The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 48. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1873. NO. 16.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office on the Corner of Fifth 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.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1 inch	3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 35
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	24 00	35 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	21 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectable when the advertisement is once inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch.—Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. OFFICE: No. 113 Third Street. aug21,1872.

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. H. W. BUCHANAN. DENTIST. No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 3, '72.

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. 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. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec.4,'72

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

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney at Law. Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 403, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [jan15

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.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with Brown & Bailey. [Feb.5-1y

K. ALLEN LOVELL. J. HALL MUSSER.

LOVELL & MUSSER, *Attorneys-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. [nov6,'72

P. M. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. Office on Fourth Street, second floor of Union Bank Building. [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.

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.

Hotels.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA. J. H. CLOVER, Prop. April 5, 1871-1y.

WASHINGTON HOTEL, S. S. BOWDOS, Prop'r. Corner of Pitt & Juliana Sts., Bedford, Pa. may1.

Miscellaneous.

OYES! O YES! O YES! The subscriber holds himself in readiness to cry Sales and Auctions at the shortest notice. Having considerable experience in the business he feels assured that he can give satisfaction. Terms reasonable. Address G. J. HENRY, March5-6mos. Saxton, Bedford county, Pa.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, near Broad Top Corner, (second floor,) Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [oct16,72.

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on handand for sale. [ap19,'71-6m

SHIRLEYSBURG ELECTRO-MEDICAL, Hydropathic and Orthopedic Institute, for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases and Deformities. Send for Circulars. Address Drs. BAIRD & GEHRETT, Shirleysburg, Pa. nov27,'72tf]

The Muses' Bower.

Vanity.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one:
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of sombre of shining sand,
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one,
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight,
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
The maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is all wien all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always dreaming the dreamer awakes.

The Story-Teller.

Doctor Spencer's Great Crime.

A STORY TOLD BY A PHYSICIAN.

I was sitting in my office, half dozing over an interminable article on defective nutrition, in the last medical review.

The fire in the grate was low, the night was stormy, and the clock was on the stroke of eleven. I was just about to turn off the gas an retire, for, being a bachelor, I slept in a room connected with my office, when there was a pull at the bell.

I started suddenly, for this was something new. Middlebury was a decorous sort of a place and people usually managed to be take sick at seasonable hours.

Old Mrs. Grome had been threatening to die for the past five years, and at every visit I paid her she solemnly informed me that when the decisive moment did come she desired me to be present. But as nothing ailed the old lady beyond now and then an indigestion from too much high living, I had never yet been called upon to be present after death.

Now, I thought, it must be old Mrs. Jerome is going.

I took up a night lamp and went to the door. A strong gust of damp, sleety wind nearly extinguished the light, but, shading it with my hand, I dimly discerned the form of a woman.

"Come in," said I holding open the door; but she declined with a gesture of impatience.

"You must come out," she said in a sharp, decisive tone; "and be quick about it."

I put on my overcoat without demur, locked the study door, and stepped into the storm. Adjusting the woman laid a firm hand on my arm, and, putting her face close to mine, said:

"Dr. Lockwood, can you keep a secret?"

"I think, so madam."

"Swear it."

"Is this secrecy yours of a professional character? That is, is it any thing you wish to confide to me as a medical man?"

"It is."

"Very well, then, I swear it."

"That is right."

A man respects an oath, though why he should is a mystery, since men's mouths are running over with them.

"Whither are you taking me, and for what purpose?"

"To the Clifton House, to see the mistress."

I started.

Clifton House the old mansion recently taken by Mr. Spencer, a stranger to every one in Middlebury. Spencer was a tall, dark, rather distinguished-looking man, who had hung out his sign in the village, only a few doors above mine; but as yet he had got no practice.

He was unsociable to the extreme, avoiding his neighbors assiduously, and when he did speak it was in such a curt, half-savage way that one was likely to attempt prolonging the conversation.

The doctor had a wife, it was said, but no one ever saw her. She was an invalid, and Miss Melrose, friend of the family, presided over the establishment and sat at the head of the table.

Miss Melrose was beautiful, and won the admiration of all who visited the Clifton House by her grace of manner and her fascinating conversation.

"As we walked," said my companion, "let me explain to you just what it is necessary you should know. My mistress is very ill."

"I beg your pardon, is it Mrs. Spencer or Miss Melrose?"

She laughed, bitterly.

"Miss Melrose! I could stab her to the heart sooner than call her mistress. My mistress! a lady—noble, royal and of gentle birth—it is an honor to serve my mistress."

"And is she ill very long since?"

"Ever since she married him—curse him," she muttered in a fierce tone; "but I must not get excited. I must tell my story, or rather some of it. Two years ago, through the desire of her dying father, Alicia Herndon became James Spencer's wife. Before that she was a healthy, blooming girl; immediately after this marriage she began to fade. Do you see anything strange in that?"

"Not necessarily."

"Let me enlighten further. Dr. Spencer was at one time engaged to Miss Lucille Melrose, but he broke the engagement and married the mistress instead. Miss Melrose was as poor as Job's turkey; Miss Herndon was an heiress, and Dr. Spencer was deeply in debt and hard pressed by his creditors. Do you see anything strange in that?"

"Perhaps. Go on."

"When my mistress married Spencer she was only seventeen, and she had been taught to obey her father in every thing. She was a gentle, affectionate child, and it would have been easy for a lover to win her love. But he did not care for that. It was her money he wanted. It paid his debts and bought fast horses; it set his table with costly dishes, and put it in his power to give Miss Melrose robed like a queen. And all this time my mistress has been slowly but surely sinking; and, look you, Dr. Lockwood, I believe that she is not dying of disease, but of"—she lowered her voice to a whisper as she spoke the word—"poison."

"Impossible! This is a serious charge."

"Of poison given by her husband, who, at her death, will have sole control of her property and be free to wed Miss Melrose. There is no time to explain to you in detail the thousand little circumstances which have led me to this belief, for we are almost at the door, and I never the case that Miss Melrose and her are out at the same time, I shall have called another physician before to-night they are all called away by the death of Miss Melrose's sister, and will not come back until to-morrow. With the consent of my mistress I came for you, and, O, Dr. Lockwood I pray you save my dear mistress. I nursed her when her mother died and left her a helpless infant; all through her innocent youth she was like an own child to me; and now to see her fading hour by hour before my eyes. Good heavens! if you knew beyond doubt that he was guilty, his life should pay the forfeit."

I was already beginning to feel a deep interest in Mrs. Spencer, although I had never seen her, and, like her old nurse I was inclined to feel a great animosity for Dr. Spencer.

Mrs. Spencer received me in her bedchamber. It was on the second floor and was furnished with exquisite elegance.

Everything in the room bespoke the taste and delicacy of the occupant. The warm air was fragrant with the faint odor of heliotrope; and glancing around I saw the purple blossoms and green leaves in an alabaster vase on the ledge of the south window.

She was a woman who, when once seen, could never be forgotten. I have met in my life many beautiful women, but never one so lovely.

She was tall and straight, with purely oval face, liquid-brown eyes, and a dash of hectic in her cheeks, which is never seen in perfect health.

She received me as I know she did everybody, gracefully, and though there was a slight embarrassment in her manner when I spoke of her illness, she answered my professional inquiries without hesitation.

As for myself, I laid aside all false delicacy, and questioned her plainly as to her symptoms. Mrs. Hurd, her nurse remained in the room, and added many little important items of information.

When she spoke of her husband it was with a sort of hopeless sadness, which distressed me greatly.

Not a breath of suspicion against him in her answers to my questions, and I felt sure that at present she knew nothing of what Mrs. Hurd had such serious apprehensions. I was glad that it was so, for, with her finely strung organization, it might have produced serious results. I made my examination of the patient as closely as I could, and drew my own conclusions. I could have sworn that Mrs. Spencer daily swallowed arsenic in small quantities, and the deadly drug was telling fearfully on a constitution never very robust.

She said, in answering my questions, that she had no physician except her husband. He had thought himself better acquainted with her case, and therefore better qualified to treat it. He never let medicine with her to take; he always brought it fresh from his office, and administered it promptly.

There was little enough I could do in such a case. Anxious to do everything, the very circumstances of the affair left me nearly powerless.

A charge of such a nature, of course, I could not make against Dr. Spencer without the amplest proof. If I hinted a suspicion every one would at once set it down to my professional prejudice; and if I could not substantiate my statement the doctor could make me pay dearly for such a slander uttered against him.

The only dependence seemed to be in Mrs. Hurd. To her I unbosomed myself freely. I told her without reserve that I believed Dr. Spencer was killing his wife by slow poison, and besought her to be constantly on the watch to save the victim, and to discover some proof by which we could fasten the guilt upon him.

She smiled grimly, and promised obedience. I gave her a powerful antidote for the poison I suspected, and went home perturbed and anxious in mind. I did not sleep that night, and all the next day I was in a high fever of excitement. A ring at the bell made me tremble—a step on the gravel outside of my office stopped my breath, and I hardly knew what I expected to hear, yet I felt sure that before I slept I should hear something.

And now I must tell the story as it was told to me.

Dr. Spencer returned home the morning after my visit to the Clifton House. He looked wretchedly, the nurse said; appeared gloomy and depressed. Miss Melrose came with him, and was decorously sad over the death of her sister. Women of her stamp always do mourn to perfection. They neither overdo nor underdo the thing, as women of feeling are likely to do.

Dr. Spencer came at once to his wife's chamber. He thought she looked ill, and prescribed a cordial at once, saying that he would go and fetch it.

"You are always ordering cordials for her," said Mrs. Hurd, musingly. "Why not take something yourself? You look like a ghost."

He eyed her very keenly, but replied, composedly:

"I think I will take some of the cordial myself, for I do not feel quite well. Alicia, dear, shall I bring it here and drink your health?"

Mrs. Spencer smiled sadly in assent—she never disputed her husband—and he went out. Presently he returned with two glasses. Both contained liquid, colorless and odorless. Mrs. Hurd was watching him with her heart in her throat, for, as she told me, she felt that the decisive moment had come. There was something in the gray pallor of the doctor's rigid face that told her of a desperate purpose in the man's soul.

He lifted the glass on the right of the tray and gave it to his wife.

"Drink it, dear," he said, "it is apanacea for all evils. I also am going to take a glass of it," and he pointed to a glass still on the tray.

Mrs. Spencer accepted it, and was putting it to her lips, when Mrs. Hurd interrupted:

"If you will bring her a tumbler of water, doctor: Mrs. Spencer complains that the cordial leaves a bad taste in her mouth, and my old bones are so full of rheumatism that it nearly kills me to go down stairs.

The doctor turned, and bent on her a look as if he would read her through. But she kept her face passive. If he had any suspicions her manner quieted them, and putting down the glass he left the room. Then Mrs. Hurd changed the position of the glasses.

When he came back—and he was gone but a moment—the nurse stood just exactly where he had left her, and Mrs. Spencer was lying back in her chair with her eyes closed.

Again he lifted the glass—this time it was the one intended for himself—and placed it at the lips of his wife. She drank the contents, swallowed a little of the water he had brought her, and thanked him in her sad, sweet way.

"Now for my own cordial," said he with affected gayety. "I indulge myself in something a little stronger," and as he spoke he tossed off the mixture.

"It made me stone cold to my fingers' ends to see him do it," said Mrs. Hurd, relating the circumstances to me, "but Heaven is my witness, I felt not a single twinge of conscience. I argued like this: if it was a simple cordial, as he had said, it would do him no harm. If it was poison, his blood would be on his own sinful head."

He went to bed half an hour afterward, complaining of fatigue. In the morning they found him dead.

I was called to the post-mortem examination, and we discovered in the stomach of the deceased a sufficient quantity of the deadliest poison known to modern science to kill half-a-dozen men

My brother physicians agreed that this man was insane, and has probably taken the dose in one of his unsettled fits of mind. I did not dispute them, but, even before Mrs Hurd told her story, I had my own theory in regard to his death.

There was no public exposure, however. Mrs. Hurd and I agreed that it would profit no one to make the wretched affair public, and so we kept our own counsel.

Miss Melrose, in spite of my conviction that she had been an active party in the conspiracy against Mrs. Spencer's life, I could not help pitying. Such a miserable, worn and haggard face as hers I have never seen; and when she was confined to her chamber with brain fever, I attended her in her illness, but although she recovered her health, she never was herself again. She was a harmless maniac whose delight was in gathering flowers and decorating the doctor's grave with them.

She is living still, and she still gathers flowers and lays them on that grave, singing to herself meanwhile a sort of low incantation, which no one ever pretends to understand.

Not until Mrs. Spencer had been many days my wife, and the faithful Mrs. Hurd sleep under the violets, did Alicia ever know the perfidy of her former husband.

And when I told her, after the first shock was over, she crept into my arms and whispered:

"But if it had not been for James' crime I should not have found you, Herbert. So good sometimes does come out of evil."

The Women Folks.

Hints about Hair.

The present fashion of arranging ladies' hair with the profusion of ornamental coils, puffs, and frisses, is exceedingly detrimental to the natural growth of that "crowning glory." The head is overheated with false hair, and the weight of the *coiffure*, which comes upon one spot on the top or crown of the head, drags the hair out, and causes the round bald spot so frequently seen when the ladies are *en dishabille*. The large number of hairpins necessary to fasten the ornamental hair in a manner to give it a natural effect are also injurious to the scalp, breaking off the hair where they are pushed in, and often get tangled in the meshes, so when withdrawn each one will have a snarl attached. In the fashionable mode of dressing, the natural growth is an insignificant part, sometimes more in the way than otherwise, for all the show it makes in the great pyramid that is heaped up in such luxuriance; it is, therefore, neglected and left in a most careless condition. None would ever suppose that long hairs were the growth of years, observing how, in many instances, they are tangled and ruthlessly pulled out. Unless women have a large coil of natural hair, they ignore it entirely, and strive to hide what little they possess by rolling it in a small knot on the back of their heads, to be covered by the false switches. The state of the majority of ladies' hair at the present time is truly lamentable. The front locks are broken and burnt off with crimping and curling with hot irons. The bald spot on top is fast widening its circle; the scalpy head, which is "never seen," is left undisturbed from shampooing, and the hair, which should be silky from brushing and free from snarls, receives no attention save the rough handling necessary to tuck it out of sight.

No one can be neat in person with a dusty scalp or carelessly kept hair. A little hair, when in fine order, is always beautiful. Even if very thin, if it is soft and glossy, and evenly parted on a clean white scalp, it is more attractive than the crimpy, frizzled, half-scorched hair, of which we see so much now a-days. There are occasions when ladies have not time or inclination to dress their heads with false hair. It is then that the real condition of their hair is seen.

It is a very pleasant comfort for most persons to have their heads combed, brushed and gently rubed by dextrous hands. The mother, when fatigued at night, is greatly rested and her headache charmed away by the tender hands of her daughter carefully brushing and arranging her hair. There are many men who derive much pleasure from having their heads shampooed at home, and anticipate the Sunday afternoon's combing as one of the luxuries that cannot be purchased at the barber's. It is an accomplishment that every girl and woman should possess—the knowledge of combing and caring for the hair in a graceful and agreeable manner. Women who selfishly proclaim that they "have no knack of any one's hair," and never allay a headache or promote another's by shampooing his hair, are deformities.

Gray hair always betrays the care the head has received through life. In observing the white heads conspicuous in a congregation, there will be found a marked contrast between those that look as if they were brushed and kept in a silvery, silky, shining condition by the loving hands of some daughter or grandchild, and those presenting a shock of grizzly hairs, looking as if they might have been combed with a three-legged stool

The hair should be thoroughly washed with warm water and Castile soap at least once a month. The color of the water, after the first rinsing, will expose the necessity of this hair bath. To wash and dry the head in a thorough manner without pulling out the hair or causing discomfort to its possessor is an art. Snarls should always be brushed out. Combs in long hair are usually more or less destructive. Soda or borax, which is so generally used in washing the hair, is highly injurious. It destroys the nutrition supplied to the scalp and dries the hair, causing it to break and became unmanageable. To preserve the hair in good condition it should be brushed every night until it is soft and glossy. Rubbing the scalp with a little bay water or weak spirits of any kind will keep it white and free from dandruff. Fine tooth combs should never be used for scratching or cleaning the scalp. They were never invented but for one purpose.

"False" or ornamental hair should be carefully kept to be endurable. The habit of some persons of laying their coils upon the bureau, or hanging them on the gas fixtures at the side of the glass, on removing them from their heads at night, is extremely untidy, as they become dusty and uncleanly from exposure. Switches can be kept in good order for a long time, if well brushed and placed in boxes when not used.

Fashion.

SPRING FABRICS.

Quaintly hued soft woolen stuffs for spring costumes make an attractive display at the retail stores. The materials prescribed for the soft draperies of over dresses are loosely woven rough-surfaced woolens, utterly limp and lustreless; hence smooth, finely twilled French cashmere is gradually giving place to fleecy India camel's-hair and vigogue.

SUMMER CAMEL'S HAIRS

of light quality, fifty inches wide, costs $4 or $5 a yard; from three and a half to four yards are required for a polonaise. The most stylish camel's hair

POLONAISES

have a velvet sash, cuffs, and large buttons, without other trimming, and costs, ready-made, at the furnishing stores, $60; with yak lace they are $80, and less handsome; add clumsy wool embroidery, making them very heavy, and destroying their characteristic plain richness, and the price is $125.

TAMISE CLOTH.

For inexpensive suits there is nothing preferable to tamise cloth, which is merely fine, firm, closely woven delaine like that of years ago. It is in all the tinted gray, olive and peacock shades, is three-fourths wide, and costs from 55 to 75 cents. Twenty yards are sold for a suit; the trimming is folds and flounces of the material piped and faced with silk of the same shade.

THE NEWEST FABRIC FOR POLONAISES

is raw silk with raised rough surface like Turkish towelling. It comes in dark shades for street suits, but is more distinguished-looking on pure white for the summer polonaises of watering-place toilettes; it has also ecru and batiste stripes alternating with white, and Algerian stripes of color with threads of tinsel. A yard and a half wide, it costs from $3.50 to $5 a yard.

THE OPEN-WORKED LACE STRIPES,

that render woolen goods less weighty, were noted early in the season. They are finding favor for over dresses with lovers of variety; but, after all has been said, plain goods are more stylish than stripes or figures, and are the safest purchase for ladies who do not get new garments every season.

THE LACE STRIPE

is prettily introduced in soft repped Sicilienne that is sold for $2.50 a yard in single width, and in a lower quality for $1,50; crape cloth with lace stripes is a fine light fabric in stylish tints, worth $1,25 in three quarter width. Cheaper lace-striped goods of mixed wool and linen or cotton in excellent shades are shown for 60c a yard.

THIN, LIGHT SERGES

of prime quality and delicate colors, with shaded satin stripes, are $1.10 a yard, and 27 inches in width. English twill is the name given the best-appearing mixture of cotton and wool, so closely twilled that it will not fray, and as flexible as cashmere; price 60 to 75 cents. A suit ready-made, with basque and overskirt, is $35.

ENGLISH AMURE,

a similar mixture without twills, is cooler than all wool goods, costs fifty cents a yard, and with care will wear well. The most desirable cheap goods, the best for service; and neat-looking whether in fashion or out, are English glace mohairs that do not shrink or show soil, come in lustrous browns and gray, and cost from 50 to 80 cents a yard. French cashmeres of the old shades, and in narrow three-quarter widths, are 90 cents a yard; in new, quaint tints, $1.25 is the price.

BLACK SUITS.

For those serviceable black suits that most ladies purchase in the spring, wear upon occasions all the year long, and, despite newer fabrics, replace by a similar dress, dainty and fresh, the long-tried materials and jet black alpacas of the buffalo and otter brands, worth from 75 cents to $1.25 for choice qualities. If a more lustrous fabric is preferred, the silk-finished beaver mohair is used, and is lighter for summer wear.

THE TURKISH BRILLIANTINE

is also a very beautiful stuff, rather heavier than the beaver mohair, but equally lustrous in finish. The so-called national machine-made trimmings of these different fabrics, more or less elaborately puffed and fluted, trim them handsomely, and greatly lessen the dressmaker's bill.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Reading for the Million.

All Linked Together.

We are sailing over the ocean in the same ship with a great multitude of the ignorant, and reckless, and profane. We have first-class tickets, and pace the upper deck, with good fare and refined company. We are not inclined to be troubled with a ragged and unruly crowd below. An officer reports one night that there is a serious disturbance among the steerage passengers; some gentlemen from the cabin should go down and endeavor to sooth the angry passions, and win the combatants to peace and sobriety. The gentlemen decline; the quarrelsome creatures are down in the hold, and we have cabin tickets; our births are comfortable—are all that we can desire. Your berths are good, gentlemen, and your tickets cannot be challenged; but if these fellows in the hold should scuttle the ship, what would your first-class tickets do for you? The Lord who bought us has a mighty meaning in his word, "The poor ye have always with you"—a meaning for us as well as the poor. This globe floating through space is like a ship on the sea. Some of us have comfortable berths and first-class tickets, but we will sail in the same boat with a great multitude who are needy and uneasy, a great multitude whose aggregate discontent might any day explode if an accidental spark should fall on it.

WHEN men are called into the Christian life they do not come in as experts and veterans; they come in as recruits to be drilled, and all their campaign lies before. The victory of our faith is gained step by step; and the great personal epochs in our history are those in which the good principle, after severe conflict, gains ascendency over the evil that is in us.

A Hint to Mothers.

How many times one hears a mother coax and urge her baby to say words when somehow he has made up his mind he won't, or, if he has not made up his mind, the coaxing causes him to! Ordinarily the baby says the one word of his vocabulary readily; but this time the company before whom he is being displayed, makes him bashful or diffident, and he does not say it when first asked. Then is the time for the mother to stop. If she urges him in such a case, when he is not inclined to talk, it will only induce a habit of setting his will in opposition to hers; a habit that will "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength," and will become obstinacy.

Now, of course, she cannot reason with him; and there is no more moral wrong in his refusal than in refusing his milk when he is not hungry, But this, like all childhood, is seed-time. Much may be done almost from earliest infancy, by inducing, unconsciously to the child, habits of obedience, and preventing their opposites—thus making the afterway far easier for both child and mother. A contest with a child can generally be prevented, and ought to be. Temporal and external obedience may be obtained by it, in some cases—though not always even that—but at what a fearful cost! Not only of suffering, but affection and confidence between child and parent, are never the same with as without it, "breaking the will," as it is called, instead of training it, is a dire mistake. There can be no self-governing force, nosta bility of character, without a resolute, well-directed will. The young tree, you know, must be pruned—never broken. The colt must be trained by gentle firmness, not severity. And immortal souls and human hearts need no less care and watchfulness.

The Modern Devil.

"The 'Modern Devil' is made the title of an editorial leader in one of the religious weeklies, which describes Milton's Lucifer in the terms most applicable to a man of the world. "The Modern Devil," says the writer, "has risen above old-fashioned Puritanism and provincial strictness. He means business, and knows just what is practical and how to take men as they are. He is troubled no longer by high-strung theories and foolish sentimentalities. He knows easier ways of getting a living than by the sweat of his brow or any regular occupation. He has found out how convenient it is, instead of burdening one's self with the care of a family to live on the European plan. To-day he appears as a wit whose sparkling sentences would turn holiness into a laughing stock. To-morrow he figures as a novelist whose voluptuous description and too realistic delineation of all that is bad in life stimulate unholy passions and callous all delicate sensibility. Here his gilded saloons and flaring posters flaunt in the public eye; there you are handed his private advertisements addressed to the afflicted, and when at last you see him square in the face you recognize him as some old acquaintance of solid respectibility or as some eminent personage of hitherto unsuspected probity."

A Little Girl's Reproof.

An army officer on returning home from camp-life, went to visit a relative, and, like some who imitate their associates, he indulged in profane language. A little girl walked out with him to his horse, and as he was talking to her in great glee, she gently said:

"I don't like to hear my cousin swear."

He replied, "I know, my dear, it is wrong."

In the same mild tone she rejoined, "Well, then, if you know it is wrong, why do you do it?"

The captain told a friend he never felt a reproof so much as the one given by the little child. He had good reason to feel it, for he deserved it. The old verse says:

"Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise."

That couplet is a good one to remember. Swearing is a senseless habit. If anything has gone wrong, swearing will not make it right. Besides, it is a direct violation of one of the commandments.

The First Thousand Dollars.

The first thousand dollars that a young man honestly earns, and saves over and above his expenses while earning it, will ordinarily stamp upon his mind and character two of the most important conditions of success in after life—industry and economy. It is far better for him that he should earn the first thousand dollars than that it should be given him. If he earns it, he knows what it is worth, since it represents to him a very considerable amount of effort. If he saves it, while earning a much larger sum, he acquires thereby the habit of economy. Neither of these valuable lessons is taught by a pure gift. On the whole, it is no serious disadvantage to a young man to begin life poor. Most persons who become rich in this country were once poor; and in their poverty they gained habits from the stern necessity of their conditson, which in the sequel resulted in riches. Those who are born with silver spoons in their mouths and spend their early years in idleness and prodigality, seldom amount to as much as men in the practical business of life.

Keep the Heart Alive.

The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeaver more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract those feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new friendship every day; to increase my circle of intimates—these are very different affairs. But I find it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can which is amiable and lovable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. It may fall very short of what I was once wont to dream of; it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt and tasted; but it is better than nothing. It seems to keep the feelings and affections in exercise; it keeps the heart alive in its humanity and till we shall be all spiritual, this is alike our duty and our interest.—*The Moravian.*

WHICH of the Feejee islands are you from?" asked a visitor of one of Barnum's cannibals the other day. "Tipperary bedad," was the reply of the ravenous antoro pophaginian."

As when the storm arises the good mariner is known, so in affliction God's children are easily known from Satan's servants.

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

Very singular—One.

Bound to rise—The sun.

Going to grass—Hay seed.

A babe is a mother's anchor.

Live up to your engagements.

Nothing that is true can ever die.

Earn money before you spend it.

Hop merchants—Dancing masters.

Kindness is stronger than the sword.

Children are the to-morrow of society.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

Declaration of Independence—An emphatic no.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

An early settler—One who pays his bills promptly.

Fortunate mistake—Marrying a miss with a fortune.

What is hope? The sleep of people who are wide awake.

Compulsory education—Forced to learn a trade in the penitentiary.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

Tennessee thinks once in six years is enough for a Legislature to meet.

The notes that compose favorite tunes—Bank notes; they make for-tunos.

The *Congregationalists* think that "the coming woman comes faster and faster"

A bad marriage is like an electric machine. It makes you dance, and you can't let go.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of the mind.

Venison is plenty only in the winter, but dear meat is to be found all the year round.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it he is superior.

Repentance without amendment is like continual pumping in a ship without stopping the leaks.

Florida lemon squeezers have to be made so as to accommodate eight inch in diameter specimens.

Sargent wears black since he became Senator, out of compliment to his predecessor Coal.

The ladies do their hair up so high now that they have to stand on something to put on their hats.

The memory, like a friend, loves to be trusted, and seldom fails to reward the confidence reposed in it.

Every one's life lies within the present, for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

Though a state of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence leads to inevitable destruction.

Not he who guesses, though he guesses aright, says Youmans, is to be adjudged the discover, but he who demonstrates the truth.

"Just thirty years ago," as the novelists have it, the earth in Tennessee was covered with snow from ten to fourteen inches in depth.

A medical student of some promise defined the much talked of "foot and mouth disease" as a combination of chilblains and toothache.

Two chiefs of the Winnebagoes are on their way to Washington to remonstrate against the removal of their tribe from Wisconsin.

Railroad train despatchers play with trains as they would with men on a chess board, only a bit more carefully. They are always making moves.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform; they are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

Vermont forgets all the hardships of the past winter in jubilation over its maple sugar season, and cheerfully asks, "what's the odds so long as it's happy?"

The signal men on Mount Washington send word that they were enjoying themselves and leading a pleasant and important life with some dogs, cats, and raccoons.

Fourteen years ago, fourteen black bass were placed in the Potomac river at Cumberland as an experiment, and now that river affords the best black bass fishing on the continent.

A Kansas liquor dealer tacks up his business cards in the pews of the churches, and inserts them in the hymn-books and other localities where they will catch the eyes of the people.

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man, but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

Ex-Gov. A. B. Moore died at Macon, on the morning of the 5th inst. He was Governor of Alabama when the State seceded. Of irreproachable character and of the highest virtues he was universally beloved and honored.

Two children, aged eight and eleven years, residing at Harrisburg, conceived the idea of visiting their brother in New York, and started on their journey. They were intercepted at Lancaster and sent to their parents.

We are inclined to believe that women are going for the polls in dead earnest, from the fact that of nine married men talking politics in a Danbury grocery on Saturday evening, seven were entirely bald.—*Danbury News.*

It is said that the stockholders of the New York *Tribune*, when they put up their new building, will leave Horace Greeley's sanctum exactly as it was when he died, so that it may in future be a sort of journalistic shrine.

An Irishman's will: "I will and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget all my property without reserve, and to my eldest son Patrick one half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left it may go to Terence M'Carty."

A bright little boy hearing his father say that a man ought to "stick to his business," emptied a bottle of mucilage in the old gentleman's office chair. The old man says he has not been stuck so badly since 1858, and rewarded his offspring by taking him on a whaling trip to the back cellar.

A new volcano has been discovered in California, about seventy-five miles from Moleje, a town in Lower California, situated on a bay of the same name. More than twenty vent holes are reported, from which smoke is emitted in jets. Earthquakes have been rather common in Moleje for several years past, and now it is believed they have had their origin in this newly discovered volcano.

For the Little Folks.

Captain Snarley.

His right name is Wilfred Henry Alton, but he does not get called by it very often. When he is good, and pleasant and sweet, his mamma and grandma call him Birdie, and Sunbeam, but when he is naughty he is called Captain Snarley; and his name suits him very well at such times.

One morning he came down stairs looking like Captain Snarley. Just as soon as his mamma looked at him she knew it was Captain Snarley, but she smiled and said:

"Good morning, dear, how do you do this bright day?"

Wilfred put his finger in his mouth. "I dess I've dot a headache," he said.

"Have you? I'm very sorry, said mamma. "Where does it ache?"

"Way round be back of it," snarled the Captain.

"I guess you slept too long," said his mother. "You will feel better when you are washed and dressed and have your hair combed."

So she brought his striped stockings and the little slippers with rosettes, and a new plaid frock, which she had finished only yesterday. But, oh, how he snarled and fussed all the time she was dressing him.

And when she was curling his hair he cried out loud enough to be heard in the next house, and the lady there said, "I guess Mrs. Alton has got Captain Snarley over to her house."

When his mother had made him look nice and neat, she said, "Now come and have your breakfast."

But the naughty little boy growled, "I don't fink I tan eat anything 'cept a piece of mince pie."

"I have not any mince pie in the house," said his mother, "and you know I never let you eat it for breakfast. Here is some nice bread and milk in your little china bowl, and the cookies grandma sent you."

"If I tan't have some mince pie I tan't eat anything," said Captain Snarley.

"Very well," said mamma. So she put the things away, and sat down to her sewing.

Wilfred pulled his little rocking chair near the fire, and sat a long time scowling at the stove. Presently he began to kick with his foot. He knew his mother disliked the noise, but he did not care. She did