

The Huntingdon Journal.

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HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1874.

NO. 23.

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.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrears 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:

1 inch 3 mo 6 mo 9 mo 1 y 2 y 3 y

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 collectible when the advertisement is once inserted.

JOB PRINTING 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. JOHNSON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. Office: No. 113 Third Street. aug 21, 1872.

S. T. BROWN, J. M. BAILEY, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 24 door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. Jan. 17.

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

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 34 street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Wood & Williamson. [ap. 19, '71]

D. R. 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, Pa. [Jan. 4, '71]

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap. 12, '71]

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, 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. Morris, Esq., No. 403, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [Jan. 15]

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

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law, and General Claims Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Solicitor claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. [Jan. 4, '71]

J. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one door east of R. M. Spoor's office. [Feb. 1, '71]

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. [Nov. 7, '72]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [May 3, '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. [ap. 19, '71]

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE, FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA. A. B. ZEIGLER, Prop. Nov. 12, '72-6m.

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. [Oct. 16, '72]

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand for sale. [ap. 19, '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, '73]

W. M. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c., HUNTINGDON, PA. PLASTER PARLORS, MOULDINGS, &c.; ALSO SLATE PARTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, '71.

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE for all kinds of printing.

FOR ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

PUBLISHED

BY

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

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

\$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE, SUCH AS BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

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

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.,

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 bend 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.

An only daughter, over 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" 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 to 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, through 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. After several ineffectual attempts to elude the vigilance of her guards, she resolved to meet her fate with such fortitude as became the daughter of a great if not less cruel and inhuman chief.

The place selected for her execution, as upon all other occasions, was within a few yards of the brink of the precipice which is formed by the "Alum Banks." Hua-Honka—upon the day of her confinement and the anxiety which she had experienced since her arrest—with her hands pinioned behind her back, was brought to the spot closely guarded by two warriors. With no small degree of rudeness she was bound and fastened to the trunk of a tree in such a manner as to deprive her of all motion, the cords with which she was secured being so tightly drawn as almost to create the flesh.

A glance at the situation, and the number of warriors assembled, revealed the impossibility to escape, even if the faint hope of rescue had been entertained by her; and the dark eyes of her father, inflamed by a passion truly demoniacal, told her plainly that words could have expressed neither pity nor mercy was to be obtained at his hands. However, she gave no manifestation of emotion; but with characteristic Indian stoicism, calmly surveyed the scene around. But as the decisive moment drew close to hand that was to usher her spirit from time into eternity, and her inevitable doom became more fully impressed upon her mind, a feeling of overwhelming grief crept into her heart. She cast one eager, longing look at the familiar faces and objects with which she was surrounded, and then, turning her eyes to the deep blue vault of heaven, silently but earnestly commended herself into the hands of the Great Spirit, who, she doubted not, would soon welcome her to the spirit hunting grounds of her people.

The preliminary arrangements were speedily completed. The warriors, fully armed, were drawn up in a semi-circular line around her, the empty space in their ranks being protected by the precipice, thus closing up every avenue of escape even had she remained unbound. Five young warriors, with arrows adjusted to their bows, stood in readiness to execute the sentence of death; and in the midst of a profound silence, when every eye was

Our New York Letter.

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

NEW YORK, June 3, 1874.

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 from 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 as any other labor in the world. It is a life that never ends in anything but 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 HAVEMEYER 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, steady 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 in all he lives quietly and modestly, goes to bed regularly at night, uses stimulants with great moderation, and in every way conducts himself as if his house should get on an even keel. If his house should get out of place, Mayor Havemeyer 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 have a habit in that way.

PETER COOPER, knows the world over for his benevolence and his high character. He 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 gas, 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 decease 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 or his gifts 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 trifles 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."

"Well, you haven't lost anything."

"But, my dear sir, I am distressed notwithstanding. Being certain of what you said to me I confided this good thing to my parishioners, and they—"

"I've lost, he says. Well, people should never tetch stock unless they know the market, or have some friend like me to make 'em good of their loss."

The joke of the thing lay in the fact that Daniel finding himself loaded with a stock that was sure to go down took this way to unload. He told the preacher, knowing that the preacher would tell his parishioners. It was he who sold them all the stock they bought. He could well afford to make good the preacher's loss if thereby he could unload the remainder upon the preacher's friends. Daniel was handled roughly by Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, and he was hurt severely last fall, but despite all this he is a rich man and is a power in the street. But his riches can never make him friends, for he is too selfish.

ANOTHER lively old fellow. He has reached seventy-five, but is as active as a man of thirty. He is the best preserved man of his age in New York. Every day finds him at his business, which goes on, enormous as it is, with the regularity and precision of clock-work. He employs in his business \$20,000,000, and has real estate

Confidence Men.

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 gentle stranger accosts the rural visitor as Mr. Higgins 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 even municipal dignitaries 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 commoner 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 cars 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, and there he was to be seen every day. 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 keep away from large cities. A man who forces himself upon your acquaintances 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 man and woman 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 prepossession of vanity has attracted him. And every day shows how easy a task it is. A man of ordinary ignorance may hold the secret virtues of flattery in the abstract, but he hears nothing but truth and discretion in the voice of the concrete flatterer. There would seem to be no remedy for the English religion which has been so much laughed at, and never granted your acquaintances 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. 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 crayons, 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-bodied 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.

"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 single 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 calumet snipe, fried, hastily followed.

After remarks as to some local celebrities the conversation proceeded.

"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.

"How much do you expect to make in Chicago?"

A mosaic eye with a well developed wink was next placed upon the board.

"Do you really labor from patriotism, and do you think President Grant the modern condensation of Achilles, Cato and Cæsar?"

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.

"I have been much pleased with you, Mr. Nast, and should like to know 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 him again, the reporter refused the kind offer of a dozen parquette reserved seat tickets and withdrew.

Scenes in a Smoking Car. An amusing incident occurred recently in the smoking car of a C. & C. & I. Railroad train between Shelby and this city, says the Cleveland Times. A woman with a poodle 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 monopolized two entire seats. Appearances seemed to indicate that the car was exclusively for the convenience of those addicted to the use of the "wand"; 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 car of seats in the other coach were superior to those which she now then. However, she insisted on remaining, urging 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 generally 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 kept on puffing whatever emotions may have been struggling for expression in words or action, and maintained throughout the same imperturbable 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 poodle 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 poodle dog."

New Mexican Pio-Siters. The people of New Mexico originate some curious notions. In a Manila and Los Cruces they have it is said they have—that are known as "Pio-Siters," composed of persons passionately fond of pies. 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 pie was to be first, and a bite to come; when it reached the centre of the pie, Manila piled up nine pies and shut down on them without an effort. Los Cruces elevated the top of his head and closed his jaws over eleven. (Great enthusiasm among his friends.) Manila came to the stretch, or bite, manfully, and sopped his lip over a dozen successfully. (Oh! oh! oh! oh!) Los Cruces, at this point, said, 'Well, it is time to stop this nonsense; hand me another pie.' They were given him; he smiled, laid the back of his head on his shoulders, and came down on the bundle of pies 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 of his teeth broke, and his hold gave away. On examining, a dog-curl was found in the center pie, and Los Cruces had his teeth tangled in the buckle. Jack Martin, the referee, decided in favor of Manila, on the ground that everything was fair in a mince pie.

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 lessons for \$20.

The hymn for the Centennial—Old Hundred.

California has 2,000,000 acres more than what this nation.

Pope Pius says universal suffrage is an universal illusion. That's a delusion.

The "Expenses" column of the Rochester Express is a mere infirmary for decayed intelligences.

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 "Win for the Democratic party one more tri." "Win 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 Mehill, of Chicago, who has been making an extended tour in Europe with his family, is expected home in August.

Evidence increases 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 nations, is now about to enable his government with a Parliament elected 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 the further spread of their "principals," by establishing an insane asylum in that State.

The announcement of Fred Douglas that St. Augustine was a saint was denied 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 Smyrna, thus raising a surprise to twelve dollars an ounce. Not long since the same thing was done with opium.

A good deal more by, what and eye is reported growing in the South than formerly, and it is evident that much fruiting will, before long, take the place of the general cotton plucking in that section.

The Steaming Family, with the new Atlantic cable, arrived at Berry Head on Saturday, and landed the shore about 11 o'clock Sunday morning, and proceeded to Rye Beach, N. H. the same afternoon.

The body of a boy who was drowned in the Mill River disaster has been discovered by laborers digging for buried machinery near Florence. The bodies of only four of the hibernian victims remain undiscovered.

A daughter of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has received at the Hotel de Ville, a certificate of competency as schoolmistress after a creditable examination. It shows no need in this for our rich men's daughters.

General Truett is about to go into religious activities as a member of the Church, and a blessing it would have been to France, had he turned his face from us. Not long since the same thing was done with opium.

Some papers are "puffing" at the proposed annexation and partition of the Danubian. But it strikes us that a good many other denunciations might take a lesson in church policy 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 666 farmers" it appears that 266 are out of