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

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

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

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

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one door East of R. M. Speer's office. [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.

JACKSON HOUSE.

FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

A. B. ZEIGLER, Prop.

Nov12,'73–6m.

MORRISON HOUSE,

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT

HUNTINGDON, PA.

J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

April 5, 1871–1y.

Miscellaneous.

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.

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FANCY PRINTING,

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TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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

Office corner of Fifth and Washington Sts.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

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ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE

WITH

NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

AND IN THE

LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE,

SUCH AS

POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,

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CONCERT TICKETS,

ORDER BOOKS,

SEGAR LABELS,

RECEIPTS,

LEGAL BLANKS,

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,

BILL HEADS,

LETTER HEADS,

PAMPHLETS

PAPER BOOKS,

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

Original Poetry.

To the Bard of the Mountain.

BY THE BARD OF THE GLEN.

Here's an ode to the Bard of the Mountain;
I admire your poetical name,
You slowly, but surely, are counting
Your steps to the summit of fame.

Halt not on the round of the ladder,
Climb steadily, be not too fast,
Press upward and onward, still harder,
You will gain the bright summit at last.

If the envious should persecute you,
Each poet hath felt the same smart,
Write on, no one will dispute you,
True poesy comes from the heart.

Let confidence bear you from sinking,
The muse will stick close by your ear,
To brighten your talent for thinking,
And bid you go on with good cheer.

Success to the Bard of the Mountain,
Look forward, but never behind,
There's abundance of rhyme in the fountain,
Which none but the poet can find.

What is Life?

BY J. W. WELCH.

A pearly gleam athwart time's bounding tide,
Yet shadowed by reverses ever drear,
Whose sombre presence gloomily presides,
O'er half the hours of each floating year.

A fitful ray of light, divinely given,
Though dimmed by qualities of earth obscure,
The radiant beaming of effulgent heaven,
O'er which a mundane shade doth often lower.

The holy breathings of the mystic source,
From whence arise the germs of human might,
Whose power guides the planets in their course,
And clouds the even by the wing of night.

The rugged causeway whose dim structure spans
The inter-space of vast eternity,
Where walks, in fear, the fragile creature—man,
And waits the issue of King Death's decree.

Probationary state benignly lit
With molient hues of deep celestial glow,
Across whose plains convulsive surges flit,
And e'er a pang of grief or pain bestow.

A little pleasure by the power absorbed,
Which moves attendant on the ills of time,
As wastes the surface of night's silver orb,
A proper symbol of man's swift decline.

Thus cognizant of our mortality,
Aware that life is but a trembling breath,
Pondering the issues of futurity
We hasten on toward the brink of death.

Full soon we reach the murky boundary,
Where is extinguished the internal gleam,
A traveler from the realms of dark nonentity
Bound for the land whose shores are all unseen.

The Story-Teller.

STONE'S LOVE AFFAIR.

It was agreed on all hands that Ned Stone was a very practical fellow. He was a broker in the city. He had been very poor at one time in his life, and had to work very hard. His industry had, in the end, however, met its due reward. At middle age he was comfortably circumstanced. When he announced to his friends, therefore, that he thought of taking to himself a wife, it was thought generally that the step he meditated was a prudent and proper one. And when he further stated that he had made an offer of his hand to one Georgianna Warren, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and that his offer had been accepted by the lady, we, of course, hastened to tender our heartfelt congratulations on the occasion.

Ned Stone spoke of the matter in his own simple, sober way:

"Well, you know, I'm getting on," he said, "and if I'm ever to marry its about time I should think of setting about it. You're very kind. I think I shall be very happy—in fact, I don't doubt it—as happy as a fellow has a right to expect to be. One has not a right to expect too much, of course. But I'm quite fond in my way of this Georgianna Warren. and I think that she, in her way is fond of me; she is not too young nor too old; not too good looking nor yet too plain; she is sensible and accomplished enough; and I don't see why she shouldn't make a very good sort of a wife, and similarly, I don't see why I shouldn't make a very good sort of a husband. Perhaps I'm not very fond of old Warren, the father, and perhaps he isn't very fond of me. But I don't know as that matters very much. I dare say we shall understand each other better by and by; meantime I must try and make the best of the old man's humor, and not run counter to him more than I can avoid.

And it seems to me that the old fellow would be no fonder of anybody else who might want to marry his daughter than he is of me. You see it's our affair—Georgianna's and mine—and not his; though it's hard to make him see it in that light. But I dare say it will come right in the end. That's what I tell Georgianna when she takes up with rather gloomy views about her father's temper. She has good sense, and, I think, looks at the matter very much as I do—only, of course, she can't help feeling that he is her father, whereas, thank goodness, he ain't mine."

It will be seen that Ned Stone was not a lover to "sigh like a furnace." As for writing a woeful ballad to his mistress' eyebrows I don't fancy he could have accomplished such a feat, even if his life depended on his doing so. The thermometer of his love stood at temperate, with no tendency toward an upward rise. The "marks of love," as they are generally understood, were not discernable upon him.

He never said a word as to the agitated state of his breast, nor to the excitement of his feelings. He did not regard Miss Warren as an angel or a goddess. Probably he would have been the first to contradict any allegation that might have been made to the effect that she was anything of the kind. Miss Warren appeared to him what she seemed to everybody else—a nice, sensible English girl.

I called upon Stone one evening. He was alone. He looked a little grave, and held a small, sealed packet. We discussed various indifferent subjects; then I inquired concerning Miss Georgianna.

"Oh, haven't you heard?" he answered. "But of course you couldn't have heard. The affair is off. Our engagement has come to an end."

"You don't mean that!" I asked in surprise.

"Yes; the thing's 'broken off,' as the people say. It's a bad job, and I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped."

Had the lady resented his serenity, and discharged him? I asked myself.

As though he had heard the question he went on; "It's the old man's doings. I hope he's satisfied now. He's the most unreasonable and disagreeable old fellow I ever had the misfortune to meet."

"But what did he do?"

"Well, we fell out about the settlement; that was where the hitch arose. I'm sure I did all I could to please him. I gave up condition after condition, quite in opposition to the advice of my solicitor. I told him to settle what money he proposed to settle upon his daughter—it wasn't much after all—just as he pleased; I didn't want to touch a half penny of it. He might settle it, I told him, just as strictly as ever he pleased, or he might settle nothing at all upon her, if he liked that better. It was his daughter I wanted and not his money. And for my part, I'd take care my wife never came to want. I undertook to insure my life for a large amount, and to assign the policy to trustees for her benefit, in case of my death, covenanting, of course, to the premiums regularly, and to pay up the insurance in the regular way. I thought that a fair arrangement, but it did not content him.

He wanted to tie my hands completely. He hadn't a ha'p'orth of confidence in me. He gave me credit for no sort of affection for his daughter. He insisted that any money that I in the future might become possessed of I should covenant into the settlement. It was absurd. Of course I couldn't consent to it. I had my business to consider. Of course my wife and children—if I have any—will reap the benefit as much as I shall. However, he wouldn't listen to me. I told Georgianna exactly how the matter stood. She's of age. I asked her whether she'd marry me without the old man's consent. Poor girl! she was in an awful way. But she did not care to do that. She shrunk from offending her father, so there's no help for it—the thing's broken off, and I am not to be married, it seems—this time at any rate."

He spoke rather sorrowfully, but still without the slightest trace of temper. I endeavored to console him in a common place sort of a way.

He opened the small packet he had been holding in his hand.

"This is pleasant," he said quietly; "here are all my letters to Georgianna. Ah, and here is a little present I gave her, sent back to me."

There was not many letters. Their contents I could guess; little enough like conventional love letters, probably very unextatic compositions, yet simple and to the purpose. The present was a ring—a large diamond, heavily set in pure gold.

I suppose they'll expect me to send back Georgianna's letters to her."

"Undoubtedly."

"It's the usual way when engagements come to an end."

"Have a cigar," he said presently, "and let us talk about something else. This is not the most agreeable subject in the world. Tell me what you have been doing with yourself lately?"

So we fell to talking about this, that, and the other. Presently I went away. As I went away he said, quietly: "I think I shall try to see Georgianna once more, for a particular reason."

A few nights after I saw him again. He was at no time subject much to change of mood, yet it struck me that, if anything, he was in better spirits than usual.

"You did not mention," he said, "what I told you the other night—that my engagement was broken off?"

I explained that I had not mentioned it for a particularly good reason. I had not seen any person whom it would interest to be informed of the fact.

"It's just as well," he said, "because the engagement isn't broken off, or rather it's on again."

"Indeed! I'm very glad to hear it."

"I told you I should try and see Georgianna again. Well, I knew that she often with her father and other relations and friends went to the Zoological Gardens on Sunday. So I went to the Zoological. I soon discovered her with Warren and a lot of other people. She saw me and understood by signs that I wanted to speak on the quiet. Well, she lingered behind a little, and when the rest of the party went to look at the kangaroos, she slipped with me into the snake house. She looked a little frightened, and the tears stood in her eyes.

So I put my arms around her—it didn't matter to me who saw, you know—and told her there was nothing to be alarmed at, and that I only wanted to say a word or two. I told her I was sorry I had not sent her back her letters, as I ought to have done, but the plain fact of the matter was I couldn't do it.

"You love me still, then, Ned?" I said. "Who's been telling you I don't?"

She began crying terribly.

"Come, Georgy," I said, "let us get married whether papa likes it or not; only you say the word. Poor child! She could not speak for crying, and she looked at me, and gave such a little nod, and then she began laughing through her tears. It was the prettiest sight yeu ever saw. Of course I kissed her; and then I turned, and who should be standing close at my side but old Warren.

Georgy gave a little scream, and then tried to make believe that we were looking at the boa constrictor. But of course that didn't work, so I said to old Warren, in a cheery sort of way, and putting out my hand cheerfully, "Mr. Warren, Georgy and I are going to be married; that's quite settled. But you and I may as well be friends all the same. We'd much rather have your consent than not. Suppose you give it to us."

He was so astonished that before, I think, he knew quite what he was doing, he'd taken my hand, with all his friends standing around and looking on. Of course, he could not go back after that. And so the thing was settled."

I congratulated him heartily. Presently I said by chance:

"How lucky it was that you didn't send back Warren's letters."

"My dear fellow, that was what I wanted to explain to her; I couldn't send them back."

"You found them too dear to you."

At last, then, he had been betrayed into a feeling of romance.

"Not at all;" he explained. "I couldn't send them back, because I hadn't kept them, I'd destroyed them."

"Destroyed them!"

"Yes. What was the good of them? I only keep business letters; they're regularly docketed at my office. But for Georgy's letters they were no use. It was no good keeping them. I made them into pipe lights."

"You didn't tell her that."

"No; I hadn't time. I never arrived at my explanation about the letters."

"Then, my dear Stone, let me entreat you, whatever you do, don't give Miss Warren your explanation about the letters."

"Why shouldn't I."

"Don't you see? She thought you didn't send back her letters for a sentimental reason; because they were so dear to you that you could not possibly part with them; and so, in point of fact, that little misunderstanding of hers led to the re-establishment of her love affair."

"Do you think so?" he asked, musingly. "But if Georgy has made any mistake about the matter, I think that I am bound to set her right."

"My dear Stone, take my advice, for fear of accident; set her right—after the wedding ceremony, not before."

Whether or not he took my advice, I'm not aware. He was married in due course to Miss Warren; and I know that the old lady was often heard to declare subsequently that she married the best husband in the world.

Reading for the Million.

Can Straight-Out Democracy Survive as a Party?

The extravagant exultations of a portion of the Democratic press over the result of the recent elections in Ohio and other States make it wise to soberly inquire whether there is any ground for these demonstrations of joy. Has the Democratic party achieved any such extraordinary successes in the campaign this autumn as warrant it in insisting that it shall occupy the field as the Opposition in the Presidential contest of 1876?

This is not only the off year in politics, but is that particular off year when according to all the precedents the large majorities of the party in power are easily cut down, while States which it holds by feeble majorities are temporarily wrested from it. If, therefore, in the contests of this fall the Democracy cannot seriously shake the supremacy of the Republicans in all the States where they are strong, and destroy it altogether in not a few States where they are weak, then the Democratic party does not come up to the level of a respectable Opposition, while its pretended ability to carry the Presidential election in 1876 must be treated as chimerical and absurd.

How stands the case when tried by these tests? Regular elections for State officers have been held in Maine, California, Iowa, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and elections of like character will soon be held in Texas, Mississippi, Virginia, Maryland, Minnesota, Wisconsin, New York, and Massachusetts. How has the Democratic party come out of the elections which have passed, and what grounds does it occupy in regard to those yet to occur? In Maine the Republican majority was reduced, but it constituted about the same percentage of the whole vote cast as did the larger majority abtained in September of last year, thus showing that the Democrats, who fought upon a straight platform, had made no gains. California is one of the close States which, according to the principles we have laid down, the Democrats ought to have carried. Anti-monopoly took the field. The upshot was that the Republicans secured the Legislature in September, and thereby prevented the election of a Democratic Senator to Congress; and now in October they have elected a Republican anti-monopolist to the Supreme bench although there was a regular Democratic nominee in the field.

The significant sign of the unprecedented struggle in California is—and it is worthy of the most serious consideration of candid Democrats—that the dissatisfied Republicans refused to work out a remedy for their grievances through the Democratic organization. The anti-monopolists placed a State ticket before the people.—The Democrats made no nomination of their own, but supported the anti-monopoly candidates, the head of the ticket being Republican. The result of this triangular contest was that the defection of the anti-monopoly Republicans largely reduced the majority of the regular Republican candidate for Governor, but brought no advantage to the Democratic party, which had pulled down its flag in the presence of its old foe. So it would seem that the dissenting Republicans of Iowa, like their brethren in California, when searching for instruments by which to carry through their reforms, declined to invest in the Democratic party.

We need waste only a word or two upon Pennsylvania. The Democrats have shown less strength this year than their average exhibit in any year immediately following a Presidential election since the lapse of Buchanan. To take the returns of last week and measure the losses and gains by the vote given to Grant last November is sheer stupidity or intentional deception. Morever, if the straight-out Democratic leaders in Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Pittsburgh cannot find a better use for their rank and file than to sell their votes to the Republicans, then their party has become a political nuisance which ought to be abated.

But the straight-out Democracy point to Ohio. Ever since the second election of Mr. Lincoln the Republican majority in Ohio at its exclusively State contests has been small. In the six contests previous to the present one the Republican majorities ever all opposing candidates have averaged about 11,000. Once the majority dropped to 2,500, and it never rose above 16,500. This is very small for a State that casts nearly half a million of votes.—During this period the Democrats twice held the Legislature by a majority of ten on joint ballot, and twice the Republicans held it by a majority of nine on joint ballot.

How stands Ohio now? Four candidates ran for Governor; Allen, Democrat, Noyes, Republican, while the Independents and the Prohibitionists each had a nominee. Noyes was a weak candidate, and had a soiled record on money matters. Nothing could be said against Allen except that he is a few years younger than Gov. Dix, and exhibited more physical vigor than his chief antagonist on the stump, Senator Morton. The result of this quadrangular conflict is that Allen has a plurality over Noyes of some five hundred votes; that all the rest of the Republican State ticket is elected; that the number of votes cast for the Independent and Prohibition tickets is about twenty thousand; that Allen thus slips in against a divided opposition as a minority Governor; and that the Legislature is once more Democratic, and will re-elect Judge Thurman to the Senate.

Where is the Democratic party in the other eight States which elect State candidates this fall? In only four of them—Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, and Texas— is the party running tickets at all. In the other four the party has lowered its old flag and rallies around strange banners and under new names. In Virginia the opponents of the Republicans designate themselves as Conservatives. In Wisconsin they are called anti-monopolists. In Minnesota they claim to be Farmers. In Mississippi they follow the fortunes of Senator Alcorn, a Republican bolter and a supporter of the national Administration.

And how is it in the remaining four States? In Texas the factions are so mixed that it is not perfectly clear whether there is a straight-out Democratic ticket running. But we give the party the benefit of the doubt. In Maryland the Democracy echoed the Ohio platform; but the contest is concerning one or two inconsiderable State offices, and the result will be of no special significance. Massachusetts also reiterated the Ohio platform; but as there has been no more prospect of a Democratic victory in that State for a third of a century than of a January thaw in Nova Zembla, it is of very little consequence what her Democracy say or do.

This brings us to New York. Here the Democracy have a conglomerate State ticket. The struggle between the two main parties and the two minor factions will be sharp. If the Democrats are beaten the party throughout the country will incline to follow the example of its members in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and rally in some new form. But if the Empire State goes for the Democracy it will probably inspire spirit enough in the organization to keep it alive till the next Presidential campaign.

But would success in Ohio and New York, or even in three or four additional States, justify the Democracy in maintaining its party organization? During the past twenty years the party has never carried a clear majority of the votes of the country; has elected only one President, and he fell 378,000 votes short of a popular majority; has elected a majority of the House in only one Congress; has chosen the Speaker of the House only once; has not had a majority in the Senate for more than twelve years; has less than one-fourth of the present Senate and less than one-third of the incoming House; and now holds complete control of every department of the State Government in only three or at the most four of the thirty-seven States of the Union. In the light of these facts the Democratic party stands in about the same position as that occupied by the Federal party in 1820, when it wisely resolved not to nominate a candidate for President, but to retire wholly and finally from the field as a national organization.

The chief obstacle in the way of the return of the national Democracy to power seems to consist in the fact that the disaffected elements in the Republican party are disinclined to link their fortunes to those of their old antagonists. And since the Democracy have gone back on their ancient ground, this inclination has increased in strength. Hundreds of thousands of Republicans might perhaps have been induced to join the Democratic party in going forward; but scarcely a handful will unite with it in taking one step backward.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Curse of Drink.

The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers ten—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered over the land in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than the women they have sworn to love.

There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once filled them with pleasure because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create any thing worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth.

The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty, and not unfrequently the beggary, the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle of countless women with drunken husbands are enough to make all women curse wine and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.—*Dr. Holland.*

The Young Postmaster's Honesty.

Abraham Lincoln was once postmaster in the small village of New Salem, "out West." He then went to Springfield to study law, and for years had hard work to earn his bread and butter. Fighting with poverty is a hard fight. One day a post-office agent came round to collect a balance due to the Washington office from the New Salem office. The bill was seventeen dollars and sixty cents. Dr. Henry, a friend of "poor Abe," happened to fall in with the agent, and was as sure as could be that he had nothing in his pocket to pay it with. He went, therefore, to the office in order to lend him the money, or offer to lend it.

When the agent presented the draft, Lincoln asked the man to sit down, and sat down himself with a very puzzled look upon his face. He then stepped out, went over to his boarding house, and came back with an old stocking under his arm. This he untied, and poured out upon the table a quantity of small silver coin and "red cents." These they counted; exactly seventeen dollars and sixty cents, just the amount called for; and, moreover, it was the *very money* called for, for on leaving the office, the young postmaster tied up the money and had kept it by him, awaiting the legal call to give it up.

On paying it over, "I never use," he said, "even for a time, any money that is not mine. This money I knew belonged to the Government, and I had no right to exchange or use it for any purpose of my own."

That is the right and true ground to take. If money is intrusted to your care, never touch it, never use it I am not talking about cheating or stealing, but taking and using money with the intention of returning it. If anybody had a good excuse for using seventeen dollars and sixty cents of Government money, Mr. Lincoln had, when a poor law student. O, it would come in so "pat" many and many a time! But, *no*! That is a place to stand by. *No*, boys. No, no! the strictest integrity, and not a jot less.—*The Child's Paper.*

THE faithful soul who, for the love of Christ Jesus, despoils himself of everything in this world enjoys true liberty, and possesses all things in Jesus, who for the love of us became poor.

THE editor of a leading Bourbon paper has a boil on his nose, which he attributes to the administration of Gen. Grant.

A MAN will defend his weak spots a great deal more sharply than he will his strong ones.

Mr. Jones's Trouble.

We have no other authority for it than Jones himself, and therefore cannot vouch for its truthfulness. Jones told us he was persecuted nearly to death some time ago by a sewing machine agent, who wanted him to make a purchase. Unable at last to endure the persistence of the man, Jones says he bought a diving bell, and went out four hundred miles from land, and descended two miles into the ocean to spend a few days in peace. He had hardly touched bottom when he saw the sewing-machine man coming down in the diver's armor, carrying with him a shuttle-feed and sixty strong testimonials to the merits of his button-hole attachment. Jones informs us that he suddenly rose to the surface and prepared to sail home; but just as the ship's anchor was being hauled over the side, it fell and upset the cook's caboose scattering the live coals in the powder magazine. This caused a terrific explosion, and Mr. Jones was blown four miles upward into the air. (This is Jones's statement remember) Just as he began to come down, he met the sewing-machine solicitor coming up in a balloon, with a bucketful of samples of the lock-stitch, and a model of his patent reversible hemmer. When Jones fell, he was picked up, and he sailed straight for home. As the vessel drew near the dock, Jones perceived the agent standing on the wharf waiting for him with a "noiseless button-hole attachment." (We thought all button-holes were necessarily noiseless; but Jones is responsible.) Thereupon Jones hid himself in the cabin, and instructed the captain to say to the agent that he, Jones, had died of yellow fever on the voyage. When the sewing-machine man heard this he seized the copy of a certificate from a clergyman's wife, and then blew out his brains with a pistol, evidently determined to follow Jones into the next world and sell him a machine at all hazards. We give this for what it is worth. We only know that Jones was educated by his parents to believe that it was wicked to tell a lie.

Premature Last Words.

A writer in the Louisville *Courier Journal* tells the following amusing story of the rebellion: A single shot followed by a loud shriek told us that one of my best men, Bradley, was hurt. He proclaimed his agony with a loud voice, turned over on his back, and commenced kicking so vigorously that the surgeon had difficulty in getting near him.

"Poor Fellow!" said the doctor as he saw a whitish liquid oozing out; "shot in the bladder. I am afraid it's fatal."

And he commenced opening his coat.

"Oh, my God!" said Bradley, "I'm a dead man."

"Keep up your spirits, my boy; never say die," said Captain Johnson, kneeling kindly over him.

"Doctor," asked the wounded soldier, feebly, "will you write to my mother and tell her that I died bravely, doing my duty, with my face to the foe; and that I thought of her when dying?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with dim eyes and a husky voice; "I will write to her and tell her too."

But, suddenly springing to his feet, with an indignant voice, said:

"Why, confound it man you're not hurt a bit. It's only your canteen that's shot, and that's the water from it. Get up, will you?"

Bradley raised up slowly, felt himself all over, and with an exceedingly foolish countenance, crawled back to his position amid the uproarious laughter of the whole regiment.

For months after that, on the march or in camp, and sometimes in the stillness of the night you would hear a voice in one direction demanding:

"What shall I tell your mother?" and perhaps half a dozen responses would be heard: "Tell her that I died with my face to the foe," and then Bradley would come out and hunt for the man that said it.

He seldom found him, but when he did there was certain to be a fight.

A Big Blow.

The New Orleans *Herald* says: A few evenings ago, while the chief engineer of a lung-tester was expatiating upon the benefits to be derived from the free use of his instrument, a cadaverous individual stepped out of the crowd and remarked to him:

"Mister, do you think it would help me any to blow into that can?"

"Yes, sir; certainly; it would expand your chest, give elasticity to your lungs, and lengthen your life. Why, you'd soon be able to blow five hundred pounds and win the five-dollar prize."

"Why, does a fellow get five dollars when he blows that many pounds?"

"Yes, sir; wouldn't you like to make a trial?" with a knowing wink to the crowd.

"I don't care if I do," said Greens, walking around and planking down a dime of the greasy shinplaster sort.

Then taking the mouthpiece in his hand he made ready. He opened his mouth until the hole in his face looked like a dry dock for ocean steamers, and began to take in wind. The inflation was like that of the great balloon, but not so disastrous. The fellow's chest began to grow and distend until he resembled a pouter pigeon more than a man, at which point he put the mouth-piece to his lips and blew with such force that his eyes came out and stood around on his cheek bones to see what was the matter—but that can top went up like a flash, and the needle of the indicator spun around like the button on a country school house door, until it stood still at 500 pounds! The crowd cheered and the keeper of the can paid over the $5 in stamps, with a mutter of astonishment. But Greens pocketed them coolly, and turning to the spectators, said:

"Look here, gents, that ain't nothing to do at all for a man who has been a bugler in a deaf and dumb asylum for several years, like me."

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "We want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

A wealthy citizen of San Francisco proposes to establish an astronomical observatory on the Sierra Nevada, at least 10,000 feet above the sea level.

JOSH BILLINGS says, truly: "You'd better not know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so."

ALL is hollow where the heart bears not a part, and all is peril where principle is not the guide.

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

A society has been organized in Iowa to encourage fish culture in the rivers of that State.

It is estimated that Louisville consumes a hundred thousand glasses of whisky and beer a day.

Potatoes are so scarce in Illinois that one county alone will have to import at least $100,000 worth this winter.

Do you know that if you put a little blood (from any animal) on each of your orchard trees, the rabbits will not trouble them.

In Maine it is polite to speak of the *delirium tremens* as "apple-jactitation," lest a breach of the liquor laws might be implied.

The country of the Modocs is fast filling up with herds of lowing kine and bleating sheep, which graze and grow fat near the famous lava beds.

The singular ecclesiastical fact should not be overlooked, that the "Reformed Episcopal Church" has only one Cummins and no incumms at all.

The New York picture market is reported to be exceedingly dull this winter. Foreign paintings crowd the market, and native artists complain of a lack of appreciation.

The annual National Convention of Breeders of Short Horn Cattle was held at Cincinnati last week. Archbishop Purcell's bull against Halsted was not introduced.

The Georgia papers are growling about hard times, and yet we notice that a circus at Atlanta took in $3,500 at one performance, recently. False pretence, somewhere.

The report of the Department of Agriculture for November and December shows that the average of the tobacco crop in comparison with last year, is ninety-four per cent.

Under the new coin system of the German Empire, whereby silver is no longer legal-tender, except for very small amounts, 075,446,170 marks have been coined up to November 1st.

A Christmas recipe for obtaining immortality. Write your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with day by day, and you will never be forgotten.

Mrs. Livermore is propounding to the country people of Massachusetts the conundrum, "What shall we do with our daughters?" No doubt they will marry them off as fast as ever they can.

The hard times also have their effects upon the Indians. One horse will now purchase two Apache squaws, and the owner of the female will throw in a dog or two rather than lose the bargain.

The New Hampshire Historical Society has received the interesting and appropriate gift of a hornet's nest twelve feet in circumference, and now wants to trade it off for a woman's rights convention.

The temperance cause must be at a low ebb in the moon, as Professor Proctor shows that there is no water in that useful institution. How do the Lunatics wash? and how are they off for soap?

A very rich and fragrant combination has been discovered in a mine in Virginia, which, according to the local journals, contains "mica, silver and assafœtida," with some indications of petroleum-oil gas.

The Principal of the boys' high school at San Francisco has been on trial three months for yielding "too much to his natural love for the technical, the abstruse and the accurate," and the end is not yet.

Castelar has three rebellions on hand already—those of the Carlists, Cartagenists and Volunteers in Cuba—and another one under Serrano in behalf of the Prince Asturias, the son of Bourbon Isabella, is threatened.

It is alleged, as an indication of the present factitious value of coal in England, that the various companies in that country are realizing dividends which represent an average profit of 40 per cent. on the capital invested.

The New Hampshire farmers propose to have a mass convention at Manchester on the 2d of December, for a general consultation and free discussion of matters pertaining to their position and the means of improving it.

There are large numbers of cattle in Kansas, Colorado and Texas which, but for the untoward condition of markets and money, would have gone east of the Missouri, and the prospect seems to be that the cattle trade of 1874 will be immense.

A New York grand jury is considering the question of indicting the deputy sheriffs and and court officers, who are alledged for a consideration to have indorsed on a number of summonses as "not found" the persons summoned to appear as jurors.

The Assistant Commissioner of Patents, in a careful paper, compiled from official sources, makes the extraordinary assertion that "from three-quarters to seven-eighths of our enormous manufacturing capital is based upon patents, either directly or indirectly."

James F. Joy, the Michigan railroad king, has got a big railroad bridge across the Detroit river in his brain. The capital represented by the railroads centering at Detroit amounts to $100,000,000, he says, and the Detroit river now without a bridge is simply a nuisance.

T. C. Stearns, postmaster at Stockbridge, Wis., and editor of the Stockbridge Enterprise, being despondent on account of financial matters, administered strychnine to his wife and himself on the 11th. His wife died, but it is hoped Stearns will recover sufficiently to be hung for the murder.

A San Francisco physician lately took out a man's elbow joint by cutting the bone off some two inches above and below the union of the two parts. He then induced a new bone to form with a perfect joint, which is now as strong and flexible as that of the other arm. This is a wonderful achievment.

A remarkable charge of black-mailing is made against a Spanish official, who is not named. It is alleged that he has been in the habit of representing to wealthy Cuban refugees, resident in Philadelphia, that their estates were about to be confiscated, and of extorting large sums of money on pretense of preventing that consummation. Seventy-five thousand dollars is the sum mentioned as the aggregate proceeds of these operations.