The Huntingdon Journal.

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e Huntingdon Journal.

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

e on the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

E HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every nesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, r the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2,50 if not paid 1 six months from date of subscription, and not 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 essrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

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

R. J. C. FLEMMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens untingdon and vicinity. Office second floor of ingham's building, on corner of 4th and Hill t. may24.

R. D. P. MILLER, Office on Hill street, in the room formerly occupied by ohn M'Culloch, Huntingdon, Pa., would resully offer his professional services to the citiof Huntingdon and vicinity. [jan.4,'71.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

R. DURBORROW, Attorney-atLaw, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the ral Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular ention given to the settlement of estates of decefice in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

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

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

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

ALLISON MILLER. H. BUCHANAN.

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

MILES ZENTMYER, Attorney-atLaw, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend promptly ll legal business. Office in Cunningham's new lding. [jan.4,'71.

M. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneysat-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. Office on the south side of Hill street, fourth door t of Smith. [jan.4,'71.

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

AN SCOTT. S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY

SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pensions, l all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against Government will be promptly prosecuted. Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

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

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorneyat-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention ven to collections, and all other legal business tended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 9, 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.
CLAIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. Mch15-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 on 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:

———:0:———

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

———:0:———

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RECEIPTS,

LEGAL BLANKS,

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,

BILL HEADS,

LETTER HEADS,

PAMPHLETS,

PAPER BOOKS,

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

———:0:———

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' Power.

The True Woman.

Her name shines not in bannered field,
Where Right and Wrong so boldly war;
Nor rings her voice in any cause
Which men and women battle for;
Yet in her presence, subtle sweet,
You long to knee and kiss her feet.

No wonderous romance wreathes her life;
Nor hath she led a martyr train;
Nor beautiful nor rich is she,
But poor—and some would call her plain;
Yet in your two dear eyes you see
A beauty shining constantly.

No silken robe enfolds her form;
No dainty leisure hath her hands;
Her jewels are a simple ring;
A ribbon binds her hairs' smooth bands;
Yet in her garment's simple grace
Her soul's regality you trace.

No gift hath she to shake and thrill!
A thankless world with warbled songs;
And art that wakes the ivory keys
To other hands than hers belongs;
Yet in her words of tender cheer
A richer music charms the ear.

She walks in humble ways of life
That lead at times thro' gloom and shade;
And cares and crosses, not a few
Are on her patient shoulders laid,
Yet smiles and drinks each bitter cup,
And keeps her brave eyes lifted up.

And homely ways she wreathes with grace,
Harsh duty turns to loving zest;
And cheery hope and steadfast will
Are at her side, in work and rest;
Yet never dreams she you can spy
The angel looking from her eye!

The Story-Teller.

A Romance of Bottle Hill.

BY F. W. DRUMMOND.

THE stranger who now passes through Bottle Hill will find little there to prepossess him in its favor as a place of residence. Of the many buildings which it boasted in the days of its prosperity, only two remain, and they are in a pitiably decayed and rickety condition. Three or four woe-begone-looking Celestials inhabit the larger of the two buildings; the other is the exclusive habitation of an honest Teuton, who answers only to the appellation of Jake. Once he called himself Jake Shelback, but it has been so long since he has heard the last title employed that he has almost forgotten that he ever owned it.

On the rude porch in front of either of these dwellings may be seen a row of gum boots, long ago superanuated and dismissed from service. On a warm day, at suitable hours, the representatives of China and Germany appear on these porches to sun themselves and to meditate, it is presumed, on the uncertainty of human affairs.

But Bottle Hill presented quite a different appearance twenty years ago. Then it was in the full tide of prosperity. Its one long street was lined with buildings, in which nearly every imaginable kind of business was carried on with vigor and success. Its mines were among the mountains; it called itself a town, and fancied it might some day become a city.

At the time mentioned in the beginning of the last paragraph, the Bottle Hillites, though proud of themselves and their town in every way, were more than any thing else proud of the presence in their midst of Ruth Horton, the daughter of the rough Missouri landlord of the Bottle Hill Hotel. Nor is this much to be wondered at, considering how very scarce women were just then in that portion of the mines, and considering also that it would be a hard matter even now to find another girl in the State as lovely and loveable as was Ruth, the hard-featured Missourian's only daughter.

Her beauty was not of the dazzling kind. She was neither a regal brunette nor a stately blonde, but a slight, gracefully formed girl with faintly flushed cheeks, blue eyes, and wavy brown hair that generally fell clustering around her neck and shoulders. Nature had given to her gentleness, innocence and beauty of such a sort that one could only compare her to a wild mountain rose; and her life should have been one of equal quietude and seclusion, but fate seemed to have willed otherwise in placing her among the wild scenes and rude associations of the mines.

It was strange that the union of two persons like her father and mother, equally coarse in body and mind, should have produced a being so lovely in person, and so pure, refined and gentle in thought and action. Yet it was so—one of the mysteries in which Nature seemingly delights.

Ruth's father, Old Bob—the boys around Bottle Hill never dreamed of designating him any other way—had not failed to take into consideration Ruth and her lovely face when he debated within himself the propriety of engaging in the hotel business. Nor did he over-estimate the advantage to be derived from her presence. Her fame went far and wide through the mines, and many a rough, red-shirted, and fiercely be-whiskered miner renounced his bachelor life and the homely comforts which his cabin afforded, that he might occasionally see and hear one whose presence reminded him of the better and brighter days of his own life. Many a one, too, far away from the Hill heard of Ruth, and made a toilsome day's journey over rough mountain-trail merely to see once more the face of a young and beautiful woman.—Thus his daughter's presence was a mine of wealth to Old Bob.

Though there was probably not one of the seven or eight hundred stalwart miners in and around the Hill who did not intensely admire Ruth, there were few who experienced any warmer feeling. Rude and uncultured as many of them were, they had discernment enough to see that she was a being different, in every respect, from themselves. whose love none of them could ever hope to win.

So thought the most of them; but there were a few exceptions to the general rule, and two individuals were especially prominent as suitors for her hand.

It was a still, pleasant evening in August. The sun had gone down behind the snow-clad summit peaks, and only the changing hues along the western sky bore witness to his power. The canons and ravines were already thickly curtained with shadows; but the crest of each ridge and the slopes of each distant peak were distinctly visible in the strong though waning light. Harry Vert, walking rapidly along the trail that led from his claim to Bottle Hill, thought he had never witnessed a more beautiful sight. Crossing the head of a little hollow, where a cool spring broke forth and gurgled through willows and alders on its downward course, he paused for a moment and looked around at the fast fading scene. A moment spent in this contemplation, and he stepped forward again, but started back as he passed around the clump of bushes a few steps beyond.

Not a start of fear, however; rather one of surprise and pleasure; for the vision before him was more calculated to inspire the latter emotion than the former. Only a slight, graceful form leaning against the trunk of a friendly yew, with a pair of white, rounded arms up-raised to pull down the berry-laden boughs, till the red berries were thickly mingled with the brown, wavy hair, and dark green leaves half hid the dreamy blue eyes and the sweet pensive face.

"Harry!"

"Ruth!"

Not a word more, just then, and perhaps there was no need for words. The white hands are no longer at liberty to toy with boys, and the blue eyes timidly upraised, meet the impassioned glance of a pair of much darker ones The lonely owl, hooting solemnly from yonder pine, evidently sees much that he disapproves of, for his voicings assume a rebuking tone, and so loud withal that all the slumbering echoes on the hill-side are startled into activity. At last the silence is broken.

"How came you here, Ruth? I did not expect to meet you."

"I know you did not, for I have never been this far up the trail before; but I wanted to see you and speak to you quite alone."

A startled expression stole into the blue eyes as she spoke, and her face grew paler.

"What is the matter, Ruth? Has anything occurred to disturb you?"

"Harry, you must give me up."

"Give you up! Not till I give up my life as well."

"You don't know the full meaning of your words now; but I am afraid you will. Big Tom——"

"What of him?"

"He was in to see fatheir this afternoon, and they had a long talk together, all about me. You know that Big Tom; that he loves me, or says he does; and, O, Harry! I am ashamed to think of it, but father favors him, and has done so for a long time."

"He shall never marry you. Have no fear, Ruth; I will protect you."

"I know you would with your life, Harry; but he is a desperado and a murderer. He has already killed three men in the mines, and cares nothing for blood. Every one on the Hill fears him. He could not force me to marry him, but it is nearly the same thing, for he has sworn to marry me, and he will kill father if he does not consent, and you, if you stand in his way."

"Better that we should both perish than that you should become the wife of such a man. But come, Ruth, it is nearly dark, and we must walk toward the Hill. We can talk further of this matter as we go. Be true to yourself and to me, and all may yet be well."

For a few seconds only he retained her in his embrace, pressing reassuring kisses upon her pale lips, and whispering words of encouragement and consolation. Then they hastened on through the fast falling shadows along the narrow winding trail.

An hour later, Ruth, paler than ever, and trembling with apprehension, stood in the presence of Big Tom. He was worthy of his name; a florid-faced, red-bearded giant, six feet six inches in his stockings, and as muscular, yet quick of movement, as any gladiator may have been in the good old times. In the red sash, which he never failed to wear around his waist, the handles of both revolver and bowie knife were plainly visible. It was evident that he was in no mood to be trifled with. There was a fierce light in his eyes, and his face looked flushed and passionate.

He had demanded the interview, and Ruth was not able to avoid it. It was sooner than she had wished, but she saw no other alternative than to refuse him at once, let the consequences be what they might.

Her father, under the mingled influence of avarice and fear—for Big Tom had appealed to both—had been almost agonized in his entreaties to her to yield, and save himself as well as Vert from the fate which he said was sure to await whoever crossed the path of Big Tom. But the last words of Harry had prevailed, and she resolved to dare the worst.

Big Tom was not the man to mince matters, so he came to the point at once.

"'Taint no use talkin' spoony to you girl; and I'm not one of the smooth-tongued kind myself. We understand one another well enough, though. I love you, and I intend to marry you. Old Bob says I can have you, and I s'pose he ought to know. If you want to marry me I'll make you a good husband. You'll never regret it. I've come here to-night for your final answer; remember that life and death hangs on what you say, girl."

It was a trying moment to Ruth. Three or four times she essayed to speak before she was able to utter the simple words:

"No! I can never marry you!"

The leaning, motionless giant started into furious life at once. The sinewy arms came down from their position on the massive chest, and her aised one hand fiercely above his head as he strode toward her.

"That'll do!" I've seen enough of women to know when one means what she says, and that's your fix now. You hate me, and love Vert. Don't try to deny it. I saw you in his arms when you met to-night on the trail. I might have killed him then, but I thought you would marry me when you knew what I had sworn to do if you didn't. I didn't expect to be refused this time; but it makes me clear in my mind about him."

He brought his hand down from above his head, and held it before her eyes.

"Do you see that hand, girl? They say around here there's plenty of blood on it already; but when you see it again, remember there's blood on it that you helped to put there."

"Spare him! spare him!"

"Never! You could have saved him only by marrying me. I've got an old grudge against him that helps to swell the devil that's rising in my heart ag'in him. Never mind crying now: you'll want all your tears when you see him to-morrow."

With this parting taunt the infuriated deperado flung away her beseeching hands and rushed from the room. She hastened to the window and looked out. Presently she saw him pass, not in the direction of the noisy gambling saloons where he nightly resorted, but away from the town out into the obscurity of the forest.

The thought flashed into her mind that he was going in search of his rival. Harry lived in a cabin near his claim, at a distance of more than a mile from the Hill. She knew that Big Tom would find him there, for he had told her that he intended returning home at an early hour. Though he expected to meet Big Tom and fight for his life, neither himself or Ruth had dreamed that the issue would be forced before at least another day had elapsed. Harry knowing nothing of the interview which had just taken place, Big Tom would be likely to find him unprepared, and then his fate would be certain. A few seconds sufficed for these reflections. Only murmuring to herself, "I must save him," she passed out at the open door and walked swiftly toward the forest.

Ruth knew but little afterward of the manner in which she found her way that night; but find it she did, until at last, panting and trembling with mingled fear and joy, she crossed a deep, bushy ravine, and saw at a little distance a light shining from the window of a cabin, which she knew was Harry's. Something rustled for a moment in the bushes, and then she caught a glimpse of some indistinct, dark moving form on the other side of the ravine. Fear lent wings to her feet, and in a moment more she was in Harry's arms, with just strength enough to exclaim, "Beware of Big Tom; he is coming!" before she closed her eyes in a swoon.

Pistol in hand, Harry watched over her until she returned to consciousness, and explained her sudden appearance. Still no one came. Hour after hour passed away, and still they sat clasped in each other's arms, watching, waiting, and hoping that the words of tenderness and love they then whispered might not be the last they should ever speak. Not long after, exhausted nature gave way, and Ruth, leaning her head on his breast, slept like a weary child; Harry clasping her to his bosom with one hand, while the other never left the handle of his revolver, and awaited the approach of one whose vindictive and relentness spirit made him more to be feared than the savage denizen of the forest. But the night passed away, and the gray light of morning stole over the hills; and still there were no signs of Big Tom.

At last, when the sun had risen high enough to peer through the pines on the eastern side of the ridge, a man came into view whose long and rapid strides soon brought him to the door of the cabin. But it was not Big Tom—only Spanish Joe, who, with a face stamped with horror, and so eager to deliver some great news, that he failed to notice the presence of Ruth, and cried out:

"Big Tom is lying dead down there in the trail—torn nearly to pieces by a grizzly!"

It was even so. The same mysterious fate which had guided Ruth in safety past the shaggy monster had brought Big Tom in direct contact with him. From the point where Ruth, like one in a frightful dream, she saw and knew what it was in the trail along which she had just passed, the grizzly proceeded some hundred yards before Big Tom encountered him. In his blind haste for revenge, through the darkness of the night, the man had stumbled over the scarcely more savage brute, and a desperate conflict ensued. Big Tom, as Spanish Joe said, was torn nearly to pieces, but he did not die unavenged. His revolver and bowie knife did good work, though not speedily enough to save his own life, and the grizzly was found dead only a few hundred yards from the scene of the struggle.

Ruth and Harry was married a few weeks afterward, and in a few months more he sold his claim and removed to the East, where he still lives with the wife of whom he has never ceased to be prond since that eventful night.

The last time I saw Big Tom's grave it was nearly hidden from view by ranh vegetation. All who knew his story have left the vicinity, and not even the rudest headboard is there to tell the stranger who it is that slumbers there forgotten and alone.

Reading for the Million.

An Editor in Heaven.

Apropos to an article going the rounds under the above heading, an exchange presents the following legend:

Once upon a time after the demise of one of the corps editorial, he presented himself at the gate of the Golden city, and requested admission. The door keeper asked him what had been his occupation while on *terra firma?* He replied he had been an editor.

"Well," said the watchman, "we have a crowd of your kind here now, and they all came in as 'dead heads.' If you pay your passage you can come in; if not, you must place yourself under the control of a personage you ruled tyranically down below,—meaning the devil.

Not having the wherewith to go in, our brother of the quill and scissors posted off, and presented himself at the entrance of Clootie's dark domains. A very dark-complexioned gentlemen stood sentry, and asked in a gruff voice, 'who comes?'

"An humble disciple of Faust," was the calm reply.

"Then hold on, you can't be admitted," exclaimed the gentleman in black evincing considerable agitation, and fiercely scowling upon him.

"Why not?" demanded the typo, who began to get some huffish, and looked around for a 'sheep's foot' with which to force an entrance.

"Well, sir," replied his sable majesty, we let one of your profession in here many years ago, and he kept up a continual row with his former delinquent subscribers, and we have more of that class here than any other, we have passed a law prohibiting the admission of any editors, only those who have advanced our interest in their papers on earth, and even those we keep in a separate room by themselves. You have published many things opeoating against us, and always blamed the devil with everything that went wrong, so you cannot come in. We enforce this law without respect to persons, for our own peace and safety. Now travel!

Casting a droll tear on the outside sentinel our typographical friend started again, determined to get above. This time he took with him an old file of paper, and presenting it to the guardians of the celestial city, requested that it might be carefully examined, and they could see whether he was entitled to a free ticket. In due course of time the conductor came along and took him in telling him that he had been a martyr to the cause of human improvement, and that resolutions had been passed to admit all members of the art perservative who had abused the 'devil,' all their future punishment is commuted. He further stated that not one delinquent newspaper subscriber could be found in Heaven.

POWER OF THE PRESS.—I love to hear the rumbling of the steam power press better than the roar of artillery. It is silently attacking and vanquishing the Malakoffs of vice and the Redans of evil; and its parallels and approaches cannot be resisted. I like the click of the type in the composing stick of the compositor, better than the click of the musket in the hand of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deadlier power, of sublimer force, and of a surer aim, which will hit its mark, though it is a thousand years ahead!—*Chapin.*

The Women Folks.

The Elevation of Women.

Although we are not among the number of those who are anxious to confer upon women the usual political rights and privileges wielded by men, we are of the opinion that the agitation in favor of the elevation of the sex will do good in obtaining for them a better reward for the work they do, and in opening to them many pursuits in life which have been for ages closed against them.. Indeed, the movement in that way has already made very great progress, and we have women lecturers, artists, designers, sculptors, physicians and directors of public institutions, as well as Postmasters, Treasury clerks, &c. In London, several ladies have been elected members of the new School Board, and a general effort has been made in many places to enlarge the sphere of female usefulness, by rendering them eligible as school directors and controllers. As they make admirable teachers of the public schools we can see no earthly reason why they would not answer just as well as directors and controllers of the same schools. Indeed we think that if we had a few enlightened, high-minded ladies of this city in the school boards there would be a decided improvement in the course of management. There would be less favoritism in the selection of female teachers. There would be less jobbing in the purchase of property and giving out of contracts, and the accounts would be rather more narrowly watched.

When this matter was pending at the last session of the legislature, we were in hopes that the change would be adopted. We fancy the influences brought to bear against the measure were rather personal than partisan. But it seems rather odd that we should be behind England in a reform of this kind. Women are property owners, taxpayers, heads of families, managers of business, and if the fathers are interested in the education of their children, most assuredly the mothers are equally so. And if a childless man can be a good school director, why cannot a childless woman?

It is worthy of notice that the trade conventions are gradually recognizing the equality of the rights of females with the male operatives. In the line of authorship the women have become so numerous by prolific as to threaten to monopolize certain walks of literature. In London and Paris the female painters and sculptors are quite numerous and conspicuous. In our own country we have also produced a female astronomer.

In the great walks of commerce and finance they venture rather slowly and timidly, mainly as some critics allege, because the structure of their minds is not favorable to laborious and long-continued application and mathematical accuracy in details. But this, though true to a great degree, arises only from the absence of responsibility; and in all cases where women are made responsible in business for any length of time they develope the same faculties as the men, though not the same high strung regard for principles. Philadelphia, from her Quaker origin, contains more friends of the woman's rights movement than can be found elsewhere, but they take a practical view of affairs, and seek to provide employment for women rather than to contend for offices and suffrage for them. It is somewhat odd to see the extent to which New England and New York are carrying this movement, which is wholly of Quaker origin, like the opposition to slavery. But all these efforts make a great deal more noise there than here. No one to look superficially at New England and Pennsylvania would think that the woman's elevation movement originated here, and that we have had a Woman's Medical College for a whole generation past, that we have a Woman's Hospital, a female school of design, a working woman's boarding-house, and that a majority of our public charities are managed chiefly by women.—*Exchange.*

To Her Who will Understand It.

"Send me a word to comfort me for the death of my baby," writes a broken-hearted mother to me.

My dear friend, I might tell you that there are thousands of childless mothers all over the land, who, like you, are looking for comfort here and there, and find none; but that would not help *you.* I might tell you, too, that if you knew all the sorrowful histories that have been told me by tongue and pen, for many years, you would have been glad that your baby is gone where there is "no more pain;" but that would not cause *you* to shed one tear the less, or keep you from feeling that *your* sorrow was harder to bear than theirs. I could tell you that God is good even in this affliction, but your vision is so dimmed that time only can enable you to see it. It is because I know that nature must have its way, or you could not live and bear it, that I can only say to you *now,* I am *so* sorry for you. I know just now you go about, listening for the little appealing cry that you may nevermore hear; touching listlessly the little useless clothes that you fashioned, with your heart so full of love and hope. I too have done all this. I have lain with my cheek close to the grass upon my baby's grave, lest she should be lonely without me, though I knew *she* was not there. And yet I have tried to thank Him who took her so early, that the storms of life which afterwards overtook me, did not burst over *her* little head. So, as I say, I shall not *reason* with you now for that were worse than useless. I only reach out my woman's hand, and clasp yours in sympathy, although we never may meet in this world.

But one thing I know, that in the other world your baby and mine will know us—their mothers, else God were not God. By the strong love that came with them, this *must* be; we could not be so cruelly mocked if this were to be the end.

Now, do not sit down and brood over your grief, if you can help it. Do not close your blinds and shut out the sunshine. Let it warm you, though your baby is cold. You would rather have felt its little warm clasp even for that brief time, than not to have known the bliss of motherhood, would you not? Well, then, warm your poor heart with that bit of comfort. *Now* there is a ladder reaching up to Heaven, only seen by you, only used by you. Heaven is not now, to you, the misty land it used to be. *You* see it clearly. By and by you will here its music, and one little voice your mother's ear will detect; and none who see the peace which illuminates your face will know *wherefore,* save "Him who doeth all things well." And so, with my love, I leave you.

FANNY FERN.

WOOL delaines are popular.

The Jokers' Budget.

Mixed Up.

I've wandered through the village, Tom,
Along with Anna Lee,
To listen to the mocking bird,
In the cottage by the sea.
Reid's bay mare can't be beat
While coming through the rye;
Let me kiss him for his mother,
Says the spider to the fly.

The colored girls and poor old Ned,
Now swell our National song,
I'd offer thee this hand of mine—
But take your time Miss Long.
I'm lonely since my mother died—
Susanna don't you cry;
We're all nodding through the world,
Then root hog, or die.

Hark! I hear the angel singing,
Ah! daddy, he's struck ile,—
We're coming Farther Abraham,
Along with Annie Lyle.
The song my mother used to sing,
The wearing of the green—
The girl I left behind me,
To-day is sweet sixteen.

A Racy Examination.

The following racy examination of candidates for admission to the bar is taken from the *Western Law Journal,* and is decidedly a good hit:

The examination commenced with,

"Do you smoke, sir?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you a spare cigar?"

"Yes, sir;" (extending a short six.)

"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"To collect fees."

"Right. What is the second?"

"To increase the number of his clients."

"When does the position towards your client change?"

"When making out a bill of costs."

"Explain."

"We then copy the antagonistic position—I assume the plaintiff and he becomes defendant."

"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill?"

"Cheek by jowl."

"Enough, sir; you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now are you aware of the duty you owe me?"

"Perfectly."

"Describe it."

"It is to invite you to drink."

"But suppose I decline?"

(Candidate, scratching his head.)

"There is no instance of the kind on record in the books. I cannot answer the question."

"You are right; and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read law attentively. Let's take a drink, and I will sign your certificate."

Taming of the Bridegroom.

Mr. Spillman had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr. S. remarked:

"I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spillman.

"No," quoth Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy."

"Say our dairy," Mr. Spillman."

"No, my dairy."

"Say our dairy, say our—," screamed she, seizing the poker.

"My dairy! my dairy!" yelled the husband.

"Our dairy! our dairy! screeched the wife, emphasizing each word with a blow on the back of her cringing spouse.

Mr. Spillman retreated under the bed. In passing under the bedclothes his hat was brushed off. He remained under cover for several minutes, waiting for a lull in the storm. At last his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell.

"What are you looking for?" exclaimed the lady.

"I am looking for our hat, my dear, says he.

A Constable's Troubles.

A few days ago, at North Adams, Mass., the State constable seized a jar of rum and arrested the party in whose possession it was found, for selling liquor. The examination before a district judge came on, when the constable, after being sworn, testified that he seized the liquor. The attorney for the prisoner asked him if he knew it was liquor. He replied:

"Yes, it was rum. I drank some of it."

The prisoner, a woman, was called.

"Did you have any liquor in your house when the State constable called there?"

"Yes, I had some in a jar."

"How long had you it?"

"About six months."

"Did you have it for sale?"

"Oh, no; I don't sell liquor"

"What do you keep this rum for?"

"I keep it to wash the baby."

Had you ever washed the baby in this rum?"

"Oh, yes, often! I used to turn the rum out in a dish, wash the baby in it and then turn it back into the jar."

There was laughter in court, and the State constable declared he would seize no more liquor kept in a jar.

A LITTLE five-year-old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," &c., were only little oaths and but little better than other profanity. In fact, she said, you could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady, "that's only lying."

A MAN who had just bought a new watch of a dealer was wondering how he should know if it run exactly right: "Oh," said the salesman, who was an Irishman, "I'll write you the exact time every Monday noon and thin you can set your watch by my letter."

A SON of Erin, just arrived in this land of plenty, being in want, was told, by a person to whom he applied for aid, to go to h—l, generally considered a very warm region. "Civility, indade," said Pat, "to invite me to your father's house."

A QUARRELSOME couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said, "My dear what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love!" was the affectionate reply.

LET a young woman take the degree of A. B., that is, a bride, and she may hope in due time to be entitled to that of A. M.

The Home Circle.

The Great Hereafter.

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages
I cast my longing eyes,
Before me, like a boundless sea,
The great hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom
Perpetual summer smiles,
And gathers like a golden robe
Around the emerald isles.

Then, in the blue, long distance,
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem, to see the flowing groves
Of old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands,
That gem the waves serene,
The image of the cloudless shore
Of holy heaven is seen.

Unto the great Hereafter—
Aforetime dim and dark—
I freely now and glady give
Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far off heaven,
When shadowy seas are passed,
By angel's hands its quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.

Energy Added to Faith.

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

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

This faith, the corner-stone of the Christian edifice in the heart of every true believer, is far more than a mere intellectual assent to the truth relating to Christ; it joins with this assent of the understanding a hearty embracing of Christ in all his offices as just what the sinful man needs, and casts itself upon him as its only and all-sufficient Savior. Such a faith subordinates the whole being,—will, affections and active powers—to the will of Christ. It makes the realities of the eternal world present verities, and leads the Christian to act as "seeing the invisible." It sinks the world with its motives and claims and pleasures into their due insignificance and gives spiritual and divine things their proper prominence. On such a basis Christian character may be builded; out of such a symmetrical cluster of graces may spring and bloom and mature.

Yet faith without works is dead. Mere abstract trust in God, however absorbing and profound, is of little avail, and may be perverted by the yet unsanctified nature into a blind and dreamy mysticism. Hence, says the precept, "Add to your faith virtue," that manly energy which will go forth in active work for Christ.

"Action, not thought, is a being's highest end," and he that will follow Christ, must, like Him, go about and do good. God is ever active, and in world-making and world-governing "worked hitherto." Christ incarnate was ceaseless in his activities; the early disciples rested not in the diffusion of his salvation; nor should any believer fail to work in His vineyard. The addition of this manly energy to living man is essential to the beginning of a symmetrical Christian character.

A Story for Boys.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other with clams and fish. The market hours passed along and each little merchant saw his store steadily decreasing and an equivalent in silver bits, shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it said, "What a fine large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is, I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "is it not very unbusiness-like to point out the defects of your goods to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also; I shall remember your little stand in future. Are these clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben. Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir, fresh this morning, I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until having passed through various posts of service, he became at length an honored partner in the firm.

SAYS a distinguished student of human nature: I don't believe in bad luck being set for a man, like a trap; but I have known lots of folks who, if there is any first-rate bad luck lying around loose, would be sure to get their foot into it anyhow!