The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 48. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1873. NO. 21.

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, three doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

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

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

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

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

K. ALLEN LOVELL. J. HALL MUSSER.

LOVELL & MUSSER, *Attorneys-at-Law*, HUNTINGDON, PA. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.: and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [nov6,'72

P. M. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. Office on Fourth Street, second floor of Union Bank Building. [jan.4,'71.

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'71.

JOHN SCOTT. S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY

SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pensions, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted. Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Hotels.

MORRISON HOUSE,

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT

HUNTINGDON, PA.

J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

April 5, 1871-1y.

WASHINGTON HOTEL, S. S. Bowndes, 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, March5-6mos. Saxton, Bedford county, Pa.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Leister's Building (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. nov-27,'72tf] Shirleysburg, Pa.

New Advertisements.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT

Classification of Merchants in Huntingdon county, by the Appraiser of Mercantile Taxes for ths year 1873.

	Class	Rate		Class	Rate
Alexandria Borough.					
W M Phillips	12	12 50	S Hatfield & Co	11	15 00
C Porter pat med	2	10 00	J. R. Gregory	14	7 00
J H Kennedy	12	12 50			
Barree township.					
H Conover	13	10 00	H Kocher	13	10 00
A Crownover	13	10 00	A Wilson	14	7 00
Brady township.					
Etnier & Foust	10	20 00	W M Dorland	14	7 00
Burnham & M'Donald	13	10 00	A P Burnham	14	7 00
G Metz	14	7 00	G W Thompson & Co Distillery		12 50
Broad Top City.					
P Ammerman	14	7 00	A Houck pat med	4	5 00
A Houck	14	7 00	J Hoffman	14	7 00
Carbon township.					
Fisher & Miller	11	15 00	W Brown	14	7 00
Reakirt, Bro & Co	15	10 00	R U Jacob & Co	12	12 50
J F Mears	14	7 00	F Tool	13	10 00
J M Bacon	12	12 50	A Gleason & Co	12	12 50
D F Horton	14	7 00	J J Reed	10	20 00
Cass township.					
Kendig & Hosetter	14	7 00			
Cassville Borough.					
J F Heeton	14	7 00	G M Green	14	7 00
J Henderson	14	7 00	A L Guss	14	7 00
Clay Township.					
T Uriey	14	7 00	McGranns Fitzpatrick	14	7 00
J Henderson	14	7 00			
Cromwell Township.					
Rockhill Iron & Coal Co	11	15 00			
Coalmont Borough.					
G A Heaton	13	10 00	T Thompson	14	7 00
Dublin Township.					
James Cree	14	7 00			
Franklin Township.					
G & J H Shoenberger	14	7 00	A G Fring H Authurst	13 14	10 00 7 00
Hopewell Township.					
J F Shirley & Bro	14	7 00	D Weaver	14	7 00
Huntingdon.					
O Cunningham	10	20 00	S Africa	14	7 00
Denny & M'Murtrie	10	20 00	Isher & Sons	11	15 00
A B Flood	14	7 00	Greenburg	14	7 00
N B Corbin	13	10 00	P Gwin	12	12 50
J. Cunningham	12	12 50	Buchanan & Son	14	7 00
R Langdon	14	7 00	Z Yenter	13	10 00
D A Nye	14	7 00	William Lewis Book Store	14	7 00
J Reed & Sons Drugs &c	1	50 00	William Lewis Groceries	13	10 00
Wallace & Clement	14	7 00	J A Brown	13	10 00
H S Wharton	9	25 00	A R Stewart & Co	12	12 50
E. J. Greene	14	7 00	G W Swartz	14	7 00
Wm Africa	14	7 00	March & Bro	12	12 50
W L Bricker	14	7 00	N C Decker	13	10 00
J C Blair	12	12 50	Henry & C	8	30 00
Benj Jacobs	13	10 00	J Hagy	13	10 00
Geo. Schafer	14	7 00	E C Summers & Co	12	12 50
J C Miller	14	7 00	Glazier & Bro	11	15 00
Smucker & Brown	12	12 50	Brown & Tyhurst	12	12 50
Franciscus Hardware Co	11	15 00	A Etnier	11	15 00
A P W Johnston pat med	2	10 00	M Fetterhoof	14	7 00
B F Douglass	4	7 00	S P Wensel	14	7 00
Aaron Stewart	14	7 00	S W Culem	14	7 00
Jacob Africa	4	7 00	Martin Morton	14	7 00
Henry Leister Billiards 2 tables		40 00	Port & Fridley	14	7 00
			J R Carmon	13	10 00
			Mrs M Smearman	14	7 00
James Port	14	7 00	J H Westbrook	14	7 00
H Roman	13	10 00	J Leister	14	7 00
S S Smith	14	7 00	Mrs M Hanegar	14	7 00
S S Smith pat med	3	10 00	Miss E Africa	14	7 00
Jackson Township.					
J M Smith & Son	13	10 00	W H Harper	13	10 00
McBurney & Nephew	13	10 00	Neilson & Co	7	40 00
Geo E Little	13	10 00	" " pat med	5	5 00
Lincoln Township.					
Simon Cohn	13	10 00	A B Cunningham & Co	12	12 50
Morris Township.					
T C Waite	13	10 00	Isett & Thompson	11	15 00
Wm Davis	14	7 00	J K Templeton	12	12 50
E W Graffius	13	10 00			
Mapleton Borough.					
A W Swoope	13	10 00	J Hamilton	14	7 00
J Bowman	12	12 50			
Mount Union Borough.					
Blair & Appleby	11	15 00	A Eberman	14	7 00
F D Stevens	12	12 50	B F Douglass	14	7 00
Miller & Black	12	12 50	Geo W Lukens	14	10 00
T H Adams	11	15 00	G Wolf	12	12 50
Orbisonia Borough.					
T E Orbison	13	10 00	M S Starr & Co	12	12 50
W H Miller	13	10 00	Wm Robertson	14	7 00
Oneida Township.					
B Green	14	7 00			
Penn Township.					
J G Boyer	14	7 00	F Hoover	14	7 00
M W Heaton	14	7 00	J Dell	14	7 00
W E Spang	14	7 00	Grove & Peightal	14	7 00
G B Brumbaugh	14	7 00			
Porter Township.					
Dorris & Co	11	15 00			
Shirley Township.					
H S Snoke	14	7 00	J P Davis	14	7 00
A W Gillland	14	7 00			
Shirleysburg.					
W H Brewster	13	10 00	W A Fraker	12	12 50
J A Kerr	13	10 00			
Springfield Township.					
J C Brewster	14	7 00	D Locks	14	7 00
Shade Gap Borough.					
J A Shade	4	5 00	W C Swan	14	7 00
H R Shearer	14	7 00	H C Zeigler	14	7 00
J C Roddy	14	7 00			
Tell Township.					
J A & J M Blair	13	10 00	Samuel Parson	14	7 00
Three Springs Borough.					
Stevens Bro's	13	10 00	Covert & Heck	13	10 00
R Ashman	13	10 00			
Tod Township.					
Chilcoat & Cook	14	7 00	L Flanegan	14	7 00
Union Township.					
J Sauer	14	7 00	H Quarry	14	7 00
Warriorsmark Township.					
Thompson & Detrick	12	12 50	C L Addlemen D Rebold	12 14	12 50 7 00
" " pat med	4	5 00	J M Mattern & Bro	12	12 50
A P Owens	14	7 00	J W Dunwiddie medicines	3	10 00
L Clabaugh pat med	4	5 00			
Walker Township.					
G W States	13	10 00	J Douglass Agt	14	7 00
West Township.					
J M Oaks & Co	13	10 00	J Cresswell & Sons	12	12 50
J M Oaks	11	15 00			
J M Stewart med	2	30 00	J Obern	13	10 00
J C Walker	11	15 00	C B Myton	13	10 00
			Samuel Troutwine	13	10 00

The above is the corrected statement after the appeal held at Huntingdon, on May 1, 1873. Any person who believe themselves improperly assessed and were not notified of the above, will be heard by sending an affidavit to that effect to me on or before the 24th inst., at Shirleysburg, Huntingdon county, Pa.

G. W. CORNELIUS, Mercantile Appraiser.

NOTICE.—By an act passed the eleventh day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, it is the duty of the County Treasurer to sue out all license not lifted on or before the first of July. Seventy-five cents fees will be charged in addition to the amount of license.

A. W. KENYON, May7,73. County Treasurer.

NOTICE TO TAXABLES.

The Treasurer of Huntingdon County will attend at the time and place specified in the following list for the purpose of collecting State, County and Militia Taxes:

Huntingdon, East Ward, June 2d and 3d.
Huntingdon, West Ward, June 4th and 5th.
Juniata, Hawn's School House, June 6.
Oneida, Warm Springs, June 7.
Orbisonia, House of A. Carothers, June 10.
Cromwell, House of A. Carothers, June 11.
Shirleysburg, Leas' Store, June 12.
Shirley, Leas' Store, June 13.
Tell, Nossville, June 17.
Dublin and Shade Gap, Shade Gap, June 18.
Springfield, Meadow Gap, June 19.
Clay and Three Springs, Three Springs, June 20.
Brady, Mill Creek, June 23.
Mapleton, June 24.
Mt. Union, June 25.
Union, Sheridan School House, June 27.
Carbon, Dudley, June 29.
Broad Top City, July 1.
Tod, Eagle Foundry, July 2.
Cassville and Cass, July 3d and 4th.
Coalmont, July 7.
Hopewell, Cove Station, July 8.
Lincoln, Coffee Run, July 9.
Penn, Marklesburg, July 10.
Walker, M'Connellstown, June 11.
Birmingham, July 14.
Warriorsmark, July 15.
Franklin, Franklinville, July 16.
Morris, Waterstreet, July 17.
Porter, Alexandria, July 18.
Henderson, Union School House, July 21.
Barree, Saulsburg, July 22.
Jackson, M'Alevy's Fort, July 23.
West, Wilsontown, July 24.
Petersburg, July 25.
Alexandria, July 28.

A. W. KENYON, County Treasury.

Treasurer's Office, May 7, '73-3t.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

One of the most important improvements ever perfected in musical instruments has lately been introduced by Geo. Woods & Co., in their improved Parlor Organs. It consists of a piano of exquisite quality of tone *which will never require tuning.*

The instrument was lately introduced at a musical soirce in Baltimore and received the cordial applause and endorsement of the many eminent professionals present. [m7-3t

NOTICE TO BUTCHERS.

The undersigned gives notice, to butchers and others, that he keeps on hand all the time a fine lot of FAT CATTLE, which he will sell live weight, or dressed by the pound, or by the lump. He has on hand forty-five head, weighing from 890 to 1200. Address JOHN JACOBS, mch12-2mos. Shirleysburg, Pa.

COLORED PRINTING DONE AT the Journal Office, at Philadelphia prices

The Muses' Bower.

The Old Man in the Model Church.

Well, wife, I've found the model church!
I worshipped there to-day!
It made me think of good old times before my hair was gray.
The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago,
But then I felt when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor;
He must have been a Christian, for he led me through
The long aisle of that crowded church to find a place and pew.

I wish you'd heard that singin'; it had the old time ring,
The preacher said, with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing!"
The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang, as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'! Well, I can't just tell all the preacher said,
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read,
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went flashing 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth.
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;
'Twas full of invitation to Christ, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentile and in Jews;
He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pews,
And—though I can't see very well—I saw that falling tear
That told me Hell was some ways off, and Heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place;
How brightly beamed the light of Heaven from every happy face!
Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend,
"Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end."

I hope to meet the minister—that congregation too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue.
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,
That happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory soon be won;
The shining goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run,
O'er the river we are nearin' they are throngin' to the shore
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

The Story-Teller.

ONLY A MECHANIC.

THE snow was falling like a myriad flight of tiny white-winged birds; the December blast howled mournfully through the twilight streets, when the lights were beginning to shine out here and there, solitary beacons of fire, and Grace and Myra Payne were sitting before the grate in their cosy, well-used sitting-room, talking.

Grace had been darning stockings, a piece of domestic finger-craft not particularly ornamental, but nevertheless most essential, and Myra was dotting the edge of a shirt collar with stitches like seed pearls, but it had grown too dark to work now, and they sat in the ruddy shine of the grate fire, enjoying the season commonly known as "blind man's holiday."

"Now, Grace, I'm sure you'll think better of it," said Myra, coaxingly.

"Don't think there's the least prospect in life of any such thing," returned Grace.

Stay, though. We have not photographed our heroines for the eye of the reader's fancy. Well, they were two pretty girls, although in somewhat different styles. Myra, the elder by a year, was tall and slender, with dark, languid eyes, an oval face, and jet black hair, slightly rippled, while Grace was small and sprightly, rather inclined to be plump than otherwise, with big brown eyes, full of liquid laughter, a skin like rose-colored satin, and brown curls which could no more have been coaxed to lie straight than so many grapevine tendrils.

"You are really going to marry a common mechanic!" persisted Myra, remonstratively.

"Well, I think he's a rather uncommon one, myself."

"But our papa is a gentleman."

"Our papa is a lawyer by profession, Myra, but I don't think he is any more of a gentleman than Walter Genlis."

"Mechanics are not gentlemen!"

"Yes, they are, if they behave themselves. Now, look here, Myra," and the big brown eyes became very resolute, "I am very glad that you are engaged to a Wall street broker, who lives in a brown stone house, but I don't think that gives you the privilege of criticising my lover."

"But, he is so poor, Grace."

"He has health and strength, and his own strong right arm to help him."

"And you will have to work."

"Well, what then? My goodness gracious!" and Grace elevated two little plump hands, "what do you suppose these were given to me for? To wear kid gloves and diamond rings only, and to gather roses? No, indeed! I can find a better use for them than that."

"Grace, you are perfectly incorrigible!"

"Yes, I am; so you may just as well leave off lecturing me," said Grace, saucily. "I plead guilty to all your accusations. I am going to marry nothing but a mechanic. I shall live in half a house; I can't go out in a carriage, nor give parties, and I think very likely that I shall not unfrequently wash dishes, sweep rooms and iron my husband's shirts. And through it all expect to be very happy."

Myra sighed and abandoned the useless argument. What was to be done with so very unreasonable a damsel as this?"

* * * * * *

A bright little hearthstone—a kettle singing on the hod; the crimson carpet, not Brussels, nor velvet, but simple ingrain; and the plain, neat furniture, with Grace smiling at the ready-spread table—this was a pleasant home for Walter Genlis to come to after his day's work in the machine shop was over.

"Upon my word," he said, gaily, "I think we're happier here than Myra in her big house, with her swarm of servants. Do you know, Gracie, I felt almost at one time that I was doing wrong in marrying you?"

"Wrong, Walter?"

"Myra seemed to think you were such a victim."

"Do I look like a victim?" demurely asked Grace.

"Why, no, I can't say I think you do, but I wish I could have brought you to a house all your own, my pet. Never mind, some day you shall reign in a palace worthy of you."

"Nonsense, Walter; could I be happier anywhere than I am with you?"

"Are you happy, love?"

She rose from her seat and came over to her husband's side, looked full into his face with eyes so eloquent that all the dictionaries in creation could not have spoken more plainly.

Yes, he knew that she was happy.

Mrs. Linley, too, thought that she was happy, and pitied "poor dear Gracie" from the bottom of her heart. No servants; no silver napkin rings; no double damask table cloths with embroidered monograms on them; no carriage; no Wilton carpet; no brocatel curtains. What would life be worth without these? And then, too, she lived so outlandishly—actually dining in the middle of the day, and having—good fates!—pork and cabbage occasionally, and fried onions! Mrs. Linley was quite sure that she could not have existed under such a fearful concatenation of circumstances.

"Of course we must continue to visit them," said Myra, inhaling the Lubin perfume from her Valenciennes edged pocket handkerchief, "but really, I am quite ashamed to have our carriage seen in such a common-place street."

"She's your sister," said Mr. Linley, "and Genlis is a good fellow, after all."

"I know it, but a common mechanic!" And Myra took out her pearl tablets to look over her visiting list.

Grace Genlis knew very well that Mr. Gustavus Linley despised her and her low estate, but Grace cared not two pins for that—why should she? Was she not happy as Queen Victoria herself in her snug little house, with love to brighten the low ceilings and beautify the maple wood furniture.

"Grace is a pearl of price," thought the young husband, as he watched her at her thrifty housewifery, "and some day she shall shine in a proper sitting as well as Gustavus Linley's conceited doll of a wife. She shall, or my name is not Walter Genlis!"

Mrs. Linley did not find herself entirely inconsolable when Walter Genlis accepted an offer from a California firm to come out as head machinist, and her sister went away.

"It's just as well," thought Myra, "for I want to give a series of Germans this winter, and I couldn't have invited them, and of course, they would have been mortally offended! Now it's all right."

The years passed by, and Myra Linley forgot to answer her sister's letters so often that, at length, Grace left off writing. Mrs. Linley became a bright star in the world of fashion, and enjoyed the false artificial life as one enjoys fevered excitement of any kind!

One evening Mr. Linley came in late, but he often did that. Myra glanced laughingly up from the book she was skimming over, not because she enjoyed reading, but because it was fashionable work, and she wanted to say she had read it—and noticed that his face was perturbed.

"What's the matter?" she inquired, a little startled by his look.

"The matter," returned Gustavus, deliberately seating himself opposite her, "is that we are ruined!"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that we are penniless—beggared—havn't a penny in the world, and debts enough to sink the Spanish Armanda!"

Myra looked at him in blank dismay.

"And what are we going to do?"

"Do? Why, do what other people do!" savagely answered her husband. "Go into the second story of a tenement house and starve?"

Mrs. Linley fell into weak, sobbing hysterics. Her husband not heeding her, sat staring moodily at the floor.

"It must be a horrible dream," groaned Myra; "it can't be true."

But, unfortunately, it was true, and in something less than a week, Mrs. Linley, her husband and three children found themselves the inmates of a tawdry, third-rate, boarding house, while Gustavus vainly tried to obtain a situation somewhere as clerk, and Myra cried and scolded alternately, and wished herself dead so many times a day that Gustavus finally lost all patience, and intimated, darkly, that "he wished so too."

And then Myra called him a "horrid brute," and cried more persistently than ever.

* * * * * *

"A carriage at the door, and to see me. It can't be possible!" said Mrs. Linley, peeping over the blind of the window.

"It was Mrs. Gustavus Linley the lady asked for, ma'am—a bright pleasant spoken lady as ever I seen," said the maid-of-all-work who had brought up the message.

"Tell her to come up here," said Myra, recklessly as she hurriedly smoothed down her neglected hair and twitched at the buttons of her faded silk wrapper.

Why, Grace Genlis! it isn't you?"

It was Grace Genlis, nevertheless, in a superb black silk, and a priceless India shawl, and real diamonds in her ears, but Grace Genlis all the same—eager, loving and impulsive

"We heard about Gustavus' failure," cried Grace hugging her sister and laughing and crying alternately, "and Walter said he would come to New York at once and see what we could do for you. We are rich people now Walter and I," said Grace with a spice of innocent triumph, and he has concluded to settle in New York, and Walter owns the Genlis Iron Works, and we should like Gustavus for book-keeper, and, of course you'll all come and live with us, and—that's all, Walter, dear, isn't it?"

"All! I should think it was," said Mr. Genlis, who had listened smilingly to his wife's avalanche of words, "and a pretty mess you've made of it. There, Myra stop crying—we'll be all right again, presently."

"It's so—so trying," sobbed Mrs. Linley, "that Grace should be rich and wear diamonds, and I—"

"Didn't I always tell you I should put my little wife in her right place one of these days, although I was nothing but a mechanic?" demanded Walter. "Why, there is Linley, I declare. Give us your hand, old fellow; you havn't changed a bit."

And Gustavus Linley listened with humble thankfulness to his brother-in-law's offer to make him book-keeper to one of the branch establishments of his famous Iron Works.

"But how did you strike this golden vein?" inquired he, when he had accepted the position, with thanks, and Myra had whisperingly commented on their being reduced to such an ignoble fate.

"It was all through an invention of Walter's," said Grace, gleefully. "I always knew Walter would make his way in the world. But come—get your things on—I'm going to take you away with me. Walter and Gustavus can walk, and there's lots of room for the children in the carriage with us!"

Mrs. Linley was thankful enough to leave the cramped limits of this third-rate boarding house, and return once more to a spacious brown stone-front, where the halls were paved with mosaic marble, and the ceilings frescoed in dove color and gold. But it was none the less a sore come-down for her pride that the house was not her own, but that of the simple-minded little sister who had married a "common mechanic."

"Who would have thought it ten years ago!" sighed Myra.

Reading for the Million.

A Letter to Young Men.

Somebody gives the following very sensible advice to young men, through the columns of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican:*

I take it that the first great lesson a young man has to learn is that he is an ass. The earlier this lesson is learned, the better will it be for his peace of mind and success in life. Some never learn it and extend into the evening of existence, their ears lengthening with the shadows as they go by. Some learn it early, get their ears cropped, and say nothing about it; while others sensibly retire into the quietest employments, where it will not be noticed.

A young man bred at home and growing up under the light of parental admiration and faternal pride, cannot readily understand how any one else can be as smart as he is. He goes into town, puts on airs, gets snubbed, wonders what it means, goes into society, and finds himself tongue-tied, undertakes to speak in a debating club and breaks down, or gets laughed at, pays attention to nice young women, and finds a very large mitten on his hand, and in a state of mind "bordering on distraction," sits down to reason about it. This is a critical period in his history. The result of his reasoning decides his fate. If he thoroughly comprehends that he doesn't know anything, and excepts the conviction that all the world around him knows a good deal more than he does, that he is but a cipher, and that whatever he gets must be won by hard work there is hope for him. He will go to work and learn how to live. On the contrary, if a huge self-conceit still holds possession of him, if he gets cross and sour, if he turns up his nose, or sneaks, he will be cut. The world has no use for him. A young man who is not tractable and placable, and refuses to admit to himself that he does not know anything to speak of, and to do it good-natuedly, might as well retire to private life, first as last.

After a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he is an ass, the next thing for him to learn is that the world doesn't care anything about him—that he is no subject of anybody's admiration or overwhelming esteem—that he has got to look out for himself. A letter of recommendation will procure an invitation to tea. If he wears a good hat, the sexton will show him to a pleasant seat in church, and expects him to contribute liberally when the plate goes round. If he is a stranger, nobody will look after him. Every man is busy with his own affairs. He will not be noticed until he becomes noticeable, and he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he is an absolute value in society. No letter of recommendation will give him this. No family connection will give him this except among those who think more of blood than brains. Society demands that he should be somebody, and that has a right to demand it. Society is not so particular what a man does, but he must do something to prove he is a man.

I used to know a man who achieved a very handsome position by writing articles for the *North American Review.* Nobody read the article, but the fact that he wrote one, that it was published, that it was long, did the business for him. If had done something. But everybody cannot write articles for the *North American*—at least. I should hope not for I receive that publication through a benevolent friend. Everybody, however, can do something, or be something. There is a wide range of effort between holding a skein of silk for a pretty girl, and saving the pretty girl from drowning; and between electing votes on election day and teaching a Sunday school class. But a man must enter into society on his own free will, as an active element or a valuable component, before he will receive the recognition that every true man longs for. I take it that this is right. A man who is willing to enter society as a dependent, is mean and does not deserve recognition.

There is a great many young men who indulge in dreams that in order to secure success in life, they must have had some event that will perhaps turn up at a convenient moment. The vision haunts them of a benevolent old gentleman, with a pocket full of rocks, and a remarkable appreciation of merit and genius, who will perhaps give or lend them anywhere from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they can go on swimmingly. Perhaps he will take a different turn, and offer to educate them. Or, perhaps, with an eye to the sacred profession, they long to become the beneficiaries of the education society, or some benevolent circle of females. It is a most inspiring sight—that of a young man with health in his blood, with a pair of broad shoulders and presentable calves, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help! I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirits may accept of assistance—may in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself to desire help in the accomplishment of his plans for life, is proof positive that he has received a miserable training at home, or that he is mean *clean through.*

I have often thought that the education society does a great deal more harm than good in this very way, by inviting into the christian ministry a lot of young men who are willing to be helped. A man who receives assistance always sells himself to his benefactor unless that benefactor happens to be a man of sense, who is giving absolutely necessary assistance to one he knows to be sensible and honorable. Any young man who will part with freedom and the self-respect that grows out of self-support is a sneak, neither deserving assistance nor capable of making good use of it. Assistance will always be received by a young man of spirit as a dire necessity—as the chief evil of his poverty.

When, therefore, a young man has ascertained, and fully admitted the fact that he is an ass, that the world doesn't care anything about him, and that, while he holds the means in his hands of obtaining an independent livelihood he cannot receive assistance without compromising his self-respect, and selling his freedom, he is in a fair position for beginning life. When a young man becomes aware that only by his own efforts can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds of those around him, he is ready to work and not before.

The next lesson is that of patience and contentment, with the regular channels of business effort and enterprise. Angelina Matilda must understand, in the first place, that she has got to wait; and if Angelina Matilda is a sensible girl, and fit for a wife, she will be good, and tell you to take your time. There is no good building done in this world without a good foundation, and for you to enter upon a business that you have not thoroughly learned, and before you have won a character or "a red," is ultimately to bring your house down about the ears of Angelina Matilda and such pretty children as Angelina Matilda may give you. Don't think of winning success in one year or two years. If Heaven should so prosper you that at the age of thirty you have really established a business that pays you with certainty a living income, you are to remember that you are faring better than the majority of men. If you achieve a competence at forty-five or fifty, that will be soon enough; and if you have had to earn it by the hardest, you will know how to take care of it, and your children will be so bred that they will not squander it.

You will hear of some one who has made fifty thousand dollars speculating in western lands. Pity him. He will be almost certain to lose it. You will hear of various fortunate speculations, and the chances are that you hear of the failure of the speculation within two years. Don't be in a hurry, but with genuine "Teutonic pluck," wait and work. Stick to your business. Do the best manner whatever you undertake, and be conteut to go "step by step," as Mr. Pendlum did not go; and by all means refrain from reading books addressed to young men. They are most of them written by ninnies, or men with kinks in their heads' Read the letter and you will be all right.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

Evils of Gossip.

I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of Gossip only. Friendships once as firm as granite dissolved to jelly, and then ran away to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as heaven, and as stable as truth, evaporating into a morning mist that turned to a day's long hours, only because of this. A father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each stamping at the hated leash which, in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and joy lay buied, and only because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence all because of the spell words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip