The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 49. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1874. NO. 27.

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 arrearages are paid.

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

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

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	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1 Inch	3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$ 27	$ 36
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A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. OFFICE: No. 113 Third Street. aug21,1872.

S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY.

BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 2d 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.7,71.

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

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan.4,'71.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street Huntingdon. [jan.4,'71.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19,'71.

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec.4,'72

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, three doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney at Law. Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 403, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [jan15

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

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

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one door East of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb.5-1y

K. ALLEN LOVELL. J. HALL MUSSER.

LOVELL & MUSSER, *Attorneys-at-Law,* HUNTINGDON, PA. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [nov6,'72

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'71.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE.

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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 hand and for sale. [ap19,'71–6m

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

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

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Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

———:o:———

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St

HUNTINGDON, PA.

———:o:———

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IN

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WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS,

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LEGAL BLANKS

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,

BILL HEADS,

LETTER HEADS,

PAMPHLETS

PAPER BOOKS,

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.

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

Paddy M'Gee's Dhrame.

BY DENNIS O'RAFFERTY.

Ould Paddy M'Gee, of Killarney,
Returning one night from a fair,
Along wid one Michael O'Grady,
Was quite overcome wid deshpair.

"Och, Michael, my boy," said ould Paddy,
"Be japers me money's all shpint,
And I must return to hard labor
Widout bonnie Paddy's consint.

"Shure, Michael, the world's full of sorrow,
And Paddy's got more nor his share;
Me poor heart wid grafe is nigh broken,
I sink 'nathe me burden of care."

Now Paddy had supped rather freely
The liquid that maddens the sowl,
Which caused discontent's gloomy shadow
Across his bright pathway to roll.

No man in the town of Killarney
More willingly wielded the shpade;
But filled wid a longing for riches
He scorned his great sowl to degrade.

"These hands," and he spread them before him,
"Were made to count nuggets of gold,
And shure it's a mutherin pity
To delve thim right into the mold."

And thus he complained of misfortune
To Michael, who walked by his side;
Sez Mike, "now that's thrue for ye, Paddy,
If a man had a horse he could ride.

"But since we are not blist wid horses,
What benefits us all yer talk?
Bedad its mesilf that is thankful
Becase I've the privilege to walk."

But Michael's kind words were all wasted,
For Paddy complained all the more;
Bleak poverty, like a huge vulture,
Right over his pathway did soar.

And whin, at the dure of his shanty,
Mike left him to sorrow a prey,
He mused of the ills of life's journey
As onward he plodded his way.

But let us, wid ould Paddy, enter
His shanty so thrim and so nate,
And see if a rason existed
Why Paddy should quarrel wid fate.

Arrah, boys! what a family circle
Presints itself here to the eye,
Sufficient to plaze and encourage
A murdherer sintinced to die.

Of bright boys and girls, full a dozen
Are sated promiscuously round,
And Judy, the wife of his bosom,
Widout the laste shade of a frown.

Contintment, most shurely, presided
In full-fledged authority there;
In vain might the saker of sorrow
Look for the dark cloud of desphair.

Each sprig of the sod was as rosy
And fresh as the flowers of June;
Bedad! 'twas enough to dhrive sadness
To dwell all alone in the moon.

Pat's grafe, like a fairy, did vanish,
Swate happiness tinctured his cup,
Producing a jug of "the crather,"
They all tuk another wee sup.

From Nora, the pride of the shanty,
To Barney, but twinty days old,
They wint for that dimyjohn faircely;
To them 'twas more precious than gold.

Contintment, that gem of the household,
Once more filled the Irishman's heart,
Produced by this lovely home-picture
And whisky's most powerful art.

He gazed on his swate little jewels,
An illegant juvenile squad,
And mused of domestic enjoyment,
Declaring all others a fraud.

And Judy was looking so plisent,
Her face wore a heavenly shmile,
Produced by some siventeen jorums
Of pleasure's great magical ile.

The childer, all full in proportion,
Were wild in their childish delight,
At length in their glee they decided
To enliven the shport wid a fight.

Two boys, in their innocent gambols,
Were playing the game of cross shticks;
The older ones caught the contágion,
And soon 'twas a general mix.

Ould Paddy grew wild wid excitement;
'Twas a miniature "Donnybrook fair;"
Unable to govern his failings
He sank to the flure from his chair.

The battle raged higher each moment,
The noise woke the dogs all around,
Whose voices rang out on the midnight,
A doleful sepulchral sound.

Nixt chimed in the cats, wid a chorus
Unaqualed on Arin's grane shore,
'Twould dhrown all the rivers of Agypt
United in one mighty roar.

The neighbors aroused, came, affrighted,
Believing ould Nick was on nand,
Confiscating mortals by dozens
To carry to Hades' dark land.

But Judy informed thim, politely,
Tha row was "jist nothing at all,
'Twas a natural scane in that shanty,
A swate little family braw'"

Declining the paple's kind offers
To aid in restoring a calm,
She swatened their acid affections
By daling to each one a dhram.

She shtood, like the geni in fables,
Assuming an air of command,
Resimbling an overgrown fairy;
The jug took the place of a wand.

Each weapon was down in a jiffy,
The ruse had a mighty effect;
Jist offer an Irishman whisky
If ye want to secure his respect.

Dape silence pervaded the shanty,
No whisper fell on the night air,
As Judy procaded to strengthen
Each one wid the nectar so rare.

And whin anger's gloom from their features,
Like migrating robins, had fled,
And harmony swately presided,
The household retired to bed.

But Paddy, immersed in dape slumber,
Was left to repose on the flure,
And wonderful were the bright visions
Which slape from their caverns did lure.

Asthride of a winged alligator,
He thraversed the ragions of air
Thought Paddy, "bedad there's no craytber
Wid this one for shpeed can compare."

Like Selkirk of yore, he imagined
"I'm monarch of all I survey,"
Although he felt rather onaisy
Whin his shteed bore him over the say.

He gathered the hues of the rainbow,
And twisted them into a crown,
Commingling their colors so gaily
To deck him a monarch profound.

Wid joy he explored each fair planet,
Whose mysteries puzzle the world,
And swept through each untrodden cranny
Wid Arin's grane banner unfurled.

He roamed amid unaqualed shplendors,
And brushed each bright star on his way;
He shtood on the acme of pleasure
Whilst viewing the meteors play.

But soon he discovered a waning
Of his deep etherial joy,
For shure his fast nag was descending,
His extasy this would desthroy.

The stars, one by one, were recading
Away from his rapturous sight,
And darkness was slowly beclouding
The face of that ocean of light.

Down, down, through the dim fields of ether,
Poor Paddy was hurried along,
And faintly he heard, as an echo,
The lingering notes of a song.

Alas! had his charger continued,
Wid such frantic speed, to ascend,
The singers he soon should have greeted
Where every grief has an end.

In vain did he shtrive to turn upward
The course of his powerful shteed;
His way he pursued yet more swiftly,
Nor did he Pat's plaintive tones heed.

"Hould up, now, ye murtherin villain,"
He cried, and kept tugging away,
"I'm plazed very well wid the counthry,
Wid yer lave I'd much rather shtay."

Euthreaties were all unavailing,
And threatening had no effect;
He thrated his rider's remonsthrance
Widout the laste mite of reshpect.

As earthward, in haste, he proceaded,
The gloom became doubly intense;
His soul endured all the commotion
Occasioned by racking suspense.

Whin passing a gilded church-shteeple
He felt a sharp blow on the head,
And a voice, to the dramer familiar,
Cried, "Shure ye've an illegant bed."

Reluctantly laving his saddle
He finished his glorions ride,
And op'ning his eyes in great wonder
Ould Judy shtood right by his side.

"Bad luck to the likes of ye, Paddy,
Get up off the flure wid ye, quick,
The whisky's all dhrank, and the childer,
Deprived of their food, will be sick."

"Is it sick they'll be, Judy, me honey?
And shure it's mesilf is that same;
Begob this is very unplisant
Jist afther that illegant dhrame.

"Och, where's the decanter now, Judy?
Another supply we must have,
For shure it's the great panacea
That cheers the sad heart of the shlave."

Away to the town of Killarney
Ould Paddy repaired in great haste,
He shwore his desires were awakened
And greatly inflamed by that taste.

So swate was the joy it imparted
He longed for some more of that same,
And also a second edition
Of that sowl-inshpiring dhrame.

But shure, I'm not able to follow
This phrenzied ould man to the end,
Because on the depth of his quaffing
The length of my tale would depend.

I'll not fail, however, to give ye
The facts, if he raises the stame,
And witnesses a repetition
Of that really wonderful dhrame.

Reading for the Million.

ERIC AND ALMA.

The waterfall of Sarp rushes over the steep cliffs and plunges into the depths below, proclaiming in tones of thunder its might and majesty, and challenging the admiration of the world.

Many years ago there dwelt, on either side of the falls, a youth and maiden; both were fair and of noble birth; each was an only child and both were the idols of their parents.

The falls was not the only barrier which divided them; a bitter feud had existed between their families for generations, and although the time was now passed for their hatred to break forth in open hostility, the fire smouldered in their breasts, and was contiuually fanned by pride and jealousy. Both were wealthy and powerful, and each emulous of the other.

The youth and the maiden partook of the enmity of their respective families, but in a milder degree, for each had a lingering memory of having in early childhood, played on the banks of the Sarp Falls, gazing at each other across the waters, throwing shells and flowers into the stream and mingling their laughter as they saw them disappear in the white foam.

Fate seemed to have decreed that they should never meet, for years rolled on, and they were as far apart as ever.

The name of the youth was Eric. He was tall and strong; his hair was light and his eyes were blue; he was brave and hardy; and a worthy descendant of a bold Viking. His nature was noble and he gave with a generous hand to the poor. He was beloved by all who knew him.

The name of the maiden was Alma. She, too, was greatly beloved. She was merry and bright, and her eyes and hair were as black as the cliffs, which often echoed with her laughter. Her presence shed a brightness through the gloomy halls of her fathers, and many guests came there attracted by her charms.

Her admirers were countless, but she had no lover, for among her train of suitors, although some were of high rank and others of vast estates, no one could awaken a response in her heart.

The fame of her wit and beauty reached the ear of Eric, and he conceived an ardent desire to meet her; and, notwithstanding the dislike with which he regarded her family, and the danger to which his heart would be exposed, he determined to carry out his wish.

Eric waited long and patiently for a favorable opportunity, but as none presented itself, he was about to resort to some incautious means, when he was asked to attend a wedding to which most of the honorable families of the neighborhood were invited.

He went with the hope of meeting Alma, and was not disappointed in seeing her.—But alas! the first glance of her black eyes was nearly fatal.

The proud youth, who had hitherto been almost insensible to female charms, was suddenly enthralled. He did not take part in the festivities, but stood watching the gay scene, vainly endeavoring to preserve a haughty, unconcerned air, lest his agitation should be perceived, as he was the object of much attention.

But his cheeks would flush, and his lips tremble, when his eyes met those of Alma, who seemed likewise affected, for the attraction was mutual. All that evening they were in each other's presence, but neither spoke a word, neither approached the other, and yet their eyes told volumes The image of one was engraven on the heart of the other, never to be erased.

The marriage festival ended, and Eric and Alma returned to their homes with heart and brain in commotion. Time passed, but it had no power to stifle the tender sentiment which had so suddenly sprang up in their hearts.

One day, while Eric wandered in the forest not far from the home of Alma, his ear was arrested by the strains of a merry song. There was something in the tone of the voice that fascinated him, and he paused to listen:

"O'er the land, and o'er the sea,
My brave lover comes to me.
I will sing a jubilee,
For my sweetheart I shall see.
Tra la la! Tra la la!

Eric did not wait to hear more, but rushed eagerly forward, and the sight of her whom he sought soon met his gaze. But, ah, how lovely! Perched upon a rock, like a bird, she sat strewing leaves and flowers on the ground at her feet, and making the woods ring with her merry voice.

He had seen her at a large assemblage, dressed in stately robes, and carrying herself with the dignity of a high-born lady. What a contrast was here! In his imagination she now resembled a graceful wood-nymph, and his eyes beamed with admiration.

No sooner had she become aware of his presence than her song abruptly ceased, and her cheeks crimsoned with confusion. She hastily rose and descended the rock. With great embarrassment he tendered his assistance. When she had reached the ground, he detained her hand and asked, hesitatingly:

"Was that song meant for me?"

"Yes, though I did not dream you were so near."

They stood silent for a long while; she did not withdraw her hand, and he had no power to unclasp it. All at once she raised her eyes to his and asked in a solemn voice:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, you are the daughter of my father's enemy."

"And you are the son of my father's enemy."

"But Alma and I are not at enmity?"

"No, Eric"

"Then why cannot our friendship stretch over the breach which has divided our families for so long a time? The moment I set foot upon your father's domain to-day, I vowed that all ill-will toward your house should be forever extinct in my bosom."

"My father has done your father no wrong, and if our ancestors have injured one another, they have no doubt settled their accounts in another world. I, too, have vowed to harbor no ill-will toward your family."

"Then, darling, let us seal our vows with a kiss."

They did so, and from that instant a new world opened before them. Hours passed, but they were unconscious of the flight of time until evening began to darken the earth, when with many sweet farewells, they parted, though not forever, for they had promised to meet on the same spot before many days.

Months passed, and they continued to meet in the woods. Their love was secret to all save themselves, and they guarded it with care, else they would have been rudely separated. These stolen intercourses were the most delicious moments of their lives, but, like every other delightful period, it was destined to end.

The parents of Alma had chosen a husband for her—a wealthy noble—and the day appointed for her wedding was not far distant. Eric learned the fatal news, and was attacked with a dangerous fever. In delirium he confessed his love for Alma, and declared that he would wed her or die. The family was astonished at the intelligence.

Before his serious illness took place they perceived a change in him, but they had never suspected the cause.

The father listened with terror to the passionate appeals of his son, and tried to pursuade himself that they were merely the wanderings of a disordered intellect, and that on recovery he would disavow all that he said during his illness.

But he grew no better. The fever increased until his life was despaired of.

When Alma discovered that her lover was on the point of death, she became so distracted by grief that her parents were alarmed, lest she should lose her reason.

Notwithstanding the danger of their children, the parents could not be prevailed upon to meet on friendly terms; their aversion appeared to be stronger than their parental love

Eric did not die, and in proportion as he regained his health, Alma recovered her tranquility of mind. The youth, in time, acquainted his father with his love for his rival's daughter. The father enraged at the possibility of their uniting in wedlock, declared that if such an event should come to pass he would disinherit him.

Eric expected an angry outburst from his father, but confident of his influence over him, he hoped to induce him to yield at last to his wishes. But he was disappointed. His father remained inexorable.

Alma was equally unsuccessful in softening the hearts of her parents; they had chosen a bridegroom for her, and they were resolved she should abide by their choice.

Her wedding was nearing rapidly, and grand preparations were begun for the event. She was constantly under the vigilance of an attendant, and was in consequence prevented from seeing Eric, who heard with an aching heart, of the arrangements which were being made for her marriage.

The day arrived. The guests assembled, and everything was in readiness for the occasion. All were arrayed in festive attire; all hearts were light and merry, and eager to partake of the marriage feast, and to drink to the health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom.

But their joy and hilarity came to an abrupt pause. The bride was missing!—Confusion prevailed. No one could tell her whereabouts, for no one had seen a tiny, little boat sail quickly across the stream, and land near the window of her chamber, nor a youth alight, and call, in a low voice, the name of Alma; no one had seen the bride appear and spring joyfully into his arms.

When they did behold her she was clasped in the last embrace of her lover, sailing down the stream toward the falls, onward to a certain death! Not all the prayers and cries of the repentant parents could save them; they vanished in the foam, and the gloomy rocks around echoed the mournful words, "Too late! too late!"

Don't Do It.

Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital.

Don't say "I told you so." Two to one you never said a word about it.

Don't worry about an other man's business. A little selfishness is sometimes commendable.

Don't imagine that you can correct all the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in a desert.

Don't mourn over fancied grievances. Bide your time, and real sorrow will come.

Don't throw dust in your teacher's eyes. It will only injure the pupil.

Don't worry about the ice crop. Keep cool and you will have enough.

Don't borrow a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky.

Don't imagine that everything is weakening. Butter is strong in this market.

Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the account straight.

Don't color meerschaums for a living. It is simply dyeing by inches.

OH, bother cremation!" says the Pittsburg *Commercial.* "We have to earn our living—and don't want to be compelled to urn our dead."

Power of Imagination.

THE STORY OF A SNAKE.

The following incident which happened to the writer long years ago, is of such a thrilling nature as to cause the blood to run cold in one's veins at the bare mention of it. The account is founded on facts, and can be vouched for by witnesses of undoubted integrity:

While sauntering out one morning through an orange grove bordering on one of the bayous of Louisiana, and where the warning hiss and rattle of that most venomous and deadly species of the reptile tribe are not unfrequantly heard, I came upon an inviting shady nook, and being weary and fatigued by excess and the heat of the sun, I sought repose by stretching myself at length upon the grass, and while lying there, dreaming day dreams and being refreshed by gentle breezes, deep scented with the fumes of the luscious Louisiana orange, I naturally yeilded to the seductive influence of Morpheus, into whose arms I gracefully resigned myself.

I did not lie long thus, however, before I was awakened by the sense of a cold pressure about my neck. I glanced downward to ascertain the cause of my disturbance, when, oh, horror! what met my gaze but a huge rattlesnake, lying with his head resting as complacently and as serenely as one can imagine, upon the back of my hand, which I had carelessly thrown across my breast; the rest of his body being drawn over my shoulder and wound around my neck. His piercing black eyes "looked daggers" into mine, and the diabolical expression of his countenance generally looked, if it did not say, in as many words: "The game is up with you, now, my boy," which to me was painfully too apparent just then to entertain the least hope of escape. Fortunately, I displayed great presence of mind, and I knew that to stir or make an audible noise was instant death to me.

I thought that while there was life there was hope at least, and setting my wits to work, I began devising schemes by which I might make a *coup d' etat* on his snakeship and effect an escape from my impending doom. Ah! the thought struck me, I had a sharp penknife in my pocket! Could I but slyly ease my hand down into my pocket, get possession of the knife, and by a rapid movement sever the head from the body, I would be free! But no; the knife was in my right hand pocket, and I dared not move that hand from under his head to get it. Then could I clutch him by the neck and body and hold him? That would not do either, for were I to choke him he would choke me.

There was but one resource left me, and that was to lie perfectly quiet and let events develop themselves; perhaps some one would chance to pass this way and frighten the monster away. I remained wrapt thus within the serpent's embrace a few moments, which seemed ages, when I heard the rustling of grass as of approaching footsteps. A gleam of hope now entered my mind. Perhaps it was some one sent by providence to rescue me from my perilous situation.

I was doomed to disappointment at this time also, as my anticipated rescuer was nothing more than a powerless hog, which passed by within a few paces of where I lay, unaware of and unconcerned as to the agony under which I was suffering. A drowning man will catch at straws in order to save himself, it is said, but I actually invoked the intercession of that hog in silent prayer. I prayed that he would come nearer me, in hopes that his presence would frighten the serpent off; but he only gave a grunt of recognition and went his way. The noise caused the snake to move and draw himself tighter about my neck. I shuddered from fear, or hope, I knew not which.

I had by this time grown very weak; my blood seemed to be getting as cold as that of the snake itself, and I lay there perfectly powerless, and, as it were, dying by inches—staring grim death in the face, while his icy hand encircled my throat. My physical strength could endure no more, and I swooned away from sheer fright and exhaustion. The supreme moment had now arrived. In reviving from my fainting spell I suppose I irritated the snake in some way, as he had loosened himself from my neck, and coiling himself upon my breast, with his ominous-forked tongue darting forth, stood ready for the attack. I uttered a yell, at which he sprang at my face with terrific force, and as I felt his jaws close on me, and his poisonous sting enter my flesh, I awoke from my horrible dream, in a state of cold perspiration, amid the merriment and laughter of several of my lady acquaintances, one of whom had been tickling my neck with a straw.

It is Better.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own than in a brown-stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better walk forever than run in debt for horse and carriage.

Better to sit by the plain white table for which you paid three dollars some years ago, than to send home a new extension black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane seated chairs, and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better pay the street organ grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than to owe for a grand piano.

Better to gaze on bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthenware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef, and know that it does not belong to you.

Better let your wife have a fit of hysterics than to run in debt for nice new furniture, or clothes, or jewelry, or anything that women wish for. A fit of hysterics, properly managed, is often of more real benefit to a woman than anything you can buy.

A GENTLEMAN being asked "to take a drink" declined, but said, if no objections were made, he would take a loaf of bread instead. The party went to a bakery, the treater bought a loaf of bread, had it done up, and his friend took it home. The loaf was afterwards sent to a needy family.

Go to the JOURNAL Store and see their new stock of Stationery.

Words of Wisdom.

Make the best of your lot whether it be good or bad.

We should never speak of ourselves, either good or evil.

Cruelty is the result of baseness and of cowardice.

Hopes and regrets are the sweetest links of existence.

To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense

We grow old more through indolence than through age.

There never was a mask so gay but some tears were shed behind it.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

The rays of happiness, like those of light are colorless when unbroken.

Sickness is often the mortal cave, with its quiet, its darkness, and its solitude to the soul.

Vain glory is a stimulus that pleasingly titillates our heart, and finally tears it.

All severity which does not tend to increase good or prevent evil, is idle.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

To speak truth, and to do good, is to resemble, in some sort, the Deity we worship.

Life becomes useless and insipid, when we have no longer friends or enemies.

A man that can be flattered is not, necessarily a fool, but you can always make a fool of him.

There is a star above us which unites souls of the first order, though worlds and ages separate them.

We cannot understand what we have never experienced; we need pain, were it only to teach us sympathy.

It is a great error for the heart to horde up the romance which is only graceful in youth, and it is dangerous, too.

Bad temper is said too bite at both ends—it makes whoever gives way to it as miserable as it does other people.

There is a species of pleasure in suffering from the ingratitude of others, which is reserved for great minds alone.

Many who, in our days of wealth, we deemed but heartless churls, have in our distress shown themselves friends.

A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet and well-arranged house, exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates.

Miscellaneous News Items.

The Illinois school masters have a State Society.

Fort Wayne, Ind., has an artesian well 1,621 feet deep.

The production of copper in New Mexico is said to be rapidly increasing.

A small arms factory is to be established by an American firm in the city of Mexico.

An inventive genius in Ohio proposes to furnish horses with false teeth, so as to conceal their age.

A special institution for the training of women as teachers is to be established by the Russian Government.

It is said that a Yale graduate of the class of 1872 has carried off the highest prize this year at the Academy des Beaux Arts, Paris.

Scranton, it is stated, has from one to two million dollars' worth of pig iron, for which there is at present no profitable market.

David Martin, who took a little boy, loaded his pants with brickbats, and threw him into Cape Fear river, punching him with a pole until he was drowned, is only twelve years old, and under sentence of death in New Hanover county, North Carolina.

The public analyst of Sheffield, under the Food Adulteration act, lately testified before a committee of the House of Commons. In describing adulterations of tea, he said (amidst much laughter) that he had found Chinese toe-nails in tea, but did not consider or rule that to be an adulteration.

Cure for Weariness.

The world is full of tired people, merchants tired of business, farmers tired of raising the crops, mechanics tired of building houses, housekeepers tired of preparing food, operatives tired of the rushing wheels. Pass along the road or street and see how very tired three-fourths of the people look. How shall they get rest? Some say, "by fewer hours of work!" But some of them have no work at all. Others might prescribe easy sofas, and more arm-chairs and soft beds. But some of the people who have the weariest look, have plenty of good furniture and luxuriant upholstery.

Now, we offer a pillow not curtained with gobelin tapestry, or stuffed with the down of an angel's wings. But a man who puts his head on it gets rid of his cares and anxieties. It is a pillow stuffed with promises, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee." We have friends who, because they cannot sleep well, put under their head at night a pillow of hops; but they have never tried the better pillow filled with the myrrh and frankinscence from the Lord's garden. Men and women tired out with the world, try it.

A Great Truth.

In vain do we seek to awaken our churches zeal for missions as a separate thing. To be genuine it must flow from love to Christ. It is when a sense of personal communion with the Son of God is highest, that we shall be most fit for missionary work, either to go ourselves or to stir up others. If we allow it to become a business of dollars or cents, we shall see no results. "Find preachers of D. Brainerd's spirit," said John Wesly, "and nothing can stand before them; but without this, what can gold or silver do?" Let gushing affection to the Lord Jesus Christ become the ruling passion, and it communicates the thrill of evangelical zeal to every member of the electric chain.

A STORY is told of an English wedding. While the bridal party were kneeling around the chancel a gromsman poked the groom in the ribs, and caused the poor fellow to laugh aloud. The bride followed suit, the bridesmaid ditto, and the clergyman rose up in his wrath and said he would not marry such an impious couple. He retired and would not return. Twelve o'clock came with the knot untied. No marriage can take place in England after that hour, so the bridal party returned home and waited another day.

Around the Fireside.

Christian Joyfulness.

In the tower of the old cathedral at Antwerp there is a chime of thirty bells, some of which are not larger than a tumbler, and which at every hour ring out exquisite music, some magnificent chant, and every quarter of an hour make a load out toward it, by way of getting ready. But suppose when the wind blew upon that tower those bells would not play? Suppose they would not play when the storm raged above it? Suppose they would not play during bitter frosts or intense heat? But there they swing, and always at the appointed time they thrill the air with music, through summer and winter, with a power in themselves which is dependent neither in calms nor storms, neither on heat nor cold; and though battle itself should rend the air with tumult, at the regular periods out would gush melodies, filling all the upper region; and it would be just the same though not a single man was near to listen.

And so ought men in the hubbub of life to carry about them a joyfulness which at every hour and at every quarter hour should sound out, no matter what might be going on above them or below them or around them. There ought to be joy in a man which should at all times make him independent of his circumstances. There are some things which are necessary, but which are not agreeable. I suppose that if I were to say to my chief, "Do you like to be put on the hoe?" It would say, "No; it is a great trial to me that I am ever hoed." And I suppose that if I should say to my son, "Do you like to be filed?" It would say, "I wish that I might never be filed again; I hate the sound, and I don't enjoy the feeling." And yet, to be of use, the chief needs to be hoed, and a saw needs to be filed. And the cares and troubles of life are the emery or strop by which men are sharpened and brought to a cutting edge. The trials which men are called to undergo are the means by which they are educated. But they take their education hard. They do not understand it. They are ignorant of the opportunities which are afforded them for development and training in the school of God. What they need is that their experiences should be struck through with the light of Christian faith and joy.

I like to hear persons sing. I think I would pay several dollars extra a month to a servant girl who would sing as she worked. A captain on shipboard is sometimes willing to pay for a man that fiddles, that he may go along and entertain the crew with music. But what if they could all fiddle? How much more they would enjoy it! It is a good thing to have a person in the house who knows how to sing? But why should not every person in the house sing?

Why are you troubled by care—you who are the emblem of power in the universe; you who represent nerve-power, brain power, soul-power, God-power? Why is it that you are carried away by little attritions? Why is it that you humble down to things that worry you, and talk about your burdens and responsibilities? It is a shame. It is a denial of religion. It is bearing false witness against Christ. Every true Christian should live in the midst of necessary cares and troubles with a joyful spirit, so that those who look shall wonder, and ask, "Where did you get the power to do it?"—[Beecher.

Respectable Drinking.

As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail and the ploughshare of death, drawn by terrible disaster, will go on turning up this whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards' graves.

Oh! how this rum fiend would like to go and hang up a skeleton in your beautiful house, so that when you opened the front door to go in, you would see it in the hall; and, when you sat at your table, you would see it hanging from the wall; and as you opened your bed-room door, you would find it stretched upon your pillow; and waking at night, you would feel its cold hand passing over your face and pinching at your heart.

There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony. What was it that silenced Sheridan's voice and shattered the golden sceptre with which he swayed parliaments and courts?

What foul spirit turned the sweet rythm of Robert Burns into a tuneless bubble? What brought down the majestic form of one who awed the American Senate with eloquence, and, after a while, carried him home dead drunk from the office of the Secretary of State? What was it that swamped the noble spirit of one of the heroes of the last war, until one night, in a drunken fit, he reeled from the deck of a Western steamer and was drowned? There was one whose voice we all loved to hear. He was one of the most classic orators of the country. People wondered why a man of so pure a heart and so excellent a life should have such a sad countenance always. They knew not that his wife was a sot.—[T. De Witt Talmage.

Faithful Unto Death.

Two piles of faggots were placed about the feet of Huss, which had been stripped of their covering. Bundles of straw were placed erect around the stake, reaching as far upward as the neck of the victim. Everything was now ready for the kindling of the flames. Before the torch was applied, however, one more effort was made to induce Huss to recant. It was the wish of the Emperor even yet, unwillingly, to save, if possible, his honor with the prisoner's life; and it was probably by his direction—given beforehand, for he did not choose to witness the scene—that the Marshal of the Empire with the Elector approached the funeral pile, and exhorted Huss to yet save his life by retracting and adjuring his doctrines.

Is was the last opportunity. Would Huss now hesitate? In a loud, clear voice he replied, with a firmness which the immediate prospect of death could not shake: "I call God to witness that I have never taught nor written those things which on false testimony they impute to me; but my declarations, teachings, writings, in fine, all my works have been intended and shaped toward the object of rescuing dying men from the tyranny of sin. Wherefore I will this day gladly seal that truth which I have taught, written and preached—established by the divine law and by holy