The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office on the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at $2,00 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2,50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and $3 if not paid within the year.

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Professional Cards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents.
Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

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

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

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

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

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

T. 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.

COLORED PRINTING DONE AT the Journal Office, at Philadelphia prices

NEAR THE RAILROAD DEPOT,
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UNITED STATES HOTEL,
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ROBT. KING, Merchant Tailor, 412 Washington street, Huntingdon, Pa., a liberal share of patronage respectfully solicited.
A pril 12, 1871.

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GEORGE PAWLING & CO., Manufacurers of Locomotive and Stationary Boilers, Tanks, Pipes, Filling-Barrows for Furnaces, and Sheet Iron Work of every description. Works on Logan street, Lewistown, Pa.
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A. R. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand and for sale. [ap19,'71–6m

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE
For all kinds of printing.

The Muses' Bower.

On the Town.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

The lamps are lighted, the streets are full,
For, coming and going, like waves of the sea,
Thousands are out this beautiful night,
They jostle each other but shrink from me.
Men hurry by with a stealthy glance,
Women pass with their eyes cast down;
Even the children seem to know
The shameless girl of the town.

Hated and shunned I walk the street,
Hunting—for what! For my prey, 'tis said:
I look at it though in a different light,
For this nightly shame is my daily bread—
My food, my shelter, the clothes I wear,
Only for this I might starve or drown;
The world disowned me—what can I do
But live and die on the town?

The world is cruel. It might be right
To crush the harlot; but grant it so,
What made her the guilty thing she be?
For once she was innocent, you know.
'Twas love! That terrible word tells all!
She loved a man and blindly believed
His vows, his kisses, his crocodile tears—
Of course the fool was deceived!

What had I to gain by a moment's sin,
To weigh in the scale with my innocent years;
My womanly shame, my ruined name,
My father's curses, my mother's tears?
The love of man! It was something to give.
Was it worth it? The price was a soul paid down;
Did I get a soul, *his* soul in exchange?
Behold me here on the town!

"Your guilt was heavy," the world will say,
"And heavy, heavy your doom must be;
For to pity and pardon woman's fall
Is to set no value on chastity;
You undervalue the virgin's crown,
The spotless honor that makes her dear,"
But I ought to know what the bauble is worth
When the loss of it brings me here.

But pity and pardon! Who are you
To talk of pardon, pity to me?
What I ask is justice, justice, sir—
Let both be punished, or both go free.
If it be in a woman a dreadful thing,
What is it in man, now? Come be just;
(Remember, she falls through her love for him,
He through his selfish lust!)

Tell me what is done to the wretch
Who tempts and riots in woman's fall?
His father curses, and casts him off?
His friends forsake? He is scorned of all?
Not he! His judges are men like himself,
Or thoughtless women, who humor their whim;
"Young blood," "Wild oats," "Better hush it up;"
They soon forget it—in him!

Even his mother, who ought to know
The woman-nature, and how it is won,
Frames a thousand excuses for him,
Because, forsooth, the man is her son!
You have daughters, Madam, (he told me so),
Fair, innocent daughters—"Woman, what then?"
Some mother may have a son like yours,
Bid them beware of the men!

I saw his coach in the street to-day,
Dashing along on the sunny side,
With a liveried driver on the box:
Lolling back in her listless pride,
The wife of his bosom took the air,
She was bought in the mart where hearts are sold—
I gave myself away for his love,
She sold herself for his gold!

He lives, they say, in a princely way,
Flattered and feasted. One dark night
Some devil led me to pass his house;
I saw the windows ablaze of light;
The music whirled in a maddening round,
I heard the fall of the dancers' feet;
Bitter, bitter the thoughts I had
Standing there in the street!

Back to my gaudy den I went,
Marched to my room in grim despair,
Dried my eyes, painted my cheeks,
And fixed a flower or two in my hair,
Corks were popping, wine was flowing,
I seized a bumper and tossed it down—
One must do something to kill the time,
And fit one's self for the town!

I met his boy in the park sometimes,
And my heart runs over towards the child;
A frank little fellow with fearless eyes,
He smiles at me as his father smiled!
I hate the man, but I love the boy,
For I think what my own, had he lived, would be—
Perhaps it is *he*, come back from the dead—
To his father, alas, not me!

But I stand too long in the shadow here;
Let me out in the light again,
Now for insult, blows perhaps,
And, bitterer still, my own disdain.
I take my place in the crowded street.
Not like the simple women I see—
You may cheat them, men, as much as you please,
You wear no mask with me!

I know ye! Under your honeyed words
There lurks a serpent; your oaths are lies;
There's lustful fire in your hungry hearts,
I see it flaming up in your eyes!
Cling to them, ladies, and shrink from me,
Or rail at my boldness. Well, have you done?
Madam; your husband knows me well,
Mother, I know your son!

But go your ways, and I'll go mine;
Call me approbrious names if you will;
The truth is bitter; think I have lied—
"A harlot?" Yes! but a woman still!
God said of old to a woman like me—
"Go, sin no more," or your Bibles lie,
But you. you mangle His merciful words
To "Go, and sin till you die!"

Die!—the word has a pleasant sound,
The sweetest I've heard this many a year,
It seems to promise an end to pain;
Any way it will end it here!
Suppose I throw myself in the street?
Before the horses could trample me down,
Some would-be friend might snatch me up,
And thrust me back on the town!

But look—the river! From where I stand
I see it, I almost here it flow,
Down on the dark and lonely pier—
It is but a step—I can end my woe!
A plunge, a splash, and all will be o'er,
The death-black waters will drag me down
God knows where! But no matter where,
So I am off the town!

The Story-Teller.

The Red Cloak.

—:o:—

"WAS that the postman's knock, Grace?"

"Yes, dear, and here is a letter for you from the firm, I know by the envelope."

And answering her husband's quick glance of interest, the young wife placed the letter in his eagerly extended hand adding with a smile, "if I did not know that it is business, Philip, I think I should claim my privilege and peep over your shoulder while you read it."

"You are welcome to do it, my darling; I know I have no secrets from you."

"Very well, sir," I will consent to stay here until you have read your letter; it has occurred to me that you might want my advice about something, for you know that I am your better half."

"More than half, little woman; you are nearer the whole. I don't know what I should do without you, Grace. Maimed, helpless, where should I be but for your tender nursing, which is doing more than anything to make me well."

As he spoke Philip Holt looked with sorrowful significance at his bandaged leg, which was supported on a chair. He had been for some weeks suffering from a compound fracture and other injuries sustained in a fall from a dog-cart. Philip was a clerk in a mercantile house in the small town of Oldingham. He had been about two years married to Grace Howard, a young nursery governess, and the orphan daughter of a country surgeon; she had brought him no other marriage dowry than her fair face and true heart.

The young pair had begun life with love as their chief worldly capital; and thanks to their united efforts—to the wife's talent for domestic management and the husband's habits of industry and economy—all had gone well with them to the date of this unfortunate accident. Until then there had been no shadow of care in the little home, which had been their earthly paradise, though it consisted only of two plainly furnished rooms, the second floor of a small house in the suburb of the town; but, as Philip fondly said, Grace had such a happy way of making everything bright about her.

The young wife understood her husband's sorrowful glances, but she tried to divert his thoughts, saying playfully, "Come, Philip, your letter; I thought you were in a hurry to read it; now I am getting impatient to hear what the firm have to say; perhaps they have written to tell you that they cannot do without you any longer."

Was it foreboding of coming evil that made Philip hesitate before he opened the envelope, conscious of a vague feeling of uneasiness as he glanced at the bright face that was smiling over his shoulder? She seemed so full of hopeful anticipation, to which he was unable to respond, for he could not divest himself of a strange, undefinable fear connected with the letter.

"What is the matter, Philip? Are you ill?"

This was the young wife's anxious question as she saw her husband suddenly drop the letter and heard his half-stifled cry.—When she caught sight of his ghastly paleness and altered manner she hastily picked up the letter, exclaiming:

"Oh, Philip, what is it?"

That something in the letter was the cause of his agitation she now felt sure.—Her first care was to soothe him, and she did it in the tender, womanly fashion that seldom fails of its power over the sex of sterner mould.

"Is it bad news? Tell me, Philip, is it bad news? Don't try to keep it back with the thought of sparing me. Your trouble is mine, and whatever it is, I must bear my part."

In reply the poor fellow wound his arm about her slight figure, and in his heart blessed her for the comfort which her loving, courageous words had given him.

"Come," she urged, with fond persistence that was not to be turned aside, "tell me the worst; it cannot be anything very dreadful. The doctor says you are getting better, and while you are spared to me, Philip, I think I could bear anything."

He tried to smile, but it faded from his lips as he pushed the letter, which she had placed on the table, towards her, faltering:

"Read for yourself, darling. It is from the firm; they send me notice of dismissal."

It was true. Philip's employers, Messrs. Hardman & Joyce, had written a few cold, curt words to apprise their clerk that his continued absence had caused inconvenience, which had made it necessary to appoint another to supply his place, and as this arrangement had proved satisfactory to them, they begged to inform Philip Holt that his services were dispensed with from that date.

The husband and wife looked at each other in silence. It was a cruel blow which was thus unexpectedly dealt him; both could realize what it was to be cast out of employment during a time of commercial depression, and winter days found him still on the forlorn list of the unemployed. Looking at his thin face her heart ached for him in the trouble which had come upon them, for he was far from strong, and the little comforts had become almost necessities of life to him. What was to be done? The expense entailed by his accident had already made serious inroads upon the slender sum which they had managed to save. This is the question that presented itself to Philip as his face caught and retained the shadow which had passed over that of Grace.

"I never thought they would have acted like this, Grace, after the years I have been in their employ. It is hard that a man's misfortune should be visited against him as a fault, but I know who I have to thank for it. With all his oddities, Mr. Hardman would not have done such a thing."

"Would it do any good to apply to him, Philip?"

"No," returned the husband, gloomily; "it would be useless. Mr. Hardman leaves all to his son-in-law, Mr. Joyce, who manages everything, the partner included."

"Could I not go to Mr. Hardman, Philip, and explain it to him?"

"No, Grace; I don't think he would act against Mr. Joyce, for he almost believes he cannot do wrong."

"Never mind, Philip; don't grieve; something else will be sure to turn up; you are so very clever, and your leg will not be well in a few weeks."

"You forget, Grace, that all our savings are nearly spent, and that I may find some difficulty in getting another situation."

The half-irritable tone of his voice hurt the young wife, who had struggled so hard to hide from him her own feeling. She burst into tears, murmuring reproachfully "I forgot—I forgot, Philip, oh! how I wish I could! I cannot forget, dear, but can pray that we may be spared such trials."

"My dear, dear wife, forgive me; I am so miserable that I hardly knew what I said. Oh! if it had come at any other time."

* * * * * * *

Snowing still, as it had snowed for hours. The air was full of blinding mist from thickly falling flakes which the wind drifted into masses through the cold, white streets. The office clock pointed to a quarter past ten on the bleak December morning when Stephen Hardman left his desk, and, readjusting his gold-rimmed spectacles placed himself at the window, as he did every morning at the same hour. No matter what might be his occupation, at the time it was made to yield to the indulgence of what appeared to those around him a most singular whim.

When the quarter had advanced to twenty-five minutes past the hour he took out his watch and compared it with the office clock; as he expected, they agreed to a second.

"Not coming," he muttered. "I never knew her to extend more than three or four seconds over the quarter; so punctual to her time that I might almost set my watch by her. Not coming! Well it's not fit weather for one like her to be out; she's too small and delicate looking. If she belonged to me I'd take care—why, bless me, there she is!" the old merchant added in an eager whisper, as a young lady came in view. She was on the opposite side of the street—a slight girlish figure, with a peculiarity of dress that might have attracted attention in places less tolerant to varieties of costume than a busy little town. This was a scarlet cloak, with the hood drawn down over her bonnet, and fitting round her face like a frame. It gave out a warm gleam of color against the snow, and invested its wearer with some resemblance to the Red Riding Hood of the sweet old fairy tale.

Standing there, with his hands resting on the edge of the wire band, the merchant had watched, morning after morning, the passing of that picturesque figure, and noted that the fresh, pure face which had first attracted him was gradually growing paler and thinner. This had gone on for weeks, until it had become a part of the day's routine to watch for her. She was invested with a strange kind of interest to him by a fancied likeness between her and a favorite daughter of his own, who had faded in her first bloom.

As he watched the advancing figure he murmured, "Every day she grows more like my little Ellen. I could almost fancy it was herself getting paler and thinner; poor child! I wonder if she has any one to care for her."

At that moment a group of boys rushed towards the young lady, the foremost of the noisy crew exclaiming in derisive allusion to the red cloak, Hallo, Bill, "let's put out the fire."

The words were followed by a laugh and a shower of snow balls. In the effort to avoid the snow-balls the young lady slipped and fell.

With the fear of a policeman before their eyes the boys scampered off, leaving the prostrate figure on the ground; but aid was at hand. A youth with a pen behind his ear made a rush from a building on the opposite side of the street, followed almost immediately by a white-haired old gentleman who showed considerable anxiety and solicitude in ascertaining if the young lady was hurt.

"Not much," was the murmured reply, while the sweet voice added some words of thanks for the assistance which had been rendered. Her hurt was more serious than she was aware—she had severely sprained one of her ankles, and the effort to stand caused inexpressible pain.

"Let us help her into my office, Thomas," said the old man, "then we will see what can be done."

A few minutes more and the stranger found herself seated in an easy chair by a bright fire.

She could not help looking her grateful surprises at the unexpected kindness of the old gentleman. She did not guess that her face had become to him familiar as something which had entered into his daily life. He saw her glance at the clock, and noted the anxious expression of her pale face.

"Are you far from home?" he asked.

"Yes," she faltered; "but I shall not be going home for hours. I am engaged every day teaching; my pupils will be waiting now. I must try to walk; it is getting so late."

"Walk! why you cannot even stand; the thing is impossible." She seemed so much distressed that he said hastily, "Write a note, relating what has occurred, and one of my clerks shall take it."

She thanked him, timidly; but he saw that she was unwilling to accept his offer, and added, "if you would rather go yourself I will send for a cab?"

"Thank you, sir; that will be much better than writing, and I should like to go at once."

Her manner was full of nervous excitement, and he saw her delicate face flushed as she spoke. He did not know that in the midst of her eagerness she was anxiously debating the question of cab fare, and wondering how much money it would take to pay it. If the man of capital could only have investigated the interior of the poor little purse lying at the bottom of her satchel, so slenderly furnished, yet, alas! representing nearly all the worldly wealth of its possessor, how sadly it would have confirmed the misgivings which had been excited by a glance at the well-worn cloak, and the shoes obviously unsuited for the hard service which had been required from them. Five minutes later a cab was rapidly bearing away the scarlet cloak and its wearer, and the benevolent old merchant was thoughtfully warming his hands before the office fire. She was gone, and he gained no additional knowledge of her except that she was somebody's daily governess. From that day he watched in vain for a glimpse of the red cloak; he saw it no more, and concluded that the poor young teacher was unable to continue her daily journeys. She gave him the impression of one who had to depend upon herself, but the reality might be still worse; for anything he knew there might be others, even more helpless, dependent upon her. In spite of his repeated disappointments Mr. Hardman still took his post at the window, as though the practice yielded him a certain amount of pleasurable excitement which he was unable to relinquish.

A month had passed; it was an unusually bright day for January, when Mr. Hardman took his seat in his comfortable brougham in company with an old medical friend, who had agreed to go home with him to dinner on condition that he would allow him to make one or more professional calls before the carriage was turned in the direction of Winchley.

Assent was readily given. "Certainly, doctor, you shall be set down wherever you wish; I shall not mind waiting in the least, for we have plenty of time on our hands before dinner."

The doctor was about the same age as his friend, the merchant, a portly old gentleman, with the kindest smile that could be imagined, and a benevolent face that must have considerably helped the healing power of his prescriptions.

"I will not detain you long," said the doctor, as the carriage turned into a side street.

"This is a new case; I was only called in the other day, but I am getting interested in my patient—or I should say patients, for there are two, husband and wife; my first visit was only to him, poor fellow; he is ill from cold and over exertion in tramping the streets in search of a situation, and the wife met with an accident about a month ago; she has not been properly attended to, and is also on my hands."

"Have they no means?" asked the merchant.

"I fear not. As long as she could the wife went out as a daily governess."

"Ah! what was the nature of the accident?"

"A severely sprained ankle, caused by a fall."

"Bless me! I wonder if it is the young lady I was telling you about a few days ago?"

The doctor looked inquiringly at his friend.

"Ah! I see you don't remember. Do you know whether the patient wears a red cloak?"

"So you think she may be your little heroine of the red cloak. I am not aware, for I have only seen her within doors."

"Of course not; how absurd of me to forget that. I should like to see these patients of yours. Can't you take me with you? They would think me another medical man."

The doctor smiled, considered a moment, and then said:

"Yes, I think we can manage it."

As he spoke the brougham stopped at the door of a large, dingy-looking house, sublet from basement to attic. A few minutes more and the doctor had safely piloted his friend up a steep, dark staircase to the door of a close back room on the third floor, where a scene of poverty and privation awaited them. Nearly all the chairs which the room contained had been put into requisition to form a couch, on which lay a young man who was evidently weak and ill. Beside him sat a pale, slight creature, busily engaged stitching at some coarse needle-work. The feeble flicker of a meagre fire gleamed feebly on the faces of both.

As the visitors stood at the door they heard a voice saying fretfully, "I am very cold, Grace, that fire gives no heat, I wish we had more coals."

Instinctively Mr. Hardman put his hand in his pocket, feeling thankful that it lay in his power to relieve the want of the speaker.

The next moment they were in the room; but the old merchant stopped short on the threshhold, gazing in undisguised amazement at the inmates.

One glance at the features of the young wife identified the wearer of the red cloak—a discovery for which he had been half prepared, but it was the face of the husband that arrested his attention. "Bless me," he murmured, "that face seems familiar."

At that moment the young man raised himself on his elbow, saying excitedly, "Mr. Hardman here?"

The sound of his own name visibly startled the merchant. He hurried to the side of the impromptu couch exclaiming:

"It is Philip Holt."

The poor fellow seemed much overcome by this unexpected visit of his old employer, who, unfortunately for him, had been absent at the time when Mr. Joyce, with whom he had never been a favorite, had ordered his dismissal. A few words put the merchant in possession of the sad story, which received double interest when he learned that the ills of poverty had been warded off by the heroic efforts of Philip's young wife, who had gone back to her old work of teaching, ending her weary day by nights of exhausting toil at such needlework as she was able to obtain.

Here was a new reading of his little romance of the red cloak, and it is certain that it did not lessen the interest in the wearer; but he could not readily excuse himself from the blame, which he took to his own account, for allowing his partner's summary dismissal of an old clerk to remain without inquiry. He determined that the injury to Philip Holt should be atoned for, and he kept his word. When the young man recovered he was restored to his old place, in which he had ample opportunities for pushing his way and gaining even the respect and confidence of Mr. Joyce.

Like a day of sunshine following a clouded morning, prosperity blessed the young couple, and the loving, patient wife had her reward.

Philip always traced their good fortune to the cloak, which she had worn because it was her mother's, and from that day he decided that it should be a relic. Years afterwards, when he was a prosperous merchant, and Grace a happy matron, with children grown up around her, he would say in allusion to their early days of trial, "My darling, if you find me growing selfish and forgetful of you and my duty, show me your old red cloak; it will preach a sermon that will be sure to set all right."

Reading for the Million.

Romantic if True.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* claims to have recently interviewed a band of prospectors who were on their way to seek the "Golden Mountain" of the Apaches, in the interior of Arizona. Directions for finding this desirable spot had been given by the Chief Cochise, whom they had the good luck to capture, and revealed the secret as the price of his release. The further and more startling revelation of Cochise is thus given:

A party of Apaches, while lying in ambush one day in the latter part of December, 1826, in Chihuahua, Mexico, on the Rio Grande, across the river from what is now El Passo, Texas, watching a traveling cavalcade as it passed a clump of small trees saw one of the number spring from his horse into the dense chapparel and disappear from view of the horsemen. The cavalcade fired a few shots at or towards him, and half a dozen dismounted and pursued in the direction he took, but of no avail. The escaping man ran directly toward where the Apaches lay in the bushes, and ran into their midst. They seized and bound him, mounted, and lashed him on a horse, and at once took their flight. They traveled toward the Apache chief town by a circuitous and concealed route, and reached it after six days travel.

The prisoner was much alarmed at first, but finding that his death was not to be immediate, he put his mind to studying out some plan of escape; but they kept him securely till they arrived in camp. They decided to keep him till a grand *fete* day, some months ahead, and put him through the gauntlet and end his life in a grand carnival. He for some time was as restless as a captive bear, walked up and down his small enclosure, and talked to himself incessantly. But before the day for his taking off—this is the captain's term, not the Indian's—he had become somewhat resigned to his captivity, had learned something of the Apache language, and gave them some history. They got interested in him and promised him his life in return for his solemn promise that he would never attempt to escape. He married the chief's daughter, and on the death of the chief, became chief himself. He had four sons and a daughter. The oldest son became chief in his turn, and is the chief who is the subject of this story.

The white chief taught them while among them the secrets of the Great Spirit, and these secrets have enabled them to make the Apaches the strongest tribe in the west; to pass through the country of the white man in safety everywhere; to obtain information of their enemies and their movements always, and by passwords and signs to know an enemy or a friend as far as seen. They always have kept, and still keep, one of their educated half-breeds in the camp of the whites, and by the secrets of this great society, he is always able to keep them informed of every movement of any kind, and of every plan of attack on them as soon as that plan is known to the chiefs of the enemy themselves. And, when captured, they are almost always sure to effect an escape, released by some member of this society among the enemy. The great cheif told them that the society extended all over the world; taught them all the ceremonies connected with it; taught their maidens to make the badges and insigna worn by the initiated, and on certain days, the 24th of June and some others, they walked in procession, and held a grand dance at night. They believed him to be the son of the Great Spirit. He is buried at the Golden Mountain, and his grave is walled and covered with gold, and is their sacred place of worship. They gather now every year on the 24th of June. The great chief told them that he was "moons" on his journey from his starting point; that he was taken prisoner in Batavia, N. Y., and from there taken to and confined in Fort Niagara in the latter part of September of the same year in which he came to the Apache country. The reason of his imprisonment was on account of his divulging the secrets of the society. He was kept prisoner at Fort Niagara till September 16th, when he was taken in a close carriage and driven *via* Buffalo, New York, to Hennepin, Illinois, on the Illinois River, and thence sent in a flat-boat to the Mississippi River, down which he floated to New Orleans. There he was placed on a vessel bound to the mouth of the Rio Grande River, and proceeded up that River on horseback to El Passo, where the Apaches found him. His captors intended to give him into the hands of some Jesuit priests among the Indians near where they captured him. His captors passed down through Mexico, and escaped. That great white chief was the man supposed to have been murdered by the Masons, William Morgan, and the subject of this story is his son, Cochise.

Hard Times and What Causes Them.

We are fast becoming a nation of schemers to live without genuine work. Our boys are not learning trades; our farmers' sons are crowding into cities, looking for clerkships and post offices; hardly one American girl in each hundred will do housework for wages, however urgent her need; so we are sending to Europe for workmen and buying of her artisans millions worth of products that we ought to make for ourselves. Though our crop of rascals is heavy, we do not grow our own hemp; though we are overrun with lads who deserve flagellation, we import our willows. Our women (unless deceived) shine in European fabrics; our men dress in foreign clothes; the toys which amuse our younger children have generally reached us over the sea. We are like the farmer who hires his neighbor's son to chop his wood, feed his stock, and run his errands while his own boys lounge at the grog-shop, playing billiards, and then wonders why, in spite of his best efforts, he sinks annually deeper and deeper into debt, till the Sheriff cleans him out, and he starts West to begin again.

We must turn over a new leaf. Our boys and girls must be taught to love labor by qualifying themselves to do it efficiently. We must turn out fewer professionals and more skilled artisans, as well as food growers. We must grow and fabricate two hundred millions worth per annum, that we now import, and so reduce the foreign debt that we have so long and so successfully augmented year by year. We must qualify our clever boys to erect and run factories, furnaces, rolling-mills, tanneries, machine shops, etc.; to open and work mines, improve and fashion implements, and double the present product of their father's farm. So shall we stem the tide of debt that sets steadily against our shores, and cease to be visited and annoyed by hard times.

When do Men Die?

Medical experience proves that, in chronic diseases, the greater number of deaths occur just before dawn. This is eminently true of brain diseases, and of all those related cases where death results from an exhaustion of the vital power, through overwork, excessive excitement, or nervous prostration. It is at the hour of five o'clock in the morning that the life-force is at its lowest ebb, and succumbs most readily to the assault of epilepsy, or paralysis, or of the fatal lethargy that comes in those vividly beautiful picture-dreams, for which the medical science has as yet found no name, and of which it has taken no sufficient cognizance. Nine-tenths of those who die in this way expire in their sleep. In many such cases, if a friend were at hand to waken the sleeper when the attack comes on, or if he were to be awakened by some accidental noise, he might, by the use of a few simple precautions, prolong his life for many years, for the shock that proves fatal to the man wrapped in deep sleep, when the system is passive and relaxed, would be victoriously repelled were it armed with all its waking energies. Men who do brain work, and who are on the shady side of forty, should be on their guard against this insidious enemy. They should beware of 5 o'clock, a. m., for it is a perilous hour. Do you find yourself unable to sleep when you retire for the night, exhausted with your day's work? Do you, in vain, turn from one side to the other? Does your brain persist in working when you would fain have it rest? Do old saws and scraps of rhyme repeat themselves in your memory with wearisome iteration, defying your utmost efforts to silence them? Then, beware! You will be sure to sleep at last. It is only a question of time; for, soon or late, nature will assert her rights.

PRODUCTION OF IRON IN 1871.—The production of pig iron in the United States during the past year is estimated at 1,850,000 tons. This quantity is distributed as follows: anthracite pig iron, from Lehigh, Schuylkill, Upper and Lower Susquehanna, and eastern and northern Pennsylvania regions, 863,000 tons; raw coal and coke pig iron, 600,000 tons; charcoal pig iron from New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Southern and Western States, 387,000 tons. The total number of persons engaged in the production of raw and manufactured iron is given at 940,000, of whom 140,000 are employed in the direct production of iron, 800,000 in the manufacture of articles of iron. The value of this labor, it is asserted, if only paid for at the rate of $2 per day, and allowing 300 working days to the year, would amount to $564,000,000. The value of the product is estimated at $900,000,000 divided as follows: pig iron, $75,000,000; products of rolling mills and forges, $138,000,000; and value of articles manufactured from iron, $687,000,000.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A long-nosed thin-shanked old maid, appeared at the door of a farmer's house in Iowa the other day, and wanted the farmer's wife to subscribe to some woman's newspaper, and sign a petition for woman's suffrage.

The wife called:

"Charles, Tom, Jane, Richard, Lucy!" and was soon surrounded by a crowd of rosy-cheeked children. She turned to her visitor and said:

"Have you any of these?"

"No," was the sharp reply.

"Then," replied the buxom wife, "go and get a few, and afterwards come to me about woman's rights if you feel like it.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY calls Death "the dark faced but kind-hearted usher, sent out to lead us to our Father's palace." What could be more comforting and beautiful?

HOWEVER many friends you have, do not neglect yourself; though you have a thousand, not one of them loves you as much as you ought to love yourself.

The Toilet.

The Fashions.

The fabrics in vogue are the same as those worn last month—cloth, double cashmere silk reps, point de sole, satin, failie, and velvet, with a host of mixed materials which we do not enumerate, as their names vary so considerably as to be no guide to our readers. Many of these are comparatively inexpensive, but make very pretty and even elegant costumes. There is a slight difference in the manner of

CUTTING SKIRTS.

Whether short or trained, the front breadth is, of course, gored; another breadth is gored, half being placed at each side of the front; the whole of the remainder of the skirt is cut on the straight, and the fullness thrown towards the back. Of course, a little more material is required than formerly, but this is amply compensated for by the fact that the pieces are of a much more useful shape and size for any second purpose.

There are four distinct varieties of

BODICES,

high or low, and each of these capable of modification according to taste. The round waist, with band or sash; this is very little worn, except for young ladies with slight figures, to whom it is very becoming; the bodice a basques, of which there is a great diversity of shape, but always narrower at the sides; the corsage appointes, very pretty for ball dresses; and the corsage tunique, body and upper skirt cut in one. The first two have one, two or even three front plaits, according to the figure of the wearer; the corsage a basques is cut either with plaits or two sides bodies; the corsage tunique, of course, can only be cut with two side bodies. The sleeves are much the same as those worn last month. The coat sleeve is too convenient and too becoming to be totally banished though superseded by the open shapes of dress wear.

SPRING STYLES

There is a rumor of three overskirts, but we have no information which corroborates it. In a costume just finished for spring wear, the overskirt does not differ materially from the skirts which have been worn during the past season. It has the apron front and is looped very high at the sides under wide bands of the material; the back, which is full and very long, is bouffant by an elastic, it closes upon the left side with hooks and eyes, which are placed under the bands. It is cut on the bottom in castellated scollops, a velvet button the color of the silk ornamenting every scollop. A very wide flounce cut and ornamented in the same manner trims the lower skirt, which just clears the ground.

LATEST STYLES IN JEWELRY.

A fashionable caprice is to wear three or four bracelets on each arm. This barbaric fancy is seen, of course, only in evening toillette, and it is proable that the cost will prevent its being followed to any extent. The bracelets connected by a chain are worn, one just above the elbow, the other upon the wrist; it is also a whim which, it is to be hoped, will have but a short existence. We have been asked whether it is true that eardrops connected by a chain or necklace are also to be adopted. It is possible that there may be an effort made by some person or persons to introduce this heathenish fashion, and if successful, the fact that it will either tear the ears or drag them down out of all shape will have but little effect.

SHELL JEWELRY.

Handsome sets of tortoise shell are selected for general wear. Almost every ornament which is worn in gold is made in shell. We have ear drops and broaches, necklaces, chatelains and pendants, bracelets and sleeve buttons. Lockets and broaches are cut in cameo, and exhibit as careful workmanship as is seen upon the popular stones. The eardrops show various designs, and the necklaces generally imitate the favorite gold necklaces.

JET JEWELRY,

Which is more becoming than shell, continues to be numbered among the varieties which remain in vogue, but we see nothing very new in the designs displayed in eardrops, broaches, bracelets and chains. The prettiest ornaments combine the polished with the sombre jet. A favorite design shows small acorns of polished jet amid oak leaves of unpolished laying upon a surface, which with a border combines the two kinds; such sets cost from twelve to fifteen dollars.

VARIETIES.

The standing ruff of white muslin has, after more than one failure, won the esteem of the fashionable world. The favorite ruff, which is not very wide, shows a variety of styles. In some the muslin is edged with footing and laid in wide box plaits which touch each other. In others the ruffle is trimmed with Italian Valenciennes and the distance between the box plaits measures the same as the width of the plait. Others show a double ruffle, the under one being a little more than the width of the lace above the upper.

The fancy continues for

BLACK LACE SCARFS,

which make a pretty addition to the house toillette. These scarfs are sometimes lined with white lace, the edge being underlaid with blond; this style of scarf is pretty when worn over the black silk dress, but for colored silks the black lace without the white is preferable.

NEW NECKTIES

show broad stripes of harmonizing or contrasting colors. The silk which is fine and soft forms a very stylish knot or bow; fine elegant ties are of solid colors, pale blue, pink or ecru being the favorite shades. These are edged with a heavy tassel fringe. White silk ties are also among the fashionable varieties.

VERY ELEGANT ROBES DE CHAMBRE

for gentlemen are made of brocaded silk, lined with plain silk of some quiet color, which is bordered and trimmed with the silk which forms the lining. Other handsome robes are of plain cashmere, lined and trimmed with blue, green, or purple silk.

BOWS

continue in favor for ornamenting the hair for home toillette. They are sometimes accompanied by leaves of mother-of-pearl, or gold, butterflies, or some other pretty "ornament".

POLONAISES WITH CAPES.

The polonaises are of medium length and simple shape. There are darts in front, the fullness of the skirt behind is held to the waist in great box-plaits, and the belt has a postillion attached. A single talma cape belongs to these, or else a mantle that has a double cape behind and resembles a vest in front.

The Home Circle.

A Rich Promise.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.—I will confess his name before my Father, and before His angels."

"He that overcometh." Aye, 'tis to him the promise is made so full of rich, precious meaning; 'tis he who shall wear a robe of spotless purity—who shall be acknowledged by the blessed Saviour.

What is he to overcome? Ah! how much, only they can answer, who have been buffeted by temptation and trial—who have met with adversity in many forms, and who, through all, have maintained a hopeful, patient trust in the goodness and wisdom of our Father.

If poverty walks, like a grim phantom, by our side, while we struggle bravely, earnestly, though without avail, to place even a slight distance between ourselves and the dark shadow, how our hearts almost rise up in rebellion that Providence has placed us in such circumstances, while our neighbor, who leads a thankless life, receives all the richest, worldly gifts which mankind ever enjoyed, ignoring the source from which they come to him, and we feel as if we ought to murmur—as if human endurance could not hold out against such proofs—that "the good things of earth are unequally divided; if, in such a trying position, we are enabled to overcome—to look up with child-like faith and trust, and say, "Thy will be done." what a conquest! what a victory! what a reward is in store for us, as overcomers.

If we have a few idols treasured in the innermost recesses of our hearts, sheltered as we fancy, from the very breath of harm; if one by one, we are compelled to take them from their sacred niches—to snap assunder the cords of love which hold them, and lay them passively in the hand of the destroyer, to which his ruthless movements, as he crushes to atoms our cherished treasures, while our bleeding hearts yearn vainly for their restoration; if we can accept the lesson, the pain, the chastisement, and its sure alleviation; if we can say, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice," then are we overcomers—then may we hope for the promised reward, which the continuation of such trust, confidence and obedience is sure to bring to us.

Oh, how many thousand ways there are in which we may overcome. We know that our hearts are selfish, that our eyes are blinded. How important it is that we should continually look above for light, for wisdom, and for strength, that at last we may be received by the Great Father, as overcomers, and may receive the promised, precious reward.—*E. S. G.*

Ten Hard Dollars.

Those people who are interested in hard money will perhaps be profited by reading the following story by Dr. Spaulding:

"My father was a poor man. A large and growing family was dependent on him for its daily bread. Coming home one wintry evenfrom a week's toil in a neighboring town with ten hard earned dollars in his pocket, he lost them in a light snow. Long and fruitless was the search for them. After the snow was gone again and again was the search renewed with the same result. The snow fell and melted again for a whole generation, and still the story of the lost dollars was fresh in our family circle; for a silver dollar to a poor man in those days was larger than a full moon.

"About a mile away lived another father of a family in similar circumstances. He too, knew how much a dollar cost dug out of the heart of a rocky farm. At least once or oftener every week for forty years he had occasion to pass our door, giving and receiving the common neighborly salutations, and every time with a weight increasingly heavy on his conscience. But all such pressure has its limit; and when that is reached the crash is greater for the severity of the strain. In this instance it was as when an old oak rends its body and breaks its limbs in falling.

"One day completely broken down, he came to my father in tears, confessing, 'I found your dollars lost in the snow forty years ago. They have been hard dollars to me, and I can carry them no longer. I am come to return them, and ask your forgiveness; and as soon as I can Iwill pay you the interest.'

"The scene was like that when Jacob and Esau met 'over the ford Jabbok.'"

"He did not live long enough to pay the interest, but quite long enough to furnish a practical comment on the text: 'The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?' Who will say that conscience, though slumbering in this life, will never awake to punish the offender in the life to come."

If any man wants hard money, let him get it dishonestly, and he will find it the hardest money he ever saw—hard to keep, hard to think of, and hard to answer for in the judgment day.

Something to Get Rid Of.

The more we know about "Church Fairs" the less, on the whole, we like them. And as far as we have been able to discover, that is the general sentiment among those who have the most experience in conducting them. Familiarity with the details of their management, and their social and moral results, is apt, we find, to breed a most hearty contempt for the "institution" in all its forms, as a means of raising money for God's service.

And yet, though everybody votes them a "Weariness to the flesh," and would be glad to see them placed under perpetual band, whenever a slight financial pinch occurs—unfortunately a chronic complaint with some churches—some good brother or sister with more zeal than discretion proposes a fair as the readiest means of "raising the wind," and forthwith "the ladies of the church" plunge bodily into a chaos of preparation, with as much zest as though a fair were the chief end of life, and one of the most delightful and unobjectionable modes of getting funds for church use imaginable. And when all is done, and the proceeds are reckoned up, how many are ready to sit down and say—or think, if they do not say it—"I would rather give outright all I have made than go through such experience again!"

The Only Way.

Jesus Christ changes the heart of the man whom He deigns to bring to God; He annihilates the moral distance between a holy God and a corrupt heart; first, by the precepts of His Word, and the motives He presents to induce us to love God and despise the world; secondly, by His example which he proposes to our imitation; thirdly, by His Spirit which mortifies the old man and forms the new man within us. No religion ever delivered precepts on the love of God so certain and complete as His; no one ever furnished motives so powerful to excite us to follow its laws; still further have any others been from giving a perfect example for our direction. Jesus Christ alone has been able to impart a miraculous power to gain the hearts; that Holy Spirit which draws us to God, and forms the peculiar character of His religion; that Spirit, the fruit of His merit and intercession, which he sent down immediately after His ascension to heaven, and without which it is impossible to please God. This justifies the conclusion that "no man cometh to the Father, but by Jesus Christ."

WHEN a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water; the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer: if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the water in the well gets low.—*Felix Neff.*

LEGH Richmond says; "Keep in mind that excellent rule: "Never preach a single sermon from which an unlightened hearer might not learn the plan of salvation, even though he never afterwards heard another discourse."

A MAN who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition in life.

DANGER should be feared when distant and braved when present.