The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 46. HUNTINGDON, PA., DECEMBER 6, 1871. NO. 48.

e Huntingdon Journal.

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

e on the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

HE 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 n six months from date of subscription, and not paid within the year.

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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 he citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. ffice removed to No. 618½ Hill street, (SMITH'S LDING.) [apr.5,'71-1y.

R. J. C. FLEMMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens Huntingdon and vicinity. Office second floor of ningham'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 restfully 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. ffice, 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 tingdon. [jan.4,'71.

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

GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Hungdon, 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, ree doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

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

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

R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the veral Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular tention given to the settlement of estates of decents. 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, ll, or rent Farms, Houses, and Real Estate of evy kind, in any part of the United States. Send r a circular. [jan.4'71.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Miscellaneous.

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

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COR. WAYNE and JUNIATA STREETT
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HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
M'CLAIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. Mch15-tf

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HUNTINGDON, PA.
HOWARD & CLOVER, Prop's.
April 5, 1871-1y.

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THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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Office corner o. 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.

Don't Let Mother Do It.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil,
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil,
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkle silver to her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her bake and broil
Through the long, oright summer hours;
Share with her the heavy toil;
See, her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheek the glow,
And the step that once was buoyant
Now is feeble, weak and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long,
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your liftless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless;
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care or pain—
To the house so sad without her,
Never to return again.

The Story-Teller.

The Double Escape.

A True Incident of Boyish Heroism.

BY MAURICE SILLINGSBY.

REMEMBER, Davie, four pounds of buckshot, two pounds of powder and one pound of tobacco; and tell Major Waldron I will give him the first look at our peltries over any body whatsoever.

"And don't forget, Davie, a half a pound of the Major's best Macaboy."

"No, mammy, I won't forget," said the brave boy, turning the head of Brown Bess into a narrow bridle path that led through the adjacent forest.

He was a handsome, manly lad of fourteen, with a nerve and muscle that would have done no discredit to an adult. A musket was strapped behind him, so as to be in readiness for instant use, and in the leathern belt that girded his waist, was a long hunting knife, which had drawn the blood from more than one boor in the hands of the senior David Corrindon. But a recent and serious injury prevented him from going in person—a distance of twenty-five miles through a primitive forest to procure the articles alluded to in our commencement.

"Don't tarry too long at the fort in the morning, bonny lad," was the senior's parting injunction, as he stood with his brawny arm in a sling at his cabin door, in the then wild wilderness at the New Hampshire grant; and the junior David Corrindon rode gallantly away like some sturdy young train-band Captain of "ye olden time," guided on his way to the Garrison Hill Fort only by blased or spotted trees along the road.

He would have to cross the southern frontier or *Pennecook Demense*, for that once formidable tribe of aborigines were not as yet wholly extinct, though nearly a score of years had passed since Major Waldron and others had consigned, by a base act of treachery, the flower of the tribe, and of the Noridgewocks, to a life of the most cruel and abject slavery in the West Indies; but a foreboding rumor had lately reached the Garrison that Wonolancet, the grand sachem of these Northermost tribes, and certainly the most important victim of "Waldron's ruse," had at last escaped from bondage with a handful of his bravest warriors, who had not sunk beneath the cruel thraldom to which they had been so unjustly reduced by the white man's too inconsiderate decree. At the hour of midnight it was said they had captured a vessel and its crew in the West Indian waters, and forced the captain to steer his ship due north till he had landed them, burning with their long pent up hate and thirst for vengeance, at the mouth of the Penobscot river. But whether the story of Wonolancet's escape out of bondage after so many years of (to him) intolerable servitude, was true or not, it did not in the least disturb the hale old commandant of Garrison Hill who, at fourscore years, was enjoying his honeymoon with an accomplished and beautiful lady of twenty, who was as good and brave as she was polished and lovely.

David Corrindon rode on at a hand-gallop, where the way was not too greatly obstructed by the tangled underbrush, whistling as he went with not a thought of danger to disturb his boyish equanimity. It wanted an hour or so of noon when he started, and his parent calculated he would reach the garrison about the middle of the afternoon.

It was a lovely day and the birds sang sweetly overhead, and Davie's brave young heart was at peace with itself and thoroughly attuned to nature and her peaceful harmonies.

Onward he rode, fearless and brave, and happy as though he had been the native born ruler of the realm through which he moved. About two in the afternoon, when perhaps he had ridden nearly two-thirds of the distance to the garrison, he was surprised by the jabbering, confused sound of voices in advance of him. The sounds seemed to be moving in a transverse direction, though he had seen no human being as yet from whom the sound proceeded.—It was best to be a little cautious, however, for they might be Indians, and he knew that they were not always to be trusted, even in the most peaceful times; and so he drew up in a little thicket large enough to conceal himself and Brown Bess from the chance observation of the noisy party, whoever they might prove to be, and peered out sharply through the interlacing foliage. He had not long to watch before he received an optical explanation of the sounds he had previously heard. It proved to be an armed body of the neighboring Pennacooks—some ten or a dozen in number—who seemed to be hurrying in great haste toward some point, for what object or purpose was entirely unknown to the concealed observer. They passed on, however, without seeing Davie, and were quickly out of sight again, and presently out of hearing.

Then our youthful hero started on his way again, and nothing daunted by what he had seen; and crossing the Pennacook trail, he reached Waldron's in safety about an hour after.

The Major was well acquainted with Davie's parents, they having both served under him at the garrison, previous to their marriage. Davie had seen the tall, grey-haired commander on two different occasions before, but had never till now seen the young lady wife. She was very beautiful, and took especial pains to see that their youthful visitor was comfortably quartered for the night. His several purchases had been weighed up and stowed away in his saddle-bags the first on his arrival, and then he gave himself over to a general inspection of the novelties of the place. The garrison, or sort of fort and trading post combined, was surrounded by a strong but clumsy stockade, defended by two guns, on elevated platforms, or staging erected for them, and for sentry purposes, at exactly opposite points. But these were times of peace, and the whites for many years had been living on terms of seeming friendship, with the feeble remnants of the two tribes who had suffered the most severely at the Major's hands. Indeed, so careless had they grown in their fancied security, as to deem it by no means an essential part of the present fort discipline—not as it had been in former times—to keep half a dozen of their train band on sentry duty through the night, and for the last six months the Major had dispensed with them altogether, scoffing at the idea of danger. But these former evidences of warlike precaution were nevertheless interesting features for the boy's inspection, even if they had been really of no present advantage to the garrison.

Early in the evening a couple of Pennacook squaws were admitted for the night, and Davie had an opportunity to study their peculiarties. They were given a couple of husk mats to lie on, each having a blanket of their own to cover them They were dirty, filthy creatures, with smoky black eyes and an unintelligible gibberish that no one could understand when they conversed together. To have an Indian stop over night at the garrison was an event of almost nightly occurrence. It was so common a matter, that no one thought of noticing or commenting upon it.

Davie was put into a little closet-like room leading out of the room occupied by the commandant and his beautiful young wife. It was a little truckle-bed, that the Major's grand-daughter, now a wife and a mother, had occupied. Tired out with his long ride, and the excitement he had since passed through in surveying all the wonders of the wonderful place, Davie soon dropped asleep, and dreamed he was at home telling his mother about his adventures to Garrison Hill.

But while Davie and the inmates slumbered on unconscious of danger, the two Pennacook squaws, who had sought admission in the early part of the evening, were wide awake. They had risen softly and unbarred the doors of the garrison, as well as the entrance to the stockade.

Then from the shelter of a neighboring wood a crowd of dusky forms swiftly advanced, and rushing through the open gate of the stockade, passed into the main building occupied by the Major, his domestics, and the few soldiers he still retained in his service.

Davie was awakened by a loud pounding at the Major's door; then he heard the commandant shout:

"Who's there?"

An answer came promptly back.

"It's me! Open the door—we want you!"

The Major thought the voice proceeded from one of the squaws, and supposing that something had gone wrong, he arose and unbarred the door.

He started back in alarm at the sight, for crowding into the dimly lighted space before him, were a score of dusky figures, which he instantly recognized as savages.

The brave old commandant sprang back and seized his sword, while his painted and begrimmed assailants pressed forward in a body into the room.

The young wife shrieked when she beheld these warlike demonstrations, and Davie leaped out of his truckle bed, and peered through a narrow crack in the panel of the door. The old man was battling desperately with his foes. The young wife had leaped from her bed, and seized a musket. The next instant one of the savages fell by the Major's hand; but another sprang over the prostrate body, and dealt the staunch old veteran a terrible blow with his tomahawk which brought him to his knees, with the blood saturating his silvery hair, and pouring in a red tide over his venerable face. The next moment the undaunted young wife leveled her musket, and shot the wretch dead who had inflicted the terrible wound which had brought her husband low, but she was overpowered in a moment after, and the musket wrenched from her hand.

The room was now filled with excited savages, and Davie saw some of them hold the agonized wife, while others dragged the old man to a table, cutting him to death before her eyes.

One painted monster, with a savage stroke of his knife, severed an ear from the old man's bloody head. He held it aloft with a look of fiendish triumph, shouting as he did so:

"This is for Wonolancet, and in evidence of his hate of the traitor, Waldron, and all of his name forever!"

Another pressed forward and sliced off a piece of quivering flesh from the old man's cheek, exclaiming as he held it up:

"This is Mettiwasset's share of a traitor's flesh and blood, and evidence of his eternal hate of the whole pale-faced race."

Others followed the example of their merciless leader, hacking away at the slowly tortured victim, who bore it all without a show of flinching. He knew that to exhibit the slightest sign of weakness, would be merely to enhance the savage delight of his tormentors, and his proud spirit would not succumb to the fiendish desire on their part, while he had strength and nerve to bear up under the torture.

The inmates of the garrison had all fled at the moment they were apprised of the deadly peril which menaced them—all but Davie, who could not pass out without being discovered. He knew where his horse was; and his saddlebag and musket were in the room with him. There was a small window of only two panes of glass which gave light to his little room, and Davie determined to make his escape through it into the rear part of the stockade. With his knife, and very cautiously, he succeeded in removing the window; and after lowering his musket and saddlebags with equal caution, he crowded out hurriedly through the narrow passage into the open air. Brown Bess was in a shed-stall near at hand, and in a few moments he was mounted and ready for flight.

Just at that moment he heard a piercing scream, which he could not doubt had proceeded from the lips of Mrs. Waldron; and with a sudden impulse to befriend her he wheeled his horse up to the window of the room where the torture was still going on.

The fiends had torn the vestment from the unflinching bosom of the dying commandant, and were actually on the point of cutting his heart out. The sight of such inhuman butchery, and such agony as was portrayed in the features of the young wife, was too much for the caution of the resolute boy; and with a firm hand, and determined eye, he took a quick aim at the wretch and fired. He saw him leap up and fall, with the bloody knife still grasped in his murderous hand, before he put spurs to Brown Bess, and dashed out of the stockade. Before he had gone a dozen rods, he heard the savages whooping and shouting on the outside, and comprehended in a moment that they were in search for the one who had fired the single shot which had laid one of their number low. But Brown Bess was wide awake, and in two minutes she had carried the brave boy out of hearing of the garrison.

For two hours the faithful creature did her best, and two thirds of the distance to his cabin home had already been measured, when he heard the startling signal of a wolf a little to the right of the path he was pursuing. The ringleader's cry was answered by a dozen more, whose sharp, ringing howl seemed to come from different parts of the surrounding forest.

He had no time to load his musket, but he could use his knife if the brutes pressed too hotly upon him. If he could succeed in killing one, he now happily remembered to have heard his father say, the rest of the ravenous pack would stop and devour the carcass before proceeding further.

The knowledge gave him courage and nerved his youthful arm for the approaching struggle. The long, hungry howls grew nearer and more distinct every instant, sending a chill of dread to the brave heart of the heroic boy. But he was brave, and meant to show fight to the last, while the trusty old mare put forth her best efforts to escape.

At last the dark, gaunt forms of his famished pursurers came one after another in view behind him, and a few moments later the leader of the pack leaped up with wide oped mouth, and fastened upon the foaming flank of the mare; quick of action, Davie whirled in his saddle and drove his long knife to the hilt in the exposed breast of the snarling monster. He loosened his hold and dropped to the ground, and the next moment a dozen of his hungry followers were tearing him in pieces.

The old mare rushed on with accelerated speed after this, and Davie saw no more of his wolfish foes. In less than half an hour he was at the cabin, shouting to his father to unbar the door. After Brown Bess was stabled in her low shed, Davie related his adventures to his astonished parents, who trembled at the thought of how narrow had been his double escape, and thanked God for his merciful intervention.

Reading for the Million.

Woman Suffrage.

The enfanchisement of woman, or rather her right to practice what she claims is possessed or conferred by the Constitution, is nearer than most people have any idea, and not too near, we are free to declare, for the purity of elections and the good of society. A recent decision of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia recognizes the fact that the Constitution of the United States confers this right on woman.

Judge Carter and the entire court, however, meet the issue resolutely and well, declaring that the amended Constitution, in plain words, confers upon woman full citizenship, with all and every right, privilege, and immunity pertaining to American citizenship. This is the most substantial advance of the cause of women since the adoption of the great amendments. The Supreme Court of the United States can only reaffirm this decision. The language of the Constitution is too plain. There is no need, then, of a sixteenth amendment. Under our amended Constitution it is decided that woman can have the ballot.

The future of the ballot is upon the question whether the right to vote is a natural one or a conventional right, or rather, whether it is a right incidental to citizenship, and, being essential to the performance of the duty of a citizen, inseparable from citizenship; or whether it is a non-essential privilege, to which all citizens are eligible, but from the exercise of which some classes may be debarred, and to the exercise of which classes of citizens now debarred can be introduced only by further actual legislation.

This decision will give a new impulse to agitate on the subject of woman's rights, and we may now expect to see and hear politicians who heretofore held themselves aloof from taking part in the movement for female suffrage, entering very boldly on its avocacy. Nothing so much stimulates American statesmen in favor of a measure as its success.—*State Journal.*

Cigars and Economy.

"Father, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?"

"Yes, my child; what of it?"

"Do you remember that mother didn't get the two dollars?"

"Yes; and I remember what little girls don't think about."

"What is that, father?"

"I remember that we are not rich. But you seem in a brown study. What is my daughter thinking about?"

"I was thinking how much one cigar costs."

"Why, it costs ten cents—not two dollars by a long shot."

"But ten cents three times a day is thirty cents."

"That is as true as the multiplication table."

"And there are seven days in a week."

"And seven times thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents."

"Hold on; I'll surrender. Here, take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her I'll do without cigars for a week."

"Thank you, father; but if you had only said a year. It would save more than a hundred dollars. We would have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet, and lots of pretty things."

"Well, to make my little girl happy I will say a year."

"Oh! that will be so nice! But wouldn't it be about as easy to say always? Then we could have the money every year, and your lips would be so much sweeter when they kiss us"

"And then you could subscribe for the HUNTINGDON JOURNAL, that we so much delight to read, and we wouldn't bother our neighbors by borrowing."

"Do pa."

"I will."

The list of taxable property in New Orleans has just been printed, and shows a total of $159,520,344. The amount of real estate assessed is $123,445,700.

The Hyde Park Disaster.

In an article on the recent caving in of the Oxford mines, at Hyde Park, the Scranton *Republican* says:

"The fact is that the system of mining coal throughout the whole of the anthracite region is such as to make the property immediately over the scene of operations valueless. Of course this has not been the case as yet, because sufficient time has not elapsed to rot the props and pillars. But the time will come when many districts, which are now apparently secure, must go under, involving and inestimable destruction of life and property. In a few years more, if the operations are continued, the whole of Hyde Park will be undermined, and left standing on wooden props and skeleton pillars, like a person on stilts. And suppose the region to be visited by an emotion of an earthquake which would pass away in another region without any disastrous consequences, what would be the fate of the ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants of that borough? Our attention was called a few days ago to the mining operations going on in Hyde Park in the vicinity of the Scranton Stove works. The hands employed in this manufactory can distinctly hear the blasting beneath and feel the tremor of the earth succeeding the explosion. This district is rapidly being built up, and some buildings are heavy brick structures if, therefore, there is little left but props of wood to support the earth, a caving in may naturally be expected some day, attended by terrible results."

The Fireproof Negro in Maryland.

The Denton (Maryland) Union, after correcting some statements going the rounds about Nathan Coker, the colored man known as the "Caroline fire king," goes on to say: He can, however, eat red hot anthracite coals, stir up red hot coals in a furnace with his naked hands, lick a red hot bar of iron until it is cold, receive molton lead into his mouth and keep it there until it cools, and it has been said that he has walked on a red hot bar of iron barefoot. This fact we have never witnessed ourselves, although we have seen him apply a red hot bar of iron to his bare feet, and keep it there until it has lost its redness. But we have noticed there are times when fire seemed to affect him, and we have seen him start back from its touch.

We remember a few years ago, while he was mixing lime for the plasterers, who were at work finishing a building for us in this town, he ran his hand into the lime, while it was being slaked, to take out the core, but he withdrew it in a twinkling. The lime burned him, and he felt its effects very sensibly. Another time a company of young men got Coker rather badly. He made a wager with them of twenty dollars that he could sit on a red hot stove for fifteen minutes. The stove was heated up until it was aglow with redness. The fire king took his seat, and actually, it is said, sat out ten minutes of the time, but one of the wags, pouring a little coal oil in the stove, drew him from his position in double quick, and burned him severely. He is a remarkable negro, and no one has yet been able to explain his dealings with the element.

THE CIVIL CODE COMMISSIONESR—At the last session of the Legislature, a joint committee, consisting of Senators J. Depuy Davis, of Berks, James S. Rutan, of Beaver, Edwin Albright, of Lehigh, and Representatives John S. Mann, of Potter, B. L Hewit, of Blair, and James Ellis, of Schuylkill were appointed to revise the Civil Code, and report their action to the next Legislature. On Tuesday last this committee had a very satisfactory meeting in Philadelphia, where the subject was fully examined and much interesting discussion was had. On Monday evening next, the joint committee will meet in Harrisburg.

In the meantime, it is asked that attorneys in all parts of the State will present their views, in writing, on the Code as published. The object is to secure such perfection in the codification of the civil laws of the State as will make it not only unobjectionable on all points, but a lasting benefit to the people.—*State Jornal, 11th.*

Miscellaneous News Items.

The emigration returns at Liverpool for October shows 14,363 departures for the United States.

There is not an unmarried lady in Camargo, Illinois, and not a single marriageable young man.

Several valuable chalk beds have been discovered near the Osage river, in Morgan county, Missouri.

Persons at Red Oak, Iowa, are buying corn at fifteen cents per bushel to use as fuel, being cheaper than coal.

A Crab apple tree in Winnimac, Indiana, has blossomed and borne three crops of fruit during the present year.

A Richmond woman asks for a divorce, saying that she had not seen her husband since he had murdered her father.

The young ladies are all getting their skates and skating costumes in readiness, preparatory to opening the winter's campaign.

There are five months in this year having five Sundays each—a thing which does not accur oftener than once in fifty years.

Frank Cook, of Provincetown, caught in his net last week a mackerel twenty inches long and eleven inches in circumference.

The Melbourne Chamber of Commerce has decided to have monthly steam communication between Australia and San Francisco.

The Swiss residents of New York city celebrated the 56th aniversary of Swiss liberty by a ball and banquet, Friday night.

Bears are becoming quite troublesome in some portions of Wi consin. They are killing cattle, sheep and hogs, and often attack men.

Fifty tons of cheese were manufactured at the Trenton, Wis., factory this season. The factory at Oakville has manufactured 85,000 pounds.

It is thought that 100,000 hogs will be packed in St. Joe, Mo., during the present season. Farmers ask 3½ cents per pound, buyers offer 3 cents.

Mr. Rufus Porter, of Lewistown, Ill., recently received a box containing eight Italian queen bees, direct from Switzerland. The expense was $45.

A bride received, among other wedding presents, recently, two sewing machines, three pianos, twelve ice pitchers and eight family Bibles, large size.

The Women Folks.

Extravagant Dressing.

A noble and earnest life, tender-heartedness and loving sympathy for all mankind, forgetfulness of vanity and forgetfulness of self in remembering the sorrow of others are more to be valued in a woman than a pretty face and an elaborate toilette.

When will women leave these idle and foolish pursuits of shadows to take up the serious and earnest duties of life?

The woman whose mind is continually engrossed with fashionable furbelows—whose very ideas are beruffled and flounced—whose acme of ambition is to appear always in the newest style—has no time or thought for better things.

Her heart becomes encrusted with selfishness and her life is a failure since it confers no blessing upon the world.

She loses her capacity for real enjoyment and is sure to be unhappy, although no great sorrows may fall to her lot.

The merest trifles disturb her equanimity; an ill-fitting dress is an insufferable vexation; and being eclipsed by her neighbor drives her to the verge of despair.

She gathers all her glory from outward adornment, and is content to shine with a reflected light, rather than from the nobleness and purity of soul within.

A woman was not meant to be a butterfly for the displaying of gaudy colors

Neither does she enhance the gift of beauty by following all the senseless dictates of fashion. What grace is there in the ugly *panier*, what attraction can be supposed to lurk in a mass of false hair—and where is the sense or use, in covering a dress with such a vast amount of "trimming" that it loses all beauty and grace of outline, and only suffices to bewilder and fatigue the eye.

But there is no end to woman's extravagance in dress. And there never will be until woman learns to scorn the idea of being admired for the wardrobe she displays, instead of for her own charming self. The woman who is lovable in point lace and silk, is just as lovable in a simple muslin.

The man who is given to a fondness of dress is sneered at as a fop. He is not considered *manly*.

To be well dressed it is not necessary to be extravagantly dressed, and the wrong of lavish and foolish expenditure can be easily understood when we consider that the mere cost of superfluous trimming of fashionable garments would clothe the great army of earth's needy ones.

The price of an Indian shawl would keep starvation from a poor man's home for many a year. The almost fabulous amount paid for a few yards of lace would rescue many an unfortunate from destitution—would bring relief to suffering ones, and give the comforts of home to starving children. Think of this, oh. woman of fashion and pause before you squander away the gold your suffering brother or sister needs.

A few less gewgaws would not rob you of any happiness, but the cost of these expended in relieving want, would not only prove a blessing to others, but also enrich your own lives.

She who bears the light into dark places must herself reflect its radiance.

And who would not rather be an angel of mercy, than a mere doll rusting in silk and sparkling with gems.—*Sophia Sparkle.*

High-Heeled Boots.

It is worthy of note that while a malignant hatred of Chinese is fomented under cover of hostility to their immigration, our females have fallen in love with Chinese costumes and customs, in some respects, and accepted them as models. The pictures of Chinese ladies to which one has been accustomed for many years, bear a close resemblance to the American belle of to-day. The repulsive hump, the crippled feet and the mincing gait of our women, if they do not fortify the Dawinian theory of the origin of the species from monkeys, at least give the appearance of retrograding monkeywards. The dress, uncouth and deforming as it is, would not of itself deserve notice; but the high heels, crippling the feet and distorting the limbs, are an outrage on grace, on anatomy, on humanity, entitling the authors, could they be detected, to criminal responsibility.

A convention of corn doctors, in the interest of their trade, could not devise a better scheme for good times. Women whose pedals are solidified may escape with only corns, of which we hope and pray they may have a full crop. But that a whole generation of little girls should have their toes jammed into the points of their boots to do the work of heels, and their legs should be thrown out of their natural balance, and the pliant bones bent into semi-circles, is a sacrifice to fashion which would disgrace a nation of Hottentots. Should the wicked custom hold a few years there will not be a decent foot or an æsthetic leg in our female population, except among the washerwomen and the like.

All this is a trifle compared with the mischief done to the pelvis, spine and chest by the constrained attitude with abnormal elevation of the heel must of necessity induce. Fashion is at best a cruel tyrant; but the whole history of her capricious rule does not exhibit a grosser violation of natural laws and a more unpardonable assault on the beauty and health of woman than the invention of high-heeled boots.—*Pacific Medical Journal.*

Hints for Housewives.

Perhaps some of your housekeeping readers do not know of certain economical expedients in domestic managment, that have somehow crept into our practice. Brooms are so generally used and abused, that their freshness worn off they are too soon discarded. When a broom begins to succumb to wear and tear, place it in a pan of boiling water for a few seconds shaking it well, and drying it quickly in the sun or near the fire. If the bottom edge is wearing unevenly, tie a string around it until it is dry, and trim off the uneven edge carefully. Whisk brooms should be treated in the same way.

Clothes pins boiled a few moments and quickly dried, once or twice a month, become more flexible and durable. Clothes lines will last longer and keep in better order for wash day service if occasionally treated in the same way.

We have discovered a first-rate homemade cement for filling up cracks in an old stove or range. The ingredients are wood ashes and salt; reduce to a soft paste with cold water, and fill the cracks when the stove or range is cool. The cement will soon become perfectly hard. We keep an iron spoon in an old tin pan on hand, ready for duty whenever a crack appears. Fire clay (obtained at the stove dealers) will sometimes answer, but our homemade cement is always at command.

The Home Circle.

Trust Your Mother.

Trust your mother, little one,
In life's morning, just begun,
You will find some grief, some fears,
Which, perhaps, may cause you tears;
But a mother's kiss may heal
Many griefs that children feel.
Trust your mother—seek to prove
Grateful for her thoughtful love.

Trust your mother, noble youth,
Turn not from the paths of truth;
In teptation's evil hour
Seek her ere it gains new power.
She will never guide you wrong;
Faith in her will make you strong.
Trust your mother—aim to prove
Worthy of her fondest love.

Trust your mother, maiden fair,
Love will guide your steps with care;
Let no cloud e'er come between—
Let no shadow e'er be seen,
Hiding from your mother's heart
What may prove a poisoned dart.
Trust your mother—seek to prove
Worthy of her sacred love.

"Follow My Leader."

In all sheep-grazing countries you will find the land all crossed over with little, narrow, well-beaten paths, formed by the sheep as they follow each other in regular order. It is one of the peculiarities of this animal to always follow a leader, and one of great advantage to those who have them to drive. It would be a difficult matter for the shepherd to collect his scattered flock at nightfall, if it were not for this trait. Once start them on the right road and all is well.

But there is one difficulty about this blind way they always have of following the leader. It sometimes happens that the leader falls over a precipice or makes some foolish and dangerous move. But his example is not heeded by the silly sheep. They all press onward, and do as their leader did. If he leaps, in a moment of fright, from a high bridge, all the rest are quite likely to do the same, unless some one can reach the spot, and by force turn them aside.

Boys are fond of playing "Follow my Leader," and often the play or the reality goes on when they least think of it. There are boy-leaders in every school and neighborhood; and as their leaders are, so are, in a large measure, the boys that follow him. While the boy-leader is a noble, manly lad, with his high principles, he is a blessing indeed to the little circle. But where his character is the reverse of all these, woe to the poor lads who follow his lead. Not more disastrous is the fate of the poor sheep who heedlessly follow their leader over the dreadful precipice, to be dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks.

Do not follow the boy who uses bad language, speaks slightingly of his mother's authority, goes rambling off in the woods on the Sabbath day, and is ready to fight any smaller boy who offends him. To go in his paths is to walk in the ways of death. The noble Christian boy, who loves his mother's fireside and reveres her name, is a far safer associate and guide. After all, there is no perfect human guide; but God has given us, in his word, an example that is perfect. It is the Lord Jesus Christ, whose example is spotless, and who will help us to grow more like Him, if we will but yield ourselves to His guidance.—*Presbyterian.*

Cheap Pleasure.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure? asks some writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chesnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him, and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make another, and how quickly the sunshine will play over his sober face; a boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say "you scoundrel!" and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try and do better.

You employ a man; pay him cheerfully and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street you meet a familiar face; say "good morning," as though you felt happy and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's first, and lock them up in your hearts. No; rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our family and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerfull the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

"None to Whom He Can Pray."

Confucius, the greatest and most subtle intellect China ever produced, once said, "He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray." This was the highest conception of the attributes of the Eternal, the Maker, to which the heathen philosopher could attain.

To a thoughtless soul, who is conscious every day that he "offends against heaven," and that "no one liveth and sinneth not," what an infinite sadness and despair are in those words, "None to whom he can pray." No propitiation for sins, no atonement, no salvation, no hereafter, no heaven.

According to the dark creed of Buddhism, that religion of death, the soul which has offended against heaven, when it goes out from this world, passes through