The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

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

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.

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Professional Cards.

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. 223 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.

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office 319 Penn street, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. Aug.5,'74-6mos.

GEORGE D. BALLANTYNE, M. D., of Pittsburg, graduate of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office 927 Washington street, West Huntingdon. July22,1874-3mos.

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.

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

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. 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.

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, Patents Obtained, 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.
FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT,
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.

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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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:

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

:o:

CIRCULATION 1800.

:o:

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

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A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE

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.,

: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' Power.

[For the JOURNAL.]

"The Turnpike Sailor."

BY DENNIS O'RAFFERTY.

Lonely I wandher, a poor "turnpike sailor,"
Thrust from the dure of the rich man in haste;
"Begone!" sez the man, "you disgrace to the tailor,
For of my rich bounties ye'll ne'er get a taste."

Haggard and wan, on the brink of shtarvation,
Beggin in vain for the dog's extra crust;
Divils don't envy me swate situation,
A meagre subsistince is curses and dust.

From swate Philadilphy to Pittsburg I've thraveled,
Askin for work at each farm house I passed;
Some shmiled lik angels, whilst others, like divils,
The shovel and tongs at me head faircely cast.

Sayin, "git up and dust, you effscourin of Erin,
The likes of ye ought to be seven years dead;
I hope your destruction you soon will be nearin,"
An instid of a pratie threw bricks at me head.

Bad luck to the man that invented the panic,
Its poisonous vapor has ruined me quite;
It's caused me to make a pig trough of me stomach,
I wandher all day and play picket at night.

Och, was it for this that I crossed the wide ocean,
For this bid adieu to swate Arin's blist sod;
Och, have I desarved this lefthanded promotion,
Id'e lape wid pure joy to shake hands wid a hod.

But I must awake from me musings and hasten
To sake a retrate for me poor achin head;
Besides it is idle me time to be wastin,
Some dog may be aitin me share of his bread.

Dot Old Paper Bustle.

BY CARL PRETZEL.

How oxpensif of me, vhen I dink of my galhood,
Vhen olt Mudder Time vas hold dem to view;
Der garten, der cabbage, der shweed-shmellin rose-bud
Der ret pandyloons vat my infancy knew;
Der vide-shpreading hoobs, und her dress vot shtood by it;
Der bonnet und cap vhere der vaterfall fell;
Der long woolen shtockings, mit a shnug-lookin fit,
Und der old paper bustle vat hung on so vell.
Oh, dot old paper bustle, dot new-spaper bustle,
Dot cloth-cofered bustle vat hung on so vell.

Oh, dot moth-eaten bunch, I vas hail dot a treasure,
As morn, noon und night, by my house I got loose;
I yoost dook him ub, und oxamined mit pleasure,
Und dinked it der beautifulest lifter in use.
How nerfous I got me, vhen I folded him out,
Uud doubled und shqueezed him, der bundle to shwell;
In shapes it got bully; der shtrings dhey vas stout
On der old paper bustle dot fitted so vell.
Dot rag-paper bustle, dot worm-eaden bustle,
Dot tress-lifting bustle vat hung on so vell.

How shweet it vas lookin, vhen der back vas all in it,
Vhen properly mounted, it inclined to der shky;
Not much many tollars vould tempt me to leafe it,
Der varmest, der lightest dot voomans vas fhly.
But now I vas old, und wrinkled, und gray;
Und der tear by mine eye vas intrusily shwell;
Dooks me back of my memory to dot habby day
Vhen I vore me dot bustle vat hung on so vell.
Oh, dot old paper bustle, dot vire cofered bustle,
Dot moth-eaten bustle vat shduck on so vell.

The Story-Teller.

TWICE MARRIED.

WHEN I married Eunice Morgan, I was, in my own estimation and that of many of my friends, a ruined man. I had money, which came to me five years before, and whose memory had never departed, had made of me a nerveless, purposeless misanthrope. Yielding to the solicitation of friends, who thought a fit companion might restore me to the world, I solicited the hand of Eunice Morgan, who had known me from early childhood, and she gave me not only herself but restored to me my own old self, purified, elevated and strengthened. With the tact, affection and character of the ideal woman in whom we believe, she made life sweeter to me than the lost life I had bemoaned, and the sacrifice of her noble self which she had made for me seemed to fill her own existence with constant joy.

A few years before, while I was returning from the Continental tour which followed my graduation, I met and worshipped Anita Lozatoz, a beautiful Cuban. My position in society was unexceptionable, I was rich, and I pressed my suit with all the ardor of a warm young heart and a fluent tongue. So I was speedily accepted by Anita and parents, and we were soon married. In one of the charming villages near New York I built for my bride an exquisite villa in a noble grove of old chestnut trees, and furnished it with everything her desires and caprices suggested. I was still a student, and an ardent one, but there were few hours in the day in which I did not for a few moments drop my books and seek and adore my beautiful, my glorious wife.

Slowly I learned the sad fact that Anita's fondness for me was only a passionate, fitful outburst, instead of a constant affection. I had never in the cooler moments of my courtship expected her to sympathize with my studious tastes; but when I comprehended that even my companionship was distasteful to her, and that I received her smiles only in exchange for such pleasures as I purchased for her I became a very unhappy man. Trying to gain her affections, if she were capable of bestowing such a compliment, I abandoned my studies entirely. I devoted my entire time to the duty of pleasing my wife. I spent without stint the money which had been left me by a rich father; I filled the house with company; I purchased a city house, in which we passed the winter, and all that a devoted and anxious heart could do to win the love of the woman I held so dear.

And I imagined, poor fool! that I was succeeding. The painstaking and anxiety of several days devoted to procuring her some new pleasure were fully repaid by the parting of her ripe lips, and light darting into her glorious eyes, and the clasping of her beautiful arms, which always indicated my successes. The tiresomeness to me of a large party of people who could only dance, drink and eat was always relieved when, after the last guest had departed, Anita would draw me down to her and kiss me a dozen times, and tell me that I was her dear delightful old boy.

At the close of one of the most brilliant entertainments I had ever given, I strolled restlessly through the drawing rooms, and the conservatory, looking for my darling. She had been unusually beautiful throughout the evening, and when I caught her eye it had been so full of feeling and tenderness that I had longed for the moment to arrive when we might be alone, and might for the thousandth time renew my declarations of affection. She had gone suddenly to her rooms, the servants said, and had left word she would return in a moment.

I continued my aimless strolling, when, entering the library, I found on the open volume I had last been reading a slip of paper bearing a line in Anita's delicate handwriting. It read:

"I cannot love you, for you are too great for poor little me. I have found one I *can* love. God forgive me and bless you."

I fell and knew no more until days afterward, when I emerged from the delirium of a fever. Against my will I recovered, but my spirits, my high aims and purposes, it seemed that I had lost forever. I attempted to recommence the life course of reading and study I had determined upon when I left the college, but I found myself devoid of aim or energy.

For several years I led a desolate life, never hearing of Anita, but holding her constantly and tenderly in my heart in spite of her faithlessness. One day there appeared at my villa a rough-looking foreigner, who said he was a sailor, and had been handsomely paid to bring me tidings of the death of my wife, who had been washed overboard from the deck of a vessel in the Mediterranean. He could tell me nothing more about her, except that she was traveling alone at the time of the accident, and had left among her papers a note enclosing a large bank-note to pay for intelligence being sent to me in the event of her sudden death at any time.

I informed two or three faithful friends of the sad fate of my wife, and they, who had been unwearied in their endeavors to rally me, insisted that I ought to marry again. At first I utterly refused to listen to the suggestion; but so skillfully and untiring were they that they finally prevailed upon me to re-enter society. Then, with an apology, I offered Eunice Morgan the remains of my former self, and she accepted me as sweetly as if I had been in all the cheerfulness of untroubled youth.

How she unmade and remade me I cannot tell, for I was scarcely conscious of what was taking place. But so fully did she sympathize with all my old hopes and aspirations that I soon found myself at my studies with an energy and ability I had never before possessed. The constancy of her sense and sympathy was even exceeded by that of her affection, which seemed never to slumber for an instant. Finally, when on my return from an enforced absence for a few days, Eunice, from her couch, sweetly handed to me a wee, warm miniature of herself, my cup of joy seemed full to overflowing.

As Eunice recovered, she spent most of her time in the grove and garden which surrounded the house. These, to gratify Anita's tropical tastes, I had prepared without regard to expense, and, now that all of the shrubbery had gained several years' growth, one could roam about for days and still find new and beautiful combinations and effects. It was there, whenever I wearied of my books for awhile, I sought my darling's, and always found in their society exactly the recreation needed.

One evening, as I wandered through the garden, in hopes of suddenly surprising Eunice and her little namesake, I suddenly emerged from a group of shrubbery and beheld a scene that startled me. Eunice, who was to me the ideal of all that was pure, and faithful, and noble, sat in a rustic chair, and at her feet, clasping her hand, and murmuring passionately, was a slight, handsome foreigner, whose features were strange to me. Eunice, my trusted wife, was deeply affected—so much so that the cries of her little daughter, who had fallen to the ground a few steps away were unheeded. My footsteps startled them, and the man, glancing hastily at me across his shoulder, sprang to his feet and bounded hastily away, while Eunice, still tearful, maintained a composure which astonished me, and gave me a searching, pitying look, which completely bewilderded me. For a moment or two I was speechless, and I asked:

'Who was that man, Eunice?"

"A poor beggar, Herbert," she said.

"He was very finely dressed for a person in that profession," said I. The suspicion, which for the time filled my mind probably betrayed itself in my tone, for Eunice arose, proud, handsome, and angry, and exclaimed:

"Herbert, do you doubt my word?"

Never, in her most tender moment, had I seen Eunice so perfect a picture of purity and nobility. My suspicions were disarmed in an instant, and, throwing my arms about her neck, I begged her pardon, and expressed my penitence in the fullest terms I could command, until with her own dear lips she stopped my utterance entirely.

From that day there commenced a series of changes in Eunice's manner, which by turns perplexed, embarrassed, grieved and provoked me. At first I attributed her strange manner to my grievous blunder in momentarily distrusting her; so I was unceasing in apologies and in my endeavors to make atonement by showing even more affection than that which seemed already to occupy my entire thought and time. But when she admitted that my mistake had been a fully justifiable one, I became convinced that there was a different cause for her change of demeanor. Although more than ever devoted to my interests, hopes and tastes, she seemed to shrink from the close and tender companionship which had previously existed between us.

Little by little she withdrew herself from me, until we were little more than polite acquaintances. Pretending that our little daughter might disturb my rest by her wakefulness, Eunice arranged for herself apartments near those which Anita had occupied. These latter had been locked immediately after Anita's departure, and had never been entered by any one. Then, though apparently in the best of health, Eunice complained of frequent indisposition, during which attacks she had her meals sent to her room, and our housekeeper remarked, casually, that my wife had an unusual appetite when sick.

Time after time I implored her to tell me the cause of her sadness and strangeness, but every time I alluded to the subject she would look so sad, and weep so bitterly, that out of regard for her I finally desisted entirely. She said that I never made her unhappy—that my love for her had been greater than she had ever believed could be shown by man to woman, and that she would rather be my slave than the wife of any other man in the world. But when, moved by the passion of her words and looks, I begged her, for her love's sake, to tell me the cause of her sorrow, and put it in my power to remove it if possible, she would burst into tears; even my caresses seemed to be unendurable.

As for me, my own life became utterly miserable. The idea of a dreadful secret sorrow in the life of the woman I loved so dearly was insupportable, yet there was no honorable escape from it. Any privation from her society I would have cheerfully endured if I could have thereby restored to her the happiness she seemed to have lost completely, but the thought that my suffering was fruitless of any good to her only added to my misery. I lost my spirits, my appetite, my interest in my studies, and finally my ability to sleep. Night after night I spent on the veranda, or gloomily strolling under the old chestnuts about the house, wondering, hoping, praying—cursing—sometimes almost determined to end Eunice's life and mine, and learn her secret after we were both rid of its blighting effects.

One dark, windy night I was pacing the veranda, long after midnight, when I was startled by a bright light appearing in the room which had been Anita's chamber. I instantly determined thieves having heard the story which every gossip in the village knew, had selected this night in which to carry away some of the valuably contents of my poor erring wife's apartments. For years her memory had been to me a thing of the past, but now the idea that rude hands could touch anything once dear to the woman I had loved, roused me to the wildest fury. Hastily taking a revolver from my desk, and snatching from a case of curiosities a two-pointed Malay dagger, I softly ran through a passage which led to the room where the light was shining. I stopped at Eunice's room to warn her against unnecessary alarm, but to my surprise Eunice was not there. Could *she* be in Anita's chamber, I wondered? I crept along the passage, pausing at every step to listen. The door of the long closed chamber stood ajar, and suddenly I heard sounds which seemed to stop my heart-beats. I heard the voice of Eunice, and a voice which was hoarse, rapid, eager and with a foreign accent.

In an instant I was almost mad with jealousy. The well-dressed foreign beggar—my wife's sorrows and her mysterious conduct—her withdrawal from my companionship and my chamber—her frequent indispositions—the bountiful meals consumed at such times—her aversion to my caresses—all that had happened since the day I had surprised my wife and the beggar, linked itself together in one strong chain of damning evidence against my wife. She had loved this foreigner—she had brought him into the house of the man she was wronging—she had secreted him in the rooms she knew were safe from intrusion—she had even fed him from her husband's table.

A terrible calm quickly succeeded my fury, but found me cruel, vengeful and merciless. I would surprise them. I would quickly and surely slay them, and then, taking my little daughter, I would fly from the home which had so terribly disgraced me.

Hastily I threw open the door, but it turned noiselessly on its hinges without disturbing the occupants of the room, and revealed to me a scene which struck me dumb. On the pillow of the dainty couch of my lost wife lay the worn, wasted, unmistakable face of Anita Lozatoz! By the bedside, clad in white, with her golden hair unbound and rippling over her face and shoulders, stood Eunice. Her eyes were full of tears, while all the tenderness of pity, sorrow and compassion heightened the beauty of her pure features into something almost angelic. One of her hands was tightly held by Anita; with the other she was pointing upward.

"Forgive me again," groaned Anita, hoarsely, "for the pain my presence has given you."

"Ask for forgiveness of God," replied Eunice. "I have only done my duty."

"The years of pain I gave Herbert," continued Anita; "can he ever, and will he ever forgive—"

"Ask God," said Eunice, still pointing upward.

"Ah, yes, my sister," said Anita, "but I am not a saint like you. God had all His angels to comfort Him when I sinned, but Herbert was alone with his sorrow. Do you think he will forgive my soul after it has left my body?"

"He will forgive you now," replied Eunice. "His is a noble soul, and he is—your husband. Let me bring him."

"Oh, do not! I dare not meet him!—Before I could tell him all he would curse me!" cried Anita, shuddering and shutting her eyes as if to hide some dreadful sight.

"You do not know him," replied Eunice. "He is honor itself. Whatever is pitiful, honorable, manly, christian, that is Herbert. He shall forgive you!"

"He will," I cried, advancing to the bedside. Eunice started; Anita with a wild cry, hid her face in the pillow.

"Your wife is dying," whispered Eunice. "She has suffered terribly. Be to her all you can in her few remaining moments." And in an instant Eunice disappeared.

Tenderly I raised Anita in my arms and kissed her brow. She opened her eyes and gazed into mine with a look at once glad and imploring.

"Herbert," she whispered, "I was infatuated on that awful night, but I repented before I got outside the grounds. I pursued my tempter as if I were mad. I hurried back to secure my note before you should see it, but arrived only in time to see you fall. Then I ran away, I know not where, but I never dared to come back to you. I was swept overboard at sea once, and before I was rescued I was smitten by a terrible cold from which I never recovered. When I found I must die, I dragged myself here, disguised in male attire, to look at you once more.—Your noble wife recognized me, and I told her my story. I couldn't help it—it seemed like confessing to a pure angel. She declared she would tell you; that I should have my lawful husband, and she would leave you forever. I only prevented her by vowing to kill myself if she did.—Then she declared these rooms were mine; that I could live in them; she forced me to come; I did not want to. She has fed me; she has comforted me; she has been doctor and priest to me. She—oh, God!"

Anita stopped suddenly and struggled for breath. I gently brushed her heavy black hair back from her temples. Again she spoke:

"Herbert, hear my last words; they are true, as I hope for mercy. No lips but yours ever touched mine—no arms but yours were ever around me. For a few hours my heart forgot you, and for each hour I have paid a year of suffering. Was that enough?"

Her great dark eyes struggled against their fate as they looked for my coming answer; her pale, thin lips, once so rich and red, now twitched nervously. For an instant I pressed her tenderly to my heart, and when again I looked at her, her eyelids were drooping over the eyes in which death's dimness could not hide the love there was there, while her lips were breaking into the smile which never again left them. A moment later Anita Lozatos stood at the bar of that Judge who knew of her atonement as well as her sin.

I went in search of Eunice and found her sobbing on her bed. I kissed her and whispered:

"She is dead, darling."

"So is my secret—my terrible secret," sobbed Eunice.

With my own hands I dug her grave in a maze in the garden, where she used to spend many of her moments. Eunice, self-forgetful, saintly Eunice, robed the poor clay in the dress it had worn, on her wedding day, and together we laid her in her last earthly home. None but Eunice, Anita and myself knew the key to the maze, so that one evening when I stole in to look at the ground where so much sorrow had found rest, and found the ground covered with forget-me-nots, I knew that Anita had taken with her all the misery that had been poisoning Eunice's life.—*New York Graphic.*

Political.

Gen. Robert B. Beath.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

As Gen. Robert B. Beath, our candidate for Secretary of Internal Affairs, was first nominated for the position of Surveyor General from Schuylkill County, and had made this his home for some years prior to his removal to Harrisburg to assume the duties of his office, it is proper, as we esteem it it a pleasant task personally, that we present to our readers some of the more prominent points in his history as we have learned them from those who know him long and well.

He is a Philadelphian by birth. After receiving such an education as could be obtained in the grammar schools of that city, he was apprenticed, while quite young, to learn the trade of machine blacksmithing in Merrick & Son's foundry. Whilst learning his trade, and afterwards when working at the anvil among the hardy sons of toil, he was noted for his industrious and steady habits, and for his earnest efforts to acquire a wider range of knowledge through books, to which he assiduously devoted his leisure moments. How well he succeeded his subsequent career proves.

When civil war burst upon the country he was among the first to enlist for its defense; entering the service as a private soldier in April, 1861, in the three months' service. On the expiration of this term of enlistment, though not in good health at the time, he again entered the service in Company D., 88th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, in which he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and whilst serving with his regiment he was wounded at the second battle of Bull Run.

Upon the organization of the colored troops, in 1863, it was determined by the Government to give them the advantage of intelligent and tried officers from our Veteran Regiments, and to this end an Examining Board, with Gen. Casey at its head, was detailed by the War Department. Lieut. Beath, after passing a creditable examination in August of that year was appointed Captain of Company "A," Sixth U. S. Colored Troops. In accepting this appointment he evinced his willingness to serve his country in whatever position his services could be made most useful, and cheerfully took upon himself the additional hazard of such a command, and that such a command was regarded as attended with more danger and greater risk will be remembered by all who were in the army. In fact an order was issued by the Confederate authorities that officers of colored troops, if captured should be summarily dealt with. This order did not, however, deter Captain Beath, whose heart was in the cause in which his sword was drawn, for he was always found at his post. When leading his company in the charge on the Rebel works at New Market Heights, near Fort Harrison, in Virginia, in 1864, he was again wounded very severely, which resulted in the loss of his leg—disabling him for life. After leaving the hospital, where he was confined some months, being no longer fit for field service, he was assigned to duty at Camp William Penn, near Philadelphia, and subsequently at Wilmington, N. C., in positions requiring administrative ability, which he had shown himself to possess in an eminent degree. At the muster-out of his regiment, Captain Beath received from the War Department a commission as Lieutenant Colonel in recognition of his services.

After the war, Colonel Beath returned to his home at Philadelphia, where, no longer able to earn a livelihood as one of the sturdy sons of Vulcan, he was soon after appointed sub-postmaster at Station "D," which he afterwards resigned, to take charge of the books of a large colliery in Schuylkill county. During the time that he was thus engaged his fellow-soldiers throughout the State, with an appreciation of the qualities which were so conspicuous in him, marking him at once the man and the soldier, selected him as the Assistant Adjutant General of the Grand Army of the Republic, an organization composed of soldiers of the late war without regard to party, but bound together for friendly intercourse, mutual assistance, and for the purpose of aiding the orphans of fallen comrades. To this position he was re-elected three different times, and subsequently was unanimously elected Commander of the Department.

Colonel Beath's worth was early appreciated at his new home, for in a few years after his removal to Schuylkill County, he received the hearty support of this county for the office of Surveyor General, to which he was nominated by the Republican State Convention in May, 1871, and elected in October following by a majority of over 20,000 votes over Colonel Cooper, formerly the commander of the celebrated "Cooper's Battery," who was the Democratic candidate.

In May, 1872, Gen. Beath assumed the duties of his office, to the performance of which he brought to bear those quick perceptive qualities of mind and that active energy and strict integrity that had characterized his previous course, giving him position and making for him powerful friends.

That the confidence reposed in him by the people when they elected him to this important position was worthily bestowed, the high character which the office sustains to-day, as attested by the legal profession and all who are acquainted with the very satisfactory manner in which the duties thereof have been discharged, is the sure guarantee. And not only have the duties enjoined by law been faithfully performed, but the experience gained during his term of office has enabled Gen. Beath to discern many of the wants of our peculiar land system, and to suggest and secure such legislation as will hereafter render the landed interests more secure from the adventurers who made a business of taking out land warrants for the purpose of making money out of the equitable owners.

Such is the man whom the Republican party, through their convention of 250 delegates, many of them the ablest and best men in the State, have unanimously presented to the people as their candidate for the office of Secretary of Internal Affairs, under the new Constitution. That all who know General Beath, his rare worth, his high moral character, his private life unspotted, his whole official career unstained, will, we feel assured, agree with us, that this honor was well merited, while it was thus gracefully bestowed.—And we congratulate the people of this State that their interests in the new office, will, next November, be confided to this faithful, experienced and tried public servant.—*Miner's Journal, Sept. 21st.*

The Maine Chance.

The returns from Maine show a larger vote and a larger Republican majority than was expected or reported at the first, though smaller than at the Presidential election of 1872. And this, too, in the absence of excitement, and against Democratic candidates who were personally unobjectionable and quite the most popular men their party could nominate. The fact is significant. It shows that the under-currents of our politics are still strong, and, however crossed by superficial wavelets of opinion or ruffled by passing breezes of opposition, set in an unmistakable direction. The passions of the war have not died out, and the sentiments it kindled, the distrust of the Democracy is awakened, and the memories it left behind are too powerful to be overcome. The Republicans in Maine have the advantage of thorough organization. Their party machinery is in perfect running order and does its work without clatter. Mr. Blaine may not be a great statesman, but as a party manager and tactician he has few equals and no superior.

The Maine election is a finger point.—That State usually shows how the elections are going. The same general causes which gave the Republicans increased majorities in that State are operating elsewhere.—The Democrats may talk never so well and adopt the most unobjectionable resolutions, but they cannot argue down their history nor wash out the ingrained distrust of the people in their purposes and leaders. Their party organization has been weakened by the strain of radical changes and repeated defeats. Their leaders do not lead the thought of the nation in a single important particular. They are on the losing side of the great question of public improvements and cheap transportation. The disorders and violence and outbreaks in the Southern States create a feeling of insecurity that makes the people afraid to trust the power in their hands. These deplorable collisions of classes have revived some of the spirit and all the recollections of the rebellion, and make the majority of our people feel that the Government must be sustained at all hazzards. It may have acted unwisely in the Louisiana case; it may have done too much in South Carolina and too little in Arkansas; but it is the Government, and must be sustained. The people demand order as against anarchy, even though justice may be rude and some things are done that cannot be approved. The recent disturbances in the South and the Louisiana revolution tell directly and powerfully on the Republican side. The Democratic Convention in this State contends in vain, and its nominees will have to be content with empty honors. And the same is true of most all the other States.—*New York Graphic.*

Reading for the Million.

Eternal Desolation.

J. P. Widney furnishes the following interesting account of a section of country in California where Death reigns supreme:

In the northwest corner of San Bernardino county, lying partly also in Inyo county, and by the newly surveyed line, partly also in the State of Nevada, is a region paralleled by few other spots on the face of the earth. We say the world is instinct with life. Here, if the phraseology may be pardoned, is a place instinct with death. A huge basin, whose rim is the ancient hill, stricken with the barrenness of eternal desolation, whose bosom, the blasted waste of the desert—treeless and waterless, save a few bitter pools like the lye of potash water; surrounded by mountains that tower thousands of feet above the level, itself lying three hundred feet below the sea. It is a very "Gehenna"—a place of death and bones. Birds do not fly over it. Animals do not enter it. Vegetation cannot exist in it. The broad sands absorb the heat, the bare mountains reflect it, the unclouded sun daily adds to it. Ninety degrees in the shade (artificial shade, there is no other) means winter. One hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty degrees, that is summer.

The hot air grows hotter, wavers, trembles with heat, until nature, goaded to madness, can endure no more; and then the burning blast rouses itself—rouses in its might; rouses as an angry beast, with a hoarse, ominous roar; sweeps mile after mile, on, ever on, over the broad reach of the desert, bearing in its black, whirling bosom—black as midnight—dust, sand, alkali and death. Sometimes a murky cloud gathers upon the mountains above; then there is a rush—a warning sigh on the winds—a low rumbling in the air; the hills quiver, the earth trembles, and a torrent, half water, half mud, bounds from the hills, leaps into the desert, ploughing chasms like river beds in the loose sand. The clouds scatter, the sun comes again, the eternal thirst of the desert is not quenched. The raging river was only a dream.

In the year 1849 a party of emigrants entered the basin. Day after day they toiled on, thirsting, dying. The pitiless mountains walled them in; no escape. One by one they dropped and died. A few abandoned everything, scaled the mountains and escaped. The others lie as they fell, dried to mummies—no birds even to devour their flesh; no beasts to prey upon them—wagon tires unrusted; gun barrels bright, untarnished. Such is the place. Mile after mile silence reigns; silence—and death.

"Walled by the mountains, domed with brazen sky,
League after league the never-ending sand
Spreads like the ocean to the lifting eye,
An aged, weary, long forgotten land;
As cursed in wrath, and smit with God's fierce hand,
No cooling mist quenches the endless thirst
That rules supreme the boundless stretches grand:
Over its broad expanse no storm clouds burst
With hurrying feet. It is a land accursed."

DUTCH NOTICE.—Shtop dief! Look here, vonce, don't it? I vant to fint me oud, of you got blenty dime, und don't got no bosipility of a dout apout it, vareapouts a man liffs here vot moft avay a long spell of weder ago. He lift'd down py an Irishman vot keeps a Dutch grocery store, und runt avay mit mine vife und mine umprella, und I don't likes dot, cause dot makes me aggravation. Vell, I don't care me so much apout de ole vomans, but I vants de umprella pack. He vas a shtond gomblected veller, apout tree huntret und forty pounds olt, und vould veigh apout dirty-fife years, mit an ivory handle und tree ribs proke. Ain't it?

A Splendid Description.

On a certain occasion, one Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, directing a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out: "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"

"There!" answered the Missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his long, bony finger at the matchless double-spring, gushing up in two strong columns with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet. "There is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children.

"Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruption, doth your father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, pure cold water. But in the glade and grassy dell, where the roe deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, away down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmurs, and the rills sing; and high up on the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder storms crash, and out on the wild, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roar in chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it—the beverage of life, health-giving water.

And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice gem, till they seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright curtains softly around the wintry world, and weaving the many colored iris, the seraph's zone of the air, whose warp is in the rain drops of the earth, and whose woof is in the sun beams of heaven, all checkered over with the celestial flowers of the mystic hand of refraction—that blessed life water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving children weep not burning tears in its depths! Speak out, my friends; would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of the tempest answered: "No!"

The Discontented Woman.

The discontented woman would seem to be becoming an unpleasantly familiar type of character. She is discontented on all sides; because her husband is not her lover, and marriage is not perpetual courtship; because he is so irritable that life with him is like walking among thorns if she makes a mistake of a hair's breadth; or because he is so imperturbably good-natured that he mollifies her with his stolidity, and cannot be made jealous even when she flirts before his eyes. Or she is discontented because she has so many household duties to perform, the dinner to order, the books to keep, the servants to manage; because she has not enough liberty, or because she has too much responsibility; because she has so few servants that she has to work with her own hands, or because she has so many that she is at her wit's end to find occupation for them all, not to speak of the discipline and good management. If the discontented woman is rich, she speaks despondingly of the difficulties included in the 'ordering of large means;' if she is poor, life has no joys worth having when frequent change of scene is unattainable and the milliner's bills is a domestic calamity that has been curtailed. If she lives in the city she laments the want of freedom and fresh air for the children, and makes the unhappy father, toiling at his office from eight till seven, feel himself responsible for the pale cheeks and attenuated leg which are probably to be referred to the injudicious diet and the frequency of juvenile dissip