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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B. F. GEHRETT, M. D., *ECLECTIC PHYCICIAN AND SURGEON*, having returned from Clearfield county and permanently located in Shirleysburg, offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. apr.3-1872.

DR. F. O. ALLEMAN can be consulted at his office, at all hours, Mapleton, Pa. [march6,72.

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

DR. J. C. FLEMMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office No. 743 Washingtpn 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, hree doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

J. R. PATTON, Druggist and Apothecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Huningdon, 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 aud 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,
April 5, '71-1y. HUNTINGDON, PA.

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.

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE For all kinds of printing.

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

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

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All orders promptly attended to. Repairing done at short notice. [Apr 5,'71,1y.*

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

FOUNDRY FOR SALE on line of Railroad, in one of the best agricultural regions in Pennsylvania. For information inquire of J. A. POLLOCK, Huntingdon, Pa.
mch13,'72-tf.]

United States Laws.

[OFFICIAL.]

LAWS
OF THE
UNITED STATES
PASSED AT THE
FIRST SESSION OF THE FORTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 38.]

AN ACT to amened an act entitled "An act to authorize protection to be given to citizens of the United States who may discover deposits of guano," opproved August 18, 1856.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the provisions of the of Congress approved August eighteenth, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, entitled "An act to authorize protection to be given to citizens of the United States who may discover deposits of guano," be, and the same are hereby, extended to the widow, heirs, executors, or administrators of such discoverers, where such discoverer shall have died before perfecting proof of discovery or fully complying with the provisions of said act approved as aforesaid, after complying with the requirements of the act of Congress of August eighteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-five: *Provided*, That nothing herein contained shall be held to impair any rights of discovery or any assignment by a discoverer heretofore recognized by the Government of the United States.

SEC. 2. That section three of an act approved July twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, entitled "An act to protect the revenue, and for other purposes," amendatory of the act aforesaid approved August eighteenth, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, be, and the same is hereby, amended by striking out the word "five," whenever the same occurs, and inserting in lieu thereof the word "ten."

Approved, April 2, 1872.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 39.]

AN ACT to enable honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, their widows and orphan children, to acquire homesteads on the publiclands of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That every private soldier and officer who has served in the army of the United States during the recent rebellion for ninety days, or more, and who was honorably discharged, and has remained loyal to the government, including the troops mustered into the service of the United States by virture of the third section of an act entitled "An act making appropriations for completing the defenses of Washington, and for other purposes," approved February thirteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, and every seaman, marine, and officer who has served in the navy of the United States, or in the marine corps, during the rebellion, for ninety days, and who was honorably discharged, and has remained loyal to the government, shall, on compliance with the provisions of an act entitled "An act to secure homesteads to actual settlers on the public domain," and the acts amendatory thereof, as hereinafter modified, be entitled to enter upon and receive patents for a quantity of public lands (not mineral) not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres, or one quarter-section, to be taken in compact form according to legal subdivisions, including the alternate reserved sections of public lands along the line of any railroad or other public work, not otherwise reserved or appropriated, and other lands subject to entry under the homestead laws of the United States: *Provided*, That said homestead settler shall be allowed six months after locating his homestead within which to commence his settlement and improvement: *And provided also*, That the time which the homestead settler shall have served in the army, navy, or marine corps aforesaid, shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title, or if discharged on account of wounds received, or disability incurred in the line of duty, then the term of enlistment shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title, without reference to the length, of time he may have served; *Provided however*, That no patent shall issue to any homestead settler who has not resided upon, improved, and cultivated his said homestead for a period of at least one year after he shall commence his improvments as aforesaid.

SEC. 2. That any person entitled under the provisions of the foregoing section to enter a homestead, who may have heretofore entered under the homestead laws a quantity of land less than one hundred and sixty acres, shall be permitted to enter under the provisions of this act so much land as, when added to the quantity previously entered, shall not exceed one hundred and sixty acres.

SEC. 3. That in case of the death of any person who would be entitled to a homestead under the provisions of the first section of this act, his widow, if unmarried, or in case of her death or marriage, then his minor orphan children, by a guardian duly appointed and officially accredited at the Department of the Interior, shall be entitled to all the benefits enumerated in this act, subject to all the provisions as to settlement and improvements therein contained. Provided, That if such person died during his term of enlistment, the whole term of his enlistment shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect the title.

SEC. 4. That where a party at the date of his entry of a tract of land under the homestead laws, or subsequent thereto, was actually enlisted and employed in the army or navy of the United States, his sevices therein shall, in the administration of said homestead law, be construed to be equivalent, to all intents and purposes, to a residence for the same length of time upon the tract so entered: Provided: That if his entry has been cancelled by reason of his absence from said tract while in the military or navel service of the United States, and such tract has not been disposed of, his entry shall be restored and confirmed: And provided further, That if such tract has been disposed of, said party may enter another tract subject to entry under said laws; and his right to a patent therefor shall be determined by the proofs touching his residence and cultivation of the first tract, and his absence therefrom in such service.

SEC. 5. That any soldier, sailor, marine officer, or other person coming within the provisions of this act may, as well as by an agent or in person, enter upon said homestead: Provided, That said claimant in person shall, within the time prescribed, commence settlement and improvments on the same, and thereafter fulfil all the requirments of this act.

SEC. 6. That the Commissioner of the General Land Office shall have authority to make all needful rules and regulations to carry into effect the provisions of this act.

Approved, April 4, 1872.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 40.]

AN ACT to amend the thirty-second section of an act entitled "An act to reduce internal taxes, and for other purposes," approved July fourteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That section thirty-two of an act entitled "An act to reduce internal taxes, and for other purposes," approved July fourteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy, be, and the same is hereby, amended to read as follews: SECTION 32. *And be it further enacted*, That merchandise transported under the provisions of this act shall be conveyed in cars, vessels, or vehicles, securely fastened with locks or seals, under the exclusive control of the officers of customs; and inspectors shall be stationed at proper points along the designated routes, or upon any car, vessel, vehicle, or train, at the discretion of the said Secretary, and at the expense of the said companies respectively. And such merchandise shall not be unladen or transhipped between the ports of first arrival and final destination, unless authorized by the regulation of the Secretary of the Treasury, in cases which may arise from a difference in the gague of railroads, or from accidents, or from legal intervention, or from low water, ice, or other unavoidable obstruction to navigation; but in no case shall there be permitted any breaking of the original packages of such merchandise.

Approved, April 5, 1872.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 41.]

AN ACT defining the rights of part owners of vessele in certain cases.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any person or persons or body corporate having more than one-half ownership of any vessel shall have the same power to remove a captain, who is also part owner of such vessel, as such majority owners now have to remove a captaln not an owner: *Provided*, That this act shall not apply where there is a valid written agreement subsisting, by virtue of which such captain would be entitled to possession, nor in any where a captain has possession as part owner, obtained before the passage of this act.

Approved, April 9, 1872.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 42.]

AN ACT to change the time for holding the spring term of the United States circuit and district courts at Harrisonburgh, Virginia.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, That instead of the time now provided for in the act approved February first, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, "to change the times for holding circuit and district courts of the United States for western district of Virginia," for holding the spring term at Harrisonburg, in that State, said courts shall be held thereat on the Tuesday after the first Monday in May in each year.

Approved, April 13, 1872.

The Muses' Bower.

The Herald of Summer.

I hear a gush of melody, I see a flush of green,
So I know the Summer's coming, with the glory of a queen;
For Spring, her welcome herald, has proclaimed it far and wide,
Since the throne of Winter toppled, and the stern old despot died.

Spring has spread o'er moor and mountain a carpet for her feet.
Silver daisey, golden king-cup, purple orchis, cowslip sweet;
Bade the trees unfold a canopy of undulating shade,
Where anemone and violet their woodland home have made.

Pale narcissus and faint daffodil whisper offer by the well,
Where ferns bend o'er the primrose lest she the secret tell;
But hyacinth and harebell ring the tidings boldly out,
For the breeze to catch the echoes, and answer with a shout.

The busy brooklets, listening, have turned the theme to song,
And sing it to the sedges as they gently glide along;
The mountain streams, no longer dumb, join in the joyous lay,
And, leaping o'er their rocky bounds, laugh out in sparkling spray.

Glad butterflies are fluttering, like banners in the air,
Rice flowers hold up their nectaries and offer incense rare,
The toiling bee hums cheerily, the gnats dance in the sun,
The very frogs croak gleefully o'er Springtide life begun.

No need the tardy cuckoo's note to gossip of the Spring,
Whilst other warblers' tuneful throats have a prophetic ring;
And orchards white with cherry-snow, through which blooms apple-blush,
Bring dreams of summer fruitage to the birdlings in the bush.

Spring is here! and Summer's coming, with a coronal of light!
For the skylark, like a courtier, has winged his upward flight,
The first to meet Queen Summer in her golden car of state
And salute her with his anthem close to her palace gate.

The Story-Teller.

BESIDE THE SEA.

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, oh sea!
And I would that my heart could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"

The lines, as Richard Lorimer read in the low musical tones that reveal the poet's appreciation of genius, were fitted to describe the scene before him and the feelings that at that moment filled his heart. It was one of those rarely picturesque spots to be found on the coast of Yorkshire.—Afar off, the grand old ocean, stretching into a boundless expanse suggestive of terror and sublimity, seemed wooing him with the ceaseless murmur of its sparkling waves. As he lay carelessly dreaming on the beach, over the page before him, a murmur almost as soft as that of the waves fell on his ear. He turned slowly, and met the gaze of a young girl, who seemed almost a fairy in form and feature.

"Ah, Amy, my little one; I thought you had forgotten me. Where have you been hiding all this long time?" he asked, looking up with something like animation in his listless manner.

A blush, delicate as a sea-shell, passed over her face as she replied, looking away to hide her emotion. "I have been nursing grandpa; he has been ill, you know. But, Captain Lorimer, I suppose you have not missed me very much."

The words were softly uttered; but Richard Lorimer saw in the depths of the blue eyes a new expression, and it sent a thrill of pleasure, perhaps of triumph, through his heart. He would not for the world have told his secret to his comrades at the London Club; how they would have jeered at this fancy for a fisherman's grandchild! He—a miracle of fastidiousness—world-weary man of thirty—a slave of a child of fifteen, utterly ignorant of the conventionalities of society! Ah, Amy Lee, little did she in her simplicity think of these things, as she sat there that bright spring morning, picking now and then a tiny shell from the rock, or looking shyly and at long intervals at the gentleman who sat beside her. She knew nothing of the world and its mockery of hope and phantoms of pleasure; all her life was centered in the spot where, from her earliest childhood, she had grown up with no companionship save that of her grandfather, and the inhabitants of the humble fishing village.

Yet a happier child never lived than Amy, until a new, strange trouble came into her heart. True, in years she was almost a child; but her life had been thrown so much upon her own resources, that a woman's heart and a woman's deep power of loving lay dormant in the child's breast, long before the voice and the smile of Richard Lorimer had awakened them to life.

With the intuitive pity that woman ever feels for the suffering, there had at last grown a deeper feeling, since she had been his almost constant companion during the few weeks that he had spent beneath her grandfather's roof. Often, when he talked to her of the world and of his home, there would come a bitter feeling of regret that she was different from it all; and yet in her very simplicity lay the charm that attracted him. Lorimer had lived much among the gay and frivolous throngs that made up the *beau monde;* its hollow hearts and unmeaning frivolities had wearied him. He had been so long the prey of manœuvering mothers, that it was a delightful change to find in this simple-hearted Amy the loveliness of face and character that he had so vainly sought. An illness that had nearly proved fatal, and left him almost a wreck of his former self, had induced him to try the seaside.

The Yorkshire fishing village was the chosen spot; and though not finding literally "the elixir of the life" in its fine bracing air, his languid spirits were fast reviving. Perhaps another cause had as great an effect, for no *prima donna* ever charmed him with her operatic arias as did the bird-like notes of Amy, as they daily floated up to the window from the path that led to the seaside.

There they sat—these two so unlike, the man of the world and the child of nature—and, very probably had old Lee witnessed the scene, he would have wished Amy far away; but he was engaged with the fishing tackle, and so they were left alone. Lorimer read and talked to her, and Amy felt as if life had a new interest. She had known almost nothing of books; and now her eager manner betrayed how delighted she would be to possess the means of culture. Long sojourns in other lands had made him familiar with the scenes portrayed so vividly by Rogers; and as the blue eyes of Amy wandered over the waves, so long the only music she had cared to hear, a longing for something beyond them came into her heart. Italy, land of romance, where love and passion made up a woman's life.

Poor Amy, that day was the beginning of a new existence, and beside the moaning sea, she bade farewell forever to childhood's simple dreams and fancies. From that hour, in which she listened to the passionate words of Richard Lorimer, she was a changed being. Long hours she would sit upon the spot gazing far out upon the sea; and from having been a busy little companion of her grandfather, Amy Lee had become a dreamer. Often the old man would find her there and chide her for her neglect of him; but the pleading look and kiss of the old childish affection told what words did not utter.

"My little Amy cares no longer for her old grandfather; that handsome stranger, Lorimer, has stolen the heart of my darling."

Lorimer had gone; but his parting words were eloquent with affection. How well she remembered them!

"God bless my darling Amy, and keep her safe until we meet again."

A tiny ring and a minature were the only mementoes of the past; yet hope ever whispered of a future of happiness.

* * * * * *

Our story changes from the seaside to London. In one of the mansions in Portland square two gentlemen sat apparently engaged in animated conversation. Upon the table was placed wine and luxuries of bachelorhood; and everything denoted the wealth and taste of the occupants. The face of one of the friends was rather thoughtful in expression, although a smile frequently passed over it; for few could resist the mirth-provoking spirit of Charles Moulton.

"Well, Lorimer," he was saying, "you are too capricions. Before you went to Yorkshire you were the life of every party of pleasure; now I can scarcely induce you to join me in a promenade in the park; one would think you were the secret adorer of an ocean mermaid. Come, old fellow, you must go with me to-night, you know Ristori plays in 'Mary Stuart.'"

"No, Moulton," said Lorimer, "I am not going."

"Not going! Well I advise you to read 'Les Miserables,' you are so dull;" and with a gay "Au revoir," Moulton took his leave.

"Moulton is right," Lorimer presently exclaimed; "I am wretched in spirits. I will go to see Ristori; her weird charms can drive away a legion of blue devils;" and humming a favorite opera air he left the room.

That night Richard Lorimer was the life, as Moulton expressed it, of a party, near the stage, and in the varied fascinations of the great enchantress, and in the voluptuous swell of the grand orchestra, he forgot the past; and though sometimes the soft echo of the distant murmuring waves seemed to mingle with the music, and a voice of melody fondly chide him, he strove to banish memory in the fascinating conversation and brilliant beauty of the lady sitting in the box beside him. She was a beauty, this fair Lucille Walton; and he had become hopelessly enthralled by her arts and siren loveliness. Lucille was the type of womanhood—alas! for the innate purity of her sex, so common—a schemer for wealth, position in society, and inordinately vain. She did not love Richard Lorimer. Her shallow, selfish nature was not capable of the feeling; but his distinguished air, intellectual character, and great wealth, made him a fitting subject for her ambitious projects. To-night she was exerting all her influence over him, and we know what that means, when we speak of a beautiful and fascinating woman.

Poor, poor Amy—if now and then her image and the memories of the olden time came up, he sought to banish them by excitement, and she was remembered only in the quiet hours and idle reveries of a bachelor's life. When he escorted the beautiful Miss Walton to her home that night, it was as her accepted lover, and an early day was fixed for their marriage.

We will pass over that period, and introduce our readers into the abode of Captain and Mrs. Lorimer. Everything that wealth could purchase was scattered around; but discontent, repining, and mutual indifference destroyed every hope of domestic happiness. Lorimer was wearied with the changeful mood of his haughty imperious wife. Life had become a perfect burden; and, as he no longer cared for gaiety and wordly pleasures, which were the only pleasures his wife cared for, he was very often left solitary in his elegant house—home it could not be called.

Although Lucille enjoyed excellent health, she was pleased to imagine that a sea voyage to Scotland was absolutely necessary; and glad of the least change from the life they led Lorimer consented to accompany her. The stormy March winds foreboded evil; but as the captain of the Aberdeen steamer feared neither tempest or danger, the passengers felt comparatively safe. The sky, blue and serene, spoke of peace; and, as he sat upon the deck, Lorimer spent many hours in dreaming of other days. Where was she now, his little Amy? Two years must have brought many changes; his heart smote him when he remembered her deep, pure affection. Surely he would have been a happier man had he obeyed the voice of his own heart. A sigh escaped his lips, as he heard the fretful voice of Lucille calling him. But he was pledged to her, and though he almost hated her, he determined to do his duty toward her as a devoted husband.

On the second day of the voyage, dark, murky clouds hovered gloomily over the steamer, and the shrill cries of the sea gulls betokened, as the old sailors said, an approaching storm. The captain anxiously scanned the horizon, and all felt deep anxiety. That was a terrible night, long to be remembered, on the coast of Yorkshire. The gallant ship struggled with the waves, but they dashed relentlessly over her, and morning found her a total wreck—all but three of the passengers had found graves beneath the ocean.

In a cottage not far from the shore lay one of the sufferers. He had been insensible from the moment they had laid him there, and a few incoherent sentences showed his mind to be wandering. An old man and a young girl watched beside him; but he did not notice either. The old fisherman left the room, and the young girl was left alone. Her face was almost as pale as the one upon the pillow, and her soft blue eyes filled with tears as they rested upon it. Sometimes when his gaze turned upon her, she would take his hand and murmur, almost lovingly, "Richard, dear Richard!"

Once he seemed to recognize her, and said, in so low a tone that she bent her head down to catch the words, "The wave, the wave! there it comes! is it not fearful? And she loved them so, poor Amy!"

Sweet Amy Lee! with a woman's trusting devotion she had loved on, though anguish and the misery of hope deferred had almost broken her heart. What happiness it was to sit beside him through the long hours, and watch for one glance of recognition.

At last she was rewarded. Richard Lorimer looked into her eyes, with the old love beaming in his own. Amy turned away to hide her thankful, happy tears. "What is it? How came I here, Amy?" he said; but she put her finger to her lip and bade him be quiet. The next morning he seemed to comprehend his situation, and the memory of his late sufferings and of his wife came upon him.

Lucille had been cast ashore quite dead; her body was found with others, and buried in the churchyard of the little hamlet. When Lorimer recovered sufficiently to walk there, he led Amy to the grave; and beside the dead he told the story of his married life.

But he could not speak of the trouble and misery his dead wife had caused him; and, as Amy softly uttered a prayer for her, he joined reverently in the words for pardon and mercy of Him who knoweth the human heart and its weakness.

"God forgive us all, dear Richard," said Amy; "we all need his pity."

The days go by like one long summer dream, where, far from the treacherous waves, Richard Lorimer has found the joy—the deep, unutterable bliss of perfect love. Amy is what his most ardent hopes could have pictured—a woman possessing the most finished musical and literary attainments; but her heart no longer yearns for the sea. She often whispers, softly, "Richard, I never wish to see them again, those smiling, deceitful waves."

Reading for the Million.

The Cold-Water Boy.

Behold a table, with boiled turkey and ham, with vegetables nicely cooked, and gravies rich and juicy. There sits a father at its head and the mother opposite, and guests are seated on either side; there is no lack of good humor and merry jest to give spice to conversation.

There are children, too; a boy of ten and a little girl of eight. They listen intelligently and attentively to the remarks of parents and guests, and look up into the faces of one another with interest. Behold! decanters are brought in, glasses are filled, and one and another sip the sparkling wine.

"Excellent!" exclaimed one, smacking his lips. "Fine!" echoed another.

"Shall I drink wine with you, my lad?" asked one of the gentlemen, bowing to the boy.

"Is not your glass filled, William?" asked the father. "John, fill William's glass," turning to the servant. Slowly did William turn up his glass to receive the rosy liquor.

"Drink with the gentleman, my dear," whispered the mother, encouragingly. The boy blushed and cast down his eyes, but he obeyed not. Was he frightened? Was he diffident?

"My son did you not hear Mr. Black address you?', said the father quickly and sternly. "Drink wine with him William."

Accustomed to obey his father's slightest wish, the boy's lip quivered, but he obeyed not.

In a moment, raising his eyes and looking his father full in the face, he said, manfully, "Father I am a soleier in the Cold-water Army, and I can't drink wine."

"Brave boy!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen, setting down his glass.

"The Cold-water Army must conquer if every soldier stands his ground as well," said another, regarding William with great respect.

"We will excuse you my son," said the father, in a softened voice, and though they sat long at the table, his glass was not again raised to his lips. There it stood untasted and fnll.

Stand firm, my boys; let no one beat you from your ground. Be up and doing. Intemperance is stealing about, seeking whom it may devour. Break his weapons, destroy his engines, give him no quarter. Let your motto be, "COLD-WATER! COLD-WATER!"—*Ladie's Repository.*

About Kid Gloves.

It is not generally known, or does not appear to be known, even by those who wear kids almost exclusively, that the durability and set of these articles depend very much upon how they are put on the first time. Two pairs may be taken from one box, of exactly the same cut and quality, and by giving different treatment when first putting the hands into them, one pair will be made to set much better, and to wear doubly, or nearly that length of time, longer than the other.

When purchasing gloves people are usually in too much of a hurry; they carelessly put them on, and let them go in that way, thinking to do the work more completely at another time. When this is the case a person is sure to meet with disappointment, for as the glove is made to fit the hand the first time it is worn, so it will ever after, and no amount of effort will make a satisfactory change. Never allow a stretcher to be used, for the gloves will not be likely to fit as well for it. All the expansion should be made by the hands; if the kids are so small as to require the aid of a stretcher, they should not be purchased, as they will prove too small for durability, comfort, or beauty. When selecting gloves, choose those with fingers to correspond with your own in length; take time to put them on, working in the fingers first, until the ends meet ends; then put in the thumb and smooth them down until they are made to fit nicely. A glove that sets well will usually wear well; at least will wear better than one of the same kind that does not fit well. When the ends of the fingers do not come down right, or when they are so long as to form wrinkles upon the sides of the fingers they will chafe out easily; where the stretcher has to be used to make the fingers large enough, the body part will be so small as to cramp the hand so that it cannot be shut without bursting the seam of the kid. Some recommend putting new kid gloves in a damp cloth before they are put on, and allowing them to remain until moistened. With this treatment they can be put on much easier than otherwise, and will fit very nicely until they get dry, but on the second wearing there will be an unnatural harshness about them, wrinkling in spots, and they will not set so perfectly as at first.

SADNESS.—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes a cloud over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its power is alike supreme over the weak and the iron hearted. At one time it is caused by a single thought across the mind. Again, a sound will be booming across the ocean of memory and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow, and, like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although casting a momentary shade of gloom, it enchances the beauty of returning brightness.

Simon Short's Sorrow.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine, successively saw Simon's small shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same squeaking sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker, shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spray, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Silas, Shadrach—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold starch, sugar, spices; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silver salvers; selfish Shadrach sold salves, shoe strings, soap, saws, skates; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since Simon's second son Samuel saw Sophia Sofronia Spriggs, somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sofronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sofronia's society, sung several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs. "Strange Sam should slight such splendid sales. Strutting spendthrift! Shattered-brain simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally. "Sam's smitten: Sam's spied some sweetheart."

"Sentimental school-boy!" snarled Simon.

"Smitten! stop such stuff." Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease." Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward; Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy. "Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop smoking, stop spending specie superfluously, stop sprucing so, stop singing serenades, stop short; sell saddles sensible; see Sophia Sofronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's stable—so solicit, sue, secure Sophia Sofronia speedily, Sam."

"So soon? so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon, surely," said Sally, smilingly. "Specially since sire shows such spirits."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquizes: "Sophia Sofronia Spriggs—Spriggs—Short—Sophia Sofronia Short—Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should say, she shan't—she shan't!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts; she saluted Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly:

"Spl-spl-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar sartain, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds).

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar-sartain," said Sam, starting suddenly.

"Season's somewhat sudorific," said Sam, stealthily, staunching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin," smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbert, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds).

"Sire shot sixty snipe, Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds).

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, socially, silencing such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally: "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sofronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling spring shall silence secret sighings, superangelic sylphs shall'"—Sophia snickered; so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia."

Sophia stood silent.

"Speek, Sophia, speak! Such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam, seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs; sire Spriggs said sartin.

A Fashionable Lady.

The Richmond *Enquirer* publishes the following recipe to make a woman of the period: Take ninety pounds of flesh and bones—but chiefly bones—wash clean, bore holes in the ears and cut off the small toes; bend the back to conform to the Grecian bend, the Boston dip, the kangaroo droop, the Saratoga slope, or the bullfrog break, as the taste inclines; then add three yards of linen, one hundred yards of ruffles, and seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yards of dimity, one pair silk cotton hose with patent hip attachments, one pair of false calves, six yards flannel, embroidered; one pair balmoral boots with heels three inches high, four pounds of whalebones in strips, seventeen hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, three-quarters of a mile of tape, ten pounds of raw cotton or two wire hemispheres, one wire basket to hold a bushel, four copies of a New York paper (triple sheet), one hundred and fifty yards of silk or other dress goods, five hundred yards of point lace, fourteen hundred yards of fringe and other trimmings, twelve gross of buttons, one box pearl powder, one saucer of carmine and an old hare's foot, one bushel of false hair frizzled and fretted *a la* maniaque, one bundle of Japanese switches, with rats, mice, and other varmints; one peck of hairpins, one lace handkerchief, nine inches square, with patent holder, perfumed with ottar of roses, or sprinkled with nine drops of the "Blessed Baby" or "West End." Stuff the head with fashionable novels, ball tickets, play bills and wedding cards, some scandal, a great deal of lost time, and and a very little sage; add a half grain of common sense, three scruples of religion, and a modicum of modesty. Season with vanity and affectation and folly. Garnish with ear-rings, finger-rings, breast-pins, chains, bracelets, feathers, and flowers to suit the taste. Pearls and diamonds may be thrown in if you have them; if not, paste and pinchbeck from the dollar store will do.

Whirl all around in a fashionable circle, and stew by gaslight for six hours.

Great care should be taken that the thing is not overdone.

If it does not rise sufficiently, add more copies of a New York paper.

This dish is highly ornamental, and will do to put at the head of our table on grand occasions, but is not suitable for every day use at home, being very expensive and indigestible. It sometimes gives men the heartburn, and causes them to break, and is certain death to children.

A Simple Remedy for Dandruff.

The following, from an article in the *American Journal of Pharmacy*, written by Jno. L. Davis, is of interest to those who are troubled with dandruff in the hair:

"There are doubtless few persons, especially among gentlemen, who do not suffer from the inconvenience of dandruff. Physicians seem to consider it not of sufficient importance to engage their attention, and the poor victims are left either to practice their virtue of endurance, or for a cure, to try some of the many nostrums advertised in the public prints.

The intolerable itching which frequently accompanies the troublesome complaint is not the only unpleasant feature, as to persons of any pretentions to neatness the appearance of the white scales on the coat collar and shoulders is very objectionable.

The writer during a number of years, after the different alcoholic solutions of castor oil and many other preparations without permanent benefit, and as a last resort, was led to adopt the plan of cleansing the scalp with borax and carbonate of potassa. This proved effectual, but after a persistent treatment of some months the hair became sensibly thinner, and perhaps would have soon disappeared altogether. The belief that dandruff arises from a disease of the skin, although physicians do not seem to agree on this point, and the knowledge that the use of sulphur is frequently attended with very happy results in such diseases, induced me to try it in my own case. A preparation of one ounce of flower of sulphur and one quart of water was made. The clear liquid was poured off, after the mixture had been repearedly agitated during the intervals of a few hours, and the head was saturated with this every morning.

In a few weeks every trace of dandruff had disappeared, the hair became soft and glossy, and now, after a discontinuance of the treatment for eighteen months, there is no indication of the return of the disease I do not pretend to explain the *modus operandi