The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

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

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DR. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 3, '72.

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.

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Hotels.

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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

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TO ADVERTISERS:

—:o:—

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PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

—:o:—

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

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

—:o:—

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

J. R. DURBORROW & CO,

The Muses' Bower.

The Moneyless Man.

BY J. E. MASS.

Is there one secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth—where virtue has birth?
Where beams in mercy and kindness shall heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there one place on the earth where a knock from the poor,
Will bring a kind friend to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man.

Go look in yon hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off in its splendor the darkness of night.
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,
And mirrors of silver take up and renew
In longlighted vistas the gilded review,
Go there in your patches, and find if you can,
Welcoming smiles for a moneyless man.

Go look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun its same look of fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisle, see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—
Walk down in your patches and find if you can
One who will open a pew to a moneyless man.

Go look to your Judge in his dark flowing gown,
When the scales, wherein law weigheth equity down,
When he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right while he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made—
Go there in your patches and find if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Go look in your banks, where Mammon hath told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the grasp of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore.
Walk up to the counter! Ah! there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your hair turns gray,
And you will find that the banks—not one of the clan—
Will money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife who has waited too long for her bread.
Kneel down by your pallet, and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel—your poverty lost.
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you the chastening rod.
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There is a welcome above for a moneyless man.

"I Have Drank My Last Glass."

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free!
I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,
And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life!
"I have never refused you before!" Let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face!
Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze,
Why, even the children will hoot at me as I pass—
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow,
When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride,
Ever she lay down to rest by my dear father's side;
But with love in her eyes she looked up to the sky,
Bidding me meet her *there*, and whispered, "Good-bye,"
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
On a poor fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill;
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured;
And I begged for *one* glass—just *one* would have cured;
But they kicked me out doors!—I let that too pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

At home, my pet Susie, with her soft, golden hair,
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer,
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were strung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for *bread*, just a poor crust of bread;
For *one* crust—on her knees, my pet darling plead,
And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,
There on the bare floor, asked God to bless *me!*
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma, He will; for you see
I *believe* what I ask for!" Then sobered I crept
Away from the house; and that night, when I slept,
Next my heart lay the Pledge!—You smile! Let it pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear saint-el mother's above!
I will make her words *true*, or I'll die in the race,
And *sober* I'll go to my last resting-place;
And *she* shall kneel there, and, weeping, thank God
No *drunkard* lies under that daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

The Story-Teller.

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

WON BY PRAYER.

BY W. H. WILLIAMSON.

CHAPTER I.

The month of April, with its round of variableness, having done its mission as one of the twelve sentinels of the year, had retired at the approach of queenly May. A more pellucid and soul-elevating morning never graced the diadem of this queenly month than the one from which my story dates its origin. The sky was one sea of liquid blue. There was nothing to arrest the eye save the meadow lark as she darted from her couch of flowers, with thrilling songs, high into the depths of heaven, and a few golden clouds which floated about as if strolling in the midst of a brilliant scene of heaven's adorning, seeking a more radiant retreat, but finding in the midst no difference. The flowers of the glens, hillside, and those imprisoned by dimple fingers in the "Cottage parlor," all seemed to look and smile as if recognizing some goddess flower blooming in the canopy above. The country maidens, with hair flowing over plump, white shoulders, could be heard from every sparkling dale singing their matin songs of freedom, till every forest was made vocal with the most charming echoes. As these unfettered daughters of the happy farmer went forth after their pet cows to fields sparkling with the morning dew, how suggestive of the original design of heaven in fitting up a home for man, when freedom from the trammels of a so-called "fashionable life" would necessitate the development of a symmetrical form. But no such style as set boundry lines to the development of the body, and to the great detriment of health and comfort, seek to add beauty to the mechanism of heaven. How few beside those who are nestled away in some forest glen have foregone this health-blighting folly. Rosalind Gray was one of these wild flowers, which, like the lilly of the forest, had grown up beautiful and unknown but for the discovery of some maiden in her rambles. Rosalind had grown more beautiful as eighteen summers smiled upon her. She knew not how to borrow beauty from her toilet, but nature had more than compensated for her lack of skill in this favorite art. She knew nothing of the coquetry which characterizes so many of her sex, but here again nature lavished herself in supplying what seems more charming to man, a modest, guileless little heart, which, in its innocence, fostered every attribute of the true woman, and radiated her countenance with rich smiles of love and tenderness.

My readers have, I trust, already learned to love our little heroine, hid away from city or town, in the heart of a country glen where moss-covered rocks, jutting out from the side of a mountain, form the back-ground to a neat, white frame cottage, in front of which another mountain rears its head heavenward in silent grandeur; between the two, a beautiful valley, which seems to be a favorite retreat for the mountain birds. Here Rosalind lived unknown; the only child of loving parents. Is it to be wondered at her mother saying:

"None so beautiful as my darling child," as she tripped out of the door throwing back a kiss from lips which mocked the sweetness of the honey-suckles arching the doorway.

Crossing a stream bridged by a vine-covered pavilion, on through the garden, across the meadow, she now stands at the base of the mountain with a book in her hand. Turning to her right, she gets into a narrow path, and being fairly on her way, begins to warble a song. Did ever mortal sing more sweetly? Charmed to silence by the echo of her own rich voice, she notices every little flower, forbidding her feet to tread upon them. Her path is intercepted by a dashing little stream of water flowing down a deep ravine to her left. Turning short, without any hesitation, she follows the prattling stream, stepping from rock to rock, as her way grows steep and difficult, till after a weary ascent the ravine is cut short by high, towering rocks forming on the mountain side, what railroad men would call a "horse-shoe bend," a more picturesque spot could not be found. The green valley far below, with rocks towering a hundred feet in air, all covered by moss and vines and underbrush. In the centre of this embankment of rocks, nature has formed, as if by jealous care, the place which Rosalind has named "Flower Grotto." Here is found the fountain head of the little stream. A large spring of water by its side, a large, flat stone, all covered by velvet moss, above it the rocks jutted out, forming a roof of no impotent character, but picturesque and romantic in its aspect. Little vines, blooming with dainty flowers, had taken hold in every crevice, sending off their slender tendrels, which extended down till grasping the moss-covered rocks below, there came forth a beautiful flower-bed. Far back on this rock, you might have seen Rosalind surrounded by flowers, singing birds, and the music of the rippling water. Facing the east she seems to be rapt in the grandeur of the scene. Looking down through the deep ravine, where bough, kissing from either side, made dark the depths below. She was above this dark mantle of green foliage, which being covered with a shower of dew-drops formed a waving sea of brilliants in the slanting sunbeams, she seemed to be watching the effect of the morning sun upon one of nature's loveliest, but transient pictures.

The king of day had just risen from his oriental repose, and seemed to have enthroned himself amid the ruggid cliffs of an eastern mountain. His beams soon chased the dew-drops down into the panting flowers, and playing amid the spray of the gurgling water, making it resemble a thousand myriads of tiny diamonds suspended in mid-air. Placing her cloak against a projecting rock, Rosalind rests her dimpled cheek against it.

Just here our story must fail of its most charming merit, as we cannot portray the angelic loveliness of the maiden. You would have to look into the depths of those blue eyes which reflect the pure character of her soul. You would have to listen to that sweet voice, to know why we cannot make our story whole, keeping time with her slender little foot to the chattering of the water. A mischievous vine had fastened itself to the hem of her dress, and in his attempts to disappear with the treasure, exhibited a matchless little ankle which lay upon the velvet moss without a covering. Her golden hair, unbraided, rich and abundant, hangs in wild profusion over shoulders which mock the fairness of the fleecy clouds, and mingle with the tiny blossoms at her side.

"Ye gods of beauty, if there ever lived one more beautiful, she were not mortal."

Standing on a projecting rock, but hid by underbrush, a tall young man uttered the above words, as he rested upon his gun. Stepping out from behind his covert he looked down upon Rosalind with a smile.

Believing all were good and pure as her "dear father," she was not frightened when Alfred Cressinger asked if he could "get a drink of water at the spring?"

"I have no cup but one I made of leaves," she answered with a courteous little bow, but remembering it was old and dry, she said, "I will run down the ravine a short distance and get fresh leaves, as I have used this cup so often."

"Thank you, but I think this has become more precious by the using," he replied, while a smile lit up his handsome brown face.

Unaccustomed to compliments of this character, yet her woman's intentiveness lead her to devine his remark, while, with a woman's tact, she waved the least possible acknowledgement of his meaning by her answer, unless that little blush, like a passing shadow, told a tale.

Alfred Cressinger drew himself up to the height of six feet. "A handsome young man," was a compliment paid by all who knew him. Dark brown hair, a broad, white forehead, brown cheeks, the result of hunting the mountains, a dark, navy moustache, which partly hid two firm red lips.

"Our meeting to-day is of such a romantic nature, that if you do not object, I will keep this cup as a memento, and hope—"

Stopping short and seeming at a loss for words to change the purport of a wish mispoken, he added,

"I shall make such use of it as will merit my presumption."

Rosalind smiled and bowed her assent.

At this moment a stone, far down the ravine, was heard to quit its bed, with bounds which dislodged others, as if starting on a race, thundered on in wild confusion. Rosalind started, as if seeing some one, and said,

"I must go."

"One moment, please; there comes my comrade; when I have learned his success with the gun, I will accompany you down this rugged path around yon point of rocks."

"Well, Willoughby," shouted Alfred, to a lad not more than twenty, with dark, blue eyes and slender form, "what success?"

The echo answers back, "what success?"

Willoughby Fireston had lost sight of the question in the lovely girl standing by Alfred's side. At length he answered,

"A tired back, and a headache, which threatens to blind me."

Rosalind's sympathy was at once aroused, and she could not forbear saying,

"To bathe his temple with cool spring water would be refreshing."

Leaving the two talking, Alfred started for his gun, which he had left standing on the rock from which he first saw Rosalind. Some time was consumed, and when he returned he saw the two going down the rugged path with careful tread. He looked disappointed, and after Willoughby, with the utmost care, had placed Rosalind in the "little path," and looked into the dove-like eyes when she smiled, unconscious of their radiance and power to steal a heart, with a sweet "thank you," bowed herself away.

The two men met.

"She is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen, Al."

"Yes, Will, and my ideal of a perfect woman, the first I ever saw."

"O, pshaw, Al! I know you have said you never saw a woman you could love. I hope you have found one at last."

This last was spoken in a whisper, while his fair, young face flushed with excitement.

Rosalind bounded home, and related her morning adventure.

"Yes, I have seen those young men," replied her father. "The one just out of school is to spend the summer with his uncle, the other, a wealthy young man from one of the Eastern cities, came with him, as he finds great sport in hunting among our mountains."

Rosalind, for the first time in her life, became grave, and for one long week did not take her accustomed walks. Daily she grew more pensive. Her large expressive eyes, which always before had given to her face an almost celestial brightness, now grew tearful-looking, while the drooping lid cast into shadow the depths of its inner light. Some power known to sorrow now grapples for the mastery of her cheerful nature.

Our two young heroes daily seek the silent depths of the forest, where, in their exultant joy, they bring to bay the frolicking deer and fox, but as if incited by the same masterly impulse, and without any knowledge one of the other, they meet, from opposite directions, at "Flower Grotto," each framing an excuse for being found waiting where game scarce came, but reading each the others heart, blushed at his own deception, and endeavored warding off the perceptible evidence by thrilling tales of adventure.

CHAPTER II.

Four bright summer months have come and gone. September, with its tinted leaves, its freaks of storm and sunshine, has set in. The forests are wearing robes of flashing colors. The mountain side, as seen from the veranda of Rosalind's cottage home, is beautiful. Willoughby Firiston has been a daily visitor at the "Mountain Cottage." He has won his way into the affections of Mr. and Mrs. Gray. His stay in the country has changed his appearance. He has become more manly in his looks. His face and hands are brown, and he often asked Rosalind "how it was that she did not sunburn?" when she would playfully answer, "I am no stranger to his rays, hence he dare not look so hard on me."

Alfred Cressinger has not been to the "Mountain Cottage" since the evening Mr. Gray charged him, in an indirect way, of being an infidel. None knew his heart so well as Rosalind. While seated, a month past, in the little pavilion in front of the house, while the new moon let fall her mellow light from the sparkling vault of heaven, and while Rosalind warbled a sweet hymn, in which her soul seemed to quit earth and revel with happy spirits unseen. The music of her sweet, plaintive voice, harmonizing with the rich, full chords of her guitar, borne away on the evening zephyrs, echoed back in soft cadence the same sweet tune from the mountain sides. With a light tread Alfred Cressinger approached, and placed his hand against her soft white cheek.

"Do not be frightened. I heard you singing and could not relinquish the pleasure of being by your side."

"I am glad to see you, but the sentiment of my song, I fear, will not have the effect on you that it produces in my heart."

"I presume not, Rosalind, for it carried me back as if by some magic spell, to my childhood, when a little boy I was pressed tightly against the bosom of my beautiful young mother, when, on a bright summer's evening, she sang so sweetly for her boy, looking up into the face of Him she trusted, asked God to keep me from sin and danger. She sang no more, for the next day her lips were sealed in death. She had seen but twenty-two summers, so beautiful, that she is fresh in my memory yet, just as she looked on that last evening. My father died when I was but a little babe, and when my mother was borne away from her home on earth to a far-off one in heaven, I was all alone. Since then I have never heard a voice so sweet as hers 'till I heard you sing a few moments past. My cheeks have not been dampened by tears for years, till listening to the words of your song. I fancied angels near, and seemed to hear the voice of my mother in heavenly zephyrs."

Rosalind, with tear-dimmed eyes, broke in upon his last words, saying, "Alfred, I thought you were an Infidel."

"An Infidel!" he repeated.

"Yes."

"What reason have you for thinking so?"

"Willoughby has been causing father and mother to think you such."

"And *you*, Rosalind?"

"I never thought so."

"Thank heaven I know all now."

At this moment Mr. Gray joined them.

"Rosalind, had you not better go into the house, dear? It is not good to be in the night air too much. As for Mr. Crissinger, since a future state of being has no part in his life or thoughts, he need not fear colds."

Stung to the heart, Alfred, without saying a word, turned and walked away.

CHAPTER III.

It was a bright morning, in the latter part of September, that a happy little party could be seen wending its way up the deep ravine to "Flower Grotto." Kneeling on the same old flower-decked rock, while the leaves were falling to the ground; the birds carroling sweet songs, and the water from the spring dashing down the steeps as before, Alfred Cressinger and Rosalind Gray were pronounced man and wife by the good old minister. Then Alfred pressed a passionate kiss upon those lovely lips for the first time.

"Now, Alfred dear, since we are all alone on the dear old spot where we first met, tell me, darling, how it was that you abandoned your Infidel notions."

"Rosalind, do you remember the night I came to the Cottage tired from hunting?"

"Yes, very distinctly."

"Well, after you had retired I was walking on the side porch, smoking. I heard your voice, and heard you praying for me. You asked God to enlighten my mind, for I was your dear Alfred. I could not bear it; I fled to my room, knelt down before God and asked Him to make me His child, and make me worthy to be your 'dear Alfred.' From that time I was happy. The old infidel uncle who reared me is dead.—But, Rosalind, Willoughby Fireston was a vile deceiver. He never knew my sentiments, and you never loved him, Rosalind. my pet."

"No, never for a moment."

They are happy at the "Mountain Cottage." Alfred is beautifying his new home, and his work grows easier as he catches a glimpse of his fair bride busily engaged with household duties. And here we leave them.

Reading for the Million.

Daniel Bryan's Oath.

Daniel Bryan had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary, and a dying condition.—Bryan had married in his better days the sister of Moses Felton.

At length all hopes were given up.—Week after week would the fallen man be drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another was known. He was too low for real convivality, for those he would have associated with would not drink with him.

All alone in his office and chamber, he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of his jug.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are fading away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses, speak not so," answered the wife, keeping back her tears. "I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on, and his jug in his hand.

"Ah, Moses, how are ye?" he gasped, for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him for a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold, stern expression, he said in a strongly emphasized tone:

"Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, though matched with a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before; you were generous, noble and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she now might live in comfort, only that she will not do it while you are alive; when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place, after I shall have reached my new home may be—that—you—are dead!"

"Stop, Moses, I can reform yet."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation, and you are lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus will not find me among the mourners."

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up.

"Go," he said, in the tone of the old sarcasm. "Go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Ohio, sir, and watch the post. I will yet make you take back your words."

"Never, Daniel Bryan, never."

"You shall, I swear it."

With these words Daniel Bryan hurled the jug into the fire place, and while yet a thousand fragments were flying over the floor, he strode from the house.

Mary shrank fainting on the floor.—Moses bore her to a bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel hovered over the brink of the grave but did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of stimulents from the system that for long years had almost subsisted on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and not take any more."

"Ay," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath. Moses Felton shall not hear that brandy and rum kill me. If the want of it can kill me, then let me die—I'll not die till Moses Felton shall eat his words."

He did live. An iron will conquered the messenger death sent—Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the Court-house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started in surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted.—The successful counsel turned from the court-room and met Moses Felton.

They shook hands but did not speak.—When they reached the spot where none others could hear them, Bryan stopped.

"Moses," said he, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back—unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes, with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest unperjured man. The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy.

Blushing.

The man who does not blush now and then is scarcely human. According to Darwin, blushing originated at a very late period in the long line of our descent.—The learned thinker explains: "The relaxation of the small arteries of the surface, on which blushing depends, seems to have primarily resulted from earnest attention directed to the appearance of our own persons, especially of our faces, aided by habit, inheritance, and the ready flow of nerve-force along accustomed channels; and afterwards, to have been extended by the power of association to self-attention directed to moral conduct." There are some men who lie brazenly, so repeatedly and so persistently in the very face of the truth, that the question may well be asked if they ever blush. Certainly they have no scruples in regard to moral conduct. The coarse animal must linger in these men, for their conscience is dead and they do not know the meaning of morality. Darwin holds that it does not seem possible that any animal, until mental powers have been developed to an equal degree with those of man, would have been sensitive about its personal appearance or moral conduct. Hence it is his opinion that animals have not the power to blush. Impudent liars and braggarts, also, never blush, and so they are hardly human.

LADIES traveling across the plains carry their hair in their pockets to avoid being scalped.

Slatterly's Little Joke.

A man who plays practical jokes upon his wife deserves to be punished, and Slatterly was punished. His wife has a dread of cats, and before retiring at night she always looks under the bed to see that no stray puss and no man, on robbery intent, are concealed there. A few nights ago, after Mr. and Mrs. Slatterly had retired, Slatterly, who had been learning ventriloquism, thought he would amuse himself and scare his wife by gently yowling and making the sound come from under the bed. Mrs. Slatterly instantly sat up and exclaimed:

"Josiah, I do believe there is a cat in this room."

"Oh, nonsense," grunted Slatterly, and then he made the noise again.

"I tell you, Josiah," exclaimed Mrs. S., "I hear a cat under this bed, I wish you—you'd get out and drive it away."

"Oh, go to sleep, Matilda," said Slatterly. I don't hear anything. There's no cat about."

Then Josiah, with his mouth under the covers, uttered a louder screech than before.

"Well, if you won't clear that cat out, you brute, I will," said Mrs. Slatterly.

So she reached over, picked up Josiah's boots, and put them on in bed, in order to protect her feet and ankles from the infuriated animal. Then she took Slatterly's cane and stooped down to sweep it around beneath the bed. Just as she did so, Josiah emitted a fearful yell which might have come from a cat in the last paroxysms of hydrophobia. This startled Mrs. S. so that she sprang backward, and in doing so she tumbled against the baby's cradle, which was overturned, and she went head foremost against a twenty-five dollar looking glass on the bureau, while the cane flew out of her hand and lighted with considerable force on Slatterly's head.

The screams of Mrs. S. aroused all the neighborhood, and even brought out the fire department, so that by the time the baby was rescued from the wreck, and broken glass picked up, two engines had streams playing upon the house, and the front door had just been burst open by the police; and the firemen were engaged in dragging a wet hose over the entry carpet and up the front stairs, just as Slatterly came down to explain things. That feline ventriloquism cost him just ninety dollars for carpets and looking glasses and a contusion on the head, which the people to this hour believe he received in a pugilistic encounter with his wife.

Personal.

Gen. Sickles, who has been in London for some time, has left for the United States.

Johann Strauss, with his famous band, is spending the month of May in Rome, giving concerts.

Victor Hugo has the largest vocabulary of any author of the day. He is the modern Rabelais.

Miss Hannah Woccester, of Berwick, Me., who is now in her one hundred and second year, is still in excellent health.

Prince Domenico Orsina, of Rome, who lately died in his eighty-fourth year, was the head of his ancient family.

Ex-Gov. C. C. Washburn of Wisconsin will start soon on a European trip, to be absent two or three months.

Gov. Ames, of Mississippi, has determined to put an end to duelling in that State, and says he shall prosecute all offenders.

Bishop Dupanloup is visiting Rome with the intention, it is said, of completing with the Pope the arrangements for the canonization of Jeanne d'Arc.

Hon. John Jay, American Minister to Austria, is in London, en route for the United States. He will leave Liverpool for New York on Saturday next.

Lady Haddo, mother of the "lost Earl of Aberdeen," has given $1,600 to the Massachusetts branch of the Seamen's Friend Society for the purchase of books.

Mrs. Attorney General Williams is in very bad health indeed. A trustworthy Washington correspondent says that she is in danger of becoming a confirmed invalid.

Mayor Wiltz of New Orleans announces that up to May 1st the subscription forwarded to him to aid the sufferers from the overflow of the Mississippi, amounted to $65,384,05.

Professor Snell, of Amherst College, says that his records show that the last April was the coldest one for thirty-five years, the temperature having been seven degrees below the mean.

On the 19th of April Mr. Gwen Jones, the architect, and one of the Commissioners of the London Exhibition of 1851, died, after a severe and protracted illness, at the age of sixty-five years.

Sharp Shooting.

"Father, what does a printer live on?"

"Live on?—the same as other folks, of course. Why do you ask, Johnny?"

"Because you said you hadn't paid anything for your paper, and the printer stills sends it to you."

"Wife, spank that boy."

"I shan't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because there is no reason to."

"No reason? Yes there is. Spank him, I tell you, and put him to bed."

"I shan't do any such thing. What in the world do you want him spanked for?"

"He is too smart."

"Well, that comes of your marrying me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just this, that the boy is smarter than his father, and you can't deny it. He knows enough to see that a man—printer or no printer—can't live on nothing, and I should think you would be ashamed of yourself not to know so much."

AS YOU pass along the street you meet with a familiar face—say good morning, as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist and lock them up in our hearts. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us.

THE longer the storm the sweeter the calm; the longer the winter nights the sweeter the summer days; long afflictions will much set off the glory of heaven.

THE JOURNAL is the best advertising medium in the Juniata Valley.

Sense and Nonsense.

True to the core—a good apple.

A bad omen—to owe men money.

Agricultural mending—potato patches.

Love all, trust a few, and wrong no one.

How to get a foot-hold—take a boot-jack.

A legal tender—a lawyer minding his baby.

Nothing ever happens but once in this world.

The right side of a drinking saloon—the outside.

Prosperity makes friends; adversity tries them.

It is better to carve your name on hearts than marble.

The cup that neither cheers or inebriates—the hic-cup.

Never scare off a fly with a club when a feather will do as well.

Show may be easily purchased; but happiness is a home-made article.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.

Whenever you get in a passion, sit down in a cool place fifteen minutes.

Opportunities are like flowers that fade at night; seize them, therefore, while they last.

Any candidate for office in Omaha who wears a shirt-collar is considered a bloated aristocrat.

Reputation is what men and women think of us. Character is what God and angels know of us.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

No person ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were. It is so with bad habits.

"Pa, what is the use of giving our pigs so much milk?" "So they can make hogs of themselves, darling."

Anything Midas touched was turned to gold. In these days, touch a man with gold, and he'll turn into anything.

Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, the word "sylvania," meaning woods.

A tourist who was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat most, replied, "when I was going to Berne."

"He has left a void that cannot be easily filled," as the bank director touchingly remarked of the absconding cashier.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger than common joys.

A Georgia clergyman has thirty-two children, and his parishoners object to his having four pews without paying for them.

A Yankee wanted the Bridge of Sighs pointed out to him, and then offered to bet America has several bridges twice the size.

A grave elder in an English church forbade the banns of a certain couple because he had "intended Hannah for himself."

Thought for a schoolboy's theme—Beauty and bashfulness are often united; yet the loveliest maiden is admired for her cheek.

A fop, in company, wanting his servant, called out, "Where's that block head of mine?" "On your shoulders, sir," said a lady.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds.

Instead of sa