The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 48. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1873. NO. 41.

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.

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

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

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. BOWNOS, Prop'r. Corner of Pitt & Juliana Sts., Bedford, Pa. may1.

Miscellaneous.

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

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, 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, nov27,'72tf] Shirleysburg, Pa.

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FANCY PRINTING,

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

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ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

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

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PITTSBURG, PENNA

Manufacture

FIRE & BURGLAR PROOF SAFES, VAULTS, &C.,

which are unequaled by any other.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD, RELIABLE SAFE,

purchase ours and you will get what you want.

Prices and specifications furnished on application.

August20,1873-1y.

SPOKES, RIMS, PLOW & HANDLES
JOHN G. DAVIS & SON.
UNION SPOKE WORKS,
S. W. Cor. Leopard and Otter St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Send for Price List. July16,1873-1y.

THE STERLING ORGAN.

30 TO 40 PER CENT.

saved by purchasing the Sterling Organ, which for beauty in design, purity, power and sweetness of tone, has few or no equals. It is unrivalled for varied and beautiful musical effects, prompt response to the touch, and ease and elasticity of action.

They are acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Call and examine prices before purchasing elsewhere, as I will not be undersold, and can afford to make large reductions in prices to buyers.

This instrument is warranted for five years. Call or address
MISS ANNIE M. SKEES, Music Teacher,
No. 419, Moore Street,
June18,'73tf. Huntingdon, Pa.

GRAND EXPOSITION OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS AT H. GREENBERG'S

NEW STORE, next door to the Post Office, Huntingdon, who has now in store the largest and most desirable stock of seasonable goods, for

MEN AND BOYS

that has ever been opened in Huntingdon. The stock consist of

BLACK CLOTHS, DOE SKINS, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, FRENCH DOMESTIC AND FANCY CASSIMERES,

which will be made up in the best style and in his peculiarly neat fit and durable manner.

If you want a good suit of cloths cheap, Call at H. GREENBERG'S.

If you want a good Childs suit (from 3 years up,) Call at H. GREENBERG'S.

If you want a good Boys suit, Call at H. GREENBERG'S.

If you want a good Youths suit, Call at H. GREENBERG'S.

If you want a good Suit made to order, Call at H. GREENBERG'S.

If you want a nice line Gents Furnishing Goods, Call at H. GREENBERG'S.

Also, Cassimeres sold by the yard, At H. GREENBERG'S.

Tilors Trimmings of all kinds for sale, At H. GREENBERG'S.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED as REPRESENTED April30.1873-1y.

60 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS!

60 Choice BUILDING LOTS, in Taylor's Addition to West Huntingdon," for sale.

Apply to

tf. JOHN F. MILLER.

SMUCKER & BROWN,

UNDERTAKERS.

A large stock of COFFINS on hand trimmed to order and funerals attended with the New Hearse. May14,'73-1y.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!! The GEISER SELF-REGULATING GRAIN SEPARATOR CLEANER and BAGGER, now built under the immediate direction of the inventor, by first-class workmen and of the best material, is the only Machine that really can by *one operation thoroughly thresh and clean* Grain fit for market. For particulars apply to or address HENRY BRUMBAUGH, *James Creek, Huntingdon county, Pa.,* Agent for Blair county, S. E. of Piney Creek; Huntingdon county, S. of the Juniata river; Mifflin county to Lewistown. Repairs always on hand. June25,1873-tf.

SADDLE AND HARNESS MANUFACTORY. The undersigned having established himself permanently in Huntingdon, would inform the public that he is prepared to manufacture SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS, HARNESS and NETS of all kinds and the most approved patterns Give him a call. Shop No. 606 Washington St. between 6th and 7th, near the Catholic Church. nov11,1873-3mos. JOHN A. BISBIN.

The Muses' Bower.

[For the JOURNAL.]

Bessie Bell.

BY THE BARD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Where the song-bird's notes were ringing,
O'er the grassy dell,
Rivalling their sweetest singing,
Wandered Jessie Dell.

Lightly trips the happy maiden,
As the fleet gazelle,
No dull care her heart to sadden,
Smiling Jessie Bell.

Where the rushing mountain torrent
In a cascade fell,
Gazing on its glassy current,
Pensive Jessie Bell.

Poet's pen nor painter's canvass
Can not plainly tell,
All the charms that in thee centre,
Lovely Jessie Bell.

Wo to him whose feet are straying,
Where thy shadow fell,
Love his heart will soon be slaying,
Caused by Jessie Bell.

Yet there's one, whose power can vanquish,
Love's most potent spell;
All thy charms thou shalt relinquish
Mortal Jessie Bell.

Long may buoyant life attend thee,
Guileless Jessie Bell;
Oh that death should ever rend thee,
Fair one, fare thee well!

The Story-Teller.

Turning Over a New Leaf.

"It's a shame!" said Mrs. Fogg, as she hurried away, after the funeral of Mrs. Grant, escaping from the poor, desolate room where two children, almost babes, were sleeping, unconscious that they were motherless. "It's a shame that nobody'll take them."

"Yes—a bitter shame!" replied a neighbor, who was also going off as fast as she could, so as to shift the responsibility on some other shoulders.

"There's Mrs. Grove; she might take them as well as not. But they'll go to the poor-house for all she cares."

"Well, somebody'll have to answer for it," said Mrs. Fogg. "As for me, I've got young ones enough of my own."

"We left Mrs. Cole in the room. She has only one child, and her husband is well-to-do. I can't believe she'll have the heart to turn away from them."

"She's got the heart for anything. But we'll see."

Mrs. Cole did turn away from the sleeping babes, sighing aloud, with a forced sigh that others might hear, and give her credit for a sympathy and concern she did not feel.

At last all were gone—all but a man named Wheaton, and a poor woman, not able to take care of herself.

"What's to become of these children?" said Wheaton.

"Don't know. Poor-house, I s'pose," answered the woman.

"Poor-house!"

"Yes. Nobody wants 'em, and there's no place else for 'em."

"Mamma, mamma!" cried a plaintive voice, and a flaxen-haired child, not much over a year old rose up in the bed, and looked piteously about the room. "I want mamma."

A great, choking sob came into the man's throat.

Then the other child awoke and said: "Don't cry, sissy. Mamma's gone away."

At this the little one began crying bitterly.

"I can't stand this, no how," said the man, speaking in a kind of desperate way; and, going to the bed, he gathered the two children in his arms, hushing and comforting them with soothing words.

"What on earth have you got there?" exclaimed Mrs. Wheaton, as her husband came striding into the room, where she sat mending one of his well-worn garments.

"Two babies!" he answered, in a voice so unusual that Mrs. Wheaton dropped her work on the floor, and rose up in amazement.

"What!"

"Mrs. Grant's two babies. I've been over to the funeral; and I tell you, Jane, it wasn't in me to see these little things carted off to the almshouse. There wasn't a woman to look after them—no, not one. Every soul sneaked off but Polly Jones, and she's of no account, you know. Just look at their dear little faces!" And he held them up in his arms, and let their tender, tearful, half-frightened, half-wondering eyes plead their cause with his wife, and they did not plead in vain.

Surprised as she was, and with an instant protest in her heart, Mrs. Wheaton could not, in the presence of these motherless little ones, utter a word of remonstrance. She took the youngest one from the arms of her husband, and spoke to it tenderly. The child sobbed two or three times, and then laid its head against her bosom. There was an influx of mother love into the heart of this woman, who had never been a mother, the instant her breast felt the pressure of the baby's head, and the arm that drew it closer with an involuntary impulse was moved by this new love.

Not many words passed between the husband and wife—at least, not then, though thought was very busy with both of them. Mrs. Wheaton's manner toward the children was kind even to tenderness, and this manner won their confidence, and drew from them such looks and ways and little expressions of satisfaction as touched the heart, and filled it with a loving interest.

After nightfall, when supper was over, and the children asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton sat down together, each showing a little reserve and embarassment. Mrs. Wheaton was the first to speak.

"What were you thinkin' about, John?" said she, almost sharply. "I can't have these children."

Wheaton did not lift his eyes, nor answer, but there was a certain dogged and resolute air about him that his wife noticed as unusual.

"Somebody else must take them," she said.

"The county will do it," Wheaton replied.

"The county!"

"Yes. There's room for them at the almshouse, and nowhere else, that I know of, unless they stay here."

"Unless they stay here!" Mrs. Wheaton's voice rose a little. "It's easy enough to say that—but who's to take care of them?"

"It's a great undertaking, I know," answered the husband, meekly, yet with a new quality in his voice that did not escape the quick ear of his wife, "and the burden must fall on you."

"I wouldn't mind that so much, but—"

She kept back the sentence that was on her tongue.

"But what," asked her husband.

"John," said Mrs. Wheaton, drawing herself up in a resolute manner, and looking steadily into her husband's face, "as things are going on—"

"Things shall go on differently," interrupted Wheaton. "I've thought that all over."

"How differently, John?"

"Oh! in every way. I'll turn over a new leaf."

Wheaton saw a light flash into his wife's face.

"First and foremost, I'm not going to lose any more days. Last month I had six days docked from my wages."

"Why, John?"

"It's true—more's the shame for me. That was eighteen dollars, you see, not counting the money I fooled away in idle company—enough to pay for all these babies would eat and wear twice over."

"Oh, John?" There was something eager and hopeful in his wife's face as she leaned toward him.

"I'm in downright earnest, Jane," he answered. "If you'll take the babies, I'll do my part. I'll turn over a new leaf. There shall be no more lost days; no more foolish wasting of money; no spending of evenings at McBrides."

"Oh, John!" In her surprise and delight she could only repeat the exclamation. As she did so this time, she rose, and putting her hands on his shoulders, bent and kissed him on the forehead.

"You'll take the babies?" said he.

"Yes, and twenty more, if you keep to this, and say so," answered Jane, laughing through tears.

"All right then. It's a bargain." And Wheaton caught his wife's hand and shook it by way of confirmation.

From that time Wheaton turned over a new leaf. Neighbors expressed surprise when it was told that Jane Wheaton had adopted the two orphan children. Fellow-workmen taunted John, calling him soft-hearted, and a fool, for "taking other men's brats."

One said to him, "Are four months easier to fill than two?"

Another, "You'll be sick of all this before the year's out."

And another, "I'll see you sold out by the sheriff in less than six months."

But John had little to say in reply—only maintaining an air of quiet good humor, and exhibiting more interest in his work.

For three weeks John had not lost a day—something very unusual; and not one evening during that time had he spent at McBride's drinking saloon. His poor little home, which had come to have a neglected look, was putting on a new appearance. The gate that for months had hobbled on one hinge, now swung smoothly, and the mended latch held it shut. Rank weeds no longer filled the door-yard; the broken steps were mended, and clean panes of glass filled many a place in the sashes where had been unsightly rags and sheets of paper. A neglected running rose was trimmed, and was now pushing out young green leaves and buds.

Within, pleasant changes were also apparent. Various new but inexpensive pieces of furniture were to be found. Old things were mended, polished up and wonderfully improved. With all this, marvelous to relate, Wheaton's earnings had not only been equal to the increased expenditure, but there was an actual surplus of ten dollars in hand.

"I never would have believed it," said John, as he and his wife sat one evening talking over their improved condition after the babies—loved now almost as if their own—were asleep. "It's just as old Grove used to say—'Waste takes more than want.' I declare I've got heart in my hand again. I thought we should have to let the place go; that I'd never be able to pay off the mortgage. But here we are, ten dollars ahead in less than a month; and going on at this rate, we'll have all clear in eighteen months."

Next day a fellow-workmen said to Wheaton, half in banter: "Didn't I see the constable down your way yesterday?"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Wheaton, with more gravity of manner than his questioner had expected.

"I thought I saw him looking around after things, and counting his fees on his fingers.

"Likely as not," said Wheaton. "I know of a good many rents not paid up last quarter. Money gone to McBride's instead of to the landlord—eh?"

The man winced a little.

"How are the babies?" he asked.

"First-rate," Wheaton answered, and with a smile so real that his fellow-workman could not pursue his banter.

Time went on, and, to the surprise of all, Wheaton's circumstances kept improving. The babies had brought a blessing to the house. In less than eighteen months he had paid off the light mortgage that for years rested on his little home; and not only this, had improved it in various ways, even to the putting up of a small addition, so as to give them a neat breakfast room.

The children grew finely—there were three of them now, for their hearts and home had opened to another orphan baby—and, being carefully trained by Mrs. Wheaton, were a light and joy to the house.

At the end of five years we will introduce them briefly to the reader. Wheaton is a master-workman, and employs ten men. He has enlarged his house, and made it one of the neatest in the village. Among his men is the very one who bantered him most about the children, and prophesied that he would soon be sold out by the constable. Poor man! it was not long before the constable had him in charge. He had wasted his money at McBride's, instead of paying it to the landlord.

Walking homeward one evening after work was over, Wheaton and his journeyman took the same way. They were silent until they came near the farmer's pretty dwelling, when the journeyman said, half in jest, yet with undisguised bitterness: "I guess we'll have to take a baby or two."

"Why," asked Wheaton, not perceiving what was in the man's thought.

"For good luck," said the journeyman.

"Oh!"

"You've had nothing but good luck since you took poor Mrs. Grant's orphan children."

Only such good luck as every one may have if he will," answered Wheaton.

"I can't see it," returned the man. "Your wages were no better than mine. I had one child, and you saddled yourself with two, and not long after added a third. And how is it to-day? You have a nice house, and your wife and children are well dressed, while I have never been able to make both ends meet, and my boy looks like a ragamuffin half the time.

"Do you see that house over there—the largest and the handsomest in the place?" said Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Who owns it?"

"Jimmy McBride."

"How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Me?"—in surprise.

"Yes, you! How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Why, nothing. Why should I help pay for his house?"

"Sure enough! Why should your hard earnings go to build and furnish an elegant house for a man who would rather sell liquor, and so ruin his neighbors, body and soul, than support himself in a useful calling, as you and I are trying to do?"

"I can't see what you're driving at," said the journeyman.

"How much a week do you spend at McBride's saloon?"

The man stood still, with a blank look on his face.

"A dollar a week?" asked Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Say a dollar and a half."

"Well, say as much."

"Do you know what that amounts to in a year?"

"Never counted it up."

"Seventy-eight dollars!"

"No!"

"Yes, to a dollar. So in five years, at this rate, you have contributed four hundred dollars toward McBride's handsome house, without getting anything but harm in return, and havn't a shingle over your head that you can call your own. Now, it's my advice, in a friendly way, that you stop helping McBride, and begin to help yourself. He's comfortable enough, and can do without your dollar and a half a week. Take a baby, if you will for good luck. You'll find one over at the poor-house; it won't cost you half as much as helping McBride, and I don't think he needs your aid any longer. But here we are at home, and I see wife and children waiting for me. Come in, won't you?"

"No, thank you. I'll go home and talk to Ellen about taking a baby for good luck." And he tried to smile, but it was in anything but a cheerful way. He passed onward, but called back after going a few steps, "If you see anything of my Jack about your place just send him home, will you?"

Jack was there, meanly dressed and dirty, and in striking contrast with Wheaton's three adopted children, who, with the only mother they knew, gave the happy man a joyful welcome home.

"I've turned over a new leaf," said the journeyman, when he came to work on the next morning.

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it," returned Wheaton.

"Ellen and I talked it over last night. I'm done helping saloon-keepers build fine houses. Glad you put it to me just in that way. Never looked at it so before. But it's just the hard truth. What fools we are!"

"Going to take a baby?" said Wheaton, smiling.

"Well, we havn't just settled that. But Ellen heard yesterday of a poor little thing that'll have to go on the county if some one don't take it; and I shouldn't wonder, now, if she opened her heart, for she's a motherly body."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Wheaton.

"Down at the Woodbury Mills."

Wheaton reflected a few moments, and then said: "Look here, Frank; take my advice, and put this baby between you and McBride's—between you and lost days—between you and idle thriftlessness, and, my word for it, in less than two years you'll have your own roof over your head."

Only for a little while did the man hesitate, then, with an emphatic manner, he exclaimed: "I'll do it."

"Do it at once, then," said Wheaton. "Put on your coat, and go over to the Mills and get the baby. It will be an angel in your house, that will help and bless you in every hour of temptation. Go at once. God has opened for you this way of safety, and if you walk therein all will be well."

He did walk therein, and all was well. Wheaton's prophecy was fulfilled. In less than two years the journeyman had his own roof over his head, and it covered a happy home.—*Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine.*

Reading for the Million.

Joining the Church.

Says one man: "I have easily besetting sins. I am striving against them, and when I have overcome them, I mean to join the church." Now the church is a fort into which the man should run that he may fight better for his life against his adversary.

A man says: "I am full of diseases from head to foot, and as soon as I get cured of them I am going into the hospital." What are you going into the hospital for, when you are cured?

The Church is a hospital where men may be cured. The Church is a bulwark that hides men from the stroke of battle. The church is a school house. It is a father's or a brother's house. It is a family, all the members of which are striving to help, as far as they can, those who are associated with them. It is an institution in which men are trying to save their fellow-men by throwing about them the silken cords of sympathy and giving them the right hand of fellowship, and teaching them to help themselves.

Many a man that has been lost would have been saved if he had gone into the church and said: "I am weak, and in peril, and there are hours when I do not feel myself able to stand; brethren hold me up." If a man comes into the church saying, "I have met with a great change; thank God I am safe, and I come here to shine," if that is the spirit with which one comes into the church, and if he can come so readily and truly, we want men for lanterns and headlights all along the road, and it is not a bad thing. But then there are multitudes of men who might well come into the church saying, "Brethren, give me harbor. There are storms after me, and I cannot stand the sea. Give me anchorage." Let such men in. Give them shelter and protection. What is a church good for that is not good for helping sinners? Men say, "Take care of the church." A church is not good for anything except for what it can do for men. It is a hospital built to look pretty and to be clean and pure. What is a hospital good for but to receive persons who have diseases, and to cure them? A church is good in the proportion in which it helps men who cannot help elsewhere; and the more desperate is the case of the man whom it rescues, the more noble is the church.

Brain Mysteries.

Lengthy particulars are given in the Dundee *Advertiser* of the important discoveries as regards the brains of animals; recently made by Dr. Ferrier, the holder of the chair of Forensic Medicine in King's College, London. About a month ago Dr. Ferrier, at the invitation of Dr. Chrichton Brown, went to Wakefield, and was amply provided with cats, dogs and other animals for his experiments. The animal to be experimented on is first put under chloroform. The next thing is to clear away the skull and expose the brain. This it will be understood, is a difficult operation, but is done, and the animal may live from three to four days. All this has been down often enough before, but the difficulty is to get some mode of rousing parts of the brain into activity without injuring the parts. Here Faraday comes in. Such is the way of scientific discoveries—every step leads to the next. Without Simpson and chloroform the operation could not have been successfully attempted. Without Faraday the operation might have been performed a thousand times without leading to any result. The process employed by Dr. Ferrier is known as faradising.—After uncovering the brain he applies the point of an electrode to the convolutus of the brain. Its effect is to excite the functional activity of that part, and thereby to show what its real work is. One of the finest experiments disclosed the part that is employed in wagging the tail. Soon after the centers engaged in supplying the limbs, the mouth, head, etc., were discovered. Nothing could surpass the interest of these experiments. On the table before you is the dog with his skull removed. All seems, but for the breathing and movement of the brain, an inert mass of dead matter. The doctor applies the electrode, and presently the tail begins to wag; all else is motionless. Another touch and its forepaw is stretched out; another, and its head is erected; another, and its mouth opens. Again the magic wand touches the brain, and the animal seems convulsed with fear and rage, and so on experiments go. Once the divining rod has been discovered it is comparatively easy for an expert vissicator to use it. The discovery, so simple, once it is known, will effect almost a revolution in physiology.

Hitherto it has been looked on as an axiom that you cannot experiment with the brain—that it is too near the seat of life to be tampered with. Now, experiment has been introduced into a region where we had reconciled ourselves to the vague and uncertain light of observation. There can be no doubt that we shall soon know the particular use of every convolution of the brain. Phrenology, from the sphere of empirical observation, will become a science. One of the chief results attained by Dr. Ferrier is the belief that each convolution is a separate organ, although occasionally several may be conjoined for common work. He also finds that the great motion centres are collected in the front part of the brain, a result that shows the phrenologists were not far out in that quarter. It also has demonstrated that the nerves moving the muscles of the jaw are just above the ear, where the phrenologists place gustativeness. But other experiments made sad havoc with the locality of many of the "bumps." The most singular of the experiments is the one proving that the main use, if not the sole use, of the cerebellum is to supply the muscles of the eye. But the most important immediate effects of Dr. Ferrier's discovery will be an improved treatment of diseases of the brain. It has found out why considerable portions of the brain may be diseased without interfering with sanity, and why other slight lesions produce epilepsy. It has succeeded in artificially producing epilepsy in a dog. This is a most wonderful part of the discovery, and proves the truth of the conjecture of Dr. Hewlings Jackson, that epilepsy arises from a lesion between two convulsions of the brain. Dr. Ferrier has also found out the origin of chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, and has been able to make his animals show all symptoms of the disease artificially.

Spitting.

It is a curious thing to consider how many people there are in the world whose daily habits are very little superior to those of the beasts of the field. They do not understand the use of the bath. They are guilty of all sorts of dirty practices, and it is one of their peculiarities that they care nothing whatever for the annoyance or discomfort they inflict upon others. They are half unconscious that their own habits are very objectionable, and consequently they do not always reflect that they give great offense to others. They live like pigs themselves, and naturally fancy that the manners and customs of the sty are universally popular and agreeable. Consequently they go about the world a nuisance to everybody, and utterly incapable of learning anything from the example of better people around them.

The spitters are among the most offensive of this numerous class. They have no respect for man, woman, or child. You see their tracks in every thoroughfare and every public building. They would as soon make their mark on your best carpet as on the roadway. Half the people to be met with in the streets are dangerous to pass—for just as you get up to them, they discharge a volley which you are likely to receive full on dress or coat, without hope of "dodging" it. Ladies, of course suffer the most. They cannot get out of the way. And the chewers care little for their feelings. They regard the world as a huge spitbox, and would resent any suggestion as to the filthiness of their actions as an infringement of personal liberty.

In cars, the nuisance is almost worse than in the streets. The driver very likely chews, and his contributions to the universal spittoon are carried through the car, to the great delight of the passengers. Or a man will seat himself by the window at the upper end of the car and begin scattering his favors on all sides of him—on the mat, out of the window, to the right, left, or any side he may momentarily fancy. The wind may be ahead, and thus diffuse the shower in a spray through the car. Remonstrance is useless. "A man has a right to spit, hasn't he?" And if you don't like it, you can get out of the car and walk.

These persons are what a famous lecturer calls "beasts way down." The language sounds strong, notwithstanding its obscurity, but the Amherst young men probably understand it. At any rate, there can be but one opinion among decent people with regard to this foul habit of spitting. It is a thing to be checked, if possible. But if anybody asks how it is possible to do it, we shall be obliged to say that we do not know. This is one of those evils which we can only describee without professing to be able to supply a remedy.—*N. Y. Times.*

Buffalo Bill.

HIS STRANGE AND VARIED CAREER.

This celebrated scout, so well known by his famous exploits, was born in Scott county, Iowa, in 1839, and received the Christian name of William F. Cody. At ten years of age he removed with his father, Isaac Cody, to Kansas. The elder Cody was elected a member of the first Kansas Legislature, when met at Lecompton, and was one of the most active settlers in the struggle that made "bleeding Kansas" a free State. He was killed in 1856.

William, in order to support his sisters and widowed mother, although only 15 years old, entered the service of Russel, Major & Waddel, as a freighter across the plains, and continued in their employment until the establishment of the pony express, in which he was the first rider that started on the route. He left this business when telegraph superseded it and entered the army as a scout under General Blunt, and served in the noted company known as the Red-legged Scouts. Although not out of his teens his reputation as a dare-devil scout, who feared neither hostile Indians nor treacherous white men, was wide-spread. He served during the war as a scout in the army of the West.

At the close of the war he was employed as hunter for the Kansas Pacific railroad at a salary of $500 a month and found, and during his eighteen months' service killed 4.280 buffalo, as recorded on the books of the company, which earned for him his *soubriquet*, and which has placed him among the favored list at the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg.

Subsequently he challenged any man in the world to kill that description of cattle with him, which was accepted by a man named Comstock. Arrangements were accordingly made, and the match took place in Kansas plains, and was witnessed by nearly one thousand persons, who had hied thither from all parts. The contest was $500 a side, lasted an entire day, and when the slain cattle were counted at night it was found that sixty-nine had met death at the hands of Bill, while his antagonist's score was fifty-four.

At the breaking out of the Indian war of 1867 he became Gen. Sheridan's scout and guard. During the winter of 1868 he was attached to General Carr's command, and since that time, until within about three months, has served as a scout to General Sheridan. As a marksman, as a hunter, as a scout, as a horseman, Buffalo Bill may be said to be the King of the Prairies.

About six feet in height, straight as an arrow, perfectly proportioned, with fine waving hair falling down upon his shoulders, large, clear, brown eyes that look calmly upon the most frightful scenes, he is one to win the admiration of the fair sex, or lead his fellows in the fiercest conflict. Naturally enough, in all his conflicts he has not passed unscathed, and many a scar and wound bears silent witness of his bravery, one of which, in his leg, still troubles him severely.

Mr. Cody was a favorite guide for Sheridan and Custar, and won the firm personal friendship, not only of those distinguished military men, but all with whom he was associated. When the Grand Duke Alexis was afforded an opportuntty to hunt buffalo upon the prairies, Mr. Cody was detailed as his especial guide, and received from the Imperial visitor substantial tokens of his regard.

Died Yesterday.

Every day is written this little sentence: "Died yesterday." So-and-so. Every day a flower is plucked from some home—a breach is made in some happy circle—a jewel stolen from some treasury of love.

Each day, from the summer fields of life, some harvest disappears—yea, every hour some sentinel falls from the ramparts into eternity. Even as we write the funeral of one "died yesterday," winds like a winter shadow along the streets.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's hymn—one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in the bower of roses—whose life was a perpetual litany—a Maytime crowned with the passion flowers that never fade.

Or mayhap it was a youth hopeful, happy and generous, whose path was hemmed by flowers with not a serpent lurking underneath—one whose soul panted for communion with the great and good and reached for the garden in the distance. But the heart is still, now; he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl pure as the orange flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the strong aisles of the temple, she was borne to the "garden of the slumberers."

A tall, crowned man girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig tree, fell to dust even with the anthem upon his lips; and he, too, was laid "where the forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

An aged patriarch, bowed with age and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the aged hosts, sank into dreamless slumber, and on his door post is written: "Died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily men, women and children are passing away, and hourly in some graveyard the sod is flung upon the dead. As often in the morn we find some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset was withered up forever, so daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand against our posts, we miss some brother soldier whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been as fire from heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been wont to listen, has been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost, for life with him shall pass away silently as an Eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and gain.

MEN plant prayers and endeavors, and go next day looking to see if they have borne graces. Now God does not send graces as he sends light and rain, but they are wrought in us through long days of discipline and growth. Acorns and graces sprout quickly, but grow long before ripening.

AT the examination at a shool not far from London, a young tyro in declamation, who had been told by the teacher that he must gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with 'The comet lifts its fiery tail," lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position, causing roars of laughter.

TIME and tide wait for no man.