The Huntingdon Journal.

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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.

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	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
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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 lgal 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. 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. J. HENRY, Marah5-6mos. 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, nov27,'72tf] Shirleysburg, Pa.

The Muses' Bower.

[For the JOURNAL.]

An April Morning.

BY THE BARD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Balmy April morning! Summer's infant sighs
On thy floating breezes softly, sweetly, rise;
O'er the waking valleys stream thy golden light,
Guilding the dark pinions of retiring night.

Hoary Winter yielding opes his icy hand,
Trees the swelling forest neath thy magic hand,
And the thrilling chorus of the vernal choir,
Wake the plaintive echoes from their silent lair.

Soon will fragrant flowers usher smiling May,
Flooding Earth with gladness driving grief away,
Casting her green mantle on each shrub and tree
E're the Summer noontide deeper charms display.

May our sluggish nature stirred by scenes so bright
Rouse its dormant powers, strive to hail the light
Shed by nature's beauties o'er the tiring soul,
Brave anew life's duties as the seasons roll.

The Newsboy's Debt.

"Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—
The one you give the bill, you know—
He couldn't bring the money, Sir,
Because his back was hurted so.

"He didn't mean to keep the 'change;'
He got runned over, up the street:
One wheel went right across his back,
And t'other fore-wheel mashed his feet.

"They stopped the horses just in time,
And then they took him up for dead,
And all that day and yesterday
He wasn't rightly in his head.

"They took him to the hospital—
One of the newsboys knew 'twas Jim—
And I went too, because, you see,
We two are brothers, I and him.

"He had that money in his hand,
And never saw it any more.
Indeed, he didn't mean to steal!
He never lost a cent before!

"He was afraid that you might think
He meant to keep it, any way;
This morning, when they brought him to,
He cried because he couldn't pay.

"He made me fetch his jacket here;
It's torn and dirtied pretty bad;
It's only fit to sell for rags,
But then, you know, it's all he had!

"When he gets well—it won't be long—
If you will call the money lent,
He says he'll work his fingers off
But what he'll pay you every cent."

And then he cast a rueful glance
At the soiled jacket where it lay.
"No, no, my boy! Take back the coat.
Your brother's badly hurt, you say?

"Where did they take him? Just run out
And hail a cab, then wait for me.
Why, I would give a thousand coats,
And pounds for such a boy as he!"

A half hour after this we stood
Together in the crowded wards,
And the nurse checked the hasty steps
That fell too loudly on the boards

I thought him smiling in his sleep.
And scarce believed her when she said,
Smoothing away the tangled hair
From brow and cheek, "The boy is dead."

Dead? dead so soon? How fair he looked!
One streak of sunshine on his hair.
Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven:
No need of "change" and jackets there!

And something rising in my throat
Made it so hard for me to speak,
I turned away, and left a tear
Lying upon his sunburned cheek.

—Extract from a Poem by H. R. Hudson, in *Harpers Magazine for May.*

The Story-Teller.

MY BROWN MERINO.

BY BIRDIE BELL.

"Do you think it will look fit to be seen after it is turned?" I asked, holding up to the light my old brown merino.

Georgie looked at it rather dubiously, while I anxiously waited her decision.

"H'm—I don't know, Rose. I wish you would take my black alpaca. The merino will be good enough for me here at home."

"Indeed I'll do no such thing!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Have all the pleasure of going away, and take your dresses in the bargain, leaving you to stay at home and wear my old clothes! I can't be quite that selfish, Georgie."

Georgie laughed melodiously. She always had such a pleasant, rippling laugh—it sounded warm and sunny, just like her own sweet temper.

"Now that's what I call straining at a gnat," said Georgie, with her ripe, red lips trying to pout, but quivering with smiles instead. "But here comes mamma. She shall settle the point."

Poor dear mamma turned her head, first to one impetuous daughter, then to the other, sighing gently all the while. But to my great glee, the decision was in my favor.

"I wish you could have another new dress, dear Rose," said mamma, in her kindest tones; "but I don't see how we can manage it."

All this dispute may seem very trival to the unconcerned, but to us, the interested parties, it was of the greatest importance. I was going on a journey—actually going to leave my home, and travel alone for the first time in my life. We, that is mamma, Georgie and I, lived on grandfather's farm, in New Hampshire. Mamma had a friend named Mrs. Wharton, who had been living in Boston for many years, and she had written to mamma, begging that one of her daughters might pay her a long visit. Great was the debating as to which should accept the invitation. Georgie insisted that it was my prerogative, as I was Mrs. Wharton's namesake. I rather think our new minister had something to do in making Georgie so persistently refuse to go; for good and kind as Georgie was, she had never been so kind in the Sunday school and Dorcas, until young Mr. Partridge beamed upon us, with bright, black eyes. However, it won't do to tell *her* secret without special permission.

Mamma had given me a new gray poplin for Sundays and visiting, I had also a white muslin for evenings in case I should go to any parties. These, with my two morning wrappers, were considered a very good outfit. Georgie had generously insisted on my taking her new sash along with my own; and, as I said at the beginning of my story, wanted me also to have her new black alpaca, her own best dress, and leave my brown merino—my last winter's garment—for her to wear on Sundays. But Geergie was the soul of generosity, and would beggar herself to do one a kindness.

After much twisting and turning, and discussion as to trimmings, my wardrobe was considered finished and presentable, and I embarked on my journey. The ride was one long delight, for my passionate love of traveling had hitherto been very little gratified.

As I stood in the depot, at my journey's end, and looked helplessly around me, a tall gentleman, with a handsome brown moustache, approached me, and bowing with that easy and polished grace which only long contact with best society can give, said, in an inquiring tone:

"Miss Rose, I presume?"

I bowed in response, inwardly wondering if polite society required gentlemen to address ladies, on a first acquaintance, by their christian names.

"My aunt, Mrs. Wharton, has been unexpectedly called away from home for a few hours, and has given me the honor and pleasure of escorting you to her house."

My second reply was another bow. Again I was wondering who this nephew was. The gentleman looked at me rather curiously. Evidently he was beginning to think me dumb, so I found a voice to say:

"How is Mrs. Wharton?"

"Very well, indeed, I thank you, and looked eagerly for your arrival."

After we were seated in the carriage, which was far handsomer than my country experience had thought possible, the gentleman proceeded in his efforts for my entertainment.

"Do you wonder how I knew you. Miss Rose?"

"Very much," I replied—not, however, without qualms of conscience, as I had really not given it a thought.

"I recognized you by your dress," he triumphantly responded.

I looked down at my brown merino, the subject at home of so much disputing, and felt an inward terror. Was the man a medium, a clairvoyant? He had in spirit heard my conversation with Georgie?

"My dress!" I gasped.

"Yes, your dress. My aunt informed me that your traveling suit was brown."

"Oh!" I faintly ejaculated, inwardly thinking how very strange in mamma to write to Mrs. Wharton concerning the dress, and feeling considerably vexed about it, so much that the gentleman, judging from my flushed cheeks that the subject was unpleasant, pursued it no further, to my great relief.

Presently the carriage stopped before a large and handsome dwelling, and although I knew that Mrs. Wharton was in possession of a very comfortable income, I was not prepared for the elegance I encountered.

My poor brown merino looked sadly out of place beside the rich crimson furniture and splendid mirrors, and had not Mrs. Wharton's nephew made strenuous efforts for my entertainment, I should have subsided into that most forlorn and dreary feeling—home-sickness.

"My aunt begged that we should dine at the usual hour," said the gentleman, after I had divested myself of my wraps, "as she was afraid she would not be able to return before eight or nine o'cleck; the friend she has gone to see is very ill, in fact dying, and Aunt Lizzie will probably stay until all is over."

"Aunt Lizzie," I thought, "has she discarded the name of Rose?" I remembered, however, that her initials were R. E. W.

The dinner was charming; my appetite was good. I never had dyspepsia in my life, and I ate the luxuriant food, so daintily prepared, with an enjoyment that must have been quite amusing to my companion.

About an hour after we had sat down, while we were leisurely partaking our dessert, and discussing the rights of women, the butler handed a note to my *vis-a-vis*. After asking me to excuse him, he opened and read it. The look of surprise and consternation in his face was simply appalling.

"Has anything happened to your aunt?" I timidly inquired, feeling very uncomfortable under the scrutinizing gaze of his dark gray eyes.

"No, no—that is, nothing of importance—but I do not think she will be back to-night. But, Miss Rose—your name *is* Miss Rose, is it not?"

I put down the orange I was peeling, and looked the amazement I felt.

"My name is Miss Rose Terry," I replied, with as much dignity as I could assume.

"Yes, certainly—I beg your pardon—but, Miss Rose—Miss Terry, I mean—you will make yourself comfortable for the night—until my aunt returns, I should say!"

His confusion seemed very strange, after his late graceful self-possession; but, attributing it all to the contents of the note—alas! I did not dream of the information it conveyed—I endeavored to make the best of it, and told him not to be uneasy, as I did not doubt but that Mrs. Wharton would return early in the morning.

Books and music formed the principal subjects of conversation, during the few hours I passed with Mrs. Wharton's nephew; and so pleasant and agreeable did he prove, that I began to like him very much and quite forgot my embarrassment at remaining so long alone with a stranger.

At breakfast, next morning, we chatted away quite like old friends; but when the meal was over my companion asked me to walk into the library for a few moments.

I complied with his request, made rather gravely, feeling a sensation pass through me that something was going to happen.

"Please be seated, Miss Terry," he began. "I regret that I am obliged to explain a very strange mistake and I beg your pardon for keeping you in ignorance through last evening, but, believe me, I did so only because I wished you to have a pleasant and comfortable rest after your long journey."

I could say nothing to this preparatory speech, for my heart was throbbing at such a furious rate I dared not trust my voice.

"My aunt," he continued, "expected a lady friend, named Miss Annie Rose, to arrive by yesterday, and being called from home unexpectedly, she commissioned me to be her escort from the depot to the house. She spoke of Miss Rose's traveling dress being brown, and hence my mistake in accosting you. The note I received last evening apprised me of my error, for in it Aunt Lizzie informed me that Miss Rose, learning the illness of Mrs. Talmage, had arrived by an earlier train, and gone directly to the house of Mrs. Talmage, so that she might see her once more while alive. If you will accept my apologies for causing you this inconvenience and delay in your plans, I will be truly grateful for your forbearance, and will do all in my power to rectify my mistake as speedily as possible."

What could I say? He was so sincerely sorry, I could find no fault with him. With hot cheeks I explained my part of the misunderstanding.

"My friend is Mrs. Rose Wharton. She lives on Charles Street. If you will—"

"I shall deliver you safely into her hands Miss Terry," he interrupted, "and will immediately order the carriage. But first I must thank you for your goodness in so readily granting pardon for my inadvertance."

When we arrived at Mrs. Rose Wharton's door he turned to me, and taking my hand said:

"Miss Terry, you have shown me great mercy. Will you add to your favors one more kindness, and grant me permission to call this evening and renew the acquaintance which, although commenced under such untoward circumstances, has yet afforded me much happiness?"

The look which accompanied these words was so beseeching that my heart yielded, and I murmured an almost inaudible "yes," which favor he acknowledged by a slight pressure of my hand.

Mrs. Wharton and I had a hearty laugh over my adventure; and when he called that evening, she was completely charmed with both his manner and appearance.

The acquaintance commenced so strangely, progressed rapidly, and, before my visit was half over, I had good reason to hug my old brown merino with a grateful heart for being the unconscious instrument in bringing me so much happiness.

I afterward had the pleasure of seeing Miss Annie Rose's brown suit. Need I say it was as far superior to mine as bran new three-dollar-a-yard material covered with expensive trimmings could be to a seventy-five cent merino, which was in its second season.

"Never mind said my lover, as I pointed out the difference; you shall have as many ruffles and flounces as you like hereafter; but this brown dress is simply perfect, it contains *my* Rose."

Reading for the Million.

Religion in America.

The census tables of religious sects do not show as much progress relatively in the last decade as in the preceding. The membership ran thus: In 1850, 14,234,825; in 1860, 19,128,751; in 1870, 21,665,062; increase of 4,804,926 in the first decade, and only 2,516,311 in the second. In the number of church buildings the progress was thus marked: In 1850, 38,061; in 1860, 54,000; in 1870, 63,082; evidently less advanced in membership. But in the cost of churches the show is just the other way, viz: in 1850, $87,328,801; in 1860, $171,377,932; in 1870, $354,483,581. The leading denominations are given thus:

	1850.	1760.	1870.
Regular Baptists	3,247,069	3,749,551	3,997,116
Other Baptists	60,142	294,667	464,019
Congregational	807,335	956,351	1,177,212
Episcopal	643,502	847,206	991,051
Friends	286,323	269,084	224,664
Christian	303,780	671,016	865,602
Jewish	18,371	34,412	78,265
Lutheran	559,701	757,657	977,432
Methodists	4,335,510	6,250,799	6,528,209
Moravians	114,988	20,136	25,700
Mormons	10,880	13,000	87,838
Swedenborgians	5,600	15,395	18,755
Regular Presbyte'n	2,079,765	2,088,838	2,198,960
Other Presbyterians	10,189	477,111	499,344
Dutch Reformed	182,686	211,068	227,228
German Reformed	160,932	273,697	431,760
Roman Catholic	669,863	1,404,437	1,990,514
Unitarians	138,067	138,213	155,471
Universalists	215,115	235,219	210,884

These figures reveal the following facts for 1870:

Total membership of all churches	21,665,052
Roman Catholic	1,990,514
Protestants and others	19,674,548

The Methodists alone outnumber the Catholics more than three to one. The Baptists exceed them two millions. And the great predominant religion of the nation may be said to be Protestant and evangelical. The leading denomination of the Republic, by long odds, is the Methodists, with its six and a half millions. Next to that comes the Baptist, four and a third millions. Then the Presbyterians take rank, two millions six hundred strong. The Jews appear to have multiplied rapidly. The extraordinary growth of the Lutheran and German Reformed is, no doubt, attributal to the enormous German immigration. In the light of these census returns the fears entertained by so many persons respecting the growth of the Roman Church in America appears to be needless. The German Portestant sects far outnumber them, and so do all the leading evangelical denominations, each in its turn. It is impossible to study this census table attentively without coming to the conclusion that those who have talked vaguely about a national religion have been wholly unaware that it actually exists and has done so all along. The Episcopalians and Catholics combined are scarcely strong enough to make any impression upon the prodigious mass of Evangelicals. For instance, a church denominated "Christian" gained more members in the last decade than the Protestant Episcopal did, while the "United Brethren in Christ" mustered in 1870 no less than 265,925 members, being more than the Society of Friends.

We do not stop to moralize upon the importance of these developments, since they speak for themselves. In the light of these statistics the American nation appears to have been an exodus of Protestant Evangelical Christianity from Europe; an exodus that goes on every day of our lives, pouring upon our shores such hosts of people of the same faiths as overwhelm all other elements. It seems to be as clear as day that the dissenters of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales will mainly immigrate hither in the course of time, and that what the empire of Kaiser William is losing is not the Catholics, as has been supposed, but the German evangelical sects. England is still clinging to her State church, and Germany to hers; but the dissenters in both flee to America, the grand gathering-place of all evangelical Christians from the ends of the earth And the native energy of these sects appears to have been immensely increased in America, where the missionary operations, foreign and domestic, assume great proportions. We say these things without prejudice to any denomination, but simply as recorded facts that now shine forth in the census with singular brightness. It is beyond all dispute that we have a national predominant religion, though not an established one.—*North American.*

Spiders Traveling by Balloon.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* relates a singular incident. In company with other persons he was crossing Seneca Lake on the 10th of October, when a small wake was seen near the centre of the Lake, caused by the moving of some insects. Upon investigating the matter it was found that three spiders were gliding over the surface of the water, and attached to them was a single thread, the size of a knitting needle, extending in the air to the hight of thirty feet at an angle of sixty degrees, and terminating with an enormous balloon shaped web. This latter was judged to be eight feet long and five feet wide, with stays fastened to the main thread, something similar to those of a balloon, and it was managed, apparently, by an innumerable number of the insects stationed at proper intervals. The party attempted to obtain a closer view, but when within a few feet of the web it began to rise, though the last spider, which proved to be about the size of a house fly, was brought back by the stroke of an oar. The balloon went onward and upward until it was lost to sight.

The Sience of Teeching Minis Ejukashun.

NUMBER FORE.

MISTER EDITUR:—Surkemstances & wont of tyme have delade this letter longer then it shood hav bin delade. When i last rote i left off with the teecher in perzeshun of the muteh dezired surtifekate. Lett him keap it, while we examen the quolefekashuns of sum of the gentelmen who holde Superinkumbent's surtifekates and rejoise in the applelashun of skule teechers. We will see how well sum uv them iz poasted on the differint brantches. Az i kno leest about grammer i wil speek of it furst. Thatt iz the wae moast people do; they blowe moast about whot thay kno leest about; but i take grammer furst so thatt i will gett dun with it and hav it off my mind. Grammer is a thing thatt i never cood understande verry wel; and therefoar i doant blaim our teechers moastly fur ttare iggnoranse on thatt point; & the mejority of themm are az innesent of enny nollidge of the prinsepels of grammer az a too daze old baby is of premedetated assolt and battery. Thay have lurned a jumble about knouns and prownouns and sitch, and thay generally hav it ollso mixd that if yoo wood heer them anneelyze on the cleerest summer day yoo woodent kno whot thay wuz tocking about—and thay woodent kno neether.

When i wuz yung i wocked 14 miles wun day to sea a grammer book. When i got thare i found thatt the mann hoo oaned that book, nott being abel to maik hed nor tale of it, had giv it two hiz boy to pla with, and he hadd toar off the kuvvers and haff the leeves. Butt i still red enuff in it about ajjectives & partesepels & antitheseze & heptarkeze & sutch thingze to maik me feal forever after a supreem kontempt for grammer. Still from extencive reeding of robesen kruso, the noo york lejjer & other standerd works of fikshun i hav acquired sum nollidge of the konstrukshun of the langguidge; & i doo think that teechers ott to kno at leeast az mutch about it as i do. Butt i finde vary fue of them, eeven of thoze hoalding a no wun surtifekates, hoo kno eeven half as mutch about sutch things,—& it iz not likely the Superinkumbent wood give me over 6 or 7 in grammer unles i had attended a summer normal skule, whitch i am free to oan thatt i havvent.

I wunse herd a teecher kompair the prowknoun *wurse* this way: wurse, wurser, wursest—to whitch i remarked thatt hee wuz the moast wurstest sooperletive thatt i hadd ever saw, and yett hee helled a good surtifekate and wuz kounted a shining lite in the prefeshun. Nott long ago i hurd a juvenile assperant for teechoriel disiinkshun trying to parse the sentence "i wontt to be a mann." He sed thatt mann wuz knomenative to the vurb *to be* and putt in oppezishun to the proknown *i wontt*. Thatt young mann kumplaned thatt he diddent get as good a surtificate az the felloo thatt satt neckst him at the exanenashun; and the reazon he gaive wuz thatt the uther felloe had been at the kounty superinkumbent's summer normel shule, and he haddent. I noed he ott to hav a better surtifekate butt i diddentlike to hert his fealings by saying so. Wun time i hurd sum teechers diskussing the fraze "Tommus went to warr." Sum sed *to warr* wuz in the inphinetive mood, sum sed it wuz indikitive (it *wood* be indikitiv of fiting) sum sed it wuz impurretive, for he wuz draffted, and sum sed it wuzzent in enny mood at oll, but wuz a knoun in the objektive kase to the addvurb *went*. Wun of them trancepozed it to reed "Temmas went to be a soljer," and thay oll had a hitch at it in thatt shaip; but thay kooden agree on it enny better thenn, and thay just agread nott to agrea at oll about it. Thay oll had good surtefekates, and will gett good wuns agen if thay——wantt them. Butt this annelizing of scentenses and kolling of moods and tences and bigg wurds, sutch az partesipeal knowns and prownomonal ajjecktives & the like, did allwaze konfuse me, and i hasen to leeve the subjekt for wun thatt i ken handel better. I wil ad here howevver wun more sentense for sumbuddy to annelize. Itt wuz the expreshun of a yung ladie, and reeds thusly:—"She must ott to doo nott to lett me bee" Thatt yung ladie wuz going a normal skule. She wanted to be a skulemarm, and withe the skulemarms stand; a frowne uppon hur forrid and a burch rod in her hand, and shee ott to hav a surtifekate, and wil gett wun i kno.

I mite hav multiplide instenses as giv abuv butt i nedent waist time in so duing. In the wurds of the lait lamented longfelloe (or sum uther crusty old poet) let the abuv sefice. In konkluding the subjekt of grammer i wuz going to giv vurbattem koppies of sum letters ritt by differunt teechers, butt i hav misslade them & kannott find butt wun of them at prezzent. After oll yoo kan tell az mutch about a manns kwolifekashuns by the letters he rites az bi enny uther way For instense yoo wood judge immejitly after reeding this letter thatt i wood be a good skule teecher if i just went a summer to the 3 hops normel skule and gott a surtifekate. Heer i append a letter ritten by a sellebrated teecher to mr. p. jno. smith, wun of the Grove direktors. I giv it just as ritt by him:

"Snidertown, Oct. the 8st 72 mr Smithe deer Sir i om a Scholl teecher, and I understand you ar in Desire off a Teecher for Youre Scholl i hav Teached five Winters and can Teach algebre if' anny of youre Schollers want to Lern it I hav a good Certifucate i wil com Over Next sunday to See about the Scholl.

J—— ——"

Whitch thatt letter it waz short swete & to the poynt; butt J—diddent teech a grove skule last winter. Mr. Smithe diddent like the way he strung around the the kapitle letters. Enuff tho for this time. Yoors till we mete agen.

NICODEMUS WOCKER.

Weller's Grove, April the 19th 1873.

Napoleon.

Napoleon I. wrote shortly before his death; "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemange, and I found empires, but upon what did we rest for the execution of our views? Upon force. No one but Jesus has founded an empire on love, and at this moment millions of men would die for him. It was not a day nor a battle that won the victory over the world for the Christian religion. No; it was a long war, a fight of centuries, begun by apostles, and continued by their successors. I see all the kings and powers of the earth on one side, and on the other I see no army, but a mysterious figure, and a few men scattered here and there through all parts of the world, who have no rallying point but faith in the mysteries of the cross. I die before my time, and my body will be put into the ground, and beeome the food of worms. Such is the fate of the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep wretchedness and Christ's eternal kingdom, proclaimed, loved, and spreading through the world!"

Gossip About Kisses.

Some writer, we kown not who, has well described the "vulgarization" of kisses by characterizing it as "profanatson." This is emphatically an age of kissing. Everybody kisses everybody. Since the antifastidious days when the old woman saluted her cow, such a time of promiscuous and inordinate lip service was never known. The signal of a "strange intelligence" has become a hissing and a bye word; the playing of witlings; the tool of satyrs; the lost jewel of the elect.

A kiss should be one of the holiest demonstrations of the soul; it should have a voiceless eloquence—an electric reserve. It has no such thing. It pops a good morning, it sputters a good evening; it whizzes and fizzes on the right hand, on the left hand, here, there, and everywhere; at last, marked, cornered and set upon, we set our teeth, and abide the shock as best we can. It is high-handed sacrilege, and we enter our protest.

A kiss is no more an unconsidered trifle to be rudely filched—torn warm and beating from its resting place, and frittered from mouth to mouth, than is the purest prayer we offer—which God still keeps inviolate. If we would preserve the gift a sweet and holy token—beautiful and sanctified to the beloved—we must use it wisely and with a noble cheerfulness.

Public kissing, however, madly and at random, prevails extensively. The malady grows and is becoming epidemic and chronic. Zenobia's kiss is the long and silent throb of her inmost soul—unexpressed and inexpressible, save to those divinely akin; but if she chances to be one of an indiscriminate circle, as each member drops off she must bend her head to the puppet performance—the kissall round—which would be more appropriately accompanied by the elegant air of "Pop goes the Weasel." Penelope herself is obliged to look sharply to the dew on her lips, or ten to one it will be spirited away on some graceless mustache.—*Figaro.*

Haste and Health.

It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile a minute for short distances, but locomotives have often came to grief by such rapidity. Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do think naturally, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beat the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post. Foot races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competive exercise; steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise, carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even great tiredness, expressed by "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running up stairs, or to catch up with a vehicle or ferry boat, are extremely injurious to every age and sex and condition of life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run twenty yards.—Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleep over it," and who performing all every day acts of life with calmness. Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people, and Quakers are a thrifty folk, the world over.—*Dr. Hall.*

Is Friday an Unlucky Day?

Friday, long regarded as a day of ill omen, has been an eventful one in American history

Friday, Christopher Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America.

Friday, Henry VII. of England gave John Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of America.

Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded.

Friday, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, arrived at Princetown; and on

Friday, they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution.

Friday, George Washington was born.

Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made.

Friday, the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, occurred; and on

Friday, the motion was made in Congress that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Dealing with Children.

We oftentimes expect far too much of our children. We forget how untrained, in the very nature of things, all their faculties must be. We grow impatient because the boy fails, for instance, to apply himself to study as he ought, forgetting that our very process of education is largely this—the training of the mind to habits of application. In short we want our child perfect at once, forgetting how imperfect we are ourselves. We shrink from putting forth that constant, unwearied effort from day to day that alone can secure the desired end. And then, because one effort or two, one admonition, or one reiteration, fails to attain the result, oh! how impatient we are! From that one effort, as the one result of that one admonition, our child ought to spring up into perfection of character, as Pallas sprang full-armed from the brain of Jove. But this is simple injustice. We cannot make ourselves perfect with one endeavor.—How can we, with reason, expect any such thing in our children?

The Ruts of Life.

Get out of them if you wish to live long, if you wish to avoid the lunatic asylum, if you wish to escape suicide or a miser's death. Men and women must have recreation, must have amusement, must have diversion. It is wholesome for the mind to break away from its daily vocation or employment every night. The man who goes from his counting-house or his work shop at the close of the day and does not leave it behind him, but sits at the family table in moodiness, brooding over past occurrences, weighing probabilities, casting conjectures, laying plans; and when the meal is over sits thinking, thinking, thinking by the hour, and goes to bed to toss, and tumble, and worry, cannot live long; the brain or the heart must give way, and he will drop dead in the street.

HELP others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

A stock in trade—Hosiery.

Alms are the salt of riches.

Wishes can never fill a sack.

Willful waste brings woeful want.

An article you may borrow—Trouble.

Wisdom rides upon the ruins of folly.

Who pardons the bad injures the good.

Women in mischief are wiser than men.

Words are for women; actions for men.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

Wise men change their minds; fools never.

A handsome thing in shawls—A pretty girl.

Wisdom is more to be envied than riches.

What is given to the poor is laid up in heaven.

What can you expect of a hog but his bristles?

Women, wind and fortune are ever changing.

Wine is a turncoat—first a friend, then an enemy.

Wickedness with beauty is the devil's hook baited.

The London stock exchange is being enlarged.

Tree planting in Kansas amounts to an epidemic.

The cows in Vermont yield an income of $6,000,000 a year.

Connecticut will establish a State labor statistical bureau.

Secretary Delano denies the report that he is about to resign.

Promising coal discoveries have been made in Iron county, Utah.

The winter and approach of spring this year in Sweden are of an extreme severity.

A European writer says the Americans are the most extravagant people in the world.

The epizootic has nearly subsided in Arizona, and all the stages are running again.

A San Francisco paper recently headed its leading editorial, "The truth for a change."

It will take six years to get a decision from the Supreme Court on the new temperance law of Indiana.

The Rhode Island Railroad Commissioners have ordered an investigation relative to the recent railroad disaster.

It is stated that applications for passports are received at the State Department at Washington at the rate of 100 per day.

The new Gardner gun, which combines both magazine and breech-loader, fires twenty-seven shots in sixty-three seconds.

A boy eight years old at Lowell, Mass., spelled 7,000 words without a miss, and he put 100 to the committee and they missed fifteen.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts realized $5,000 in fines and costs in prosecutions against liquor dealers, in the municipal court of Boston, in a single day last week.

A Rhode Island man, who mysteriously disappeared three years ago, and was supposed to have been murdered, has just been discovered superintending a mill in Georgia.

In Vienna the journalists and authors have decided unanimously to oppose with energy the aggressions of the anonymous press. A spirited meeting with this object has been held.

The government will take no further steps for the release of Big Tree and Santanta until after a council is held with the Kiowas, Comanches and other tribes in the Indian Territory.

It is now reported in New York that plans are being matured in Europe for constructing a new railroad route from New York to Philadelphia via New York bay and across Staten Island.

A shop window in New York displays a patent life-preserving mattress floating in a cistern of water, and having on it a family of dolls arranged to represent persons who have been shipwrecked.

The amount of wheat in store at Winona, Minn., on the opening of navigation, was 474,000 bushels. Of this amount 30,100 bushels was winter wheat. There is also probably about 13,000 bushels of barley there.

A summary of the religious statistics of the census show that church property has more than quadrupled during the last twenty years, while membership has increased only fifty per cent. The Methodists possess the largest amount of property and the largest number of members—$69,854,121 and 6,528,209.

A rusty-looking agriculturist entered a newspaper office recently, and after looking around earnestly enough to elicit an inquiry as to his business, said: "It wasn't nothin' much, but he had left a big cucumber here in the fall for a notice, and thought, as how he was in town, he might run in and get it if he was through with it."

A Frenchman is an animated bottle of champagne; a German is a meerschaum with *mein vaterland* engraved upon it; an Irishman is a