The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 49. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1874. NO. 5.

The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office on the Corner of Fifth and Washington streets.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at $2.00 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and $3 if not paid within the year.

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

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

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

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1 Inch	3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$ 27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	24 00	35 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	21 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

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

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

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

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

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

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

Professional Cards.

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

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 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

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

WM. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS. HEADSTONES, &C., HUNTINGDON, PA STER PARIS CORNICES, MOULDINGS. &C ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, '71.

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

The Muses' Bower.

[Original.]

The Cottage by the Hill.

BY J. W. WELCH.

A cosy little cottage,
Beneath a mossy hill,
Oft rivets my attention,
And gloominess dispels.

Its flower-mantled threshold,
From thick festoons of green,
Looks out, in modest beauty,
Upon a charming scene.

A lovely little meadow,
A sweet-voiced pearly rill,
Increase the magic power
Of the cottage by the hill.

A blooming, fair-haired maiden
Sings gaily, in the door,
A song whose sweetness rivals
The strains of Eden's shore.

Whilst over all, the sunlight
A melting splendor throws,
And through the open portal
In brilliant torrents flows.

But right within the gateway,
Just by the garden wall,
Is seen the crowning glory;
A maple smooth and tall.

It stands, a royal monarch,
This lovely tree of trees,
And flings its streaming tresses
Triumphant to the breeze.

Methinks within this cottage
No grief should have its birth;
For, in my rude opinion,
'Tis the dearest spot on earth.

Such soul-entrancing beauty,
The darkest heart would thrill;
And stamp on it the image
Of the cottage by the hill.

The Story-Teller.

[Original.]

Three Brave Men.

BY J. W. L. S.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"But they don't suit me," said Barbara, coolly tying her curls before the mirror. Why not?"

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave—equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty, I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?"

"He is placid as goat's milk."

"That is no sign he is a coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner, he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely."

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers.

It is not always strength that wins a fight, girl. It takes brain as well as brawn. Come, now, Barbara, give these fellows a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another. "I will, mother," said she at last.

That evening Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door.. "You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied, "I've been thinking of what you said the other night, when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up-stairs. It smells of mould. They say Reymond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up-stairs in the room my grandfather died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave, for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that your bed to-night?"

Ernest laughed. "Is that all? I will do that and sleep soundly. "Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember no one sleeps in that part of the house."

"I shall sleep the sounder."

"Good-night, then. I will send you a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay there all night," said the imperious Miss Barbara, "I will marry you."

"You vow it?"

"I vow it."

Ernest turned straight away and followed the lad in waiting through the dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow, damp ways, where rats scuttled before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait until he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large, and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood the coffin; beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise quite empty. Ernest stretched himself in the coffin "Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a good fit," said he. The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the gunsmith alone in the dark. Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the blacksmith in the keeping-room. "Barney," said she, pulling her hands away from his grasp, when he would have kissed her, "I've a test to put you to before I give you my answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare to sit with it all night, and let nothing drive you away from your post, you will not ask me to marry you in vain."

"You give me a light and a bottle of wine and a book to read?"

"Nothing."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me?"

"All. And if you get frightened, you need never look me in the face again."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose voluntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be the natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat, and the boy left him alone with the darkness and the rats and the coffin. Soon after, young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

"No; and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara."

"I have a proposal to make you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post until morning. If you can make him do it, I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy," exclaimed Fritz. I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You will find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as he required, and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber. Barney had been sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well. The night seemed very long; for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed to him as if he could hear low suppressed breathing, not far away; but he persuaded himself that it was the wind blowing through the crevices of the old house. Still it was very lonely and not at all cheerful.

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness. The rats squealed as if famine was upon them and they smelled flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise, as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with the back against the wall and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and, in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start but saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure. "Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed, in a fright, using the very first words that came to his tongue. The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer, pressing him in the corner.

"The devil take you," cried Barney, in his great extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back. Still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer and extending both arms. The hair started upon Barney's head; he grew desperate, and, as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping and pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little, and while pummelling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying to lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry:

"Take one of your size, big Barney!"

Looking around they saw the corpse sitting up in the coffin. This was too much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out, but they ran home in haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Ernest, the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he, turning over in the coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

Reading for the Million.

A Remarkable Duel.

THE SECRETARY-BIRD AND THE SNAKE.

A gentleman traveling in the south of Africa was one day descending a mountain. Slowly and cautiously he trod; for not only was the mountain very steep, but every now and then some gliding creature appeared and vanished again among the roots and herbage. It might be lizard bright and quick as a flash, or it might be one of the poisonous serpents with which that country abounds, and to tread on which was almost certain death. Now he held on to a branch while gaining safe footing below; now he leaped on to a projecting ledge of rock; now clung to a root; yet everywhere stopping to observe what was beneath and around him, and gathering treasures as he went. Heavily laden was he, besides—with a musket slung over his shoulder, a butterfly-net in his hand, and a knapsack and cases, and numberless things that go to make up the trappings of a naturalists, hung about his waist. Hands and eyes were alike busy, where nature had also been busy, lavishing on every inch of space some strange and wonderous thing worth studying and preserving. Exquisite heaths or other plants must be stowed away in his tin box, then a splendid insect was entrapped, or a bird was brought down.

Thus engaged, the traveler was a long time clambering down the mountain, unmindful also of whither his rambles were leading him, when, chancing to look below, he found he was descending into a moist, boggy spot, which he knew would be the very place for the poisonous snakes he was so anxious to avoid, and to escape which would now require his utmost vigilance. Suddenly his attention was attracted by a large bird standing on a flat, sandy part of the bog, and whose actions were unaccountably strange, its movements being as rapid and eccentric as if it were going through gymnastic exercises out there in the savage desert. Quick jumps and steps with its long legs, then a succession of bends and bows, did this strange bird make; then a whirl or a sudden leap back, or a turn in the air. Wings and feet are equally active yet, with the exception of these singular antics. It remained always on the same mound of sand, upon which, at that distance, the man could distinguish no other object likely to occasion such evolutions. The bird was not a turkey, though about the size of one, nor a stork, nor a crane, nor a vulture, though in some respects slightly resembling these. Could it have been picking up insects? The traveler's curiosity was keenly excited. Descending with as much speed as possible, and approaching quietly so as to observe without disturbing the proceedings, he now saw that the bird had a very singular crest formed of long feathers, like quill pens at the back of his head, sometimes raised and striking straight out, as pens do when lawyer's clerks put them behind their ears. Then, by this peculiar crest, the gentleman knew that it was a bird of which he had often heard, but which he had never seen. "The secretary-bird!" he said to himself, smiling with satisfaction at this good opportunity for observing its habits. And now it was easy to perceive that this remarkable bird was fighting a duel with one of the deadly serpents of that climate, and a fierce and terrible duel it was, equal skill, vigilance and activity being displayed on both sides. The serpent, with its jaws extended and its poisonous fangs ready for the fatal bite, reared its terrible head, swollen with rage and venom, darting out its forked tongue and glaring with its fiery eyes, while for a moment the bird stood at bay. Then, with one of its large, strong wings spread out before its breast exactly like a shield, it, with its other wing, dealt a blow at the raised head of the foe which struck it to the ground. Quick as lightning was the blow, and quick as lightning the dash which the snake again made at his assailant, though only to expend its venom on the feathers of the wing spread out to shield the breast. Watching its opportunity the bird, with another sudden movement, sprang upon the foe, this time to give it a kick and prick and wound it with its talons; then seizing it with its bill, it tossed it into the air. For a few moments the reptile lay stunned and powerless, while its assailant stalked warily around, anticipating its slightest movement, for the cunning of the serpent and the swiftness of its gliding motions rendered it an equal match for its large and more powerful antagonist. Finding its advantage, the bird now cautiously approached, and again with its wing swept the snake off the ground and tossed it into the air. More bruised and feeble after each fall, the deadly snake at length grew wearied and disabled, till the bird, now feeling itself secure from a stroke of the poison fangs leaped upon its neck and held it to the ground, while with one blow from its falcon-like bill, it spilt open its skull, and ended this extraordinary duel by gobbling its enemy up.

Migrations of a Norway Rat.

The Popular Science Monthly says: The lemming multiplies so rapidly that in the course of ten or twelve seasons food becomes scarce, and, on the approach of some winter when the food question has become one of life and death, the overstocked market is relieved by an expedient unparalled in its nature among four-footed animals. This singular little creature is so local in its habits that, unless under the circumstances we are about to relate, it never leaves the mountain regions to establish itself on the plains where food is more abundant. The inhuman suggestion of a modern writer, that our paupers should be packed into a rotten ships, which should be sent out to sea and scuttled, is something like the method adopted by the lemmings themselves to avert the famine that threatens to annihilate the entire species. When the time for the settlement of question of partial extermination for the benefit of the race, or total extermination by starvation, can no longer be delayed, they assemble in countless thousands in some of the mountain valleys leading into the plains, and, the vast army of martyrs being selected, they pour across the country in a straight line, a living stream often exceeding a mile in length and many yards in breadth, devouring every green thing in their line of march, the country which they have passed looking as if it had been ploughed, or burned with fire. They march principally by night and in the morning, resting during the day, but never seek to settle in any particular locality, however abundant food may be in it, for their final destination is the distant sea, and nothing animate or inanimate, if it can be surmounted, retards the straight onward tide of their advance.

When the reindeer gets enveloped in the living stream they will not even go round its limbs, but bites its legs until in its agony and terror it plunges madly about crushing them to death in hundreds and even killing them with his teeth. If a man attempts to stem the living torrent they leap upon his legs, and if he lay about him with a stick they seize it with their teeth and hold on to it with such determined pertinacity that he may swing it round his head rapidly without compelling them to loosen their hold. If a corn or hay rack be in their way they eat through it, and on arriving at the smooth face of a rock they pass round it, forming up in close column again on the other side. Lakes, however broad, are boldly entered, and the passage attempted, and rivers, however deep and rapid, are forded, impediments in the water being as boldly faced as those on shore. They have been known to pass over a boat and to climb on to the deck of a ship, passing without stop or stay into the water on the farther side.

Cloth and Paper Imitations of Leather.

An invention, recently patented by Mr. Henry A. Clark, of Boston, Mass., furnishes a material which will be advantageously used in several branches of industry, particularly in book-binding. By a peculiar process, paper and cloth combined, or either of these materials separately, are prepared so that in many cases they may be advantageously used as a substitute for leather, particularly where leather is now employed as a covering or lining for other materials, as in book-binding, manufacture of trunks, etc. Not only is the color and appearance of leather given to the material, but it is rendered, for all practical purposes, proof against injury from water, perspiration or moisture.

The process is an ingenious and interesting one. The cloth or paper is first covered, upon one or both its surfaces with lithographic ink, corresponding in color to the color of the leather intended to be imitated. The lithographic ink is applied to the surface of a stone, and the material to be prepared is placed upon the stone, and subjected to the ordinary transfer operation of a liteographic press. The material being then removed from the stone, and the inky surface allowed to dry, a coat of shellac, varnish, or other suitable waterproof material, is applied to both sides, which completes the process. A superior article may be made by supplying a series of coats of lithographic ink one after another, waiting for each successive coat to dry. In this way morocco or sheep skin, either green or blue, black or red, may be almost perfectly imitated in external appearance, and the product will be for many purposes almost as durable as the leather imitated.

Dimity Dips.

Mrs. M. E. Peale owns 173,065 acres of land in California.

The only daughter of Stonewall Jackson is at school in Charlotte, N. C.

A fashionable young lady in Boston demands $400 pin money per month.

A young Hindoo bride from Madras is the lioness of London social circles.

A Maine woman sued a saloon-keeper for "the loss of her husband's society."

A girl in Bedford, Pa., wants to wrestle with any man for the championship of the State.

A tender-hearted wife at Scranton sold her false hair to buy her husband a silver-headed cane.

A Vicksburg girl went crazy because her father wouldn't let her appear in the "Black Crook."

An evangelical Lutheran feminine college and normal school is to be established at Springfield, Illinois.

A young lady in Boston has worked the twelve apostles in worsted and sold them for enough to buy an organ.

Miss Mary Charlton, of Chicago, has been elected Third Assistant Clerk of the Illinois legislature, with a salary of $6 a day.

Woodhull has been lecturing in Wisconsin, and she has got so that she can dodge a frozen potato nine times out of ten.

The ladies of Havre are about to erect a colossal statue of the Virgin, to commemorate the escape of that city from Prussian invasion.

The diamonds and point lace worn by Mrs. Benj. Wood recently at a Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum ball were valued at $140,000.

A Brooklyn woman has just unraveled a case which the detectives vainly worked on for six months. Her eyes hadn't been blinded with greenbacks.

Eugenie, it is said, is getting old very fast, and, worse still, is getting stout. Fate has dealt harshly with her for some time back; but these are the unkindest cuts of all.

Mrs. Sarah A. Davis, the Boston fur kleptomaniac, says that she is in the habit of taking twenty grains of opium at a dose, and when under its effects does not know what she is doing.

Artificial or natural flowers fastened to the muff, carried by the fashionable *demoiselle* of the period, is quite the correct thing, providing, however, the muff is of cloth or velvet—*not* fur.

"Take a wing," gushed a pompous upstart, extending his bent arm to a sensible lady at the close of the prayer meeting. "Not of a gander," she quietly replied, and walked home with her mother.

Mrs. Laura Fair's law affairs having been finally settled, fortune smiles upon her in the form of a third husband, and a profit of $75,000 in Ophir stocks. But she still carries that little Derringer.

When Major Pauline Cushman arrived in San Francisco, lately, she wanted to lecture, but couldn't afford to advertise, so she just cowhided a man in public, and is now one of the pearls of the platform.

A weighty Tennessee family was recently represented by an ethereal girl of twenty-seven years who weighs 752 pounds avordupois, and her fragile brother of eighteen who only weighs 585 pounds.

Tipkins aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night, saying he had seen a ghost in the shape of an ass. "Oh, let me sleep," was the reply of the irate dame, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

A modern philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose women have stronger attachments than men. A man is often attached to an old hat; but he asks, "who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?

A young lady from Georgetown came to the city the other day to have her picture taken. When the artist showed her the "proof," and asked her how she liked it, she placidly remarked that he "put too darned much mouth on it to suit her."

A lady in Sullivan, Illinois, was recently granted a divorce from her husband, with forty acres of land as alimony. The same afternoon her former husband applied for a marriage license, and in the evening was married in the street on horseback, to the lady of his second choice.

The most fickle of her sex lives in Oakland, California. When about to be married she insisted that the ceremony should be performed in French, and a postponement was had until the next day. A French minister was then on hand, and she thereupon refused to be married at all.

A lady writes to the Grand Rapids, Michigan, *Eagle*, offering to furnish "somestorys" for the paper and says in a postscript: "N. b i can send you sum poems to, sum real pretty verses if you dissire that i writ myself, for i can writ poems as well as storys." The editor was gallant enough to decline the proffered throes of genius, on the ground of poverty superinduced by the panic.

A sensation was made New Year's Day by a Boston lady, who received calls with her sister up town, and appeared in a black velvet robe trimmed with jewels and precious stones at one time the property of the Empress Eugenie. The ladies are said to have received under a bower of roses (as Mr. Townsend did a few years ago), and at intervals during the day and evening there was music by a full band stationed in the dining-room.

Gail Hamilton is a great believer in pedigree. A child, she thinks, is a sort of mosaic, made up of the traits of his ancestors. "He gets, for instance, brightness from his mother, deception from his father, a furious temper from his uncle, self-restraint from his aunt," &c. So far as the parents are concerned, physiological laws establish the correctness of this. But we fail to see how, in any well regulated family, a similiar influence on the part of uncles and aunts can be exerted.

Some nine years ago, an American young lady, Miss Lee, married the old German Prince Frederic, of Holstein-Noer, who once upon a time aspired to the supreme rule of Schleswig-Holstein. Her husband died a year after the marriage, and now our fair countrywoman has celebrated her engagement with the Count of Waldersee, one of the adjutants of the German Emperor, and there is considerable excitement in the court circles of Berlin.

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

Kansas City has five miles of metropolitan telegraph.

General McClellan and family are in Palermo, Italy.

Music in the St. Louis schools cost $28,000 a year.

Caleb Cushing intends leaving for Madrid early in February.

The health of King Lunallilo, of Honolulu, is reported much improved.

Los Angels county, California, raised 25,000 pounds of tobacco last year.

The Fairview House, at Petrolia, was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday.

A number of German residents in Lenuka, Fejee Islands, were recently ill-used by 1,200 natives.

Agnes Ethel is enjoying a protracted honeymoon at a Paris paradise looking out on the Tuileries.

Higoshi Fushima No Mya is the name of the Mikado's nephew, which is pretty good for high.

It is said that a cousin of Castelar's, bearing the same name, is a herder on a ranche in New Mexico.

The total wealth of Maine, valued on a cash basis, is $242,808,688, an increase of $17,985,828, since 1870.

The total deposits in the British Postoffice Savings Banks, since they were established, have been $320,000,000.

One hundred and four winters have frosted the venerable head of Mrs. Polly Bickford, of North Wakefield, N. H.

The Kentucky Legislature has passed a bill providing for the registration of all births, marriages and deaths in that State.

The British Queen held a council at Osborne and issued a proclamation ordering the dissolution of the present Parliament.

Gen. Butler will await the President's message on Louisiana affairs before introducing the bill for a new election in that State.

St. Louis now sits on twenty square miles of territory, but a charter is pending by which she will stretch herself over 42½ square miles.

Mr. Nolen, Secretary of the Irish Amnesty Association, announces his intention of contesting the election of Gladstone in Greenwich.

A dispute has arisen between the natives of Nalawa and Dameran, Fejee Islands, resulting in a collision in which several lives were lost.

The report of Major Pfimby to Postmaster James, of New York city, shows that the business of the money order department last year amounted to $32,515,146.

It is understood that physicians of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other cities have combined to secure the bodies of the Siamese Twins at any price for an autopsy.

The dwelling house of Asa Ballutt, at St. Petersburg, was burnt to the ground on Friday evening. Nothing was saved, the females barely escaping in their night clothes.

The first female school director elected under the New Constitution is Mrs. Frederick Fairlamb, of Media, who was recently elected to fill the position of a retiring director.

Mr. Conrad Smith, of Butler Pa., the *Herald* of that place informs us, is the possessor of a scap of bees that swarmed on the 4th ult. This is the first instance of bees swarming in January, on record.

Rev. Dr. Sunderland, the Chaplain of the Senate, recently prayed that God would make "this Congress as the Sanhedrim to the Jew," but the telegraph reported it as the "Sacred Ram of the Jew."

During a fight in Meadville on Friday evening last, a man named Drave was badly cut by Jim Fahey. Drave now lies in a critical condition, and Fahey is in jail awaiting the result of the injuries inflicted.

Two dwelling houses at Red Hot, Crawford county, were entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday evening last, with all their contents, the families occupying the same not being able to save any part of their goods.

A spark from a smoke stack fell into a small pool of oil near the pump house of Vandergrift & Forman, at Karns City, on Saturday last, and in a few moments the place was in flames. The pump house was entirely destroyed.

It is a little singular that from the class of 1837 in Yale College there should be three persons whose names have been connected with the Chief Justiceship. They were William M. Evarts, Edward S. Pierepont and Morrison R. Waite.

Old fashioned New England suppers are among the social amusements of the winter in Lorain county, Ohio. The ladies dress in the costume of Revolutionary times, and the refreshments consist of pork, beans, brown bread and such like, eaten from old pewter plates.

A singular horse accident occurred at Attleboro', Mass., recently. Two fast horses attached to sleighs met each other, head to head. Both fell stunned, and one of them, valued at $1,000, was so paralyzed in the hind quarters that it was necessary to kill him.

A rather strange coincidence is the fact that, at about the hour when Madame Parepa-Rosa's spirit left her body, in London, her great rival, Nilsson, in Chicago, was warbling the notes of "Don Glovanni," in which the dying woman made her last appearance before the public.

The State of Michigan has inaugurated prison reform with a gusto. In the State's institutions the convicts cross-striped garments are to be abolished; prisoners will be educated, and when finally discharged each man will receive a suit of clothes, $10 in cash, and such money as he may have earned by overwork.

The Rev. John V. Lewis, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, in Washington, surprised his congregation, on Sunday, by preaching a sermon in favor of a union of the Methodist Episcopal and Protestant Episcopal Churches. He also spoke favorably of the movement headed by Bishop Cummins.

The lower house of the Mississippi Legislature adopted a joint resolution, that the representatives in Congress from that State now absent from their seats are respectfully but firmly requested to return to their posts and discharge their duty to their constituents by supporting the civil rights bill now pending.

The Jokers' Budget.

Judging by Appearances.

A good story is told by a Yankee editor, in illustration of the folly of judging from appearances. A person, dressed in a suit of homespun clothes, stepped into a house in Boston on some business, where several ladies were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked in a low tone that a countryman was in waiting, and agreed to have some fun. The following dialogue ensued:

"You're from the country, I suppose?"

"Yes, I'm from the country."

"Well, sir, what do you think of the city?"

"It's got a tarnal sight of houses in it."

"I expect there's a great many ladies where you come from?"

"Oh, yes, a woundy sight! just for all the world like them," pointing to the ladies.

"And you are quite a beau among them, no doubt?"

"Yes, I beaus 'em to meetin' and about."

"Maybe the gentleman will take a glass of wine?" said one of the company.

"I thankee; don't care if I do."

"But you must drink a toast."

"I eats toast what aunt Debby makes, but as to drinkin', I never seed the like."

What was the surprise of the company to hear the stranger speak as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing the earth can afford, and I advise you to bear in mind that we are often deceived in appearance. You mistook me by my dress for a country booby; I, from the same cause, thought these men were gentleman. The deception was mutual. I wish you good day."

A Dutch Demperence Lekshure.

Don't look of dot lager when it bin ret, when it var given poorty much goler in dot bier glass una when he vas movin all rite; for of her lasht he sting like von pumlebee, unt pites like a newfountlant bull-dorg.—No trunken feller don't got by dot kintom von heafen in. Who got droubles? Who gots fights? Who got blue eyes und ret noses? Gess vonce. Vell, I dold yer.—Dem fellers vat hanks arount of dem licker-gin mills, und tainken mixet trinks, like hot Thomas und Jeremier, for insdance, don't it?

Uf yer don't tought more von yer sefenteen viles und von chiltren und ter kettin trunk, it vash petter yer kone teat, py kracious.

Don't yer bin ashamet mit yerself uf yer vas gomin home on a gouble o'glock in der mornin dime, unt don't could fint der geyholes?

Den ven yer vas dryin pooty mutch how ter pool dem poots of mit ein toodprush, und glean dem poots of mit a jack poot—don't yer bin trunk den? Aint it? I vas bin a leetle horse, so I don't could rite no more lekshur.

Who dreats to lager nexht.

IN the good old days when flogging was considered a means of grace, and anniversary processions, picnics, and Christmas trees were in the very distant future, a boy was asked by his Sunday school teacher:

"John, how many Gods are there?"

"Two."

(Sternly)—"How many?"

"Three, sir."

"John, how many Gods are there?"

"Four, sir."

At five the flogging commenced and continued, while John rose rapidly, and by regular progression, to ten. Beyond ten he refused to go, and was finally sent home.

As he "dragged his slow length along," he met a boy on his way to the same school.

"Going to that Sunday school?"

"Yes."

"You are, are you? Well, how many Gods are there?"

"One," stoutly answered the boy.

"One," chuckled John; "go on, my boy. Go up there with your one God, and a good time you'll have of it. I had ten, and they flogged me nearly to death."

Two Irishmen engaged in peddling packages of linen bought an old mule to aid in carrying the bundles. Each would ride awhile or "ride and tie," as the saying is. One day the Irishman who was on foot got close to the heels of his muleship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged he picked up a stone, and hurled it at the mule, but by accident struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped, and began to groan and rub his shin. The man on the mule turned and asked, "What's the matter?" "The cratur's kicked me," was the reply. "Be jabbers," said the other, "he's did that same to me on the back of my head."

THE following dialogue between a high-falutin lawyer and plain witness is a good hit at the fashion of using big crooked words:

"Did the defendant knock the plaintiff down with malice pretense?"

"No, sir; he knocked him down with a flat-iron."

You misunderstand me, my friend; I wish to know whether he attacked him with any intent?"

"O, no, sir, it was outside the tent."

"No, no; I wish to know if it was a preconcerted affair?"

"No, sir; it was not a free concert affair, it was at a circus."

THE chief partner of an energetic mercantile firm happened to be staying over night at a famous hotel in London whilst traveling on business; and in the morning the "boots," on going his round, tapped at his bedroom door and called out, "are you up, sir?" To which the business man replied, having just awoke from a sound sleep, and evidently fancying he was somewhere else, "No, no, by Jove—steady at former quotations."

WHILE on the Peninsula during the war, an officer came across a private belonging to one of the most predatory companies of the Irish brigade, with the lifeless bodies of a goose and a hen, tied together by the legs, dangling from his musket. "Where did you steal those, you rascal?" "Faith, I was marching along with Color-Sergeant Maguire, and the goose—bad cess to it—came out and hissed the American flag." "But the hen, sir; how about her?" "The hen, bless ye, was in bad company, and laying eggs for the ribbels."

THEY celebrated the landing of the Pilgrims in Wisconsin. It is firmly believed in Milwaukee that the Pilgrims originally landed at that place with a cargo of lager beer.

Around the Fireside.

A Gentle Word.

A gentle word is never lost,
Oh! never then refuse them;
It cheers the heart when sorrow lost
And lulls the cares that bruise one,
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
It turns our thorns to roses;
It changes dreary night to day,
And hope and peace discloses.

A gentle word is never lost—
The fallen brothers need it:
How easy said, how small the cost,
What joy and comfort speed it!
Then drive the shadow from thy brow;
A smile can well replace it;
The voice is music when we speak
With gentle words to grace it.

Our Nearness to Heaven.

The apostle appeals to the Christians at Rome to be faithful in service and submissive to their trials, by reminding them that their salvation was nearer than when they first believed and entered upon the new life. It is an appeal that not often influences us as it should, or as it would if we prayerfully meditated upon it.

The nearness of final, complete salvation in heaven is adopted to animate and comfort the heart under its varied burdens of trials and sorrow. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but in the heaviest pressure of them there is hope of deliverance, of final entire exemption from them, and of surpassing gracious reward in that land where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"Now is our salvation nearer" than when we entered upon the new life. This is a comfortable truth. Even "now" many of our appointed trials are actually over and done with forever. They are now fewer than when we first encountered them. Soon the very last one of all will remain.

Surely we should not faint with such a prospect of the termination of all our troubles. We strive for a glorious prize. So far from being dispirited, every new trial should be met with cheerfulness, because there is one less to encounter. Every victory gives new strength and added skill; every success makes the burden lighter, the foe less formidable, and the conquest easier; and we are thus the more prepared for the final struggle and the victor's triumph.

We are nearer to the prize. If we were told that the very last trial had come, how should we be braced to meet it, and especially if we were assured of success! We have that assurance. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," in the infinite merits of the Lord Jesus.—Our armor is of heavenly temper, and the Captain of our salvation is with us, the joy of the Lord is our strength. When we come to the closing conflict "the last enemy shall be destroyed;" death shall have no sting, and the grave no victory over us.

Let us be steadfast and patient, and hope to the end. Let us work while the day lasts, in faithful