saw how pale and grief-stricken his wife looked, and with open arms he went toward her.

"Ellie, my darling, don't let us be unhappy any more."

He had been thinking, on his way home, what he should say when he met her; and he had framed in his mind a speech of confession which he would make; but forgot it all when he saw her, and his heart spoke as it would. The words burst from his lips, lovingly, prayerfully, beseechingingly, "Ellie, my darling, don't let us be unhappy any more!"

She came to his bosom, and twined her arms about his neck; and for the kiss that was unmissed in the morning they wept no more apart, but they wept together.

That was all. The cloud had passed; and they experienced the exquisite thrill which all true hearts feel when a wrong has been made right, and the warm joy-beams drive away the dark shadow of sorrow and regret. It was a life-lesson to them both; and they promised themselves that they would never forget its teachings.

Reading for the Million.

Labor is Conducive to Long Life.

When we take into consideration the limited period of time that is set to life by one's occupations, we must regard it as a consoling, a sublime truth that the tendency of labor is not to shorten life, but on the contrary, when reasonably engaged in it, has a tendency to lengthen life by keeping the organization of the system in free and healthy running order for a longer time; while, on the other hand, idleness and luxury are as injurious to health, and consequently as dangerous in their tendency to shorten life as the most unhealthy occupations.

Dr. Guy, an Englishman, in calculating the average duration of life in the wealthy classes, arrived at the rather surpassing conclusion that the higher the position in the social scale, or the more unlimited their means, the less the probability of a long life.

It has been so long considered by a large number of persons that the possession of wealth was the best, and, in fact, only guarantee to physical welfare, that many will be surprised to hear from Guy, "that the probability of the duration of life lessens, with regard to adults in each class of population, in the same degree as the beneficial impulse for labor is lacking. If a person who for a long time has lived an active life, retire from business, it may be taken for granted, with a probability of ten to one, that he has seized the most effective means to shorten his life."

Of all the conditions of life, idleness is the hardest for nature to combat, and hence it is dangerous to the interests of life and health for one who has been used to physical exertion, as the farmer for instance, to quit work and either remain idle or engage in some other occupation which requires no manual labor.

Then, farmers, don't call a farmer's life a dog's life because of the labor that it requires, for, as we have said above, *labor is conducive to long life.* Be careful not to expose yourselves too much—work moderately, manage carefully, and with the smile of Providence, long life and plenty are yours.

Benefits of Laughter.

Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion produced by hearty laughter, shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably, its chemical electric, or vital condition is instinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life, by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts over its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time, just as they do now that far more objectionable prescription—a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the desired effect in each patient.

THE great novelty in traveling-dresses are the Baden-Baden towel costumes, that are literally made of the rough brown bath toweling, which we know better as Turkish.

Lost but Saved.

BY SIGNOR BLITZ.

One night while in London, upon returning very late to my boarding house, I found, on arriving at the door, pacing up and down in evident distress of mind, a young man, the son of my worthy landlady, whom I had learned to look upon with a great deal of interest, by reason of his uniform gentlemanly deportment and the affectionate solicitude he ever exhibited for his mother. He held a fine position as clerk in a large house, and was one in which his employers reposed the utmost confidence.

"Why Harry! what is the matter?" I asked, not a little alarmed at this sudden scene. "What are you doing here?"

"I am a lost man, ruined, eternally ruined, and my poor mother—"

"Ruined, lost, what do you mean?"

"I have lost everything—my salary, my mother's little jewels which my father gave her—and, to complete my guilt, I have r-r obbed my employers."

"You! you! robbed your mother, and your master! When, and for what purpose?"

"Yes, I have done it—and not an hour since I staked the last crown of my thievings on the card table at——. I—I am damned forever," he cried wildly, throwing himself upon the doorstep, in an agony of grief.

Here was a scene indeed; a young man, before whom, but a few months since, there were the happiest prospects of an honorable life—a mother's only hope, and the esteemed confidant of an honorable merchantile house, lying abjectly upon the earth with every daring hope in ruin. Here, then, was the cause of his silence, his moodiness, and his late hours.

I saw it at a glance, and as quickly did I resolve to save him if possible. After some little entreaty, I persuaded the young man to leave the place where he was, and go with me to some secluded locality. On my way I learned the whole story. It was a simple one, and just such as happens every day.

The young man, by the invitation of a friend, had been induced to visit——, to see the place; next to take a game or so for the pleasure of the thing; soon, to make it more interesting, small sums were staked, and lost of course; next to win them back, debts were incurred, which, if not paid, would lead to exposure. Poor Harry! he saw his position, but how could he return. His salary was small, and only came on quarter-days.

The *friend* suggested *borrowing without asking a loan*—for he could replace it in a few days, and no one would be the wiser, for luck would turn. It was as ever, the old story over again—and he fell into the snare, first, by robbing his mother, then, on this day, he had taken fifteen pounds from his employers.

After listening to his tale, I knew at once how he had been duped, and proposed that he should go with me to——, "where," said I, "though I never gamble, yet I hope to teach a lesson that shall cause you never to put your foot within this, or any similar place again. Come, it is now near morning, and if you wish to save yourself, do as I direct and perhaps it can yet be done."

My companion led the way to the saloon where I was to be introduced as a special friend. All, of course, were glad to see me, and with the young man near I set down to one of the card tables and commenced to play. For a time I lost, but soon the game began to take a more favorable turn, and after an hour's play, I arose from the table, and left the place with above a hundred and fifty pounds in my pocket.

After I had gained the street, and was a considerable way from the house, where my visit had not been a very agreeable one to some who wished me to remain longer, I turned and said, "there Harry, you see what I have done. This fortune, as you gamblers call it, is a *cheat*, and the money which I have taken from those scoundrels who robbed you, was done in accordance with *their own* principles. Here are the cards I played with," and beneath the light of the street lamp I showed him a pack of cards, so arranged that I could always hold the game in my hands. Besides I designated marks by which I knew the character of every card in the hands of my opponents. "There," said I, "in those and similar ways, lie the art of gambling. You have been duped, but I know you will not be so again."

"I see it all—but now it is too late!" exclaimed the poor fellow. "Now I see my disgrace."

"Not yet; promise me but one thing, and you shall be saved."

"What is it? I will do—ay, be anything, only for my poor mother's sake."

"Give me your word of honor, then, that you will never again touch card or dice-box, and here is the money which I have won. Take it; pay back the money you have taken from your employers—make what *honest* and *true* account you can to your mother, and remember as long as you live, the night of the 10th of March, 1829."

The young man promised and I never had occasion to doubt but that he kept his word.

A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send thou an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name often times secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office, for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeves and looseth time.

Neither do thou loaf about, ask questions or knock down type, or the boys will love thee like they do shade trees—when thee leaveth.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's case, or the sharp and hooked container thereof may knock thee down.

Never inquire thou of the editor for the news, for behold it is his business, at the appointed time, to give it thee without asking.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask who is the author of an article, for his duty requireth him to keep such things to himself.

When thou dost enter into his office take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be lying open and concerneth thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayest understand.

Prefer thine own town paper to any other, and subscribe for it immediately.

Pay for it in advance, and it shall be well for thee and thine.

THE ties of business—Advertise.

The Women Folks.

Woman's Apparel.

Would-be reformers usually go so far in advance of public opinion in their efforts to correct evils and abuses that they render themselves liable to the charge of eccentricity, if not extravagance. Though there may be a good sound basis of the truth in some of the accusations which they hurl at society, they are so uncompromising in their condemnation and propose such abrupt departures from the well-troden paths of custom and fashion that the majority of people regard their theories either as the fruit of a cynical disposition or as the evidence of a morbid desire to attract notice by singularity of conduct. The result is that the community is but little improved by their violent denunciations of error and the impracticable correctives they suggest. Social customs are not always right, however many of them justly deserve severe censure and urgently require a thorough and radical reformation. A woman doctor of "Our Home," at Danville, N. Y., is a reformer who furnishes a pertinent illustration. She has zealously labored, both by precept and example, to prevail upon women to substitute a more comfortable and healthful arrangement of their clothing for the ordinary cumbersome and injurious style now in vogue. Her argument is as follows:

"It is terrible, the hardship which women suffer on account of the style of dress which they are almost forced to wear, and and some of them feel it to be so. Every woman who does feel it should assert her right so far at least as to wear in her home a costome in which she can work or rest, stand up, sit down or lie down, wash or sew, cook or make beds, go up chamber or down cellar, without hinderance or obstruction. We, the women of 'Our Home,' are determined that we will not be subjected to the impositions of fashion and custom in this regard, and we have invented a style of dress which we call the American costume, and in wearing of which we experience immeasurable comfort and satisfaction."

There is nothing imaginary in her assertion that women suffer hardships from this cause. It is not so much the whimsical pattern, or the unnecessarily expensive material of which the dress is composed that is objectional, as the manner in which the clothing is suspended on the person. This not only interferes with the comfort of the wearer, but seriously impairs her health.

The widely extended, and almost universal prevalence of feeble health among women is due, in part, to this unnatural method of adjusting the dress, which, combined with the lack of exercise, sunlight and fresh air, is all that is needed to account for the physical degeneracy so commonly attributed to the women of the present age. The remedy, as proposed by the lady referred to, is not likely to be generally accepted, notwithstanding the enthusiastic prase of its merits, and although it promises to go very far toward removing many of the sufferings of her sex

The object of this costume, she says, is to afford complete protection to every part of the body, while the free, natural action of no muscle or organ is interfered with. The costume is fitted nicely, but so easy about the chest and shoulders that the arms can be used freely, the lungs expanded and the ribs thrown out to the fullest extent without restriction; the stomach is free from pressure; all heavy, heating underskirts are dispensed with, and bands of undergarments removed, skirts and drawers being supported by suspenders or buttoning to a well-fitting, complete undersuit. The skirts are short and the lower limbs are clothed with pantaloons or trousers.

The purpose intended to be accomplished by the introduction of this new apparel deserves hearty encouragement from every woman who desires to improve the health of womankind; but the apparel itself is entirely too much at variance with modern fashions to meet with general approval. It is quite possible, however, to let the external dress remain as it is, subject to all the vagaries of conventionalism, and, at the same time, to alter the arrangements so as to fulfil all the salutary indications suggested by this radical reformer. If she can induce the women of this country to adopt this portion of her improvement in dress, she will preserve them from much of the untold mental as well as physical distress which they must now endure, and will perform an important service for safety.

Why People do not Marry Better.

You have seen a beautiful girl, beautiful in person and spirit, graceful in form and feature, and of a lovely disposition, married to man of common mould. Who cannot recall many such instances? Then again, you see strong, intellectual men—men every way superior—so grievously mismated! It has often been remarked that if matches are made in heaven, they must have got dreadfully shaken up and misplaced on their way down.

Now it is very natural not only that people should, in the first place, all want to marry well themselves, but also, in the second place, that their own friends should be particularly well married. At the same time, when we take a broad, philosophical, true view of the matter, what do we find our conclusion to be on the subject?

It is very simple, and it is this: Marriage on the whole, cannot average above a certain medium quality; in other words marriages, in the general, must be precisely on the level with the ordinary character of the persons of whom the community is made up. And, as a comprehensive proposition, the whole problem of marriage is reduced to this question. It is better for such people to marry each other or to live single?

It is inevitable that, as marriage is general, there must be thousands of instances in which parents will be disappointed at the matches which their children make. Love is mysterious, and it leads the feet of boys and girls in directions where their fathers and mothers would fain not have them go. They will not select the companions for life which others would select for them. The most that can be done to render marriage happier, is to contribute what one can to the improvement of the whole community. It is not in your power to foresee who may become your son-in-law or your daughter-in-law—perhaps it may be the very last person on earth you would expect.

Whatever parents do, therefore for the physical, intellectual and moral education of the whole people, will in a manner, tend to increase the chances that their own sons and daughters will succeed in obtaining partners for life suited to their several dispositions.

The Home Circle.

Manners.

There are few who rightly appreciate manners, and who value them according to their real worth. There are many who greatly over-estimate them, who make them the sole index by which they judge others, and cultivate them as the one thing needful in themselves. There are those, on the other hand, who despise and scorn good manners, affecting to see in them only the tinsel, which may either cover goodness of heart, or hide vice and corruption. Both of these classes are mistaken—they have equally failed to discover either the source from which manners spring, or the effects they are destined to produce. An eminent writer has defined manners to be "the visible carriage of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined—his thought entering his hands and feet, and controlling the movements of his body, speech and behavior." They are thus themselves realities, but the signs of realities, and as such, should be honored not for themselves but for what they represent. The smile on the lip and the tear in the eye are nothing, save as they show the affection or sympathy of the heart. But as this they are much, and may never be contemned. It is only where a sign is substituted for the thing signified, where the cold heart and impure disposition try to copy the outward expression of love and purity, and by hypocrisy endeavor to pass for what they are not, that manners lose their significance and become worthless.

It may be said, that if this is so, there can be no duty resting upon us to cultivate good manners; that each one should be content to be natural and nothing more, and allow his individual character to exhibit itself by its appropriate signs, whatever they may be. There is some reason in this. To be natural, to be true to ourselves, to be sincere in every look, word and gesture, is one of the first principles of virtue, one which we can never transgress with impunity. But while we may never counterfeit the signs of goodness, let us take care that we possess the true coin. There is an error that many make who pride themselves on their sincerity. "I never pretend to anything I do not feel," is the boast of some who ought rather to be ashamed of their lack of feeling, and to be humbly striving to enrich their hearts. The improvement and ennoblement of character, which should be the aim of every individual, cannot be accomplished without direct and continual control over its external signs.

For example, the passionate man can never calm that storm that rages within him till he subdues its outward expression. He whose heart burns with the desire of revenge can best quench the unholy passion by performing some friendly act toward his enemy. If affection, benevolence and good-will are absent, the best way to produce them is by constant acts of friendship and beneficence If we feel cross and ill-humored we can at least bridle our tongues and look pleasantly. If we are rough and rude in our inclinations, we can force ourselves to acts of politeness and courtesy. Such a course as this has no flavor of hypocrisy or insincerity. It is an earnest effort at self-improvement by the most direct means, and will in no case be ineffectual. The difference between such a conflict of the inner and outer man, and the course of action which simply apes virtues it does not possess, lies wholly in the *motive*. He, who, for the sake of appearance, counterfeits goodness; who, to be thought benevolent, gives away large sums; or to be esteemed affectionate, feigns a love he does not feel, is a hypocrite, whose secret self and external expression are ever growing further and further apart, and whose thin veil of deceit will not long hide his real character. But he who is striving, simply and humbly, to improve himself; who employs every means to conquer the evil and strengthen the good in his own nature, may also find that his manners are not always a faithful exponent of the disposition within, but it will be because he aims by his manners to exalt his mind, and by controlling the external signs to ennoble and dignify the soul within. One who, with this worthy aim, compels his deportment to represent the character he strives to become, will find his task grow easier and easier, his inner self and outward expression will continually and naturally approach each other, until at length they come into perfect harmony and consonance. Judged from such a standard, the manners are by no means the frivolous and unimportant things that some deem them. Every look, word and gesture bears the impress of what is within, and is fraught with results on our characters and lives.

The Judgment.

I have never written a sermon in description of the judgment day; I have never felt able to do it. I have been little profited by the efforts of others to describe it. The subject is so vast, so solemn, so awful, that I cannot grasp it. In a dim sort of way, I have imagined it—the vast multitude filling half of heaven; the throne uplifted in the midst; the unreserved revelation of life made by each when questioned; the opened books, in which man finds every deed and thought of his hands and heart recorded; the word of verdict, from which none appeal; the commotion and separation as some pass to the right, others to the left, of the throne; the onlooking angels poising on steady wings like a great white cloud above the crowded mass—all this, in a dim sort of way, I repeat, I have imagined; but to put the picture in words I cannot.—*Rev. Murray.*

Thankfulness.

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and it would draw to itself the most invisible particles, by the mere power of attraction. The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find, in every hour, some heavenly blessings, only the iron in God's sand is gold.

HERE AND THERE.—When a man dies, the people ask, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels as they bend over his grave, inquire, "What good deeds, hast thou sent before thee."—*Mahomet.*

Do you know that all your property belongs to God?

Do you know that you forfeit all your hope by indolence?

Do you know that your Sunday vacant seat looks bad?

The Jokers' Budget.

"Artemus" Visits the Shakers.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes a shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another bein' sent to put my horse and wagon under kiver.

A solum female, lookin' somewhat like a last years' bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, cum in and axed me was I athirst and did I hunger? To which I asserted "A few." She went orf and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I 'spect," sed I

"Yay," he sed.

"Health's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understands his bizness—or do you devote your sarvice gratooitous?"

"Yay."

"Storm nigh, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continues there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of wesket you wear, including trimmins?"

"Yay."

"I pawsed a minit, and then, thinkin' I'd be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, burst into a hearty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no living ekel.

He jumped up as if bilin' water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin' and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walked out of the room.

Directly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin' gals as I ever met. It is troo they were drest in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long white caps, such as I 'spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin' enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes, castin' shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my repter, and sez I:

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Where's the old MAR?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name wasn't Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, let's have some fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they asked.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they wuz all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm willin' to be a Shaker protemparary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust only they was a little skeery. I twat 'em puss in the corner, and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin' quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I:

"My pretty dears, ear I go you have no objections, have you, to a innersent kiss at partin'?"

"Yay," they sed, "and I yayed."—*Artemus Ward His Book.*

Tough Beefsteak.

The Natick, Mas., *Bulletin* is responsible for the following:

"Squire K., a well-known barrister of Belknap, having occasion to transact some business at the Ossipec court, found a few days at his disposal which he determined to spend in trouting in the mountain brooks. In company with an artist friend he wandered several miles into the country. Night came down and the sportsmen concluded to spend the night at a farm house if permission should be obtained, and return early next morning to the village. A cherry-faced old lady granted permission to remain under her roof that night. Now, as it was necessary that our legal friend should be at court at eight next day, the good dame rose early and prepared breakfast by the light of a tallow candle. The anglers were seated at the table in a dark corner of the kitchen, while the old lady was engaged over a sizzling frying pan on the stove. "How's this steak, T., tough, eh?" asked the lawyer, *sotto voice.* "Don't know; why?" "By Jove, I can't chew the stuff!" continued he. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, he made another effort to masticate the mouthful, then shouted, "My good woman, will you be kind enough to see why this steak is so tough?" The pleasant-faced old lady appeared with her candle, wiped the moisture from her spectacles and looked at the plate, dropped the tallow candle into the lawyer's lap, and shouted with horror, "Great State of Hampshire! *I've fried my holder!*"

Went For Him.

A rough looking specimen of humanity was recently promenading up Chatham street, New York, when he came plumply upon a Jew, a specimen of his race about whom there is no mistake.

Without a word of warning, the rough knocked him sprawling into the gutter. Picking himself up, and taking his bleeding nose between his finger and thumb, he demanded an explanation.

"Shut up; I'll bust yer again!" shouted the aggressor, approaching him again.

"I have never done notings mit you, and what for you mash me in the nose?" asked Abraham.

"Yes yer have; yer Jews crucified Jesus Christ, and I have a mind to go for you agin."

"But, mine Cott, dat vash eighteen hundred years ago," said the Jew.

"Well, I don't care, if it was; I only heard of it last night," replied the unwashed, and he went for him again.

AN Irishman, being recently on trial for some offence, pleaded "not guilty;" and the jury being in the box, the State solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the court, and said, "Do I understand, your honor, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness forenenst me again me?" The judge said, dryly, "It seems so." Well, then, your honor, I plade guilty; sure an' your honor plaise, not because I *am* guilty, for I am as innocent as yer honor's sucking baby, but just on account of saving Mr. Furkison's *sowl!*"