The Huntingdon Journal.

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he Huntingdon Journal.

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

ice on the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every dnesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, der the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at 00 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2,50 if not paid in six months from date of subscription, and if not paid within the year.

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

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

R. R. R. WIESTLING, respectfully offers his professional services the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office removed to No. 618½ Hill street, (SMITH'S ILDING.) [apr.5,'71-1y.

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

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

R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east the Catholic Parsonage. [jan.4,'71.

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

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

GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Hun- gdon, 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, ce doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

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

HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, No. 319 Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the eral Courts of Huntingdon county. Particularention given to the settlement of estates of dece- nts. Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney- at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention ven to collections, and all other legal business tended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 19, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Miscellaneous.

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

NEAR THE RAILROAD DEPOT,
COR. WAYNE and JUNIATA STREETT
UNITED STATES HOTEL,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
M'CLAIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. Mch15-tf

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

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

New Advertisements.

TO ADVERTISERS:

—:o:—

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

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

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

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

—:o:—

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.

I Wait for Thee.

The hearth is swept, the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea;
The cloth is spread, the lamps alight,
The muffins smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee.

Come home, love, come! thy task is done;
The clock ticks listeningly;
The blinds are shut, the curtains down,
The arm-chair to the fireside drawn,
The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, come! his deep fond eye
Looks round him wistfully;
And when the whispering wind goes by,
As if thy welcome steps were nigh,
He crows exultingly.

In vain!—he finds the welcome vain,
And turns his glance on mine
So earnestly, that yet again
His form unto my heart I strain,
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done—we miss thee here;
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
No heart will spend such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like those who wait thee home.

Ah! now along the cross-walk fast
The well-known step doth come;
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
The boy is wild with joy at last!
A thousand welcomes home!

The Story-Teller.

Regina's Revenge.

BY MAY KESTLER DALLAS.

"Now, good-bye, until the tenth, then you are mine—mine forever!"

He clasped the slender figure closer to his heart, and pressed passionate kisses on the trembling scarlet lips of beautiful Essie Fleming, his betrothed wife.

"When will you come, Harry?" she asked, raising her head from his breast, and lifting up to him her shining love-lit eyes.

"I will be here at five o'clock in the evening, and you must be all ready, my beautiful blue-eyed bride!" Again a shower of hot kisses fell upon the fair upturned face.

One close, warm embrace, then the clinging arms were loosened, and he tore himself away from the side of her he loved best on earth.

She stood where he had left her, and watched his manly form out of sight.

"Two whole weeks before I shall see you again, my Harry!" she murmured, pressing her lips to the bit of bristol board her lover had given her a few months before. It was but a poor counterpart of the handsome young lawyer, with his flashing black eyes, and dark curling hair brushed away from his broad white brow.

Essie's little sister Regie, said she loved him because he had such a handsome black moustache, and such splendid white teeth. Regie was only fifteen, a spoiled black-eyed spirit, whom everybody loved.

The time sped on quickly, and Essie's wedding day was close at hand. For the last week she had not heard one word from Harry Lee, and she began to fear that he was ill. Strange doubts assailed, but she banished them bravely, and began her toilet.

Very lovely looked Essie on her bridal eve. She was very pale, and the large blue eyes had a strange expression in their liquid depths.

Five o'clock came and passed—six—seven, and still the bridegroom came not. At last Essie's father came up to the chamber where the bride, surrounded by her maids, stood waiting, and persuaded her to come down and join the guests below stairs.

"Something has delayed the train, Essie, and Harry will soon be here!" said her mother, as she adjusted the graceful folds of the costly veil. She consented, and many were the murmurs of admiration as she floated into the room, leaning upon her father's arm. "As fair a bride as ever the sun shone on."

She stood in the centre of the room, surrounded by a score of admiring friends, laughing and chatting; the gayest of the gay. Her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks flushed with excitement.

One of the servants approached, and handed her a yellow-covered letter; seemingly a telegram. She turned pale as her satin robes, and the white hand trembled as she received it.

She tore it open, read the few words it contained, and the next instant a piercing scream rent the air, and Estelle Fleming, the bride-elect, fell senseless to the floor. Her father rushed forward and raised the insensible form, and bore her to a sofa.—The fatal letter was held tightly in the little hand, and all efforts to remove it were in vain. The startled friends gathered around the sofa, and tried to restore her.

At last she opened her eyes, and gazed wildly around. Her mother bent over her and asked:

"What is it, my child?"

"Oh, mamma! mamma! he's gone; gone forever———" Her voice died away in a moan.

"Is he dead, Essie?" asked her mother, in a hushed voice.

"Yes, oh! yes. Let me go to my room, mamma."

She rose and staggered towards the door; her rich satin robes trailing after her like a shroud. Her parents helped her to her room, and when they had entered and the door was closed, she turned and confronted them, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

"See, Papa, see," she exclaimed, holding out the fatal letter toward him; "Harry Lee has deserted me for another. Last night they left for Canada. Oh! my God! my God! help me to bear this blow!" she cried, burying her face in her hands; her whole form shaken with convulsive sobs. Her parents gazed at her in horror; speechless, and thunderstruck at the gross insult cast upon their child. Her mother tried to soothe her, but she begged her to go down stairs, as she would be better alone.

The friends of the unhappy girl returned to their homes with saddened hearts, little dreaming of the terrible news they would hear on the morrow.

The next morning when Mrs. Fleming entered her daughter's room, she approached the bed, drew aside the lace curtains, and bent over to kiss her daughter, but started back with a cry of wild, anguished horror, for there lay Essie, still in her bridal robes; the rich dress crushed into a white shining heap; the diamonds on the white throat gleaming and sparkling brightly in the uncertain light; she was lying very still and quiet; sleeping, her last, long sleep. The large blue eyes were fixed in death; the rose-bud lips were slightly parted, revealing the pearly teeth, and the bright golden hair fell around like a cloud. Beautiful Essie—sent to an early grave by the treachery of the man she loved. Suffering from a severe toothache, a few days before, she had procured some laudanum, and with it she had ended her life.

Her father's grief was terrible to see.—He swore he would be revenged on the base villain who had murdered his child. It broke the fond mother's heart, and in a few months after she was laid beside her daughter, in the quiet churchyard.

Regie, the wild little spirit, had become strangely quiet since that fatal night. Her gay laugh no longer made the grand old house ring with music as of old. She moved from room to room, only a shadow of her former self. She was the darling of her father's heart; his only joy and comfort. She settled down quietly to her studies, and so the years flew on.

* * * * * *

The handsome parlors of Mrs. General Stacy, were brilliantly lighted, for it was the night of the grand ball of the season. The carriages of the favored few had begun to deposite their dainty passenger at the door of the splendid mansion, and soon the large rooms would be filled with wealth and beauty.

In a bay window, surrounded with rare plants, stood two gentlemen. With one we have nothing to do, but the other demands a word of description. He was a tall, dark, handsome man, apparently about thirty. There was a settled melancholy expression in his black eyes, that made you think he must have known some great sorrow. Suddenly his face lighted up with a rare smile, and he turned to his companion, and asked eagerly:

"Who is that queenly beauty in the black velvet robe?"

"Miss Regina Stacy, niece of the General, a most notorious flirt, who counts her victims with as much grim pleasure as an Indian does his scalps."

"Introduce me, will you?"

"Yes, but guard yourself."

"Do not be the least afraid. I'm not so easily caught. Forewarned is forearmed, you know; so come along."

The next moment after, Harry Lee, the distinguished lawyer made his most courtly bow, to the proud, beautiful belle.

Did he mark the sudden paling of the lovely face, and the quick flash in the lustrous black orbs? In an instant it had all vanished, and Regina Stacy was the charming belle, and gay coquette again.

Gossip set down the handsome young lawyer as another victim of the black-eyed sirene. And so he was. Day and night he was her constant shadow. If Regina would suddenly raise her eyes, and find his seeking her own, they would drop, and the bright carnation would leave the sweet face. Did she love or fear him?

Madam rumor wondered why she did not discard him, and take up the golden chains that Percy Bennet, the millionaire, laid at her imperial feet. But gossip was destined to meet with a grand surprise in the shape of the announcement of the intended marriage of Harry Lee to Regina Stacy.

The evening before the wedding. Regina and Harry stood in the large parlor. His arm was twined fondly about the slender waist, and was trying to look into the beautiful eyes. But the white lids were drooped, and the dark curling lashes swept the damask cheek.

"Why are you so silent to-night, my dearest?" he asked, drawing her closer, and raising her white hand to his lips.

"I was thinking," she murmured, "that this will be the last day that Regina Stacy and Harry Lee will ever be together."

"Yes, dearest, for to-morrow you will be Mrs. Regina Lee!"

She shuddered, and he clasped her almost fiercely, and cried out passionately:

"Regina, tell me, for heaven's sake, before it is too late; tell me do you love me?"

"Love you?" The large eyes, now luminous with love, were raised to his face. Yes she loved him. There was no mistaking that look. It spoke volumes. It told of a burning, passionate love.

"Forgive me for doubting you!" he whispered.

What a handsome couple they made standing before the minister of God to be made one. He, so strong, so grand, so kingly. She, so fair, so beautiful, and so proud. Regina in her white satin robes, rich lace veil, and orange flowers. Her blue-black hair brushed away from her low white brow, and sweeping in heavy curls over her shoulders, made a picture for an artist. Their hands were clasped together; her slender white one resting confidingly in his. The ceremony proceeded. Harry answered all his questions in a clear voice. Then the minister turned to Regina, and asked:

"Wilt thou have this man to be your wedded husband, and etc.?"

There was a solemn silence. All waited to hear her reply. It came; but not as they expected. Snatching her hand quickly from Harry's, she flung back her veil, and in a tone loud enough to be heard in all parts of the room said:

"No, I will *never* marry him." Then turning to Harry, said: "Know me now at last. Not as Regina Stacy but as Regie Fleming, the sister of her whom you killed by your falseness. At her dying bedside, in the middle of the night of your perfidy, she called me, told me what you had done, and made me swear to avenge her. And now, Harry Lee, there is the door, and although I loved you better than my life, you must go. I could never marry a man upon whose soul a murder rests."

The fine figure was drawn to its full height; the dark eyes flashing, the beautiful head thrown proudly back, and the ruby lips wreathed themselves into a scornful smile. Every eye was turned upon her, and the silence of death reigned in the brilliant room. Harry Lee stood looking at her. A deadly pallor overspreading his handsome face. The next moment he was on his knees at her feet. Clutching her dress with both hands, he pleaded like a child.

"Forgive! Oh, Regie! forgive. I was but a boy then; another led me on, and then deserted me. Oh! Regina, for six long weary years have I repented of that one base act of my life. For the sake of our happiness, forgive me!"

"Never! Go, and never let me see your face again. It was for this I led you on. I never loved you; no never!"

But the proud voice quivered, and all there knew that it was a falsehood that she uttered.

He rose from his knees, and drew himself up, and in a voice, full proud as her own; said: "Regina, I have humbled myself to you, and asked you to forgive an act of folly committed in my boyish days, but you refused. I forgive you, for I love you still. But I will go, and *never* come again.

He turned and walked firmly from the room. She gave a low, sobbing cry, and clasped her hands over her heart. The next moment the sharp report of a pistol rang out in the hall, accompanied by a heavy fall. Regina ran from the room into the hall shrieking, "I have killed him! I have killed him!" She was at his side in a moment, and when he saw her, his face lighted up with one of his rare smiles. He raised himself, and held out his arms towards her. She sprang into them, and winding her arms about his neck, sobbed aloud.

"Do you forgive me Regie?" he whispered.

"Yes, Oh, yes! I forgave you long ago," she cried, "but I swore to avenge Essie, and I have done so; but at what a cost!

"Never mind, my darling. Perhaps it is better so. I did not mean it, God knows I did not!"

His voice grew weak, and a deathly pallor overspread his face. A doctor, who chanced to be among the guest came quickly forward, but it was too late; the ball had entered a fatal spot.

Regie was clasped in his arms, and his spirit had flown, the doctor touched her gently, saying: "Come, my child, it is over!"

She did not answer, and he raised her drooping head from her dead lover's breast. But he laid it gently back, and turning to the wonder stricken friends; said softly. "She is dead! I knew it must come soon; she has had the heart disease for three years."

Regina's revenge was completed!

Reading for the Million.

A Word to Young Men.

It is as easy to be a good man as a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind, would save credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain. Be prompt; honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, then as promptly attend to your own business. Do not stop to tell stories during business hours. If you have a place of business, be there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. Have order, system, regularity and promptness. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy any article you do not need, simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path—more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on, than stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Aid, but never beg. Relieve others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say No. No necessity for snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times. Young man, cut this out, and place it, by careful perusal, in the golden store-house of your brain, and if you find that there is folly in the argument, let us know.

A Pure Heart.

A pure heart is a blessing above all price. It gives a tone, harmony, and beauty to life that nothing else can give. And then it brings a man into such communion with God and divine things as to make them present with him. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God, says Jesus. A pure heart rather than a strong intellect is the faculty through which we apprehend the spiritual truths. It apprehends by sympathy rather than by logical movement—it feels the truth like the seeds feel the dew and sunlight, or the mercury feels the cold and heat, rather than reasons itself into it. It knows it, not in the light of solution, but in the feeling of loneness and affinity with it.

A pure heart is a good pilot. It keeps a man out of all mischief and so out of all inward misery and remorse. It steers him clear of breakers and reefs and gives steadiness and poetry to all his motions. It puts beautiful pictures in the eyes, and so makes the outward world a delight and glory. For to the pure all things are pure. It exhales its own fragrance through every function and so makes the whole man redolent of grace and muscular with strength. It chases all fear out of a man and makes him bold, brave true. It is calm and poised in great trust, for it "sees" and therefore has knowledge. It is a law to itself and a light to itself. It is in the joy of all blessings, for perfect purity is perfect life and perfect life is perfect peace. First pure, then peaceable. It keeps a man from collision with conscience, Christ and God, and makes his life a part of the rythm of the universe, a full note in the hymn of the angels.—*Christian Radical.*

Persuasion Better than Force.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this, and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother. We must consult the gentlest manner and softest season of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making these to droop whom it is intended to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew on the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in the proper way, and who can qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which human nature is apt to revolt. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and manly hand. An affable deportment and complacency of behaviour will disarm the most obstinate; whereas if, instead of calmly pointing out their mistakes, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence and invite corruption.

Modes of Walking.

An ingenious cotemporary gives the following summary of the different modes of walking adopted by those who go to and fro upon the earth:

Observing people move slowly; their heads move alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn around.

Careful persons lift their feet high and place them down slowly, picking up some little obstruction and placing it down by the side of the way.

Calculating persons generally walk with their pockets and their heads slightly inclined.

Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed.

Timid persons often step off from the sidewalk on meeting another, and always go around a stone instead of stepping over it.

Wide awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing of their arms, while their hands move along simultaneously.

Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes.

Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on the side of the walk and then on the other.

Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns.

One idea persons are always very selfish ones, and "toe in."

Cross persons are apt to hit their knees together,

Good natured persons snap their fingers and thumb every few steps.

Fun-loving persons have a kind of jig movement.

How to Dress Children.

Now that winter is approaching, it behooves parents more than ever to see that their children are clothed in such a manner as to protect them from the inclemency and sudden changes of the weather. The chief cause of infantile mortality, in addition to foul air, too poor or too rich food, is the false pride of many mothers. Children are killed by the manner in which they are dressed as certainly as by any other cause. In our changeable climate children of the most tender age are left with bare arms and legs and low-necked dresses. The mothers, in the same dresses, would shiver and suffer with cold, and expect a fit of sickness as the result of their culpable carelessness. And yet the mothers could endure such a treatment with far less danger to health and life than their tender infants can. A moment's reflection will indicate the effects of this mode of dressing, or rather want of dressing, on the child. The moment the cold air strikes its bare arms and legs the blood is driven from their extremeties to the internal and more vital organs. The result is congestion, to a greater or less extent, of those organs. In warm weather the heat will bring on affections of the bowels, and this mode of dressing may be reckoned as one of the chief causes of summer complaints. But in cold weather congestion and inflammation of the brain and lungs are the result. It is painful to see children thus dressed like victims for sacrifice.

I Can Not, Sir.

A young man—we will call him honest Frank—who loved truth, was a clerk in the office of a rich merchant. One day a letter came recalling an order for goods, which had been received the day before. The merchant handed it to honest Frank, and, with a persuasive smile, said:

"Frank, reply to this note. Say that the goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter countermanding the order."

"Frank looked into his employer's face with a sad but firm glance, and replied:

"I can not, sir."

"Why not, sir?" asked the merchant angrily.

"Because the goods are now in the yard, and it would be a lie, sir."

"I hope you will always be so particular," replied the merchant turning upon his heel, and going away.

Honest Frank did a bold, as well as a right thing. What do you suppose happened to him? Did he lose his place? No; quite different. The merchant was too shrewd to turn away one who would not write a lying letter. He knew the untold value of such a youth, and at once made him his confidential clerk.

The Ku Klux Committee.

WASHINGTON November 1, 1871

Senator Scott, who is now here, has begun the examination of the Kuklux testimony for the purpose of preparing a draft of the report to be submitted to the committee when it reassembles here on the 20th. The evidence taken here covers over twenty-two hundred printed pages, and that now being taken in Georgia, the Carolinas, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee will cover nearly as many more. About four hundred witnesses were examined here, and more than that number have appeared before the traveling sub-committee. The report on the financial condition of the South, which Senator Pool's sub-committee is endeavoring to make as complete as possible, will cover several hundred pages, and altogether it is probable the report accompanying the testimony and documents will fill between six and seven thousand pages. Senator Scott feels quite confident that the Kuklux will be broken up in South Carolina, and that most of the leaders will either be arrested or leave the State. Judge Hoge writes from Columbia that they are terribly alarmed, and that the full overthrow of the conspiracy is more than probable.

GEORGE O. EVANS was brought before Judge Pearson on a *habeas corpus*, on Friday last, on the charge of embezzlement. A rule had also been granted on the Commonwealth, to show cause why Evans should not be discharged from bail on the civil action to recover the money. The commonwealth was represented by the Attorney General, the Deputy Attorney General, and Hon. Wayne M'Veigh, and Mr. Evans by Messrs. Hall and Briggs. On Monday Judge Pearson announced his decision, discharging Evans on the embezzlement, and reduced his bail in the civil action from $400,000 to $100,000. And now that it is judicially determined that Evans is not guilty of embezzlement, we hope the public will await patiently the trial of the civil suit, which will determine how much he owes the State, and will enforce the payment of whatever is due. Of all senseless clamors that ever disturbed the Commonwealth, that made about Evans, or rather the State Administration, has been the silliest, as most people now see, and all will in the end be convinced.—*Carlisle Herald.*

A GOOD TUNE.—Fortune.

Grumblers.

The world is full of grumblers. It is impossible to please everybody. Men grumble at their wives, their children, their friends, their preacher, their lawyer, and, more particularly, their editor. The latter named person is perhaps, of all others, most subject to kicks and cuffs, criticisms and objections, from every quarter. When his duty is faithfully discharged, he is sure to displease some one. All men do not think alike, and hence what suits Peter does not always suit Paul, by any means. If we write in favor of temperance we offend the liquor men, and if we chance to say a word in favor of the much-abused liquor men we have the temperance advocates about our ears. If we see merit in some special act done in one of our churches and compliment it, we have to take the censures of others about whose churches we did not write. If we expose hypocrisy by a few well-timed hits, the saints get it into their heads that we mean them and we are interrogated on the street and in our office and subjected to loss of time and a score or two of annoying questions. And so it goes the year around, and doubtless will continue to go until the grave closes over us, and even then, probably, some one will curse our memory and wish a man like us had never lived. This is the way of the world. An editor has a hard life of it here. He earns his bread and butter with something even more than the sweat of his face, and the crust is very often bitter from the recollection of the taunts and insults by which it was purchased. It requires the patience of Job, and a little superadded, to get along with some people, and yet we are satisfied that our readers are as clever as the most of men and women, and probably a little more so.

A Family Remarkable for Twins.

Jamestown, Russell county, Kentucky, there lives one of the most remarkable of families. Mr. James Jeffries, lately attending the United States court in Louisville, as a juror, tells the story. He says that he was married before he was seventeen years old, his wife being only five days younger than himself. They lived together seven years without children, when his wife gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. In the fifteen years which followed nineteen children were born to the happy couple, each of the first three births being twins and each subsequent birth alternating between twins and single births until fifteen years were accomplished and nineteen children composed the family circle, seven pairs of twins being born during the time. Mr. Jeffries is only forty-five years old and is still youthful in appearance and very stout. His wife never had better health in all her life than at present, though she will not weigh 100 pounds. Her greatest weight at any time was 110 pounds. The boy of the first twins now weighs 165 pounds, the girl 125 pounds. All the boys who are grown have made large men; the girls are of good size and all the children healthy. But five out of the nineteen have died. Mr. Jeffries has ten brothers, all of whom are large men, and within the families of the eleven brothers there are thirty-seven pairs of twins, making seventy-four twin children; to say nothing of the host of single births. Five of Mr. Jeffries' children are married, and added to all those singular facts, notwithstanding the absence of silvery locks on his head, he is the grandfather of five children.

Miscellaneous Items.

Butter is ninety-five cents a pound in Colorado.

A San Francisco faro bank is run by females.

Baron Von Gerolt has written a book on "America."

The imported Sweeds can't stand the mild climate of Georgia.

The best inheritance any one can have is an honest imployment.

Twenty English families are on their way to join the Lebanon Shakers.

Providence is to have a religous paper called the *Catholic Advocate.*

Connecticut has 292 Congregational churches and 49,318 members.

The aggregate value of the churches destroyed in Chicago is $8,000,000.

The veritable sea-serpent has made its appearance off the coast of Ireland.

Numerous fashionable weddings have rendered Baltimore very gay this fall.

Sunday evening receptions are said to be quite fashonable in New York city.

The New Jersey State prison officers are charged with starving the prisoners.

The estimate waste of gas in London from defective burners is only $2,500,000.

New cider is worth $4 to $5 in Lebanon, New Hamshire, and plenty of old cider is in store.

Ice has formed in the Baltic Sea, and there is already an interruption of navigation.

John Ruskin has undertaken to revise all his works for republication in a uniform octavo edition.

France employs £116,000,000 capital in the liquor trffic, and only £8,000,000 in cotton industry.

The Greek Catholics of Russia allow no priest to perform any spiritual function until he has a wife.

Mr. Seward has been interviewed to the extent of half a dozen colums by a New York reporter.

The factories along the Ohio river are being obliged to close on account of the scarcity of coal.

Georgia increased more last year in the value of property than any previous year of its history.

The Chicago papers publish the Union nominations for city and county officers as the "Fire- proof ticket."

A new style of entertainments this season is called "High Teas," or "*Thes Dansantes,*" which are very popular.

Of the twenty-nine elections held in Saxony the results of twenty are made public. Fourteen of these are liberal.

Not half the usual number of letters are written in France since the high postage law has gone into operation.

George Bancroft, the historian, is at present a member of no fewer than thirty-one learned societies in Europe.

The Rochester, N. Y., gas company, after boring 1,376 feet without finding either oil or gas, have abandoned their well.

The Vermont Central railroad has a library of 2,000 volumes at St. Albans, expressly for the use of the workmen upon the road.

The Home Circle.

Weariness.

BY REV. F. A. NOBLE.

The clouds hang languid in the west,
Like sails when winds have sunk to rest.

And slowly rolls the sun through haze,
As though the round of endless days,
From dawn till night, and night till dawn
Again, the ages on, had drawn
The spirit of his life away,
And quenched his zeal, and dimmed each ray,
And made the circuit of the sky
A task too difficult and high.

The brook runs low and slow and still,
More stagnant pool than dancing rill;
And where it leaped in bright cascades,
And poured through grassy palisades,
Now scarce a ripple marks its flow,
Or flashes in the morning's glow.
With beauty gone and 'minished force,
And hushed in all its sweet discourse,
And fed no more by mountain spring.
Tis but an empty, weary thing.

All sounds die out upon the air
Before its vibrant chords can bear
Them over hill and mead and glen,
To be returned in sound again.

The birds, inactive, rest on vine
And sheltered twig, nor once incline
To break, with liquid note of song,
The silence reigning over long.
Or if, for flight, they spread their wings,
Rise awkwardly, with buffetings,
Like aliens to the element
In which their happy lives are spent.

The cattle droop; the flocks recline
Beneath the shades of beech and pine;
And something kin to tiredness
All life doth burden and oppress.

The quaint old mill within the vale,
Where orchards meet and merge in swale,
No longer grinds the farmers' grists
Of golden grain, and nicely sifts
The fine from coarse. It rests and waits,
And pants for water at the gates.
A few months gone, the splashing wheel
Went round and round, and corn to meal
It turned, and wheat to flour, and our
Hearts bent in awe before its power.
And then it feebler grew, as days
And weeks wore on, and all its ways
Were changed to lower keys, till one
By one each stone had ceased to run.
And now a silent sentinel,
Whose lips refuse, but actions tell
The story of a round of deeds,
Whose usefulness is best of creeds,
It stands—imbrowned, alone, and mute,
A testimony none refute
To the low, impotent estate
Toward which all things do gravitate.

And half way down the long, steep hill,
Close by a tree whose branches fill
The sacks of boys at Autumn time,
With nuts to match their stores of rhyme,
A bent old man, with locks of gray,
That whiter grow from day to day,
And limbs that once could leap and play,
And now his weight can hardly stay,
Toils upward, stepping low and slow,
As laggard pulses beat and flow,
But hard the task the hight to gain,
And long the labor, sharp the pain,
'Neath burden of fourscore and ten
He halts and rests and walks again,
And forward looks, and backward, too,
And wonders if it can be true
That this old hill remains as yore,
When he, and other youths a score,
And maidens, roseate with health
And resolution—best of wealth—
Could scale its top; nor feel it more
Than kittens sporting on the floor.
Yet hender still shall he the strife,
And more the helplessness of life,
Till broke shall be the golden bowl,
And loosed the silver chord of soul.

With weariness the whole world groans;
And mingled are the sighs and moans
That heavy hearts and aching brains
And tired hands and feet in chains
Force through the lips of those who bend
Beneath their burdens, asking end
Of trials, toil and sore distress;
But finding more, instead of less.

It is not here. Our rest remains
Beyond this realm of tasks and pains;
And He who gives his loved ones sleep
Will grant it when the time is meet.

"Where is the Liquor?"

On a certain occasion one Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his long, bony fingers at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for His children!"

"Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure cold water. But in the glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wander and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high up on the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash; and out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it—beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dewdrop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, till they seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright curtains softly around the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored bow, that seraph's zone of the air, whose warp