

The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Story-Teller.

HUA-HONKA.

A LEGEND OF THE "ALUM BANKS." BY HERMAN ROW.

One of the greatest natural curiosities in Western Pennsylvania is the "Alum Banks" on the Conemaugh River. They are situated upon the eastern end of the stream, about half a mile above the town of Blairsville, and consist of a perpendicular ledge of rocks some two hundred and fifty feet in height, and at least one hundred feet in extent along the margin of the river. The summit is level, and, until a few years ago, was covered by timber and undergrowth of the same character as was that of the adjacent territory. These rocks are strongly impregnated with alum, as the name by which they are familiarly known would seem to indicate.

Just about two hundred years ago a tribe of Indians—or rather, the remnant of a tribe—migrated westward from the valley of the Susquehanna and located in this vicinity. Their councils were held upon the "Alum Banks," and the unfortunate victims who fell into their hands, were condemned to suffer death, were also executed at that place. And here upon the summit of these rocks was enacted a scene which, for thrilling interest, is perhaps not excelled by anything in the annals of the red men.

The chief of the tribe, who had just entered upon old age, was notorious for a cruel, morose, and extremely stubborn disposition. Once having passed his word, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, he changed not; and these characteristics he carried out to such an extent as to prefer the sacrifice of his own offspring, as the narrative following fully exemplifies.

One day, however, upon whose head more than eighteen summers had passed, was all that was left to him of a once large family. She was the only tie that bound him to life, and he lavished upon her all the paternal love of which his nature was capable. Besides being intelligent beyond the ordinary standard of her sex and people, she was endowed with unusual physical beauty. Her form was erect and symmetrical, and her features were regularly and delicately fashioned, and devoid of those distinguishing marks which render the Indian face disagreeable and repulsive. Her hair, which fell in rich profusion around her neck and shoulders, was fine in quality and of a light golden color; and in this "crowning glory of woman" she was indeed the glory of Hua-Honka or the "Fair-Haired."

A young Seneca brave, who was upon a visit to the tribe, became warmly attached to the maiden, and finally succeeded in winning her love. His suit—contrary to all expectation—met with the approbation of the old chief; and he was entertained in a courteous and friendly manner, until, in the course of events, a serious difficulty arose between his own people and the tribe which he was visiting, when the old chief required his immediate departure, and at the same time, forbade his daughter, upon pain of death, never to speak to or hold any intercourse whatever with him.

The young brave immediately complied with the demands of the old chief, and returned to his tribe. However, upon some pretext, he repeated his visit, and the maiden sought an occasion to communicate with him the restrictions laid upon her by her father, and also warned him of the danger by which he was threatened by returning unbidden.

They finally separated, as they supposed, unseen or unheard by any one. But such was not the case. A spy, appointed by the old chief to watch their movements, succeeded in hearing all that passed between them; and being moreover a rejected lover of the maiden, founded motives of revenge, exaggerated his report of the interview to such an extent that the old man was almost frantic with rage and indignation.

The young brave on parting with the maiden made good his escape and hastened to his own tribe, for what purpose was not then known; but Hua-Honka was arrested and arraigned before the council, and summarily condemned as a criminal. Her father, with inhuman sternness and cruelty, sentenced her to suffer death on a certain day then not far distant.

In the meantime, every precaution was taken to prevent her escape; and, inasmuch as the young brave had gone home to his people, and was in all probability ignorant of her situation, Hua-Honka did not anticipate the possibility of rescue.

Our New York Letter.

Old Men in New York—Brief Sketches of Some of Them—Business.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1874. OLD MEN.

New York has fewer old men in proportion to its population than any city in the civilized world. The poor die early, of course, for the poor in this city have not the comforts necessary to the prolongation of life; and the rich, or those aspiring to be rich, by which I mean the business men, live altogether too rapidly a life to last long. The man who commences at twenty-three with ten thousand dollars or its equivalent in check; and on that capital does a business of half a million per annum, is not going to live to see fifty, unless, indeed, he has extraordinary luck or an extraordinary constitution. His life is one of the hardest kind of work, and of most consuming excitement. Plethoric to-day—on the verge of bankruptcy to-morrow; with nothing in the morning with which to pay a hundred thousand dollars in the afternoon. It is a life that wears fast on any other labor in the world. It is a life that never ends in sleep, for morning till night, and if the cares of the day enable him to sleep at night, he is lucky.

But, nevertheless, there are a few old men in New York, who have survived the strain and wear or tear of business. MAYOR HAVEMAYER is over seventy, and bids fair to live twenty years yet. He is of German descent, and though he has lived through all the exciting periods of New York history, has persistently refused to get at all excited. He has had a steady, unobtrusive business sugar refining—and has followed it with all the steadiness of the German. He has taken active part in politics—he was Mayor thirty years ago—and has since been a bank president; but in all he lives quietly and modestly, goes to bed regularly at night, uses stimulants with great moderation, and never smokes on an even keel. If his house should get on fire, Mayor Havemayer would walk out of it deliberately; and if his refineries should burn, the loss wouldn't bother him a particle. He would go to work, rebuild, and go on. He will refine sugar till he dies, and then his sons will do it after him—not that they have any need to do business, but because they are a habit in that way.

SUGAR IS COOPER, known the world over for his benevolence and his high character, is a seventy-year-old man. A man of little more than medium height, with gray hair and spare face, there is nothing in his appearance that betokens the powers he really possesses. He is one of the strongest business men in the city, and at the same time one of the most progressive and liberal of the citizens benevolently inclined. Having made an immense fortune out of sugar, he determined that the public should have its full share of his money. So he built an "Institute" in which instruction in the practical arts and sciences should be free to all, and gave it to the city. The property is worth over a million, but it has done millions upon millions of good. Girls here learn telegraphing, wood-engraving, and a number of other professions that fit them to go out into the world armed for a strife. Young men are instructed in metallurgy, engineering, etc., and all the expense is paid by the property. Peter Cooper is not exactly a great man, but he is an exceedingly good man. Everybody loves him, as everybody ought. He looks and acts as though he was good for twenty-five more years. May he live to enjoy them.

DANIEL DREW has passed his seventieth year, and is so tough and wiry in his texture, that he bids fair to live many years longer; though possibly could a vote be taken among his associates, his decess would not be long deferred. Daniel began life as a showman, was promoted to be a tavern-keeper, and following his instincts, drifted into Wall street, where he has been, for many years, the most feared operator of the street. He is extremely religious—is a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and has built a Seminary; but his professions of his giving have never yet prevented him from shaving his associates most unmercifully whenever he had them in a tight place. Nothing so delights the old man as to get his rivals in a position where he can squeeze them. He shows them no mercy—he destroys them utterly. It is related of "Uncle Dan" that once on a time he advised the pastor of an M. E. Church in New Jersey to invest in a certain stock.

"But suppose I should lose?" queried the pastor. "I'm so certain that you will make money," was the reply of the good Daniel, "that if you do lose I will make it good to you."

Thus fortified the preacher did buy a trifling of the stock. And having so good a thing the good pastor confidentially told thirty or forty of his flock. All of whom made haste to invest in a stock which the saintly Daniel had as good as guaranteed to go up.

But contrary to expectation the stock went down, down, down. The preacher rushed to Uncle Daniel to redeem his promise, which the old man did by giving him a cheque for the amount of his loss.

"The thing didn't work, did it," said Daniel.

"Indeed it did not."

Heading for the Million.

Mr. Cooley's Hat.

When Mr. Cooley came into church last Sunday, he placed his high hat just outside the pew in the aisle. Presently Mrs. Pitman entered, and as she proceeded up the aisle, her abounding skirts scooped Cooley's hat and rolled it up nearly to the pulpit. Cooley pursued the hat with feelings of indignation, and when Mrs. Pitman took her seat, he walked back brushing the dirt which he had upon it. A few moments later, Mrs. Hopkins came into church, and as Cooley had again placed his hat in the aisle, Mrs. Hopkins' skirts struck it and swept it along about twenty feet, and left it lying on the carpet in a demoralized condition. Cooley was singing a hymn at the time, and he did not miss it. But a moment later, when he looked over the end of the pew to see if there was safe, he was furious to perceive that it was gone. He skinned up the aisle after it again, and in the face of uttering sentences which were horribly out of place in the sanctuary. However, he put the hat down again and determined to keep his eye on it, but just as he turned his head away for a moment, Mrs. Smiley came in, and Cooley looked around in time to watch the hat being gathered in under Mrs. Smiley's skirts and carried away by them. He started in pursuit and just as he did so the hat must have rolled against Mrs. Smiley's ankles, for she gave a jump and screamed right out in church. When her husband asked her what was the matter, she said there must be a dog under her dress and she gave her skirts to Mrs. Smiley. She cast on Cooley a longing look, being very near-sighted, thought it was a dog, and immediately kicked it so savagely that it flew up into the gallery and lodged upon the top of the organ. Cooley, perfectly frantic with rage, forgot where he was, and, holding his clinched fist under Mrs. Smiley's nose, he shrieked: "I've half a mind to bust you over the snoot!" Then he flung down his bymn-book and rushed from the church. He went home bare-headed, and the sexton brought his humiliating hat round after dinner. After this, Cooley intends to go to Quaker meeting, where he can say his prayers with his hat on his head.—*Max Adler.*

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Confidence Men.

Scenes in a Smoking Car.

All the teachings of experience and all the daily clamor of the press seem to be unavailing to convince a certain class of visitors from the interior, that if they make sudden friendships in the city they will regret it. There is hardly a day in which the police are not made the recipients of a tale of woe founded upon spontaneous intimacy and misplaced confidence. Sometimes a genteel stranger accosts the rural visitor as Mr. Huggins of Utica. He replies, "You are mistaken; my name is Muggins, and I live in Skaneateles." The stranger apologizes and disappears, and just around the corner a confederate comes up, calls Mr. Muggins by his own name, and is visible about matters and things in Skaneateles. This is a plan by which enemies dignify figures of the interior are sometimes beguiled. It was practiced a few days ago in Boston upon a New-England Denon, who owns a stocking-mill in Massachusetts. He came to the city, with his wares, and met a man who accosted him as an old acquaintance, and in the flush of the renewed intimacy, got all his money.

But a confounder and coarser method of the predatory class is to approach the victim with frank and honest sincerity, saying, "I don't know you, but I like your looks." This seems universally effective. A day or two ago, a singularly striking instance of the efficacy of this plan of plunder was seen in New York. An Indian trader from the Far West, one of those men whose life is a continual struggle for existence by means of the exercise of the sharpest and strongest faculties of observation and judgment, a man who had gained a fortune by sagacious trade on the border, and who had lost his property by means of this idiotic confidence. A total stranger accosted him on the ears and entered into conversation with him. He opened his heart to him instantly, and on arriving in this city they had already become "partners." Instead of spending his money at hotels, he went to the house of the ostensible "Sister" of his new "Partner." As a matter of course, he was for the next morning wandering half-naked in the streets, dragged almost to unconsciousness. His trunk and his money are in the keeping of his friend and his friend's sister wherever they may be.

It is hard to be compelled to preach a sermon of cynicism. But unless every stranger learns the lesson of wholesome distrust, he would do well to wear a blue coat from large cities. A man who forces himself upon your acquaintance with offers of friendship and service, intends to rob or swindle you. No one will fall in love with you at first sight, and if he tells you so, he is after your pocket-book. But this may be said and repeated to the end of time, without putting men and women on their guard against swindlers. Vanity is stronger than common sense or experience. No one is safe from the confidence man, unless he is convinced of his own ugliness. To say to the average mortal, "I like your looks," in the phrase and manner suited to his degree of cultivation, is the surest way to convince him of your own taste and candor. There are few men living who are more pleased, in their heart of hearts, at a personal compliment than at any eulogy upon their goodness or their righteous fame. The confidence man's whole stock in trade is his reliance upon human vanity. His only chance of a livelihood is making people believe that their prepossessions have attracted him. And every day shows how easy a task it is. An ordinary ignorance may hold the secret views of fattory in the abstract, but he hears nothing but truth and discretion in the voice of the concrete retailer. There would seem to be no remedy for the English religion which has been so much laughed at, and never gave your acquaintance except upon a proper introduction; and if any man or woman tells you he likes your looks, the best way is to call the police.—*New York Times.*

Reading Interview with Nast.

Reading, in yesterday's papers, of a lunatic asylum at large, we at first imagined Congress had adjourned.

A reporter of the Chicago Times recently interviewed Thomas Nast, and found him speechless as a natural result of his extended lecture. Mr. Nast, however, made out, with the aid of his crayon, to make himself understood, and a lively conversation was the result. We quote: "Would you have any objections to being interviewed, Mr. Nast?" "A spasm of pain crossed the artist's face for a moment, and then rushing to the bed he dived down under it, and brought out a large blackboard. Seizing a piece of crayon, he vigorously commenced scratching upon it, and in a few seconds the reporter beheld a prostrate figure of Nast writhing in the agonies of death, while upon his body sat six abbe-bodded men poking him in the short ribs with lead pencils and note books. This led the reporter to infer that Mr. Nast did not like being interviewed."

"Repenter. But why, Mr. Nast? What do you think of reporters?" "The caricaturist here drew a pump with a quillist vigorously working the handle. "You think they ask too many questions. But do they not always tell the truth in regard to their interviews?" "The figure of George Washington armed with his little hatchet was hastily sketched upon the board, and underneath it the simple word 'Reporter.' " "I see you appreciate their veracity. Pray, tell me, do you enjoy Chicago?" "A picture of a boned turkey, champagne, gin cocktails, and calamite snipe, fried, hastily followed.

After remarks as to some local celebrities the conversation proceeded. "R.—Are you meeting with much success in your entertainments?" "A picture of a railway train loaded with greenbacks and each car ticketed, 'Th. Nast,' followed. "R.—How much do you expect to make in Chicago?" "A masonic eye with a well developed wink was the first answer. "R.—Do you really labor from patriotism, and do you think President Grant the modern condensation of Achilles, Cato and Caesar?" "The artist here drew a nose that looked a great deal like his own, and upon the end of it a thumb with four fingers extended at a wiggle. "R.—I have been much pleased with you, Mr. Nast, and should like to please you more intimately. I shall take pleasure in calling again. Of course it will be agreeable to you?" "The artist hastily drew a number ten boot, elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, and hastily nestled its extremities under just such a coat as the reporter wore. Inferring from this that Mr. Nast would be pleased to see his name, the reporter refused the kind offer of a dozen parquets reserved seat tickets and withdrew.

Confidence Men.

An amusing incident occurred recently in the smoking car of a C. & C. and I. C. Railroad train between Shelby and this city, says the Cleveland Times. A woman with a puddle dog entered the car just prior to the departure of the train from the former point, and after depositing her dog in one seat, turned over the back of another. Together she and her canine companion then occupied two entire seats. Appearances seemed to indicate that the dog was one exclusively for the convenience of those addicted to the use of the "weed;" and of this fact she was soon apprised by the conductor, who advised her to obtain a seat in another car, informing her at the same time that the accommodations in the box seat were superior to those elsewhere in the train. However, she insisted on remaining, arguing that her presence would deter the occupants of the car from smoking, and she would consequently experience no discomfort from tobacco fumes. Long before the train reached this city, however, a gentleman sitting directly in front of her produced his case, and, taking therefrom a cigar, began puffing away at it in a manner which seemed peculiarly calculated to aggravate the woman back of him. In an instant, strategic movement, she created the obnoxious cigar from his mouth and threw it out of the window, exclaiming, "if there is anything I do hate, it is tobacco smoke." The passengers who had witnessed the affair were convulsed with laughter, but the offending smoker expressed whatever emotions may have been struggling for expression in words or action, and maintained throughout the same unperturbable gravity which had characterized him from the first. Calmly rising from his seat, he opened the window nearest him, fastening it up, and reaching over the seat back, took that woman's puddle dog and threw him out of the window as far beyond as possible, at the same time saying, "if there is anything I do hate, it is a puddle dog."

New Mexican Pis-Sitters.

The people of New Mexico originate some curious notions. A Mr. Menilla and his wife, who are known as "Pis-Sitters," composed of persons passionately fond of pipes. So strong has the rivalry grown between the two societies that a challenge resulted, and the contest is reported to have been as follows: "The men were to be first, and no bite to count unless it reached the center of the pipe. Menilla piled up nine pipes and shut down on them without an effort. Las Cruces elevated the top of his head and closed his jaws over eleven. (Great enthusiasm among his friends.) Menilla came to the stratch, or bite, manfully, and sipped his lip over a dozen successively. (Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!) Las Cruces, at this point, said, "Well, it is time to stop this nonsense; hand me your pipe." They were given him; he smiled, laid the back of his head on his shoulders, and came down on the bundle of pipes like an alligator on a mouthful of fish. But his teeth did not come together. He struggled and jerked, but it was no use. Three or four more pipes, and his hold gave away. On examining, a dog-curl was found in the center pipe, and Las Cruces had his teeth tangled in the buckle. Jack Martin, the referee, decided in favor of Menilla, on the ground that everything was fair in a moccin pipe.

A poor family in Denison, Ohio, consisting of a husband, a wife, and seven children, were on the point of starvation. Somebody raised \$100 for them, and what did the wife do with it? She bought a new silk dress for \$70, and began to take milk from the cows.—*New York Times.*

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

California has 2,000,000 acres more soil than this nation.
Pope Pius says universal suffrage is an universal illusion. That's a delusion.
The "Exposition" columns of the Rochester Express is a more infamy for decayed intelligence.
A number of Pennsylvania capitalists will visit Colorado this summer for both business and pleasure.
The Chicago journals complain of the stagnation in the real estate market and the great fall in values.
Reading, in yesterday's papers, of a lunatic asylum at large, we at first imagined Congress had adjourned.
A Western paper announces the death of a lady celebrated for the "purity of her character and complexion."
A fresh report comes this week from Berlin that Mr. Bismarck is positively to resign this summer and go home.
The French Bureau of Agriculture has estimated the loss produced by the frost in the first two weeks of May at \$50,000,000.
An Eastern paper wants to "Who for the Democratic party one more try? "What for? There is no question as to its guiltiness.
Chas. Callender, the ex-Bank Examiner of New York, has given bond in \$15,000 to appear for a third trial when called upon.
Ex-Mayor Joseph Meville, of Chicago, who has been making an extended tour in Europe with his family, is expected home in August.
Evidences increase that the Australian fever tree is to prove of great benefit to mankind. It is performing a wonderful work in Algeria.
A Delaware court has decided that a railroad ticket in possession of a railroad company, and before being stamped for issue, is not property.
Memphis sends an excellent telegram that has received her first shipment of new wheat, and that Mississippi is the first with the harvest.
The average of wheat sown throughout the country is much in excess of that of last year, and the yield promises to be quite up to the average.
The Mikado of Japan, having alluded to other European fetters, is now about to enclose his government with a Perfumace clothed by the people.
There are only eighteen candidates for the United States Senate in Rhode Island—which is pretty nearly one to every square yard of territory.
The Connecticut Democrats propose to celebrate their late victory and propose for the further spread of their "principals," by establishing an infanticide asylum in that State.
The announcement of Fred Douglas that St. Augustine was a eminent man is deemed by a Washington newspaper, who intimates that he knew the Saint intimately.
A few merchants in New York have purchased all the crop of opium at Saigon, thus raising suspicion to twelve dollars an ounce. Not long since the same thing was done with opium.
A good deal more very, white and eye reported growing in the South than formerly, and it is evident that aimed farming will, before long, take the place of the general cotton planting in that section.
The Stamping Family, with the new Atlantic cable, arrived at Berry Head on Saturday, and landed the shore out of the Mill River Steamer has been discovered by laborers digging for buried machinery near Florence. The bodies of only four of the humber victims remain undiscovered.
A daughter of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has received at the Hotel de Ville, a certificate of competency and authorization after a creditable examination. It shows no moral in this for our rich men's daughters.
General Trenchard is about to go into religious attire, and he is the minister of the Duaneville. But it strikes as that a good many other denominations might take a lesson in church polity from these simplified Christians.
Some papers are "puffing" at the great theories and practices of the Dukandis. But it strikes as that a good many other denominations might take a lesson in church polity from these simplified Christians.
The Michigan Methodists, in State Convention, have just passed resolutions in favor of female suffrage. This church is an element of decided power in the north-west, and it may yet determine the vote in favor of the reform.
After stating that "out of 466 farmers" it appears that 266 are out of "bliss," the New York Tribune adds: "Farmers estimated that from lack of orders, so many more will come in September." How many are twice 266?
The steamer Charlotte, which arrived in Liverpool on May 15 from New Orleans and Norfolk, Virginia, experienced, after leaving the latter port, interrupted rain for six days, accompanied by high winds, and it is only on arrival in the Channel that the Captain got a chance of sighting the sea.
A young lady named Edith Haysford from New York city, arrived at Omaha, Neb., where she was met by a man named Bruce Adams, who had never seen her, the engagement having been arranged through the Weekly Signifier. Adams was arrested the day after her sail robbery, and the young lady returned home. She was probably the Weekly Signifier.
An engagement in Lancaster has been abruptly broken off. The gentlemen saw one of his sweetheart's stockings sticking from a clothes line, and the disappointed condition of the extremities caused an immediate revision of feeling on his part. The lady always shows her stockings now before washing them.
Portland is the latest victim of those uncomfortable beings who pop up with title deeds, a century old or more, to claim large sections right in the heart of populous cities. A New Shillings notified the occupants of some seven acres of the best part of that town that she owns the property whereas they are engaged in doing business.

Reading Interview with Nast.

Reading, in yesterday's papers, of a lunatic asylum at large, we at first imagined Congress had adjourned.

A reporter of the Chicago Times recently interviewed Thomas Nast, and found him speechless as a natural result of his extended lecture. Mr. Nast, however, made out, with the aid of his crayon, to make himself understood, and a lively conversation was the result. We quote: "Would you have any objections to being interviewed, Mr. Nast?" "A spasm of pain crossed the artist's face for a moment, and then rushing to the bed he dived down under it, and brought out a large blackboard. Seizing a piece of crayon, he vigorously commenced scratching upon it, and in a few seconds the reporter beheld a prostrate figure of Nast writhing in the agonies of death, while upon his body sat six abbe-bodded men poking him in the short ribs with lead pencils and note books. This led the reporter to infer that Mr. Nast did not like being interviewed."

"Repenter. But why, Mr. Nast? What do you think of reporters?" "The caricaturist here drew a pump with a quillist vigorously working the handle. "You think they ask too many questions. But do they not always tell the truth in regard to their interviews?" "The figure of George Washington armed with his little hatchet was hastily sketched upon the board, and underneath it the simple word 'Reporter.' " "I see you appreciate their veracity. Pray, tell me, do you enjoy Chicago?" "A picture of a boned turkey, champagne, gin cocktails, and calamite snipe, fried, hastily followed.

After remarks as to some local celebrities the conversation proceeded. "R.—Are you meeting with much success in your entertainments?" "A picture of a railway train loaded with greenbacks and each car ticketed, 'Th. Nast,' followed. "R.—How much do you expect to make in Chicago?" "A masonic eye with a well developed wink was the first answer. "R.—Do you really labor from patriotism, and do you think President Grant the modern condensation of Achilles, Cato and Caesar?" "The artist here drew a nose that looked a great deal like his own, and upon the end of it a thumb with four fingers extended at a wiggle. "R.—I have been much pleased with you, Mr. Nast, and should like to please you more intimately. I shall take pleasure in calling again. Of course it will be agreeable to you?" "The artist hastily drew a number ten boot, elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, and hastily nestled its extremities under just such a coat as the reporter wore. Inferring from this that Mr. Nast would be pleased to see his name, the reporter refused the kind offer of a dozen parquets reserved seat tickets and withdrew.

Confidence Men.

An amusing incident occurred recently in the smoking car of a C. & C. and I. C. Railroad train between Shelby and this city, says the Cleveland Times. A woman with a puddle dog entered the car just prior to the departure of the train from the former point, and after depositing her dog in one seat, turned over the back of another. Together she and her canine companion then occupied two entire seats. Appearances seemed to indicate that the dog was one exclusively for the convenience of those addicted to the use of the "weed;" and of this fact she was soon apprised by the conductor, who advised her to obtain a seat in another car, informing her at the same time that the accommodations in the box seat were superior to those elsewhere in the train. However, she insisted on remaining, arguing that her presence would deter the occupants of the car from smoking, and she would consequently experience no discomfort from tobacco fumes. Long before the train reached this city, however, a gentleman sitting directly in front of her produced his case, and, taking therefrom a cigar, began puffing away at it in a manner which seemed peculiarly calculated to aggravate the woman back of him. In an instant, strategic movement, she created the obnoxious cigar from his mouth and threw it out of the window, exclaiming, "if there is anything I do hate, it is tobacco smoke." The passengers who had witnessed the affair were convulsed with laughter, but the offending smoker expressed whatever emotions may have been struggling for expression in words or action, and maintained throughout the same unperturbable gravity which had characterized him from the first. Calmly rising from his seat, he opened the window nearest him, fastening it up, and reaching over the seat back, took that woman's puddle dog and threw him out of the window as far beyond as possible, at the same time saying, "if there is anything I do hate, it is a puddle dog."

New Mexican Pis-Sitters.