The Huntingdon Journal. J. R. DURBORROW, - J. A. NASH, TO A D V E R T I S E R S: PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in new JOURNAL Building, Fifth Street. THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wadnesday, by J. R. Durborrow and J. A. Nash, under the firm name of J. R. Durborrow & Co., at under the firm name of J. R. Durnorrow & 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 per line for the secont. insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second,

and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent inse Regular quarterly and yearly business advertise ments will be inserted at the following rates:

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Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS
per line for each and every insertion.
All Resolutions of Associations, Communications
Office in new Journal building Fifth St of limited or individual interest, all party an-nouncements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the

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 collectable when the advertisement is one; inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with nea mess 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.

P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa.
OFFICE: No. 113 Third Street. aug21,1872.

S. T. BROWN. BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys at-Law, Office 2d door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all logal 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, '72.0

CALDWELL, Attorney -at -Law CALDWELL, Attorney at Law, e. No. 111, 2d street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,771. 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 re-moved to Leister's new building, Hillstreen

E. FLEMING, Attorney at Law, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

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.

L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T.

Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St.,
Huntingdon, Pa. [sp12,71.

Pa. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law.

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

FRANKLIN SUHOUR, attention attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street corner of Court House Square. [dec.4,77] SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney
Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill st
hree doors west of Smith. [jan.47] SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-

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 dece-

dents.
Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa.

Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, boanty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness.

[jan.4,71. J. HALL MUSSER

LOVELL & MUSSER,

Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, P. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. R. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law,
Patents Obtained, Office, 321 Hill street,
Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,71.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney w at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal busines attended to with cure and promptness. Office, No

JACKSON HOUSE.

FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA.

MORRISON HOUSE,

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA B. B. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA.

J. H. CLOVER, Prop. April 5, 1871-1y.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 813 Mifflin street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public pat ronage from town and country. [oct16,72

WM. WILLIAMS, MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS. HEADSTONES, &C., HUNTINGDON, PA

PLASTER PARIS CORNICES, MOULDINGS. &C ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER.
Jan. 4, 71.

250 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE,
At \$50 pe Lot—Three Year Payments!

These lots lie within 300 hundred yards of the Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail premptly filled. All letters should be adnew school house in West Huntingdon; fronting 59 feet on Brady street and running back 150 feet to a 20 foot alloy.

Also, ground by the Acre, for building purposes, for sale. Inquire of E. C. SUMMERS. Huntingdon, Nov. 26, '73-1y

Printing.

PUBLISHED

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

HUNTINGDON, PA.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1800.

MENTS INSERTED ON REA-

SONABLE TERMS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

within six months. \$3.00 if not

paid within the year.

JOB PRINTING:

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE

NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

STYLE,

SUCH AS

CIRCULARS,

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS,

ORDER BOOKS

RECEIPTS,

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,

PAPER BOOKS,

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job

J. R.DURBORROW & CO.

LETTER HEADS,

PROGRAMMES,

BUSINESS CARDS,

CONCERT TICKETS,

POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,

BALL TICKETS.

SEGAR LABELS.

BILL HEADS,

The Muses' Bower.

I'll Know Thee There. "No living poem can surpass in beauty the following lines from the muse of Amelia."—George D. Prentice.

Pale star that, with thy soft, sad light, Came out upon my bridal eve, have a song to sing to-night, Before thou takest thy mournful leave. Since then so softly time has stirred That months have almost seemed like he and I am like a little bird

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL That slept too long among the flowers, And, waking, sits with waveless wing, Soft singing 'mid the shades of even; But, oh! with sadder heart I sing— I sing of one who dwells in Heaven. The winds are soft, the clouds are few EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING And the tenderest thought my heart be

guiles, As floating up through mist and dew, The pale young moon comes out in smiles, And to the green resounding shore In silvery troops the riplets crowd, Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er, Lifts up its voice and laughs aloud; And star on star, all soft and calm, Floats on you arch, serenely blue; And, lost to earth, and steeped in balm,

My spirits float in ether, too. Leved one! though lost to human sight, I feel thy spirit lingering near; And softly—as I feel the light That trembles through the atmosphere, As in some temple's holy shades, Though mute the hymn, and hushed th

prayer, mn awe the soul pervades, A solemn awe the soutpervades,
Which tells that worship has been there;
A breath of incense, left alone,
Where many a censor swung around,
Which thrill the wanderer like to one THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

Who treads on consecrated ground. know thy soul, from worlds of bliss, Yet stoops awhile to dwell with me, Hath caught the prayer I breathed in this That I at last might dwell with thee; hear a murmur from the seas. That thrills me like thy spirits sighs; hear a voice on every breeze That makes to mine its low replies-A voice all low and sweet like thine; It gives an answer to my prayer, and brings my soul from Heaven a sign That I will know and meet thee there.

I'll know thee there by that sweet face, Round which a tender halo plays, Still touched with that expressive grace, That made thee lovely all thy days.
By that sweet smile that o'er it shed
A beauty like the light of even, Whose soft expression never fled
Even when its soul had fled to heaven; I'll know thee by the starry crown That glitters in thy raven hair;
Oh! by these blessed signs alone
I'll know thee there, I'll know thee there.

For oh! thine eye within whose sphere The sweetest youth and beauty met, That swam in love and softness here, Must swim in love and softness yet. HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISE For oh! its dark and liquid beams. Though saddened by a thousand sighs, Were holier than the light that streams Down from the gate of Paradise— Were bright and radiant like the morn, Yet soft and dewy as the eve. Too sad for eyes where smiles are born Too young for eyes to learn to grieve.

wonder if this cold, sweet breeze Hath touched thy lips and fanned thy bro Recalls thee to my memory now for every hour we breathe apart Will but increase if that can be The love that fills this lonely heart, Already filled so full of thee. Yet many a tear these eyes must weep And many a sin must be forgiven, Ere these pale lids shall sink to sleep

And you and I shall meet in Heaven FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER A Story for the Times.

Working for a Living \$2.00 per annum in advance. \$250

Ralph Hartson made the exclamation tone; and no wonder! Sidney Coster had the day before been the richest of all that wealthy circle of which they were the representatives. "Yes, ruined."

"But I do not understand it, Coster," said Hartson. "I suppose not." "I do not-I cannot realize it," persist-

ed Hartson. "You should if you were in my place," eplied Sidney, bitterly.

"How did it happen-please explain," said Hartson, lighting a fresh cigar. However much our friends may lose, it seldom interferes much with our pleasures in this world.

"Simply and naturally enough," replied the proffered cigar. "No, I must give up that luxury now; I have no money to spend on cigars. I trusted my money to there a year. In that year of indepen-LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED fellow in the world, and he lost it all for strong and rugged, and handsomer than me; that's all."

"I am amazed at your coolness," said "No use fretting about it now; that won't mend the matter, or make it any

"That's true enough, but very hard to practice, I imagine. How did your uncle, who, by the way, I should call a very sharp fellow, if he had lost all my fortune for me, lose all this money? Large sum,

"Cool hundred and fifty thousand," replied Coster, as composedly as if the sums were but the same number of cents or belonged to some one else.

"And he lost it ?" "Yes, that's just it-speculating," in-terrupted Sidney, as his friend glanced nquiringly at him.

"And you, Sidney, what will you do?" "Why go to work, of course? What else is there to do?" "Work! Sidney Coster at work! He not speak. the daintiest and most wealthy aristocrat of us all, at work! Why the idea is preposterous and absurd."

The sneering laugh which followed these words nettled his listener, and roused all the manhood within him. "And why shouldn't I work-or you either, for that matter? God intended to hear the soft little whisper. that all his creatures should earn their

bread, and because we have always lived and grown in the sun of pleasure, and false pride that will permit a gentleman to swindle, lie, gamble and steal, and not if he dares to honestly earn his living. up, grown bolder in her joy. It's all wrong, and I will not be bound by

meant it, every word. Hartson was aghast at such leveling ideas, and said: "Just as you please, of course, Coster. You are your own master. But of course if you choose to put yourself down in the ever since-" dirt, you won't expect your friends to come down to the same level. I, for one, would never think of associating with a man who worked for a living."

of such a character. Hartson continued: "Why don't you go ahead, old fellow, and marry some rich girl? You are a good ers, and they were more than content with looking fellow and might very easily do it." this.

"What an honorable thing that would woman!'

"friend" was gone.

Coster looked after him a moment, and the one appointed for the wedding. And the one appointed for the wedding. And so that you marriage a letter came from against the fate that had made him a poor man. It was a pleasant life, this that he had been leading, and it was hard to give

The next thing to do was to search for employment. He possessed nothing in the world except his clothes and a small amount of jewelry-relics of his former existence-and a heart full of courage. He did not know how to work, had never attempted even the slightest details of business, but he set resolutely about the task before him; he walked the city for days and days but all in vain. No one wanted him. There were plenty of situations, but when his qualifications were asked he was forced to tell the miserable truth and confess that he knew, justnothing; how bitterly he regretted now, in his hour of need, that he had not spent the hours which he had wasted in acquiring his accomplishments, in learning something that would help him in his strait. Regrets were useless, and he went

steadily forward upon the hard path of At last he lost all hopes of finding employment in the city, and turned his face toward the spreading fields, and shady groves, and contented, peaceful homes of God's own land, the country; he did not know what he should do there; he had a page was used as the foundation of a not a friend in the wide world, he thought, who cared whether he lived or died.— Where his uncle—the unhappy cause of

of the country.

He went. For two days he tramped slowly along, sick in mind and in body; that back and picked out a dollar mark. he had tried again and again to find em.

No sentence can commence with a dollar mark. ployment as he came along, but still the ployment as he came along, but still the same helplessness of ignorance was his bane barrier. He was sick, very sick, and trest one foot on the crossbar of his rack. After a moment he grabbed

After the long blank and darkness he had a dreamy sense of a pleasant, shaded room; of open, vine-covered windows, filled with fresh, pure flowers; of a kind, hearty, rugged face that came and loked at him, and then spoke cheerily to another kind and motherly face that hovered over him oftener, and smoothed his pillows, and brushed back his clustering hair, matted with his restless fever-tossings; of another face -- an angel he dreamed it was -younger and so fresh and sweet that go to the depot to see a friend, and he was -younger and so fresh and sweet that the very sight of it seemed to put him far "Tell my mother that I will meet her on

on his road to health again. This face did not come as often as the moment with the other faces; and even then, if he happened to be awake, it would dart out again in a frightened manner, and as the days passed on and he grew better, it did not come at all; and then he grew impatient to get well and find where it had gone.

At last the pleasant morning came that he was well enough to walk out and sit on the pleasant porch; and then, unasked by them, for they were too kind to intrude upon his secrets, he told them all his story, and they listened and gave him their warmest sympathy; and one face-the in a half incredulous and wholly surprised timid, fresh, young one-was bathed in

crept unseen. He had found his haven at last. Farmer Royston-the good, worthy soul that he was-offered him refuge and a place where he could earn his own living; and he went to work. His whole heart was bent upon learning, and he progressed rapidly with his duties of the farm; he made just as rapid headway into the affections of the family. Of the family in truth, but of the shy heart in particular, he could not feel as sure. That very shyness that added such a charm to her sweet young beauty, interposed an almost insurmountable barrier to her confidence; .he could not tell how she regarded him, she

was so sby and reserved, scarcely ever Coster, declining with a wave of his hand speaking to him, and never remaining alone with him for a moment. The months rolled on and he had been ever; he had improved in mind, also, for though his accomplishments were thrown aside, he had gained a store of practical and more, he was desperately in love .-

The young, shy face had conquered him One pleasant sammer evening he strolled upon Hattie Royston sitting silently be-

ter's edge. She started to her feet and tained her with his arm. "Why do you always avoid me, Hattie?" he asked, trying to look into her averted

She made no reply, and only turned farther away from him.

"Do you dislike me then so much, Hattio?" he asked reproachfully. The look she flashed upon him was a direct denial of the charge, yet she would

you do not love me in return. You do not wish my life to be that, do you, Hattie ?" The answer came so slow and faint that he had to bend his face close down to hers

that my whole life must be a sad one if

"No; not that!" He bent so low that his face almost Hattie. I did not mean to give you pain."

down to look into her eyes.

"Ever since when?" he asked, as she paused in sweet confusion, and her old shyness returned. "Ever since the day you fell out there up on a charge of vagrancy, I believe, Sidney Coster's lip curled in contempt in the road and we brought you in."

They said no more just then; what need? the silence is full of words to lov-

"Will I let you have her? Of course I be, wouldn't it? I would rather starve will! and glad of the chance to give her than thus degrade myself and deceive a to so good a husband!" said Farmer Royston when Sidney asked him for his prize; "As you please. Good day !" And one and the good wife spoke likewise.

in spite of his brave words he felt bitter on that very morning a letter came from the absent uncle. It was as follows: "DEAR SIDNEY:-The speculations that we thought had ruined you, have turned out splendid. I have in my possession over one hundred and seventy five thousand dollars, all yours. Come and take possession at once." Then followed his uncle's address and

signature. Not until after they were married did he show the letter to his bride. She rejoiced at his good fortune-for his sakeand said . "You were poor, Sidney, when I mar-

ried you; so you see, I loved you for yourself alone." His rich friends would have come back to him, but they found no welcome. He had tried them, and they were found

Beading for the Million.

wanting.

A Journalistic Murderer.

The other day a compositor of this office got hold of a part of a page of chiro-graphy of G. M. D. Bloss, of the Cincinnati Enquirer. It isn't written at all, but have received.
Bloss seems to kick the ink-bottle at a sheet of paper and then send the paper down to plot to deliberately destroy a human life. A line or two was written above it, Bloss' his misfortune—had gone, he did not know; he only knew he was alone, tired, and heart sick, and discouraged, turning with a longing heart from the hot and dusty city streets, to fresh, green meadows

The page marked "solid," and it was handed to a "jour" who had just struck the office. He claimed to be "lightning" on the "set" and on reading manuscript, and he set up the introductory line like a whirlwind. When he came down to Bloss he grabbed to a "loud it a second and then the second and t page marked "solid," and it was handed of the precious metals. for a cap "A," held it a second, and then dove into the "Y" box. Then he threw and knew not where he might lay his weary head. At last he fell and knew no with an italic "Z." Then he spit on his hands some more, corrugated his brow, and hauled the manuscript under his eyes. It was no go. He held the page further off, considered, can be recalled. close to his nose, slanting to the right, and square before the window, but he couldn't start it, and he knew in his own soul that no other compositor outside of the Enquirer could do it. As afternoon faded into twilight he laid the page aside, set up two or three lines out of his head, and then slipped into his coat, said he'd got to the other shore." He probably will. He others. It would steal softly in for a heard to ask if death by drowning wasn't easier than hanging, and it is probable that his marble form now lies at the bottom of the cold, green river, while Bloss

is a murderer - Detroit Free Press. The Boy's Advantage.

Just at the close of the war of 1812, a United States man-of-war entered Boston bully of the first water. Entering a barber shop in Boston, and finding no one but the boy present, he demanded in an timid, fresh, young one—was bathed in tears behind the leafy screen, where it had "Well, I want to be shaved." "Yes, sir," I can shave you." "You?" "Yes, sir!" Well, you may try it, but look here, my youngster,"—laying his loaded pistol on the table—"the first drop of blood you draw on my face I'll shoot you." "All right, sir," was the reply. The boy shaved him, and did it well. After the operation was through, the bully turned to him as he took up the pistol, and remarked, "Wasn't you afraid?" "No, sir,' retorted the boy. 'Didn't you believe I would shoot you? "Yes, sir." "Then why wasn't you afraid?" The boy very coolly replied, "Because I had the advantage." "Advantage, how?" demanded the irate bully. "Why," said the boy, with the utmost noncahlance, "if I had drawn blood, I should have taken the razor and cut your throat from ear to ear !" The bully turned pale, but never forgot the lesson.

Beauty.

best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express. Lord Shaftesbury knowledge that was invaluable to him; asserts that all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of the face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measure the harmony and down by the river, and unexpectedly came upon Hattie Royston sitting silently bedaintily compliments the sex when he side the old tree that grew upon the wa- compares women and clocks—the latter serves to point out the hours, the former would have run away, but he gently de- to make us forget them. There is a magic power in beauty that all confess-a strange witchery that enchants us with a potency as irresistible as that of the magnet. It is to the moral world what gravitation is to the physical. It is easier to write about beauty in women, and its all pervading influence, than to define what it is. Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestial planets that rule the des-"I love you so dearly and so tenderly inies of mankind.

A New Theory.

A wise professor has lately expressed some rather novel views as to the formation of the earth. He holds that there are two forces operating on the earth's surface-the sun force and the earth force. To the former he assigns the touched hers, and then he saw it was a rosy levelling process of rain; to the latter PAMPHLETS eaten the bread of idleness, is it any reason why we always should? Out upon it like a diamond; he thought she was nents. This he calls igneous force, pained and in distress. "I am sorry, seemingly admitting that heat exists Hattie. I did not mean to give you pain." She stopped him with a little finger intensity to fuse the most refractory ower himself; but abases him to the dust pressed upon his lips; and now she looked rocks, that is, under ordinary pressure, but not at the depths where su "Can you not see that I am only happy? is supposed to take place. He observes that I am crying for that very happiness?" that if this heat increases with depth, the He showed by his earnest look that he can tit, every word. Hartson was aghast "You love me then, darling?" he asked as to prevent actual fusion, keeping still as he drew her closer to him, and bent solid the substances of the interior portion of the earth, whatever they may be, even "Yes, yes! I have loved you so much to its centre, and thus we have a solid

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

Forest fires are sweeping Connecticut. A clean shirt is woman's best gift to

A new town in California quick-silver region has been named Murcury.

The "knifing" of rival Presidential can didates has already commenced. It is proposed to convert the tomb of

Augustus, at Rome, into a theatre. The average business life of a Boston treet car is set down at four years. The Democratic papers have not finish

ed shricking the rust out of their throats. The export trade is rapidly picking up inder the influence of the grain receipts. Wendell Phillips takes his recreation in the Boston police court studying human

nature. A preparation warranted to banish wrinkles is among the latest of the toilette de-

The annual number of persons convicted of serious crimes in England shows a steady diminution.

The Russian Empire, according to a re-cent survey, includes 400.000 geographical

Large beds of coal are announced t have been discovered in the region of Spitzburgen.

Now while the Democrats are hurraying, let the Republicans ponder the lesson they

"There is a good time coming, boys." When things are at their worst they soo begin to mend. The sweepings of the rooms in the Brit-

ish mint last year contained \$11,476 worth The great painting of "St. Anthony," by Murillo, has been stolen from the Ca-

thedral in Seville, Spain. The chandelier for the middle of the Paris Opera House will be a marvel in its

way. It will cost \$8,000. It has been proposed to change the name of New London, the centre of the whaling trade, to "Sperma City."

The Connecticut river is lower than it has been known for fifty years, and most of its bed is above water No more remarkable autumnal seaso

Nearly every town in Georgia is com-plaining of discriminations against them

in the rates of railroad freight. The report that the free love community

in Vermont had failed is indignantly denied by the lechers themselves. The Government has paid out \$24,284 during the past year for interpreters of the Chinese and Japanese languages.

All the New Hampshire banks have re ages placed in their vaults for security. The cival war in the Argentine Repub-

lic has resulted in a total suspension of all commercial operations in Buenos Ayres. At the next session of Congress it is proposed to have two new silver coins au-thorized—a fifteen and twenty cent piece.

Nothwithstanding that it is a slate earnly sort of business, Vermont earns enormous harbor. The Commodore was known as a profits in the manufacture of school-slates. Owing to reduction of wages in various

ections of New England, a large number of French Canadians are returning to Can-The rehabilitation of Paris rapidly pro

cresses, and before long the ravages of the Communists will in all conspicuous places So? The tailors in China are striking against the introduction of sewing ma-

chines, on the ground that they will cheap-A "looking-glass Bible" is the latest subscription book. Needless to say that young

ladies are among its most enthusiastic can-

There is a strike among the miners in all the collieries in Nova Scotia, caused by a reduction of twelve per cent. in the wages

An eminent French scientist, declar that in literature and art nothing great was ever produced by a total abst Debarred, you see.

New York city is agitating the question of an official residence for the Mayer. Lord Byron, observed justly, that the Doubtless it would in many respects be a

Daury College, lately organized at Springfield, Mo., has a faculty of seven instructors, 150 students, and resources es timated at \$100,000.

The gold price of silver bullion has again got so low that the fractional United States silver coins are not worth any more in gold than in greenbacks. Quite a thrifty branch of manufactures

One hundred and thirty-six ministers have been made Doctors of Divinity this year by American colleges. steam-shoveler, the other day, "Be gorra, yez can shovel like the divil, but yez can't

vote nor dhrink whisky." It is stated that four hundred applies tions have been made for patents for inventions and improvements in telegraphy,

If the object of the Prohibitionists wa to demonstrate the great weakness of their cause in this State, they could not possibly have hit upon a better plan.

New England papers predict a mild win-ter because the birds have not yet commenced their flight to the South, and bluefish still linger in the waters.

A million of Republican centimes have just been issued from the French mint, probably for the purpose of affecting the Republican sentiment of France.

Our colleges are in full tilt after Mr. J. T. Fields. Three of them, within a short time, have invited him to professor thips of English literature and rhetorie. Captain Taylor, the Roglish expert who examined the Eric Railroad, estimates the cost of the change of guage on that read at \$8,500,000, the improvement of gra-dients at \$3,000,000, and new depots at

Clippings from State Exchan

Rochester has a night school. Bridgeport has increased her police for Bedford is talking about Water Works. Ten "Vets" of 1812 survive in Green

Farmers all over the state report the wheat perfect. Meadville has commenced work on that long talked of water works.

The St. Petersburg Progress made such bad progress that it had to shut up shop. New Castle thinks it can be lighted with natural gas. Plenty of the raw meterial

Chestnuts have been hauled into Union-town from the mountains, within the last its awful sign

ville, for the pardon of Sam Thompson, the wealthy distiller, who was sent to the Penitentiary for three years for procuring world.

er girls don't go for us ; it was the Be

George Major, Burgess of Mahoney city, was shot on Saturday last and died on Tuesday morning. His assnihant was one Dougherty, a rowdy, whom he was trying to arrest. The victim was highly esteemed in the community, and was a model public

Personal.

Senator Fenton's family, now in Eng-land, will spend the winter in Itally.

Major Gen. Hooker is said to be in po health, suffering from partiel paralysis.

The Duke of Aberton has been electe Grand Moster of the Free Masons of Ire-

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Gen. Benjamin F. Butler are to lecture in Uties It is reported that Mrs. Ross Church

will soon give a course of public readings

George Washington-First in war, first in peace, and last in getting a monument.

N. O. Republican.

been last week the guests of General Dent, at Fort Trumbull, New London, Connecti-The sisters of Arthur Orton (the Tich-borne claimant) have petitioned Queen Vic-toria to release their brother from impris-

Col. Frederick Grant and his wife have

Ges. Logan has not yet entirely recovered from his recent illness, and is about

Poor Olive Logan! They call her a limp kangaroo in Iowa. If she was Lydia Thompson now she would give them a dressing.

The native East Indian in custody sus-pected of being Nana Sahib has been re-moved to Cawapore for further investiga-tion as to his identity.

Jasper D. Ward is elected to Congress from the Second District of Illinois by one of a majority. The spathetic citizen should hear of that to the last day of his life.

Petroleum V. Nashy will give us a book singularly entitled, "The Moralos of Abou Ben Adhem, Eastern Fruits in Western Dishes," dedicated to his mother-in-law. 000,000, and when Parton places it at \$4'0,000,000 the old Commodore is esu-

firmed in his belief that eider is an intoxi-cating beverage.—Detroit Free Press.

to its centre, and thus we have a solid earth.

A school house at Trukes was recently discovered to be on fire, and as most of the water in the neighborhood was frozen, a vigorous bombardment with snow-balls was tried, with the effect of putting your honor."

This is not a good year for one legged men. Gen. Robinson, in this State, Gen. Beath in Pannsylvania, and other one legged heroes of the war, have been left out Judge who lispenses both the his part of the cold by a people apparently dependent on the fire in a very short time.

This is not a good year for one legged men. Gen. Robinson, in this State, Gen. Beath in Pannsylvania, and other one legged heroes of the war, have been left out Judge who lispenses both the his formand to go the whole hog.—N. T. Commercial Advertiser.

Our life is a strange combination of the mortal and immortal, physical and mental existence. The mystic link connecting the soul and body, what morest mind can comprehend? The spring that mores to action—that invisible monitor which prompts us to think, set and feel, who can understand? Without this silent though powerful agent, the fruit, delientely orga-ized physical system dies, and is atten-powerless. This life of ours is infeed problem; even the most learned, and the she have ever been surcting out its my

Chestnuts have been hauled into Uniontown from the mountains, within the last
ten days, by the four horse wagon lead.

There are probably 16,000 pounds of
wool still unsold in the vicinity of Waynesburg, and from 35,000 to 40,000 pounds
in the whole of Greene county, Pa.

A prisoner at Buster, was left in a buggy at the door, while the Constable stepped down and out to see a man. That
prisoner, horse, buggy, and all, are smoog
the missing.

A petition is in circulation in Brownsville, for the pardon of Sam Thompson, the
wealthy distiller, who was sent to the
soul communicates with the outer

How varied, also, are the circ Body-snatchers recently attempted to rob a grave in the Catholic consetery in Custowago township, Crawford county, but discovering they were watched, the knaves fled, and no arrests were made. discovering they were watched, the knaves fied, and no arrests were made.

The McCune-Hogan, or Hoagland suit, involving \$5,000,000 worth of land in Tioga county, Pa., has been entered at Caldwell, Ohio. Most of the Hogans, or Hoaglands have been discovered.

A boy aged eight years, son of Mr. Jackson Tabbe, at Columbus, near Corry, was choked to death last week by a bean, which he attempted to swallow, but which lodged in his throat, and could not be removed.

Some malicious person set fire to the woodland of Gen. White, near Indiana, on the day of the election. The fire has been raying since, and has resulted in the destruction of a large amount of timber, fences, etc.

A few days ago, Mrs. W. D. Mullin, of Mt. Pleasant, in memory of her aged most whose white hair tells of the frost, cold and storm, which has destroined the United Brethren Church of Mt. Pleasant, in memory of her aged most whose white hair tells of the frost, cold and storm, which has destroined the United Brethren Church of Mt. Pleasant, in memory of her aged most whose white hair tells of the frost, cold and storm, which has destroined the United Brethren Church of Mt. Pleasant, in memory of her aged most whose white hair tells of the frost, cold and storm, which has destroined the United Brethren Church of Mt. Pleasant with a communion service in silver which cost ninety dollars.

Mr. Smeal, of Sharpesville, missed \$6.

Mr. Smeal, of Sharpesville, missed \$6,000 worth of jewelry from his store the other day and after a great hubbut the property was found in his house in the attie floor. The authorities think they smell a mice, but Mr. Smeal says he knows nothing about it.

"A family containing four daughters came near starving to death last week, he."

Ask the man in the fullness mistroogth of manhood, if he loves life.

"The busy world is before me; it is surging evond; lower me? I must will gain for me there have been attainments put above me? I must will up the ranged hill to reach a station where me should look up to me, and do me hower. My smbitton and hopes are already at the eve of their fruition."

mile, cries,—
"Life is sweet. What if some find it go sorme ? Not so for me! Su

the mighty revolutions of the Can one's life be too well smpli iving, and in belie trust that God will open to His beloved a far greater eternal weight of glory in his

Wisdom in Winning Souls. shaping an appeal to that soul for method of appraish to the herrowed heart of a mother weeping over the anidem death in sin of a wayward son. Yet it might he the very blow needed to break in the stony shell of a soul petrided in an easy indifference, and almost necessarial that the Gold of ered by him who would wisely win main.
All have mellow moments. There are soft spots in the hardest natures, soft times in the roughest experiences. Even Achillis had his valuerable beel. spoken" are right words at the right times—so they become sopies gold in pictures of silver." A gentle has pressure, a sympathining glance, a whi pered "God bless you; I wish you con feel as we feel about Jesus," or s joints of an armor that the battle at o hard doctrine might have battered in vain

"What Am I Good For?"

Remember the parable of the mients—one had ten, another five, another two, and another one. So it is among men to-day. Our "talents" may be compared with money, and with education, acquired art, natural gifts, or with opportunity to do good. If we use our one, two, or five interests to the least of one soliton, as shall be scopted, and care the approval of Him who judges rightconsly. The comforting words, "Well done, thou good and faithful In Paris a gentleman bet that he would smoke twelve eights in one evening. He was taken sick on his eighth eight, but persisted and won his bet. Prof. Chavaller was called to attend him the same night, but not in time to may his life. in a hell of regrets, for lost time, lost op portunity.—Phrenological Journal.