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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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

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.

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Hotels.

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

Miscellaneous.

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THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL. PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH. Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts., HUNTINGDON, PA.

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Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed,

J. R. DURBORROW & CO

The Muses' Bower.

Presentiments.

You call me sweet and tender names
And softly smooth my tresses,
And all the while my happy heart
Beats time to your caresses;
You love me in your master way,
I answer—as you let me;
But ah! there comes another day—
The day you will forget me.

I know that every fleeting hour
Is marked by thoughts I bring you;
I know there dwells a subtle power
In the old songs I sing you;
I do not fear the darkest way
With those dear arms about me,
Ah! no—I only dread the day
When you can live without me.

And still you call me tender names,
And softly smooth my tresses;
And still my happy answering heart
Beats time to your caresses.
Hush!—let me put that touch away
And clasp your hands above me,
So—while I ask to die that day,
The day you will not love me.

You need not check the thoughts that
With darkness wrapped about them,
For, gazing in your earnest eyes,
My heart can almost doubt them;
Yet hush my whispers as you may,
Such chidings do not fret me;
Ah, no!—I only dread the day—
The day when you will forget me.

The Story-Teller.

BESSIE HAY.

The fragrant wild roses lifted their pink chalices up toward the sunshine and dew of the July Heavens; the robins sang uproarious glees in the branches of the old apple orchard; and neither rose nor robin was fairer or sweeter voiced than Bessie Hay, as she stood among the currant bushes, culling the red, ripe fruit under the shade of a huge pear tree, where the stone wall of the garden was draped with emerald festoons of a wild grape vine, while Paul Estcott stood leaning up against the mossy trunk of the tree, twisting a stem of blue bells in his hand.

"I know I'm poor, Bessie," said he resuming a conversation which had apparently lapsed into silence for a moment or so; "but I suppose poor people have as much right to live and be happy as rich ones."

"I suppose so too, Paul."

"And I am sure I'm willing to work, if only I could find something to do."

"Mr. Elton wants some one to take the farm and work it—"

"That is a mere drudgery, and besides, the pay would not enable me to marry and support a wife comfortably."

"We could wait, Paul."

"You are very willing," said the young man, bitterly; "I don't believe, Bessie, that you care for me as I do for you."

"Oh, Paul!"

And a pained look came over the fair young face.

"Well, then, what do you think of being tutor to Mr. Sinclair's little boys?"

"Thank you, I don't fancy being toadeater to a pompous aristocrat like Henry Sinclair."

"But, Paul, we can't always be and do just what we like in this world,' pleaded Bessie, with a troubled look shining in her tender eyes.

"Easy philosophy for you."

And the young man threw down his stem of blue bells.

"I suppose you would like to have me break stones upon the road. I thought you, at least, could sympathize with the feelings of a gentleman."

"So I do, Paul; but I believe in the scripture doctrine of a man's doing with all his might whatever his hands find to do."

"I see how it is," said Paul Estcott haughtily; 'you are weary of our engagement; you want to break the fetters that bind you. Very well, so let it be. You are free."

And he strode away over the high grass, muttering something about having suspected how it would turn out, ever since Norton Van Brugh had come down from London to sketch the scenery and turn the heads of all the girls.

Bessie Hay made a step or two to overtake him, but she checked herself in an instant, with a scarlet flush on her cheek, and a gathering mist in her eyes.

"He ought to know better; and he does," she thought. "No, I will not follow him. He will come back to me when his momentary pique has worn itself away.

In the meantime Paul, vaulting over the stone wall a few paces below, had very nearly stumbled over the prostrate form of a man lying among the red clover blossoms in the island of shade cast by an umbrageous tree reading."

"Mr. Van Brugh."

The young artist glanced up with a sort of scorn, showing his long, dark lashes. Paul bit his lips.

"Engaged in the noble occupation of evesdropping, eh?" he muttered.

"Come, now, Estcott, don't be crusty. I didn't mean to hear your conversation; but what was a fellow to do? This is the jolliest place on the whole farm, and I wasn't to blame because Miss Hay came out, looking like Hebe's self, to gather red currants, and you followed her shadow. Come, let's us go down by the trout stream, and talk over matters and things in general. Are you really in earnest about wanting something to do?"

"Of course I am?"

Then suppose you just glance over this letter, that's all."

Paul Estcott obeyed, almost dazzled for the moment by the brilliant prospect it seemed to open to him.

"You really give me the privilege of accepting or refusing this situation?" he asked.

"I really do; and, considering that I don't want it myself, it is no great stretch of generosity on my part. Only you see, you have to decide at once, and be in the city to report yourself at my uncle's counting house within four and twenty hours."

Paul sprang up, flushed and eager.

"I'll do it. I'll show Bessie Hay that I'm no do-nothing, after all; and when a motive really worth my while presents itself," glancing at his old fashioned silver watch, which contrasted so markedly with Mr. Van Brugh's elegant full jeweled chronometer."

"Not a second."

"But my trunk?"

"You can get what you need in town; my uncle supplies the outfit."

"And Bessie?"

"Write to her to night; and my uncle will forward the letter under cover to me, and I will see that she gets it."

Paul Estcott wrung his companion's hand.

"You are very kind," he said huskily. "I had almost grown to regard you with distrust."

Van Brugh laughed, showing his dainty pearl white teeth under a brown moustache.

"Never judge by appearances," he said. "Take my word for it, Miss Hay will pardon all lack of ceremony when she learns all."

Mr. Van Brugh accompanied Paul to the railway station, and saw him off with a smilingly uttered profusion of good wishes.

"The best friend a fellow ever had!" thought Paul, as the train moved off.

But he could not see the sardonic grin which the curves of the farewell smile changed into when the little country station was left once more to silence and lonelinsss.

"Now" said Norton Van Brugh, "I'll have the field all to myself. Strange how fascinated I have allowed myself to become with a mere country girl! But there is something very winning about her style of beauty."

Bessie Hay never answered Paul Estcott's farwell letter; nor did the latter once suspect that it was because Mr. Van Brugh never delivered it.

Paul, firing up under the feverish impluse of his old enemy, jealousy, took refuge in silence. Nor did the long epistle from his aunt Jemima, which contained more news, possible and impossible, than any government bulletin, serve to quell the flame.

"Folks say," wrote the epistolary spinster, "that Eliza Hay is going to marry widower Sinclair, because he's rich. There was a deal of talk about her and that young Van Brugh, but he went away all of a sudden, folks thought it likely with a flea in his ear. Eliza knows pretty well which side of her bread is buttered on, and Sinclair can't live long with that cough of his."

It was no wonder that when pretty Bessie Hay made an excuse to come to Aunt Jemima's, and asked wistfully and with a certain quiver in her voice if Paul's letter contained no message for her, the elderly gossip monger answered:

"Dear me, no! You didn't expect to hear, did you?"

Bessie went back home, her little heart as cold as lead in her bosom. She had refused Norton Van Brugh; she had said 'No' to Mr. Sinclair, in spite of Aunt Jemima's knowing prognostications; and people began to wonder if pretty Bessie Hay was going to be an old maid after all.

"Why doesn't he write to me, or send me at least a word to show that he has not forgotten me?" thought Bessie.

"Why doesn't she answer my letter?" wondered Paul.

So the world wagged on, until Mr. Estcott came home from the far off flowery land—not indeed with the fortune of which he had dreamed in such sanguine fashion, but with a sufficient competence to live well and comfortably in a place as his native village.

It was a stormy November evening, with threatenings of snow in the chilly air, and a low wind stirring the last withered leaves upon the station, looking almost into the eyes of Bessie Hay, who had come once again to the post office to ask for the letter that never came.

How seldom are our visions realized!

Bessie had dreamed a thousand times of meeting Paul Estcott, but never in such a way as this.

"Paul," she quivered.

"Ah!" said Paul, doffing his stylish fur traveling cap. "I hope you are well."

For he did not exactly like to call her Mrs. Sinclair as yet.

The red strains of sunset had almost faded out of the sky when he overtook her about one hundred yards from the station.

His heart smote him when he saw the look of meek endurance in her face.

"Are you alone, Bessy!"

"Yes, Paul."

"I suppose," he said with an effort, "that I must call you by some new name now?"

"Call me Bessie Hay," she answered quietly.

"You are not married?"

"No, Paul."

He drew a long breath that was almost like a sob.

"Aunt Jemima said—but Bessie why did you not answer my letter?"

"Why did you not write to me Paul?"

Before they had reached the old Hay farm, where the currant bushes had long since lost their leaves, and the garden was already beginning to be whitened with the falling snowflakes, the mists of doubt and misunderstanding were cleared up, and Bessie Hay had promised to forgive and forget her lover's seeming neglect.

"Van Brugh was a scoundrel," muttered Paul, "but without his aid I would scarcely have been in position to marry you! It has been a long time to wait, but it's all right. Bessie, after all."

"It's like a story, Paul," said Bessie, where people go through all sorts of trials and tribulations, but are happy at last! "Oh, Paul, I never thought I should live a story!"

Reading for the Million.

Beaten Paths.

We suppose there are few people accustomed to think at all who have not been occasionally struck with the remarkable tendency to uniformity which seems to pervade in a manner the whole domain of human action, and not of action only but of human thought. Things are being constantly done for no other earthly reason than because they have been done before; things are constantly said simply because some other people have said them before. Not that the mind is inactive, or that its natural inventiveness is not on the alert; the contrary is emphatically the case just now, and in truth it is the very activity and restlessness of new thoughts in our day, which throws into special prominence the tendency to uniformity of which complaint is made. Men design and bring forward novelties continually; new theories of all kinds are floating in the atmosphere of our time, and crowds of men whose highest faculty is that of ready receptivity, catch and consolidate them, and offer them for acceptance. But of such novelties, for the most part, we are doomed never to know whether they are good or bad, because they lack the strength to stand against our preconceptions, and get crushed under the tyrannous weight of custom. The new method or the new thought may be good—may be the very best; but the old method and the old thought are in possession, and refuse to budge or be elbowed out of the way. Is it not strange and somewhat anomalous that the individual and the general mind are so opposed in respect to innovation, that singly we are each and all so broad and large-minded, so open to the force of argument and ready to accept conviction, but that corporately we are so narrow, and resent the most logical reasoning, and stick like limpets on the rock to old conclusions? Is it that, although the new idea is true, we have an inner and unflattering consciousness that the truth of life, or what is so to us, is so closely entwined with the old idea that we have not the will or the heart to dissever them. It may possibly be so.—*Ex.*

Brain-Work.

Dr. Willard Parker has been deprecating over-work. He says "no man can work faithfully for more than four to six hours in the twenty-four. If that time is exceeded, all the phosphorous is carried off, and the mind becomes irritable, broken down, and has softening of the brain." There is much of the Doctor's usual good sense in this, only, those who are familiar with his own habits of intense activity, will judge that he does not take account of his own experience. There are many exceptions to be named, of such workers as Humbolt and Silliman, who took but four hour's sleep in the twenty-four.

The brain is a delicate instrument, and may easily be ruined; but if one only knows how to use it rightly, and has a strong common sense presiding over the will, a great deal may be gotten out of it, in the way of work, without harm. Versatility is a great safe-guard. There is such a thing as having too many irons in the fire; but the man who can turn his attention to various studies, and is not tied to one subject, can accomplish much more than four hour's work a day. Lest any should make excuse for improper laziness of habit, let it be understood that there is considerable difference in what men call "brain-work."

A good deal that we have observed never could hurt anybody, nor make a single gray hair. Much puttering with books, and no small amount of page-covering, which some folks do by the ream, are of this kind. To such, this dictum of Dr. Parker need give no sort of alarm. The phosphorous of their brain is in no danger of giving out. It is only the downright, hard, personal thinking, together with anxiety of mind, which draws on the vital powers and exhausts the nutrition. Outside of that, our mental operations are more of the nature of recreation than labor. Indeed, the mind cannot rest utterly inactive without mischief. There must be something to engage its attention, except during actual sleep.—*Christian Union.*

The Autumn of Life.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life, that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling, it is the sensation of half-sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is passed, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is leaning with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westerning, he looks back on the things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and lier than his first, if he will look on, and not look back.—*F. W. Robertson.*

BE sure that those only have a right to season of rest, and those only truly enjoy it, who have done real work, and who can to again. This world is full of enjoyment, not even for self culture in the highest things, but for taking our part in as God's fellow-workers, and as the followers of his Son, who went about doing good.

REAL sorrow is almost as difficult to cover as real poverty. An instinctive delicacy hides the ways of the one and the wands of the other.

Spring Derangements.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The idea is absurd and unphilosophical that there is anything in the climate of the spring which necessarily produces sickness, only so far as we disregard the manifest indications of the existing circumstances. It is equally preposterous to suppose that at this season of the year, when nature is putting on her best and brightest attire, and rallying her forces for a more remarkable display of her powers and her wonders, that special medication is needed and that only for human and intellectual being. Indeed, with our wonderfully elastic constitution, the masterpiece of the workmanship of the great Architect, we are adapted to all of the natural changes of our somewhat fitful climate, and may so far train ourselves as to be able to battle with all the climates of our globe.

But to understand the nature of the difficulties and derangements with which we so often contend in the spring, it should be remembered that the food appropriate for the cold and warm seasons and climates is governed by the same principles, controlled by the same laws which regulate our clothing—warm, thick and non-conducting for winter, and the opposite for the hot season. During the winter, while we are encased in our fleecy wrappers made of the materials admitting of the least escape of the warmth generated in the body, we also naturally adopt a kind of food corresponding with the same conditions, highly carbonized, the best calculated to elaborate the needed warmth by an actual combustion of carbon within, a burning of the fuel of our food. These are necessary conditions of enduring the chilling blasts, the frosts and snows of our climate. If we follow our winter appetites we shall consume an unusual amount of carbonaceous food—real fuel, in one of three forms, starch, rich in the potato and the grains in general; the sweets, and the oils and fats; which ones we adopt makes but little difference so far as the matter of animal heat is concerned, though the last ordinarily tax and derange the stomach far the most.

If it is true, therefore, that we positively need carbon in some of its many forms, as a part of our food, to promote animal heat in the winter, and the vegetables and fruits, food containing less carbon and more of the bland juices, as a means of eliminating the impurities of the blood on the return of the warm season, after the body has been so thoroughly carbonized in the winter, it is manifest that our food should be changed as soon as we commence to lay aside our thick garments, and for the same reason. But if we disregard all of these conditions, if we continue our winter food—a large per cent. of which is designed for warmth and not for ordinary nutrition—we must suffer as we should, under the same circumstances, by continuing our heavy garments on the return of hot weather.

As the spring time returns with its warm and deliberating breezes—made so to us on account of our abnormal condition—if we use the winter food, the same in kind and amount—at least one-third more than the summer demands—we shall as certainly feel an oppression, a superabundance of blood at the head, a commotion at the stomach—a superabundance of bile in the stomach to dispose of the superabundance of oily food—a general commotion in the whole body, as if its whole powers had been aroused to vigorous action to remedy some of the impending evils, to ward off some of the attacks made on the vital domain by this excessive supply of food when not needed, and of a kind not designed for this season of the year.

As an illustration of this principle it is only necessary to refer to a single dish in vogue in some parts of the country as the special spring diet. I refer to ham and eggs. Now whatever may be said of this dish in the winter, when the appetite is keen, the digestion vigorous, and the demand for more heat urgent, it must be obvious that when the powers of the body, with those of digestion, are sensibly flagging, such food, so rich in carbon and so difficult of assimilation, to say the least, is not needed under such circumstances. While more than five hours are demanded even under favorable circumstances for the stomach to dispose of the pork, and while it has been made still more difficult of digestion by the smoking, and while the eggs have been cooked in the worst manner, fried solid, it is not strange that the stomach rebels against such treatment, that its tears of sorrow and anguish flow out in the form of bile.

This is but a fair illustration of the course pursued by many at this time of the year. The appetite diminishes, as it manifestly should, and as certainly as it increases at the approach of the cold season, and "all sorts of pampering" are devised to continue the winter food as long as possible. Stimulants and provocatives of the appetite are brought into requisition, and the poor stomach is jaded, crammed, cajoled, coaxed, spurred, whipped and abused in a most shocking manner, treated worse than our dumb animals, for cruelty to which so many have been justly punished. It is strange that to so many the necessary diminution of the appetite in the spring should have such a terror, especially while they must know that its increase on the preceding fall was a necessary and desirable result as a means of promoting the comfort and preserving health.

A little common sense, it might seem, is all that is needed without the use of "spring bitters." When the weather grows milder, attended with a diminishing appetite, it is but necessary to conform to existing conditions, using our judgment so far as to use less of the heating food, the fuel—sweets, oils and starch—and not only to take less food, but the kinds calculated to give more strength and less heat. The kinds of food demanded by the appetite in the hot weather, the fruits, vegetables, sub-acids, grains, lean meats, fish, etc., will be specially useful and appropriate, to some extent at least, at the approach of summer. A little extra cooling and bathing, less food and of the cooling kinds, less clothing, and less violence of exercise, will do for us what "bitters" never can do, saving us much "spring sickness," much suffering, present and prospective. Use medicine only when needed—when recommended by a responsible and intelligent physician—and common sense at all times, and do not attempt to force or do violence to nature.

HE is wise enough who hath learned the gospel; he is altogether out of his senses who seeks saving knowledge anywhere else; for here are all treasures.

IT is safer to be humble with one talent, than proud with ten; yea, better to be an humble worm than a proud angel.

Why Aunt Sallie Never Married.

Now, Aunt Sallie, do please tell us why you never got married. You remembered you said once that when you was a girl you were engaged to a minister, and promised us you would tell us about it some time. Now, aunt, please tell us.

"Well, you see, when I was about seventeen years old, I was living in Utica, in the State of New York. Though I say it myself I was quite a good looking girl then, and had several beaux. The one that tock my fancy was a young minister, a very promising young man, and remarkably pious and steady. He thought a good deal of me, and I kind took a fancy to him, and things went on until we were engaged. One evening he came to me, put his arms around me and kind of hugged me, when I got excited, and some flustrated. It was a long time ago, and I don't know but what I might have hugged back a little. I was like any other girl, and pretty soon I pretended to be mad about it, and pushed him away, though I wasn't mad a bit. You must know the house where I lived was on one of the back streets of the town. They were glass doors in the parlor which opened over the street. These doors were drawn to, I stepped back a little from him, and when he came up close, I pushed him back again. I pushed him harder than I intended to do; and don't you think, girls, the poor fellow lost his balance, and fell through one of the doors into the street.

"Oh, Aunty! Was he killed?"

"No, he fell head first, and as he was going I caught him by the legs of his pantaloons. I held on for a moment and tried to pull him back, but the suspenders gave way, and the poor young man fell clear out of his pantaloons into a parcel of ladies and gentlemen along the street."

"Oh! Aunty! Aunty! Lordy!"

"There, that's right, squall and giggle as much as you want to. Girl's that can't hear a little thing like that without tearing around the room and he-he-ing in such a way don't know enough to come in when it rains. A nice time the man that marries one of you will have, won't he. Catch me telling you anything again."

"But, Aunt Sallie, what became of him?" Did you ever see him again?"

"No, the moment he touched the ground he got up and left that place in a terrible hurry. I tell you it was a sight to be remembered. How that man did run! He went out West, and I believe he is preaching out in Illinois. But he never married. He was very modest, and I suppose he was so badly frightened that time that he never dared trust himself near a woman again. That, girls, is the reason why I never married. I felt very bad about it for a long time—for he was a real good man, and I've often thought to myself that we should have been very happy if his suspenders hadn't given way."

A Short Romance.

Into the arid atmosphere of politices and bread-and-butter sometimes comes a bit of romance of melting sweetness. Of such is the story of two lovers and a remorseless father, which, as it has just been told by a Bostonian, must of course be true. Ten years ago a beautiful young Boston girl was sent to the Vermont hills to arrest, if possible, the indications of approaching consumption.

She recovered her health, and meantime inflicted a careless wound upon the heart of an intelligent and well educated young farmer's son.

Unlike Lady Vere de Vere she did not scorn his timid affection, but returned it heartily, referring him to her father. That traditionally unromantic personage wouldn't hear of it. "Never-r, never-r, shall a base mechanic wed my child!" The young man retired, went west and made a large fortune, and the young woman married the man presented by her father. She went to live in France; her husband died in two years, and her parents also dying she remained abroad. The memory of her first romance faded with her as with its object, who, though unmarried, was too busy in making money for tender thoughts.

Last year his business took him to Europe, and one night found him on a little steamer plying between Marseilles and Leghorn. A storm came up, and a lady, who had risen from her seat on deck to go below, was thrown overboard by a sudden lurch of the vessel. The "base mechanic" jumped after, and though in the dark the steamer drifted away from them, they clutched a providential plank and floated until they were picked up by another vessel. During the night, in the cold and darkness, they discovered in each other the loved and lost of earlier years. The old feeling came back in that fearful hour, and on their arrival at Malta they were married. End of the poetry.

How Young Men Fail.

"There is Alfred Sutton home with his family to live on the old folks," said one neighbor to another. "It seems hard after all his father has done to fit him for business, and the capital he invested to start him so fairly. It is surprising he has turned out so poorly. He is a steady young man, no bad habits as far as I know; he had a good education and was always considered smart; but he doesn't succeed in anything. I am told he has tried a number of different sorts of business, and sunk money every time. What can be the trouble with Alfred, I should like to know, for I don't want my boy to take his turn."

"Alfred is smart enough," said the other, "and has education enough, but he lacks the one element of success. He never want's to give a dollars worth of work for a dollar of money, and there is no other way for a man to make his fortune. He must dig if he would get gold. All the men that have succeeded honestly or dishonestly, in making money, have had to work for it, the sharpers sometimes the hardest of all. Alfred wished to set his train in motion, and a smashup was the result. Teach your boy, friend Archer, to work with a will when he does work. Give him play enough to make him healthy and happy, but let him learn early that work is the business of life. Patient, self-denying work is the price of success. Ease and indolence eat away not capital only, but worse still, all a man's nerve and power. Present gratification tends to put off duty until to-morrow or next week, and so the golden moments slip by. It is getting to be a rare thing for the sons of rich men to die rich. Too often they squander in a half score of years what their fathers were a lifetime in accumulating. I wish I could ring it in the ear of every aspiring young man that work, hard work, of head and hands, is the price of success."—*Country Gentleman.*

WORK while you can.

A Trusty Boy.

A few years ago, says a New York paper, a large drug firm in this city advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants. Among them came a queer looking little fellow accompanied by his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned.

Looking at this little waif the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides he is too small." "I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few day's later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful protege busy scissoring labels. "What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work at night."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is *willing.*"

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity and entered in a rear door to seize something, but in a twinkle found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid; and after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles, taken from other stores, were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, the reply was:

"You told me never to leave the store when all others were absent, and I thought I'd stay"

Orders were immediately given once more:

"Double that boy's wages, he is willing and *faithful.*"

The Charity of the Future.

Charity differs in different ages and climes. In one it gives indiscriminately to all who ask; in another it gives little or none, and only to those who are worthy of it. Among certain savage tribes it is considered a charity to let the aged and infirm die, rather than live on in weakness and misery after the bodily powers have failed. Among the ancient Greeks charity did not forbid, but allowed, the killing of weakly children, that they might not burden the State. Indeed charity, which is only another word for love to mankind, approved of it. There is now agitating the public mind in England a new form of charity, which proposes to deal kindly with paupers, incurables, lunatics, and hopelessly diseased persons by sending them away from this world of tears to the sunny land beyond the skies. In this way England is to be relieved of a great burden. So absurd seems the whole scheme to most people that it excites a smile rather than indignation; but nothing is more certain than that the movers of this plan are in earnest. One eminent physician read a paper not long ago before the Anthropological Society, in which he argued that it would be a mercy, a real charity, to give chloroform, or nitrous oxide, or some other anæsthetic to all incurable maniacs in England, and set their fettered spirits free. Humanity stands back aghast at the idea. It is so different from the spirit of Christianity which bids us bind up the broken spirit and heal the sick body. For our part we have little sympathy with the method of dealing with the poor and downcast which is now proposed. True, we must do something to rid the world of lazy, worthless human beings; and in the charity of the future this will gradually be brought about by putting an end to the propagation of rascals and paupers. How it will be done is not yet certain; but we believe it will be done. Meanwhile let us "labor and wait."—*Herald of Health.*

Profanity.

We are living emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go through the streets anywhere without having his ears offended by the vilest of words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or middle-aged alone, for it is a fact as alarming as it is true, that the youngest portion of the community are the most proficient in the degrading habit. Boys have an idea that it is smart to swear, that it makes them manly; there never was a greater mistake in the world. Men, even those who swear themselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits, this clings the most closely and increases with years. It is the most insidious of habits, growing on one so insensibly that almost before he is aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

Wouldn't Boil Soft.

Charton, Mass., like every other town, is full of reminiscences of past events. It has its curious characters, who have now nearly all passed away. A story is related that about a century ago a party of English gentry, on their way from Boston to New Haven, were compelled to remain there over night, as the only place where man and beast were accommodated. As many of the luxuries of life, such as coffee and tea, were almost unknown to the inhabitants, our travelers carried a supply of theses thing with them. Coffee and tea were given to the landlady that she might prepare them for breakfast. It was the first time she had seen these articles, and of course knew nothing about such preparation. Not wishing to be considered verdant she resolved to try. When the travelers called for their tea and coffee she came and told them: "Gentlemen the yarbs are done, but the beans won't boil soft."

NO MAN is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work and tools to work with all those who will; and blessed are the heavy hands of toil.

A GOD-LIKE man is the only goodly man; a Christ-like nature brought into the soul doth only denominate a man a true Christian.

BEAUTY is no local deity, like the Greek and Roman gods, but omnipresent.