

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 with the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, notices of marriages and deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is once inserted.

JOBS PRINTING: of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-bills, Blankets, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. Office: No. 113 Third Street. ang21,1872.

D. R. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 3, 72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 34 Street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [Jan.17,71.

D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 222 Washington Street, over the east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan.4,71.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Lester's new building, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan.4,71.

G. L. ROBB, Notary Public, Office in S. T. Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan.12,71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan.17,71.

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Practice attention given to all legal business, Office 229 Hill Street, corner of Court House Square. [Dec.1,72.

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill Street, near door west of Court House. [Jan.17,71.

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney-at-Law, Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 493, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [Jan.6,71.

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Hill Street, Pa. will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in the Journal Building. [Feb.1,71.

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

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Hill Street. [Feb.1,71.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MUSSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTING all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [Nov.2,72.

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 221 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan.9,71.

JOHN SCOTT, S. T. BROWN, J. H. BAILEY, S. COTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Practice attention given to all legal business, 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. 226, Hill Street. [Jan.17,71.

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE, FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA.

MORRISON HOUSE, A. B. ZIEGLER, Prop., No.12, 73-6a.

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA.

April 3, 1871-ly.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Lester's new building, Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [Oct.16,72.

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill Street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonsure, and Hair kept on hand for sale. [Jan.17,71-6m.

HOFFMAN & SKEESE, Manufacturers of all kinds of CHAIRS, and dealers in PARLOR and KITCHEN FURNITURE, corner of Fifth and Washington streets, Huntingdon, Pa. All articles will be sold cheap. Particular and prompt attention given to repairing. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. [Jan.15,73y.

W. M. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c., HUNTINGDON, PA. STERIL PARIS CEMENTS, ALSO SLATE TABLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, 71.

FOR PLAIN PRINTING, FANCY PRINTING, AND GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

The Muses' Bower.

(Original.) The Irish Emigrant's Song.

BY J. W. WELCH.

I am dreaming of the pleasures Of my Erin's genial clime; As they flow'd in golden torrents Down the mystic stream of time;

Bless'd land of turf and tethers, Shamrock green and daisies sweet; Oh! my native land, Hibernia, Eivla's Eden's lovely gate.

In my fancy, by the Liffey, Boy again I seem to stand, Whilst with my dark-eyed mother's Rests my trembling youthful hand.

With his numbing, chilling spray, Stealing over all my being, Like the gloom preceding day.

Though the sun is brightly shining On our January morn'g, It but adds unto my sorrow, And in sadness still I dream;

Though I live young on Columbia, And have fought beneath your stars, Yet my heart clings to Hibernia, With her many tyrant's bars.

Whilst I love the daisies banner Floating over Erin's plains, I must dream of home, sweet home, Lying below in galling chains;

Let me wive her emerald banners With the life-giving, white-bone, And I'll fight for that sweet Union Till my life-blood stains the dew.

Come wail or woe, I'll never Forget the moments so dear, For their cause I love it dear; But my love for Erin's bowers Will be the life-giving white-bone, For I shall never forget her ray, While I feel life's golden day.

The Story-Teller.

BY LOFTUS BRUCE.

It was a glorious evening, as, after a long day's enjoyment of unceasing sport, accompanied by my Indian hunter, I sought some sheltered cove on the Rideau lake to camp for the night.

The bark canoe was nearly full of black hose, and a muskinoe that might have served a pirate's table, added to our spoils, which had not been confined to the fanny race, for Francis had shot a rare and beautiful black fox, a species almost extinct now in the part of Canada where we were hunting, and from the traps which he had set in the beaver meadow, we had taken three of these sagacious animals, so that our day had been replete with sport.

The sun had sunk behind the trees and the August moon was just beginning to peer above the horizon when we had reached the opposite shore, as we gently beached the canoe upon a bed of silvery sand, and commenced our preparations for supper and the night.

Francis had soon applied his match to the birch bark, and already the fire was crackling and sending a curling wreath of fragrant smoke into the sky, when, with a sharp crash, and a bound through the brake which closely encircled our camp, a deer sprung into the lake. My rifle was soon pointed at the animal, and the trigger, when its discharge was stayed by an exclamation from the Indian, "Don't shoot—the young chief cannot kill—he will only wound, and deer be lost."

It was true; the uncertainty of the light, and the quick motion of the animal as he headed for a small, isolated rock, covered with low brushwood, situated about two hundred yards from the bank, presented no fatally vulnerable point for a mark, and made it impossible to do more than slightly wound him.

"Let the chief take the canoe," said Francis, "and he will shoot the deer upon the rock."

I was quickly in the canoe, which, propped by his light and silent paddle, soon brought us to the desired spot, nor were we there a minute before we discovered the deer creeping under long ferns, and the hanging shrubs. I fired, and with good effect, for bounding into the air he fell motionless. Whether in the excitement of the moment I made some awkward movement in the canoe, or whether the paddle, when I was about to land, was urged on the frail bark too suddenly, I know not, but she upset, and I, rifle in hand, sank to the bottom. Upon my return to the surface I found myself within the grasp of Francis, who, in a few strokes of his arm, brought us to the rock, whence plunging into the water, he soon reached the canoe, and leaving the deer and my rifle to be recovered in the morning, we returned to the camp. Our supper was soon cooked, our pipes smoked, and stretched upon the pile of sweet and tender leaves torn by Francis from the branches of the fern trees which surrounded us, nothing the less dispersed upon my recent bath. I was soon asleep, nor was my slumber broken until the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning, when I found my rifle by my side and Francis had been engaged in skinning the trophies of yesterday's sport.

I had been enjoying myself among the numerous lakes and streams north and east of the St. Lawrence, for the past month, and my available time having nearly expired, we now turned our canoe toward that noble river and passing through many of these beautiful lakes and rushing streams, which, in a great measure compose the Rideau Canal, in all of which we found abundance of fish, and on their beds no deficiency of game; we arrived at Prescott, where, pursuing our course down the St. Lawrence some five and thirty miles, we began to feel the accelerating influence of the Longue Sault rapid—a rapid which a few years since was considered most precarious to descend, but which is now safely navigated by the noble steamers that use these waters. A rapid that may with perfect confidence be descended by a large steamer, successfully opposing skillful strategy and prudent application of steam against contending eddies in the Rideau, was now a mere trifling vex to the bold and surly madly plunge over the hidden rocks which form its bed, is fraught with far greater danger to the frail bark, whose safety can only be achieved by the nerving eye, the steady nerve, and ready hand that steers it through the fearful channel.

I confess it was not without some apprehension that I resigned my original intention of taking the steamer at Prescott, and took my seat in the canoe at the solicitation of Francis who modestly, but with perfect confidence and self-possession, asserted his ability to pilot our frail vessel down the Rideau, or the rapid, and when I looked upon the placid features of my Indian, his fearless eye and strong nerve, and when I heard his mild assurance in

these words, "The young chief need not doubt, Quick Hand" (such was the meaning of his name among the Iroquois) "knows all the currents and has often shot the loon upon the wing as the canoe drifted down the stream." Quick Hand can take the chief down the rapid safely to St. Regis, where his young squaw will cook him venison, and spread his bed."

I was soon disposed of in the canoe in such a position as to secure, as far as possible, its equipoise in the water and facilitate the operation of the paddle by Francis, who knelt in the stern. Once within the influence of the at first gently declining flood, the paddle was used to steer the little craft, and we glided on from point to point with the utmost rapidity, scarcely susceptible of motion. As we proceeded the waters narrow, the waves roar, the white foam rushes round our canoe, the channel narrows, and we are borne around in circling eddies, from which some mysterious convulsion we shoot into the stream or hug the bank, loading some of the rocks with our feet, and we are irresistibly sad. The old young girls of the village had assembled, and surrounding the pier added their peculiar low Indian tones to the melancholy wail, while the sweet and solemn notes of the organ played by one of the sisters joined their deep and swelling notes to the chorus.

At the head of the pier stood Quick Hand who was not slow to discover my entrance into the chapel, and I quickly passed up the aisle way and made through the little crowd until I reached him. He took my hand, pressed it to his lips, and then removing a white rose from the bosom of the corpse, he placed it in my bosom. "I shall never forget his look of mute sorrow during this little scene. The priest never uttered a word, and I never uttered a word, but once more knelt and seemed in a very agony of grief. Rising, he took from his breast the medal he always wore, and which having been presented to him for some services rendered to the Government, he wore more than all he possessed, and placed it on my breast, and I gratefully and convulsively and we passed through the fearful crowd.

She was buried in the little graveyard attached to the chapel, and after the burial Francis seemed to relapse into the cold stupor of death, and I had to support him, having prepared and partaken of some breakfast, he carefully collected all the little articles of clothing or ornament which remained of poor Agatha's; he placed them in a little heap upon the bench, set fire to them, and watched him travel toward the northwest until he had his squaw."

I well knew the folly of endeavoring to persuade an Indian to give up an idea so formed, nor indeed did I see any utility in persuading him to remain where everything most necessarily revived his memory of his loved one.

I had more than once noticed the eager look with which he had examined my rifle and powder-horn. The former was about superior to Quick Hand's rifle, as it was inferior to the modern Minnie or Maynard, and it often had been an object of his admiration.

"Quick Hand will accept these from my brother, and when he shoots the deer he will remember his friend and wish he were with him."

"He took the rifle and powder-horn, saying, 'I will take them for the young chief's sake; but Quick Hand will not see many deer, he goes to his squaw.'"

We walked to the canoe, in which we arranged his little bundle and the rifle, along with the few things that formed my personal baggage, and, eyes ever watching our former position, we paddled over to Cornwall.

"Which river is my brother going to travel?" I inquired.

"Quick Hand will return by the Lakes to the Ottawa, and hunt the otter up the Niagara, and he'll be back in a few days. The Great Spirit shows him where his squaw is dwelling."

It was on a fine evening in the November following, when the blue haze that hung over the atmosphere indicated that period peculiar to North America, termed the Indian Summer, that an Indian singly paddled his bark canoe up the Ottawa river, making the portage of the Chaudiere Falls, and relaunching her some twenty miles to the point where we had no stop, he spoke to, none, but silently passed on his way and was seen with a firm and steady stroke urging his canoe up the stream until a curve in the river withdrew him from the view of the two or three persons under whose observation he had come.

The evening advanced, and the moon rose in the fullness of her beauty, throwing a flood of light over the dark waters, making the smallest objects distinctly visible. There were two passengers on the bridge which spans the Chaudiere Falls, two feet—it was covered with a white sheet or pall—there was Agatha. Quick Hand put forth his hand and gently drew her over the covering; as the moonbeam fell upon her cheek, softening the natural swarthyness of her face, nothing had ever seemed to me more lovely. The aquatic figures, peculiar to the Indians born at Lorette, near Quebec, whence Francis had, within only five months, brought his bride—her soft composure, undisturbed by the slightest rigidity of constraint, all the small delicate hands crossed over her breast, between the fingers of which a little crucifix had been tenderly placed—the unfaded chaplets that her young companions had strewn upon her body, one of which crowned her brow, and mingled its white leaves with the rich, dark tresses that hung in waves from her head and covered her shoulders—her somewhat rich attire, for she had been arrayed for her glastly dead-watch in her finest garments; the many colored beads forming the embroidery of which, reflected back the rays of the pallid moon—all tended to give an unearthly reality to that scene of death, from which the terrible anguish of the mourner alone recalled me; but on the first view of his wife, Francis sank upon his knees, and the con-

visions of his life and manly frame too plainly evidenced the fearful struggle that progressed.

He had remained for some time kneeling beside the body, during which his head was buried in his hands that rested on the pier, and he calmly raised himself from his knees, and in a steady voice said, "Quick Hand will rest beside Agatha to-night, and the chief will return to the wigwam."

"No, Francis," I replied, "I shall stop with you. I should prefer resting here on one of the benches and helping to comfort my friend." But the proposition gave him pain, and knowing the obstinacy of the Indian mind, and the superstitious tenacity with which they cling to their predilections, I yielded to his wishes, and left him to his solitary and sad duty.

Early in the morning I revisited the chapel, and found the good priest and some nuns from the neighboring convent, performing a mass for the soul of the departed. Then followed a requiem, and as the effort had been made for weeks to induce the laboring population to riot and violence, but with little effect. The real laborers looked with suspicion upon the orators who were belaboring at their meetings.

"Who is he, and where does he work?" became a very common question as to the red-necked individuals who were making spread-eagle appeals in behalf of "our laborers." And, as it never could be ascertained that the red-necks had ever illumined any ship or factory, or other place of labor, their claims to be considered laborers were scouted. Notwithstanding the inflammatory appeals to the laborers out of work to join in a demonstration Tuesday, and "demand bread," presenting the "alternative of blood," only three or four thousand gathered in Tompkins Square, and of these but few were laborers, that is, regular laborers. They were agitators, whose ideas of property were exceedingly vague—men who believe in the doctrine that the man who has saved something by industry and sobriety, shall share it with the man whose idleness and laziness has prevented him from saving anything. These fellows, mostly foreigners, met with red flags and badges, and—that was all. The police ordered them to disperse—a few of them showed fight, and were promptly knocked down, and the agitators being first to fly for sweet life, and that ended it. Thirty of the agitators were arrested and committed to jail. They were all foreigners, which fact has significance. There are in New York thousands of French, English, and German communists, who are working vigorously to organize the labor of the country into a raid upon capital; but the real laborers are steadily opposed to anything of the sort, and the movement failed. The prudence and good sense of the laborers saved the city a terrible riot.

TAMMANY'S DEMANDS.

Tammany has no idea of giving up the ghost, or of relinquishing a single iota of his power. He has not been a little somewhat modest for a year or two, but the elections last fall gave Democratic, as they did, gave it new courage. Tammany proposes to take charge of the courts again, and as the first step, has divided up the city into wards, and has appointed judges. One Mierson, representing Tammany in the Twentieth Assembly District, notified Judge Hackett that one Deputy Clerk and one officer of his Court had been assigned by Tammany to his District, and that he should designate the two men.

Judge Hackett was not surprised at this. He could not understand what the ring of thieves, headed by a gambler, had to do with making appointments of officers in his court, and he so told Mr. Mierson. Thereupon Mr. Mierson waxed wroth, and said that if he were not satisfied with the time case, Tammany would go for Judge Hackett's scalp.

You see what chance New York has for decent Courts, so long as a mob of ruffian frequenters dare to dictate appointments like these.

WHAT WE DRINK FOR WINE.

This is shaking among the dry bones that are habitually moistened with wine. The wine-drinking habit is one of the courts, which turned upon the genuineness of a favorite brand of wine. What do you suppose the Sherry drank in the country is made of? acid, y wine drinkers.

An analysis of a "standard" brand showed it was composed of forty gallons of potato spirit, fifty-six gallons of water, four gallons of capillary, and ten gallons of grape juice. This delectable mixture makes 40 dozen quarts, which sells in the market at \$38 per dozen. Rather a profitable business, every body, except the consumers—yet they need stimulants, and backed with fire-brick. The fact is, there is but little actual wine imported. The Sherris are adulterated with sulphuric acid, and strengthened with alcohol, and colored by a villainous decoction, and so on through the list. Still the fastidious drinker smacks his lips over his sulphuric acid, its price and its foreign name commending it to him. Not one of them can be induced to touch the real wine, made from real grapes grown in America.

AN INCIDENT IN THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ACTRESS.

Actresses, as a rule, retain their maiden names after they are married, the reason being that having made their reputation before marriage, a change of name would be injurious. Out of this practice a very funny incident occurred last Saturday night. A well-known actress, a respectable woman, and the wife of an excellent actor, had a very nice room assigned her by the register, and she had her husband with her, who was in the office at the time, and registered her name, "Miss Agnes Morton," and assigned her a room. At 11 P. M. the husband arrived, and registering his name, "John Smith," looked at the register, and saw that his wife had registered under the name of "Miss Agnes Morton," and he was in the office at the time, and registered her name, "Miss Agnes