The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 48. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1873. NO. 17.

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	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	24 00	36 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, hree 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–ly.

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

Miscellaneous.

O YES! 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. S. 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 hand and 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, nov-27,'72tf] Shirleysburg, Pa.

The Muses' Bower.

The Flight of the Birds.

O wise little birds, how do you know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether piped they;
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever he maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth ye:
Would that I might as trusting be!
—*Scribner's Monthly.*

[Selected for the JOURNAL.]

No Sect in Heaven.

Talking of *sects* till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream,
Watching the souls, as they onward move,
Over the waves, to the realms above.

A crowd of mere *formalists* first came down,
Each sure to himself of a heavenly crown,
Because baptised and regenerate so,
Made a child of God and redeemed from woe,
Resting their hopes on what forms had done,
Instead of by faith, upon Christ alone,
Onward they pressed without doubt or fear,
When a voice from above cried loud and clear:
"No outward rite, or mere empty form,
Can ever a sinner to Christ conform;
Mere water from out the baptismal bowl,
Is powerless to wash away sin from the soul;
Whoever these gates would enter in
Must by the Spirit be cleansed from sin;
Be renewed in heart—like the saviour be,
Or he never the world of light can see!"
And as these words, in upper air,
A flaming sword was seen waving there,
And away—away, from the shining shore,
It drove *them* back, to return no more.

A *Romanist* next to the river strayed,
Who all his life to the saints had prayed;
To the priest had looked, to the Virgin clung,
As though all his hopes upon her were hung;
But his near approach to the rolling stream
Dispersed the mists of his Popish dream,
And the wooden cross which he thus far bore
He speedily dropped as he reached the shore.
In the light which from over the river shone,
I saw him look unto Christ alone;
To Him, in his hour of need, he cried,
And thus safely passed to the other side,
While "Popes," and "Councils," and "Church," forever
Floated away on the rolling river.

An *Episcopalian*, next, drew nigh,
When a voice addressed him out of the sky:
"Good pilgrim, stop, when you cross this tide
You must leave your robes on the other side."
But, set in his way, he did not mind,
And his gown still floated out behind,
And on to the stream his way he took,
With both his hands clasping a gilt-edged book,
"I'm going to heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my book of 'Common Prayer;'
And though I may wear a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."
So he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And though struggling hard, he tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain,
I saw him, soon, on the other side,
But his gown was floating away on the tide,
And his written prayers to the winds were given,
For he felt no wish for such forms in heaven;
And no one asked in that blissful spot
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Next down to the river a *Quaker* strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made,
"My coat and my hat must be all of gray,
And wear them I must on my heavenward way."
So he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in,
And his broad-brimmed beaver he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white;
But a strong wind carried away his hat,
And a moment he wistfully gazed at that;
And then, as he looked to the further shore,
His coat slipped off and was seen no more,
As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quickly sailing away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim;
And the dress of the soul, he found, was there,
The only dress for which angels care.

A *Scotchman*, next, with King David's Psalms,
Clasping them tight in his aged arms,
Believing t'would be an unheard-of thing
If the ransomed in heaven aught else should sing.
But I heard him heave an anxious sigh
As he saw the river run broad and high;
And astonished he looked, as, like a stone,
The book of his "Psalms" in the waves went down;
And he found that, in heaven, the countless throng
Sing *only*, and *ever*, the Lamb's *new song*.

Next came, with serious, solemn look,
A *Wesleyan*, holding his Methodist "Book."
In the fullness of faith through the waves he pressed,
Looking upward, with joy, to his coming rest;
But he saw, as he turned his glance below,
That the water had soaked his "Discipline" through;
And that next, on the river, far and wide
It floated away on the rolling tide,
While the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his "Discipline," up to the throne,
Forever assured, in that blessed place,
That he never again should fall from grace.

Two saints came next to the river's brink,
But one from the other appeared to shrink,
And as they were passing along the way,
I heard the one to the other say:
"I fear, indeed, that you've not, my friend,
Rightly attained unto life's great end;
You've had but a *few* drops on your brow,
While I have been plunged, as you'll see me now,
And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close-communion,' to cross with you;
You're going, I grant; to the world of bliss,
But do you go *that* way, and I'd go *this*."
So straightway plunging, with all his might,
Away to the left, and his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But I saw that *together* they entered in—
The light of eternity making it plain
That plunging, or scrambling, alike, is vain;
That the water itself was but meant to be
The emblem of inward purity;
That the mode is nothing—the only flood
That can cleanse from sin is the Saviour's blood.

And, now, where the river is rolling high,
A *Presbyterian Church* drew nigh,
The Bible each right hand firmly grasped,
While "confessions of Faith" in the left they clasped;
Their leaders were marked with thought profound,
And intellect high with love seemed crowned,
"Elected," they said, and with holy fear
They were all determined to "persevere."
But concerning the road, it was hard to agree,
The *old* way, or *new* way, which it could be;
And the sound of debate, oft long and loud,
Came up to my ears from the moving crowd;
"You're in the *old* way;" "you're in the *new*;"
"That is the false;" and "this is the true;"
Without for a moment pausing to think
That both would lead to the river's brink,
I watched them all in my curious dream
Till they came to the borders of the stream;
And there, just as I thought, the two ways met,
And though there were many disputing yet,
Still, as they went in, the rolling tide
Bore them all over side by side.
Side by side, for the way was one,
And so the long journey of life was done,
And the crown, through the cross, was forever won.

And besides all these was a countless band
Gathered to Christ out of every land;
Heathen, from nations scattered afar,
Looking, by faith, unto Bethlehem's star;
Jews, now seeing in Christ alone
The only Messiah for sin to atone;
Skeptics—believing in the Holy One;
Thomases—doubting forever gone;
Timothys—steadfast, in faith, through the word;
Peters—no longer denying their Lord;
Marthas—now anxious and troubled no more;
Marys—still pressing, in love, to the shore;
Children, by thousands, from every land;
Women, in throngs; a countless band,
First in sorrow, by sin undone,
But first, in crowds, to the cross to come,
Counting all "isms" and theories vain,
All but a loss for the "endless gain;"
Humble, faithful, glowing with love,
Always ready for realms above,
Having no fears for the swelling tide,
Longing to pass to the other side.
All these, in my dream, I saw go o'er,
Safely, by faith, to the other shore;
No sign of the sects any longer there,
As they breathe the breath of the upper air;
No forms, no crosses, no books have they,
No robes of silk, and no suits of gray,
No confessions of faith, no books of prayer,
No psalms in metre, for worship there;
No name but the name of Christ alone
Do they know or acknowledge before the throne;
But there, robed in white, they all wear the dress
Of a Saviour's perfect righteousness;
And with but one voice, the whole vast throng
Sing *only*, and *ever*, THE LAMB'S NEW SONG.

The Story-Teller.

"I WILL IF YOU WILL."

THE Kay House is a pleasant little hotel, standing half way up the side of the mountain in New Hampshire.

In the parlor there, one July evening, were four people—Mrs. St. John and her daughter Elly, Miss Emily May and Mr. Millburn. As Elly St. John went to the piano, these two last slipped out on the balcony, and stood listening as Elly sung:

"Could we forget, could we forget!
Oh that Lethe were running yet,
The past should fade like a morning dream,
In a single drop of the holy stream.
Ah! we know what you would say,
But we are too tired to hope or pray;
For, hurt with carelessness, jar and fret,
Body and soul cannot forget.

"Can they forget, will they forget
When they shall reach the boundary set,—
When with the final pang and strain
They are parted never to meet again?
Ever to them shall rest be given,
Senseless in earth, or happy in Heaven?
That which has been it might be yet
If we could only learn to forget;
But the stars shall cease to rise and set,
And fall from Heaven ere we forget."

Elly sung with an intensity and pathos which borrowed none of its force from within, for she was a good-natured, inconsequent sort of girl, who had never had a trouble in her life. The gift of musical expression is often quite independent of feeling or experience. Elly's music hurt Emily cruelly, and stirred and roused the old sorrow which had but just begun to fall asleep for a little. She had loved fondly and deeply a man who had grown tired of her and left her, because he was greatly her inferior.

Much as she suffered, I rejoiced when her engagement with Lewis Leighton was broken. I had known Lewis from his earliest childhood, and I had always disliked him as a selfish, conceited sprig. The last I heard of him, he had turned Catholic, and joined the Jesuits; and I only hope he got well snubbed during his novitiate. Had Miss May married him, her disappointment would have been unspeakably greater than it was. As she leaned over the balcony while Elly sung, and looked out into shadows and starlight, her heart was wrung as with the first anguish of loss, the sickening sense of her own blind infatuation. "Oh God!" she said to herself, "when will the bitterness of this death be past?" Then she became conscious that Mr. Millburn was speaking to her; but he had more than half finished what he had to say before she realized that he was asking her to be his wife.

He spoke at a very unfortunate moment. He and Emily had been very good friends that summer. They had wandered in the woods, ascended Mount Washington, and been to Glen Ellis together. She had liked him, but she never dreamed of him as a lover, and when he presented himself in that light she was shocked, and startled, and a little provoked.

"Oh hush!" she said sharply. "I never can be—never!"

"Do you then dislike me so much?" said Evert Millburn, trying very hard to speak very quietly.

"No," she said, making an effort to collect her thoughts. "I have liked you—you have been good to me; but all the love I had to give is dead and buried, and there is no resurrection."

He made no answer; but she felt that she had hurt him.

"I am very sorry," she faltered; "I never meant—"

"I understand," he said quickly. "It is no one's fault but my own. Good-night." And they touched hands and parted.

Evert went up to his own room, where his friend, Dick Bush, was sitting in the dark. Dick was a boy of nineteen. He had been trying to work his way through college, and had worn himself out in the effort, and Mr. Millburn had brought him to the mountains for his vacation. Dick made a hero of Evert, and he had been mortally jealous of Emily May.

"Dick," said Mr. Millburn, after a little "we will go over to the Glen to-morrow."

And then Dick understood the case, and mentally abused Miss May as "a cold-hearted flirt," which epithet she did not in the least deserve.

Evert and Dick went away early in the morning. Emily heard the stage drive away, and turned her face to her pillow, and thought bitterly of the horrible perverseness of things in this world.

She knew that Evert was good, and manly, and sensible. He was in a fair way to win reputation at the bar, and, if not just handsome, was attractive and gentlemanly.

"There are dozens who would be proud and happy to accept his love; and nothing would do but that he must throw it away on me," thought Emily impatiently. "But it's never worth while to pity men very much. They mostly get over their troubles very easily, if there is no money lost." From which it may be inferred that Miss May was perhaps a bit of a cynic.

Emily May lived with her mother, in an inland town in New York. She had a little property of her own, and, with what she could earn by her pen, she managed to dress herself, pay for a summer's journey now and then, and keep her own house over her head.

It was her way to look after her sick neighbors, poor or not, to visit, now and then, at the hospital and the county house, and do what her hands found to do. She made no fuss, and laid down no rules, and was under no ecclesiastical "direction" in particular; but I am inclined to think she was as useful and far more agreeable, than if she had made herself hideous in a poke bonnet, and committed mental suicide.

When her holiday was over that summer, she came home, and settled quietly down to her work.

She was busy at her desk, one day in October, when a carriage drove rapidly up the street, and stopped at the door, and Dick Bush jumpped hurriedly out, and rang the bell. Emily went to the door herself, upon which Dick's hurry seemed suddenly to subside; and when he came into the parlor, he appeared to find great difficulty in expressing himself, and Emily, greatly wondering, asked after his friend Mr. Millburn.

Dick's tongue was loosed.

"Oh, Miss May," he said, with a shaking voice, Evert is dying."

"Where? How?" said Emily, startled, and sincerely sorry.

Now Dick had been rather melo-dramatically inclined. He had meant to act like a hero of a lady's novel, and administer a severely inflexible reproof to the woman who had trifled with Evert; but in Miss May's presence he found this plan impracticable, and wisely refrained.

"He went out shooting with a fool of a boy, and he, the boy, fired wild, and Evert was badly hurt, and fever set in; and oh! Miss May he keeps asking for you, and he won't be quiet; and the doctor said, if you could you ought to come, for it might make a difference. There's his note, and Mrs. Millburn's."

The doctor wrote, succinctly, that considering the state of the case, Miss May's presence might possibly keep the patient quieter, which was all important. Mrs. Millburn's note was an incoherent blotted epistle, begging this unknown young lady to come and save her boy.

Emily could not refuse; her mother hurried her off, and in two hours she was seated beside Dick, on her way to Springfield. Her reflections were not pleasant. Every one would talk, and suppose there was a romance. Elly St. John would be sure to know about it, and Elly was such a little chatter-box; and to try to make a mystery of the matter would be still worse.

Then she said "nothing to wear." And how should she get along with Evert's mother and sister? And who would take the Bible class on Sunday? And what was to become of her little book promised for "the spring trade?"

"I dare say its all nonsense his wanting me," she thought. "People never mean what they say in fever. I remember Pat Murphy insisting that he would have a hippopotamus "handy in the house;" and if Mr. Millburn comes to himself, how horrible embarrassing it will be!"

On the whole, Miss May's feelings were rather those of vexation than of romance.

They rode all night, and when Emily reached the door of the handsome old-fashioned house in Springfield, she was conscious of "looking like a fright," and wished herself anywhere else.

The door was no sooner opened than she was embraced by a little old lady in black, and a pretty girl in an elegant morning dress. Both were in tears, and had evidently been for some time on the verge of hysterics; and Emily at once set them down as "the sort of women who are never of any use."

"Oh, my dear! It is so good of you! So very good of you!" said Mrs. Millburn.

"I am sure you will be his guardian angel," said sentimental Katty.

"Not at all. Mr. Millburn and I were very good friends, and I shall be very glad if I can do him any good," said Emily, in a very matter-of-course tone and then the doctor made his appearance, and begged her to come up stairs.

"If he could keep quiet, there might be a chance for him," said the doctor; "but so much depends on nursing"—and the doctor ended with an expressive silence. Evert was moaning and sobbing, and begging that some one would send Emily May with "one drop of water."

The nurse, who, to Emily's critical eyes looked anything but capable, was fussing over him in a way that was enough in itself to drive a sane person mad. Emily poured out a goblet of water with a steady hand, and as the ice tinkled against the side of the glass she held it to his lips.

"There is water," she said, in her ordinary sweet, cheery voice. "Now if you will try to be quiet, I will stay with you."

She could not tell whether he recognized her or not, but the nervous, feverish distress and excitement seemed in some measure to subside; and, after a time, he was comparatively quiet.

Now nursing a wounded man in a fever sounds very romantic in a novel; but, in its real details, it is anything but a romantic business.

Emily May, at Evert Millburn's bedside, felt herself in an entirely false position; but she took care of him, for there was nothing else to be done. The nurse went off in a huff with Miss May and the doctor, and Mrs. Millburn and Hatty could only cry and rustle about, and overset things with their dresses. Evert would grow restless as soon as Emily left him, so that the charge, in spite of herself, fell into her hands.

Happily Mrs. Millburn and Hatty were not jealous. On the contrary, they admired Emily extremely, and were very grateful and affectionate.

Before the end of the week, Evert came to himself.

"I have dreamed you were here," he said, with a faint smile. "Now I see it is you, and no phantom."

The delirium had gone, but the doctor said nothing encouraging. Evert insisted on hearing the exact truth; and learned at last that he might possibly live a few days, but not longer.

Then, to Emily's wonder and dismay, Evert entreated that, for the little time there was remaining, she would take his name. His heart was set on this idea, and he pleaded, for what seemed such a useless boon, with a vehemence that seemed likely to hasten the last moments. Mrs. Millburn and Hatty seconded the petition with tears, and were sure that "darling Emily" would not refuse dear Evert's last request.

Emily did what nine women out of ten would have done in the same case, and consented.

"What harm can it do?" she thought, "it is only a mere form, but it gives me the right to be with him to the end, and will prevent any talk; and he is so good, and has loved me so well; and if it comforts him now to think that my name will be Millburn instead of May, why should I refuse?" And then it crossed her mind that a widow's cap would be very becoming to her, and she hated herself because this silly notion had come to her unbidden, and twisted up her hair tight and plain, and went to meet the clergyman in her old black mohair, which had become considerably spotted down the front in the course of her nursing.

The rite was made as short as possible, and then Mrs. Millburn sent every one away, and for two days the bride stood over the bridegroom, and fought against death till she was ready to faint.

The doctor gave up the patient entirely, and ceased to do anything; and, as sometimes happens in like cases, he took a turn for the better; and slowly the balance trembled, the scale inclined, and life had won.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the doctor, "your wife has saved your life."

Evert turned his head on the pillow, and looked for Emily; but she had slipped away into the next room, where she sat down, feeling, for the first time, with a strange shock, that she was actually married.—What should she do? What could she say? How could she tell Evert, after all that she had only come to him as she would have gone to Pat Murphy, if he had sent for her, and consented to that marriage rite as she had lent her silver candlesticks to hold Father Flanagan's blessed candles when Judy Murphy died?

The doctor went down stairs; and presently Mrs. Millburn and Hatty came to her, and overwhelmed her with embraces and gratitude, and a *point applique* set, and fragmentary talk about her "things," and proposals to send for her mother, all mingled together. Emily resolutely put away thought for the time, put she could not help feeling, in an odd surprised way, that she was not unhappy, and despised herself for having a sort of ashamed, furtive interest in those "things," which Mrs. Millburn and Hatty were longing to provide.

A week after that day, Evert was allowed to sit up in his easy chair, white and wan enough, but with a look of returning health and life. Emily was sitting almost with her back to him, looking out into the tossing leafless branches of the great elm.

"Emily," said Mr. Millburn, at last.

"Yes," she answered quietly, but she did not turn her head.

"Emily, I did not mean to get well."

No answer from Mrs. Millburn.

"I know how much you must feel what has happened. Believe me, I will take no advantage of your goodness; I will set you free as soon as I can. My only wish is to spare you trouble; I will take all blame on myself. I know you are longing to be away; and why should I delay what must come at last? I dare say Dick and Mrs. Macy, the nurse, can do all I need now."

"Oh, if you prefer Mrs. Macy's attendance, I am sure it is nothing to me," said Emily, in a remarkably cross manner.

"You are angry with me, but there need be no difficulty, dear. You came away from home so hurriedly that it would be perfectly natural for you to return to your mother now."

But here, to Evert's dismay, Emily hid her face, and began to cry in quite a passionate and distressful fashion. Evert rose with difficulty, and went to her,—it was not more than three steps.

"Do you want to kill yourself?" she said through her sobs, and she took hold of him and made him sit down, and then turned away, and laid her head on the window seat.

"What can I do?" he said distressed.

"It's too bad! Oh, it's *too* bad!" she said in the most unreasonable way.

"I know it Emily. You are as free as though no word had ever passed between us. Do you want to go to day? I will make it easy for you with mother and Hatty," he said, with a pang.

She went on crying, and then in a minute she said, in a most incoherent fashion.

"I—I *didn't* think I was so *very* disagreeable." The words dropped out one by one between her sobs. "But, of course, if you don't want me—"

"Emily! What do you mean? *Will* you stay? Will you really try to care for me?" he asked, with a sudden light in his eyes.

"I don't know. I—did think—as matters are, we might try to make the best of it," she said in the faintest whisper, while the color ran to her fingers' end.

"You will?"

"I will if you will," said Mrs. Millburn, with a sweet, shy smile.

And she kept her word.—*From the Aldine for April.*

Reading for the Million.

Brigham Young's Retirement.

What the public sentiment of a whole nation has not been able to affect has been wrought by the process of time. The retirement of BRIGHAM YOUNG from the political and the ecclesiastical primacy of Mormonism converts him at once from a disturber of our present politics and our present churches into a historical character. Whether we regard him as a spiritual heresiarch or as a political dictator we shall find him equally a remarkable figure. We elsewhere give an account of his life, and an estimate of the influence it has had upon the singular theocracy by which alone it will be remembered. And there can be no doubt that for the standing Mormonism has won for itself among the religions of the world, and the community of Utah among the nations of the world, the praise or the blame is to be ascribed to YOUNG alone. Up to the time of his accession to the headship of it the Church of the Latter-day Saints was "a feeble folk" wandering hither and thither without rest. The heap of ghastly ruins which remains upon that bleak bluff which overhangs the upper Mississippi and still bears the name of Nauvoo may be considered the monument of Joseph Smith. It is a monument of failure only. The capital of Utah, around which was put down in the geographies of our childhood as the "Great American Desert" now blossoms as the rose, and which furnishes an example of thrift and of order that shames older capitals where fanes of purer faiths are reared, is the monument of Brigham Young. It has grown up from nothing in the thirty years since the reins of the Mormon Church and the Mormon state were given into his hands. This is a moment of success as men count success, as Nauvoo was a monument of failure and of brilliant achievement whereas Nauvoo gives evidence only of weak and baffled attempt. During the interval Mormonism has been subjected to severer test than any applied to it under the prophetship of Smith. A gang of Illinoisan rowdies was sufficient to bring it to nothing then. The military power of the Federal Government has been brought against it since in vain. For Johnston's expedition, which was really set on foot for the extirpation of Mormonism, succeeded neither in that object nor in its ostensible object of reducing the Mormons into subjection to the laws of the United States which had been passed to abate their special and superior pretensions. Mormonism, in spite of military expeditions fitted out under Democratic administrations, and of the clap-trap "platforms" laid down avowedly for the guidance of Republican administrations, is stronger now than it has been at any time in its history before. The very retirement of Young is a proof of his confidence in the stability of the state which he has founded. It is true that he is seventy-two years old, and that for thirty years he has borne the brunt of the Mormon cause. But he has given no reason to anybody to suppose that he would prefer his ease now to the commonwealth which he has reared if he did not suppose it could be safely left to itself. His resignation of the conduct of Mormonism is a defiance in its behalf of all that man can do to it. We think his confidence is unfounded, for the reason that the Pacific railroads will bring Mormonism into the contact which for thirty years it has shunned with the outer world. To doubt the result would be to doubt that our religious and civil policy is better suited to the wants of Americans in our day than the religious and civil policy of the Mormons. But, whatever the decision on that point may be, or however soon it may be rendered, the fact remains that Mormonism, as Brigham Young has made it, is one of the most remarkable of the social phenomena of our modern world.—*N. Y. World.*

Curiosities of Vision.

In order to have distinct vision and the power for estimating the distance of one object from another under water, the magnifying lens of the eye of aquatic animals must necessarily be much more convex than inland animals.

A fish sees in the air just as we do in opening our eyes under water—indistinctly. Submarine explorers are provided with glasses which meet the emergency.

Seals, frogs, terrapin, crocodiles and water birds, that seek prey alternately in air and water, possess a marvellous mechanical provision for varying the optic axis in passing from one medium to another. Human eyes, having no such adjustable apparatus, meet the emergency by a lens outside, as in wearing glasses.

No individual organ has been more profoundly studied, nor is any department of science better understood than optics, yet the sense of vision is not in the eye, but far back in the brain. The eye is simply a receiving instrument, like a spyglass, directed by the will, through which the conscious soul contemplates what is beyond. Through those organs the mind holds intercourse with the world. Yet with such facts for guidance, based on possitive demonstrations, philosophers have not been able to explain how the mind operates on the optic mechanism to see.

Insects are abundantly provided with motionless eyes, but they see without brains. They have ganglionic nervous centres, and so have we, but vision has its location in certain white tubercles. Spiders, flies, bugs, even mosquitos, with the nicest kind of distinct vision, both microscopic and telescopic, have nothing like a brain.

Slander.

It seems a little thing to slander our neighbor; to repeat all the harm we have heard of him, to whisper away reputation, and to stab in the dark. Yet it is a great thing to him, though a small thing to us. We can never know the amount of repeating all the harm of him that we have heard. The human heart is prone to slander, and we would watch ourselves carefully when we find that we are about to speak ill of our neighbors. We heard a lady once say, "I make it a rule never to repeat anything bad that I hear of another! I am resolved that I will never take part in injuring any one." What a wise resolve! Would that all made it the golden rule of their life. How much misery would be spared, how much more kindly would be our intercourse with each other. Why, the world would be like Eden without the serpent. But instead of hiding the evil that we have heard, how eagerly we spread it; how we gloat over the story; how glad we are to pour it into the ears which open so gladly to receive it. Deprive us of that great staple of conversation, slander, and some of us would be at a loss what to talk about. Would that we were only as anxious to tell the good we know of our acquaintances as we are to tell the bad; what a charming thing society really would be. There are people to whom slander is the very breath of their life; social spiders, hideous and venomous insects, and in darkness they weave their webs of detraction. They are a curse to society, a danger to their friends, and a disgrace to themselves.

Playing Indian.

A New York man is very much annoyed because his two boys have read so many Indian stories that they have gone wild with anxiety to play Indian, and to go out on the prairies hunting for the real noble red man. The man was taking a nap, after dinner in his easy chair, when he was waked by an alarming noise and a strange sensation in his head. He jumped up suddenly and found that one of his boys, dressed in a red table-cloth, and with his nose decorated with blue paint, was trying to scalp his father with a carving knife, while the other boy, attired in a blanket shawl and a rooster feather, flourishing a hatchet and emitted war whoops from behind a thicket composed of two chairs and a card table. The man determined to put a stop to this kind of thing. So next day, while the boys were playing with bows and arrows in the garden he dressed himself in Indian costume, and jumped over the fence with a wild, unearthly yell; for the purpose of frightening those children.

The oldest boy, however, stood his ground, and drawing an arrow, to the head of which was inserted a tenpenny nail, he buried it in the chieftain's leg before he took to flight. That night the father walked up stairs on a crutch and flogged the family all round before he sent them to bed. He is thinking now of some other way to effect a cure of the sanguinary disposition of his offspring

A Pretty Parlor Ornament.

An interesting ornament for the sitting room or parlor may be easily obtained by growing one of the club moss tribe under a glass shade. Procure an ordinary glass shade, such as are used to protect small vases and other articles, and of any size that offers—also a china dish that is three or four inches deep, or a common flower seed pan. Fill the latter with light soil, as vegetable mold or sand, and get from a nurseryman or florist a plant of one of the common varieties of club moss—place this on the soil in the pan, and then the glass shade over it, pressing it down a little into the soil. The earth being kept moist, this moss will grow rapidly and will climb up and fill the inside of the glass. It requires to be kept in a window near the light, and soon becomes a pleasing object from the delicate texture and form of its ramifications.

Although the moss requires to have a constantly moist atmosphere within the glass, yet it takes but little water, because the evaporation from the soil condenses on the inner surface of the glass shade, and descends in the form of water down it again. The shade should never be taken off; when water is needed, a small quantity may be poured between the outside of the shade and the side of the pan, which will find its way under the edge of the glass to the earth which is inside.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

SIDNEY SMITH made the quaint confession that according to his computation, he had eaten and drank, between his tenth and seventieth year, about forty-four wagon loads more than he needed. How many people, dull-headed from such a cause, would be frank enough to confess as much?

COMMENTING on Brick Pomeroy's statement: "I have served the nation, and I think I have its confidence," the Chicago *Post* says: If he has the nation would thank him to return it, satisfactorily account for its absence.

Miscellaneous News Items.

General Sherman considers Cook our best Indian officer.

The new opera house in Reading will soon be ready for use.

Highwaymen have been bold in their operations in Luzerne county of late.

A railroad from Clarion to Troy is under consideration by capitalists of the former place.

Sixty tons of clover seed were sold and shipped by a Lebanon man during the past two months

Thomas Long and Hannah Short were lately married in Virginia. The notice in the local paper adds, "No cards, no whiskey.

The next anniversary meeting of the Pennsylvania reserve association will be held at Gettysburg on Tuesday, the 15th proximo.

The Sun inn, at Bethlehem, was built by the Moravian society more than a century ago. Its present owner is Charles Brodhead, Esq.

Wild pigeons and ducks abound in great numbers on the mountains and streams in the vicinity of Warren, Pa., and sportsmen are in their glory.

The Westmoreland County Coal Company has bought and leased 2,000 acres of ground about a mile west of New Florence, for the purpose of making coke on an extensive scale.

A Pekin (Ill.) woman was asked by the preacher if her husband feared the Lord. She replied, "Fear him? Why, bless you, he is so feared of him that he never goes out of the house on Sunday without taking his gun along."

Proposals are now being received for the contract of building the Perkiomen railroad from Greenville to Emaus, on the East Pennsylvania branch, the balance of the road being contracted for. In this proposed extension there will be a tunnel about 1,700 feet in length.

Geary Sherburne, who eloped with Josephine Drew, from Fisherville, N. H., last fall, was arraigned on a criminal charge in the Supreme Judicial Court, at Concord, yesterday, and pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to the full extent of the law, three years in the State prison.

The authorities of the county in which Portland, Me., is situated, exact a ten-cent fee from those persons who wish to see Wagner, the Isle of Shoals murderer. The receipts from this source, which already amount to a large sum, will be applied to the liquidation of the county debt.

Crops in Nebraska are generally in a fine condition. The winter wheat looks well, and the August planting is a sure crop. There will be a much greater breadth of land sowed to spring wheat than common this year. Peach buds have all been killed and the peach trees badly injured in some places. Apples promise abundantly enough.

A paragraph relating the strange career of Lady Ellenborough having appeared in several London journals the London *Times* has been requested to state that Lady Ellenborough's relatives "have the best reason to believe that the report of her death is as unfounded as the account of her career is false."

The following changes in the army were made during the week ending April 5, announced by the Adjutant General Captain James E. Putnam, Twelfth infantry, resigned March 31; First Lieutenant Augustus P. Greene, Fourth artillery, dismissed March 28; Second Lieutenant E. S. Holden, resigned March 28; Assistant Surgeon Morris J. Asch, resigned March 31.

Henry J. Mason, one of the Senate short-hand reporters for the Legislative Journal, was found dead in bed at the Lochiel House, Harrisburg, on the morning of the 9th inst. At midnight he was apparently well. Heart disease and paralysis are supposed to have caused his death. His residence was in New York city, but for eight years past he has been reporting at Harrisburg during the sessions of the Legislature. He leaves a widow and two children.

In the State prison at Charlestown, Mass., the other morning as the convicts were marching in line from breakfast, William Patterson attacked John E. Shaw, prison official, on the escort, and dealt him two terrible blows with a large knife which he had secreted upon his person. Shaw's hand was nearly cut off, and his face laid open with a gash eight inches long. He was removed to the hospital in a precarious condition. Patterson was at once secured.

The packages of partially burned bonds, notes, &c., received at the Washington Treasury a few weeks ago from Franklin, Pa., which the insane cashier, Anderson, attempted to destroy before committing suicide, have not yet all been examined. The most promising of them were first examined by the experts of the Treasurer's office who report they have already identified $110,000 in United States bonds, $30,000 in railroad bonds, and a few dollars worth of greenbacks. The greatest loss will probably be in bills, as many of them were burned to cinders.

A new gold-note bank has been started in Stockton, California, and has commenced operations, having received its notes from Washington. It is probable that several more new gold banks will be started on the Pacific coast. The San Francisco gold-notes already in circulation are very popular, and the two gold banks in San Francisco find no difficulty in keeping their notes in circulation. Both of them will soon have the full amount allowed by law afloat, say $2,000,000. The organization of similar banks in the prominent towns of the interior of the State is likely to take place at no distant period.

The *Vickburg Times* says "Colonel Tom Scott, President of the Texas Pacific Railroad Company, has been negotiating for some time for the purchase of the North Louisiana and Texas Railroad, and we are credibly informed that terms have been agreed upon by which that road passes into his control, and virtually becomes a part of the Texas and Pacific, a link in the Trans-Continental line, and that the papers perfecting the transfer are now being prepared. If this be true, it makes an era in the history of Vicksburg and places her at once on the high road to prosperity and commercial greatness. It will concentrate here a vast trade, which will give new life to the projected roads radiating from Vicksburg, and will force their construction.

Around the Fireside.

The Dread of Death.

There are many persons who have a life-long desire to see Europe. It hangs like a vision above their common life. The Alps and glaciers, the historic cities, the great paintings and statues, the places of beauty and association, haunt their imagination. Such names as London and Edinburg, and Venice and Rome, get a magic sound to their ears. At last, after a half a life-time, the day of good fortune comes. They stand on the ship's deck: they are really going to Europe!

Two lovers grow so into one that life apart from each other is only half life. But poverty or other circumstances keeps them apart for years. At last the wedding day comes on. Ah, how slowly the weeks and the months revolve! But it comes at last—the day of perfect union of lives made wholly one, never again to be divided.—The mother gives up her daughter; and, though there is pain in her heart, there is joy for her daughter's sake that conquers the pain.

There were thousands of souls that bowed under the yoke of slavery, sighing for release, trusting that somehow the Lord would deliver his people, yet hardly expecting ever to see it. There came a time when from one cabin to another, and at midnight gatherings, the news was whispered that they were declared free. Then, when they hardly knew whether to believe. came suddenly the Union armies; the old flag waved again, and they were free forever!

All this, and more than all this, will death be to us. That day will be our freedom day, our bridal day, the day when we begin to live. Here we are like birds tethered to the ground. We fly a little way upward, and are pulled down again.—The best that is in us gets only half ripe. The weak body clogs the soul. A great wall of darkness shuts in all our knowledge. Our best affections are only half fledged. Our most perfect joys end sooner or later in loss.

This life may contain—and, for most of us, ought to contain—a great deal of brightness and happiness and present good. But at its best, it seems like a glorious suggestion of something better than itself. In our best moments here we touch what we cannot hold. We get glimpses, snatches, tastes of something far above our common lives. We breathe the air of a higher world. In our human affections, in our worship, in our enjoyment of beauty, in our sense even of bodily vigor, we get passing moments that are hardly here before they are gone. And these are all foretokenings of what we shall be when the shell of the crystal is broken.

No man who is fit to live, need fear to die. Poor, timorous, faithless souls that we are! How we shall smile at our vain alarms when the worst has happened! To us here, death is the most terrible word we know. But when we have tasted its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what home is to the exile, what health is to the sick man. It will be what loved ones given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it, a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's great morning lighting up the sky. Our fears are the terrors of little children in the night. The night, with its terrors and darkness, its feverish dreams, is passing away; and when we awake it will be in the sunlight of God.—*Christian Union.*

On the Rock.

Once upon a time there lived a powerful king, who reigned over a large and fertile country. He had crowns of gold and pearls, and sceptres of ivory and precious stones. His treasury was full of costly things of the earth; tens of thousand of armed men were ready, to obey his bidding. and his dominion extended from sea to sea. But, without God's blessing worldly possessions are but an increase of care, and as this mighty monarch feared not God, he was dissatisfied and unhappy.

In the dominions of the king there lived a certain dervish famed for abstinence, sanctity, wisdom and piety; and the king, willing to profit by the instruction of the holy man, paid him a visit. He found him in sackcloth lying in a cave surrounded by high rocks on the border of a wilderness.

"Holy man, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

Without giving any reply, the dervish led the king through the rugged pathways which led to the place, till he brought him in front of a high rock near the top of which the eagle had built her aerie.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," replied the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the dervish, "build thy throne in heaven, and thou shalt reign there unmolested and in peace."

Now the king would willingly have given the dervish a hundred pieces of gold, if he would have accepted it, for the precious piece of advice. It may be as useful to you as the king, for you are all as much interested in being happy as he was. As the eagle built her nest in the rugged rock, build your hope on the "Rock of Ages." As the dervish told the king to erect his throne in heaven, so I tell you to "seek those things which are above, where Christ is seated on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on the things of the earth." Do this and you will be above the reach of danger for time and eternity.

The Night Cometh.

Is it possible to do too much work for Jesus? Is there any danger that Christians will overtask themselves in the service of their Master? Ought we to impose any restraint upon ourselves when the Lord calls, lest in our zeal to follow him we overstep the limits of the strength which he has given us?

We do not believe that one Christian worker in a hundred breaks down with excess of work for Christ. Work poorly systematized, work performed in a needlessly clumsy manner, work hurried over, done in a self-sufficient, vain-glorious spirit, without patience, without faith, without prayer, without consecration, this may well break down the health and destroy the usefulness of any man. But the Master does not say "restrain your zeal;" for well he knows that none of us have not too much of that. But he would have us believe that his special blessing and protection is given to those who are earnest in labor; that self-sacrifice is the law of Christian living, and that to work while the day lasts, doing all with one's might, should be the burden of every Christ-like soul. For the night cometh when no man can work.