

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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NO. 31.

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

Length	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1 Line	\$3.00	\$2.50	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
2 Lines	5.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
3 Lines	7.00	6.00	5.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00
4 Lines	9.00	8.00	7.00	6.00	5.00	4.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00
5 Lines	11.00	10.00	9.00	8.00	7.00	6.00	5.00	4.00	4.00	4.00

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

## Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. Office: No. 113 Third Street. aug11,1874.

BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 2d door east of First National Bank. Particular attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. Jan. 7, 71.

D. R. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 223 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 3, 72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 2d Street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. Jan. 12, 71.

D. R. A. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 233 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. Jan. 4, 71.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Lester's new building, Hill Street, Huntingdon. Jan. 4, 71.

E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Office 319 Penn street, near opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. Aug. 5, 71.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brewer's new building, No. 329, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. Jan. 12, 71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. Jan. 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. Jan. 4, 72.

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

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 the JOURNAL Building. Feb. 1, 71.

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

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one door East of R. M. Speer's office. Feb. 5, 71.

K. ALLEN LITTLE, J. HALL MESSER, L. OVELL & 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. 6, 72.

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. Jan. 21, 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. Jan. 19, 71.

H. MORRISON HOUSE, Opposite Pennsylvania R. R. Depot, HUNTINGDON, PA. A. B. ZEIGLER, Prop. Nov. 12, 73-6m.

MORRISON HOUSE, Opposite Pennsylvania R. R. Depot, HUNTINGDON, PA. J. H. OLOVER, Prop. April 5, 1871-1y.

Miscellaneous. H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Lester'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, Hill Street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand for sale. [ap. 19, 71-6m]

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

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE for all kinds of printing.

## Printing.

### TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday MORNING BY J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH. Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St HUNTINGDON, PA.

### THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

### A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE, SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, 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 Muses' Tower.

### No Time Like the Old Time.

There is no time like the old time, When you and I were young, When the birds of April blossomed, And the buds of spring-time sang, The garden's brightest flowers, By summer suns are nursed, But oh, the sweet, sweet violets, The flowers that open first!

There is no place like the old place, Where you and I were born, Where we lifted first our eyes, On the splendors of the morn, From the milk-white breast that warmed us, From the clinging arms that bore, With the dear eyes glistening o'er us, That will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend That has shared our morning days, No greeting like his welcome, No homage like his praise; Faded the scarlet sunflower, With gaudy crown of gold; But friendship is the breathing rose, With sweets in every fold.

There are no times like the old times— They shall never be forgot! There is no place like the old place— Keep green the dear old spot! There are no friends like our old friends— May heaven prolong their lives! There are no loves like our old loves— God bless our loving wives!

## The Story-Teller.

### THE FELON'S RETURN.

"Will you ask whether Mr. Graham will see a stranger?" The clerk spoken to nodded, arose, and went into an inner office. The stranger remained, leaning against the wainscot railings of the desk, his hand trifling with the little door that shut outsiders from the sanctum within. He was a tall, fair man, of thirty, with close-cropped hair and beard. His shoulders were broad, his features aristocratic, but there was an odd air about him that puzzled the clerk, and would have puzzled any one. It was something that could not be defined, but it pervaded the whole man; a suppressed look, as of one forced in some way to hide his feelings; a manner of standing and holding his hat which had something apologetic in it.

"Mr. Graham will see you, sir," said the clerk, returning and opening the little rail door. "In there—the office to the right." The stranger passed into the room indicated, and closed the door behind him, then standing with his back against it, he fumbled with his hat in the same odd manner in which he had handled it in the outer office, and instead of speaking, looked at the gentleman behind the desk with eyes that had a measureless appeal in them.

"The other did not rise from his chair, nor hold out his hand, nor even speak for some moments; each looked at the other, but he said. It was the elder who broke the spell at last.

"So," he said, "is it you James?" "Yes, it is I," said the other. "Haven't you a word for me, William?" "I have good many words that you might not like to hear," said William Graham. "I really can't say I'm glad to see you, delighted, honored, and all that you know."

"I don't expect any one to be glad," said the other. "I know I've disgraced the family, but I've been punished for it. Fifteen years of prison life and prison fare and prison friends! I'd have given my soul to undo what I did, even before it was found out; and I never meant to keep the money."

"We know the story," said the merchant. "You were in a position of confidence; you betrayed it. It's the old affair. I've had it happen in my own office. I can feel any sentimental pity for a fellow like you. What brings you here, James?"

Shifting his hat from hand to hand, looking from under his eyebrows in an abject fashion, piteous to contemplate when one saw in what a gentlemanly mood he had been cast, James Graham answered: "I was twenty when I went to prison. I'm five-and-thirty now. The outside world has been blank to me for all these years. I want work. I want you to give it to me—any honest work, William. I'm a good book-keeper, but I'll be a porter, an errand man, anything."

"Oh, no, nothing here," said the elder. "You're reckoned without your host, James. You are no brother of mine. I ask you often when you become a felon—For the sake of the poor woman who called you 'son,' I'll give you some money, enough to live on for a week or two. I will never give you another cent—don't expect it. I will have you sent away if you come again."

The prison-taint was so strong upon the other man that he was not aroused yet; he fumbled with his hat, ground himself against the door, looked abjectly from under his eyebrows again, and asked: "How is sister Jessie?" "Well," said the merchant. "Can you tell me where she lives?"

"No," said the merchant. "Jessie is married, and has tried to forget the terrible grief you gave her. You are the last person a respectable brother-in-law would care to see."

"I'll ask you one more question," said James, in a faltering voice. "Ada Musgrove—what has become of her? Is she still living? Is she married?" "I have no information for you," said the merchant, harshly. "Here is fifty dollars. If you are careful, you will get work before it is gone. Remember, you'll have not another cent from my hands. Take it and go, and don't come back again."

He flung the money down upon the table, but there was a spark of manhood in his brother, even yet; he could not take a gift so professed. "I'll see you, be seemed to grow a head taller as he drew his shoulders back, and glaring at his brother, threw the notes that lay before him into his face. "Curse you, keep your money!" he said. "I don't want it. I don't want anything from you or any one. I came for help, it is true; for help to be an honest man. I've been among the outcasts of the world so long that I've lost kinship with decent folk, but I thought a brother might hold out a hand to draw me back. You refused it. Money! Why, look at

these hands, these shoulders—look at me! I can earn money somehow. And, by Heaven! if this is all your respectability and Christianity amount to, I don't care if I see no more of it. There are plenty to welcome me, and you have driven me to them. Remember that, son of my mother! You!"

He thrust his hat upon his head and dashed out of the room, striding through the outer office with a head of any one there, and changing the door behind him as he departed.

One dark night a few weeks later, James Graham, in full fellowship with a gang of burglars, was receiving instructions from a companion how to enter and conceal himself in a house that had been marked for robbery. The lesson was given in front of the doomed house itself, and after his companion had left him, Graham muttered:

"Yes, I belong to the fraternity, now I am here to rob this house. I have the mask and the pistol in my pocket. I have my little dark lantern, and a burglar and burglars were the only men who welcomed me back from prison. My brother turned his back on me. My mother—I wonder what my poor mother would say if she could see me now. If she knew—"

He stopped himself with an oath—seemed, with a motion of his hand, to cast away the thoughts that were upon him, and in a moment more had mounted to the window indicated by his comrade; and finding that it opened easily, clambered in. His shoes were noiseless. He made no sound as he moved; and guiding himself by the lantern's light, looked for a place of concealment. It soon presented itself. A long wardrobe, with a door at either end. In this, behind a very curtain of suspended garments, he hid himself.

He heard, after a while, a baby cry, and in a minute more a step ran across the entry, and a ray of light glanced through the keyhole at one end of the wardrobe. "Ada," cried a lady's voice, "come here. Baby is wide awake, and I can't leave him."

Then another rustle, another step, and there were two women very near him—so near that he could hear them breathe. "I'm so glad you came to-day, Ada," said the other, "when I am all alone. Charles was called away unexpectedly this morning! I declared the thought of that accident makes me ill, and I am nervous all alone in the house at night, dear. Besides, he being always glad to see you, I am so thankful to have you to-night!"

"And I am never nervous, Jessie," said the other. "I'm as good as a man about the house, mamma says. I've hunted imaginary burglars with a poker many a night. Mamma is always imagining burglars, dear soul!"

"Don't speak of them," said the matron, who was chiefly quieting her child, as she said. "This house would be more of a temptation to them to-night than it has ever been before since we lived here. There are ten thousand dollars in that safe, Ada. Charlie hadn't time to deposit it. They telegraphed that Mr. Bird might be dying."

As she made this confession, the man concealed so near her, listened with his very heart in his ears; but it was not to the statement so well calculated to rejoice a burglar's heart. That was forgotten. He heard only the voices and the names these two women called each other by. Ada! That had been the name of the girl he loved. Jessie! That was his sister's name. After all, what was it to him? Like his brother, the latter had cast him off, of course, and no doubt Ada only remembered him with horror. Still, how like the voices were. Could it be? He stole forward, and knelt down with his eyes to the keyhole, but he could only see part of a woman's figure swaying to and fro, as she rocked her infant on her bosom.

"Dear little fellow," said the voice of the other woman. "How sweet babies are." She came forward and knelt down and saw her profile. It was Ada Musgrove—older, for he had left her a girl of sixteen, and found her a woman of thirty, but handsomer than ever.

"You love children so, I wonder you don't marry," said the matron; and now James Graham knew that it was his sister who spoke. "I know that William wants you to have him. He always loved you, and Ada, he can give you all that makes life happy."

James Graham's cheeks flushed in the darkness. He hated the world more than ever now. He hated his kinsfolk—the cruel brother and sister of his most of all. "He cannot give me the one thing necessary for wedded happiness: love," said Ada. "No, Jessie, but I must say it now. I loved poor James too well ever to love any other man while I know he lives."

"Ah, Ada," cried Jessie, stooping over her, "it is a comfort to me to know you still remember my poor brother. I thought I was the only living better who still loved him." And then James Graham, listening on the other side of the door, heard these women weeping, together and for him.

"Yes, Ada," said his sister, "and though poor James is so sadly disgraced, still when he returns I will be glad to see him, and this shall be his home if he will, and my good husband will help him to win back the place among us that he has lost; but long ago, William is cruel to him; but then we women are softer. When he is free again I trust he will come straight to us. I fear William would hurt him by some reproachful speech. He will be free very soon, Ada."

The man who had stolen into that house to rob it—the man of whom they spoke—could hear no more, his heart was lifted as it had not been since he was a child. It was as if the angels had spoken to him.

Then he remembered why he was there, and kneeling and kissing the door that lay between him and those dear women who had saved him from desperation, he crept away, and finding his way to the window, he had come, vowing to lead an honest life and some time, perhaps when he was dying, to see these two dear creatures once again; at least, always the memory of their looks and words would keep his heart tender and his life pure, lonely as might be his lot.

With these thoughts in his mind he stood on the ground, and remembered with a pang who would arrive soon and what their errand would be; and that while he scorned to betray them, he must stand between them and their purpose, and save his sister's home, perhaps her life, from their hands.

He felt in his bosom for his pistol; he would not use it until the last; but he must stand between those women and all harm. He knew well enough the unforgetting ferocity of those with whom he had to deal, and he muttered a little prayer for aid—

the first he had breathed for many a year—as he heard soft footsteps approaching. "He is opening his eyes," said a voice. James Graham held it, and wondered what had happened, and why he could not trust himself, and who spoke.

Then came a remembrance of a quarrel, a conflict, and the report of a pistol. He knew all now. His fellow burglars had shot him left him for dead. But there was he now?

"Ada, dear," said the voice again, "I think he is opening his eyes." Then they did open, and James Graham saw two women bending over him. "James," said one, "do you know sister Jessie?"

The other only burst into tears. "Yes, I know you both," said he, faintly. "How did I come up here? I am so full of wonder. How did you know me?" "We found you wounded—dead, we thought, at our gate," said Jessie. "It was Ada knew you first."

"Dear Jessie!" he said; "dear Ada!" "We don't know how it happened," she said. "You are better now, you must be. Only we have you back, and you shall never go back again; never!"

He knew he never should. He knew it did not matter whether he told them how he had come to them now. He knew that in a little while he should neither see them nor know their voices, but he was very happy. A foretaste of heaven was given to him. "They have been terrible years," he said; "terrible years. All that while I have never heard from you, but I have now. Come closer; I can't see you very well. There's a mist before my eyes. I want Jessie to kiss me."

The sister flung her arms about his neck, and kissed him over and over again. Then he turned to Ada Musgrove. "They have been terrible years," he said; "I should not ask you to kiss me, but you will, I am so glad to see you." "I will kiss you, but you will kiss me, my dear, just once more?"

She took him in her arms. "More merciful than man. Perhaps we shall meet again, darling."

These were the last words he ever said.

## Reading for the Million.

### Mrs. Skinner's Lecture.

Now hear Mrs. Skinner on women's rights. She is too good to be lost, and it being the latest out, we have borrowed a copy of the lecture from "Brick." We "fixed" it up a little, and added a few words in parentheses, where we thought the original Greek was too obscure. Truly Mrs. Skinner is "some," and well let's invite Mrs. S.—to lecture in Huntingdon, but she wasn't bring that man Skinner along with her.

Miss President, feller wimmin, and male trash generally—I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing women's rights, regarding her wrongs, and causing the men. I believe sexes were created perfectly equal, with the woman a little more equal than the man.

I also believe that the world would today be happier if man had never existed. As a success, man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman. I do not only maintain myself but a shiftless husband.

They say man was created first. Spousin's he? Ain't first experiments always failures? If I was a betting man, I would bet two dollars and a half that they are. The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that was me to making something better. [Applause.]

And then they throw it into our face about Eve taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree, and only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instincts, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bed and said: "Wan't me—'twas her!" And woman has had to father every thing since—and mother it too!

What we want is the ballot; and the ballot we're bound to have, if we let down our back hair and swim in a sea of sanguinary gore. [Sensation.] Let children to love and cherish the ball, and when they are old and scrappy, they will not depart from it.

Teach them that man occupies no position that woman cannot fill—even to a pair of pants. Teach them that without the ballot woman is simply a cooking and washing machine; and that with it she can just rule her little roost(er).

Given them little ballots to play with. We have plenty of ballot girls; but what we want is ballot women. The male creature now sitting on his platform, whom I have compelled me to call my husband, says I got ballot on the brain.

He says I sleep with a ballot under my pillow, and dream that I am commander-in-chief of a large army of ballots, and cleaning out everything that looks like male sex, while the band plays, "See the conquering hero cometh!" (For a man.) Such remarks show that man was created lower than the beasts of the sea, the carrion of the air, or the rhinoceros of the prairies.

And what can be expected of this man Skinner, whose intellect is lower than that of a common quansh? [Applause.] My soul is filled with poetry and sentiment; and his vulgar remarks grate on my ear; and when I hear persons use expressions that are not refined and genteel, I want to go through 'em like croton oil and molasses. (Hear, hear.) (Clear through.)

I am astonished that there ain't more interest manifested in this absorbing topic. This hall ought to be packed from dome to ceiling and a couple hundred climbing up the lightning rod outside.

A short time ago I addressed an immense throng on Boston Common—at least thirty-seven persons, including men and women of both sexes—who stood packed together at least for fifteen minutes, hanging on my words, the enthusiasm finally reaching such a pitch that they insisted on burning my effigy to show me (dead march.)

And we are bound to succeed. Our speakers don't lack brains nor influence; but there is one thing I wished they did lack, and that is their desire for a husband.

No matter how riled a woman is on this question, or how much she talks away, and finding his way to the window, she'll grab the first man that offers himself, and turn right straight round; and there is where we are weak! Most women seem to think that we were made but for one

purpose, and that was to have "Mrs." on our tombstone!

From the creation of the world we have had all the great men on our side. There's Pharaoh. What did Pharaoh do? Recognizing the fact that women must inevitably rule, he issues an order to strangle all the male children. If this thing hadn't slipped up, 'twould be money in our pockets. Mr. Pharaoh is dead now, and had he's forethought enough to leave the business to some good man.

Among those who escaped justice at this time was a youth called Moses, of bullrush fame; and since then every Moses has been a wart upon the face of nature, including the wretched object whose name I am encumbered with.

(Cries of "That's so!" and "Put him out!") "No! you shall not put him out! Neither shall he go out of his own accord; when we get home I will show him what one solitary woman can accomplish for this great cause with her good right arm. (Applause.) and number six brogan."

Herod was also a woman's-right man. Herod ordered all the male children to be slain and what sweeter proof could we have that Herod's head was level?

My dear sisters, my next act is Herod's, but we can wear his taintly next to our hearts, and press onward to the goal. Coming down to the present day where do we find woman? A miserable basement!

In one corner sits a wretched woman, once the belle of the city. She makes vests—thirty-four vests for a cent! (and two thrown in for even do.) Not a morsel of food has passed her lips since last fall.

Around her are fourteen children crying for bread. But, alas! she ain't got no bread, and with tears in her eyes she mournfully divides among them the half of a tallow candle.

Have I overdrawn the picture? No, sir! And if any man dares to say I have, I'll guarantee to send him home on a shutter in less than ten minutes! (Emotion in the audience.)

But, my dear sisters, I am not here simply to touch your hearts, put to touch your pockets also.

A thing of this kind can't go on without money; and I hereby call upon four of the most able bodied sisters, who feel 'tis sweet to be on their muscle, to pass around the hat.

Think of the greatness of our cause and its effect on thousands of ancestors still unborn.

Think of our altered families, where widowed mothers with dissipated husbands do press their orphan children to their bosoms. Think, oh! think of George Washington at Mr. Valley's forge, barefooted and shivering!

(This appeal was so moving that a majority of the audience moved toward the door. About seven dollars and a half collected, however, which went for Mrs. Skinner's new set of cork screw eyes. After putting it in her reticule, and planting her foot firmly upon it, she proceeded.)

My dear friends, I must now bid you adieu; but I will be with you again when times are better, for I intend to agitate this question till we get our rights, and whatever we can sponge besides. I will agitate it till my breath gives out and my wig turns gray!

## A Ten Dollar Wife.

Parson Allen, of D., was quite a wag and a thoroughly interesting preacher. He was often called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, and his peculiarities on such occasions often furnished a supply of merriment long after the parties had retired from the parsonage.

On one occasion, after the marriage knot had been tied, the bridegroom, supposing that the parson was entitled by law to a certain fee, and would therefore return the change, handed the minister a ten dollar bill, which was carefully folded and placed in his pocket. The old parson having noticed the X in the corner of the old State bank note, kept up a lively conversation on the ups and downs of life till the groom became somewhat nervous over the delay in relation to his change, and he ventured to say:

"Parson Allen, that was a ten dollar bill I gave you."

"Yes, so I perceive. You are very generous. It is not often I receive so large a fee. A comfortable thing it is to have a bill-note in one's pocket," and then he gave some amusing illustrations of selfishness, and another ten minutes of precious time was consumed.

Again the groom ventured to remind the parson that he had not returned the change he had expected, and he hesitatingly suggested:

"Perhaps you did not think that the bill I handed you was a ten, did you, Parson Allen?"

"Oh, yes, I noticed that it was. I am sure you that I have not been so agreeably surprised for a long time. I always think on such occasions that the husband has an appreciative regard for his worthy partner, and I presume that you regard your wife that way, and that is worth at least ten dollars."

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