# VOL. 49. 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, vuless 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 advertise ments will be inserted at the following rates: 3 m 6 m 9 m 1 y 3 m 6 m 9 m 1 y Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENT per line for each and every insertion. All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party anaouncements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS 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 collectable 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. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor at Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. OFFICE: No. 113 Third Street. aug21,1872. BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys at Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. DR. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. CALDWELL, Attorney -at -Law

CALDWELL, Attorney -at -Law 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. HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISE J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street gdon. [jan.4,'71. S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. Aug.5,'74-6 mos. 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.,

H. C. MADDEN, According don Office, No. -, Hill street, Huntingdon [ap.19,771. S. GEISSINGER, Account doo Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one doo Bast of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb.5-1] S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney o at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec.4, 72] SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-

Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, hree doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-ate Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of dece-

Office in he Journal Building. [feb.1,'71. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law 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

R. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Patents Obtained, Office, 321 Hill street, Hunsingdon, Pa. [may31,71. WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-VV at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention attended to with care and promptness.

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE.

FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT,

HUNTINGDON, PA. A. B. ZEIGLER, Prop MORRISON HOUSE,

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT

HUNTINGDON, PA. J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

April 5, 1871-1y.

Miscellaneous.

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

MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS. HEADSTONES, &C., HUNTINGDON, PA PLASTER PARIS CORNICES.

MOULDINGS. &C ALSO SLATE MANTLES PURNISHED TO ORDER.
Jan. 4, 771.

250 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS At \$50 pe Lot-Three Year Payments

These lots lie within 300 hundred yards of the ew school house in West Huntingdou; fronting 50 ment in the county. Orders by mail premptly filled. All letters should be adnew school house in West Huntingdon; fronting 50 feet on Brady street and running back 150 feet to a 20 footalley.

Also, ground by the Aere, for building purposes, for sale. Inquire of P. C. SHMMERS. E. C. SUMMERS. J. R.DURBORROW & CO. Huntingdon, Nov. 26, '73-1y

New Advertisements. Printing. W. H. DEARMITT. TO ADVERTISERS: DEARMITT & GEISSINGER

Represent the following standard Insurance com-panies:

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH Office in new Journal building Fifth St

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1800.

MENTS INSERTED ON REA-

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FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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

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HUNTINGDON, PA. AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE CO., PHILADELPHIA, Capital & Assets,

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK. THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

\$1.096.025.77.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF PHILADELPHIA. THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT INSUR-

ANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN., Capital, \$200,000. Office 416 Penn Street, 2d floor, room

No. 3, Huntingdon, Pa. Nov.25-3mos ELEGANT RECEIPT ROOKS

"AT THE

JOURNAL BLANK BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE BLANK BOOKS, LEDGERS. DAY-BOOKS, JOURNALS, RECEIPT BOOKS,

BOOKS,
JCKET BOOKS,
PASS BOOKS,
TIME BOOKS,
MEMORANDUMS,
DIARIES,
LEASES,
DEEDF POCKET BOOKS, BONDS, TAGS, LABELS, WARRANTS, SUMMONS, BLANK FORMS, ATTACHMENTS, SUBPŒNAS,

JUDGMENTS, CERTIFICATES, MORTGAGE. EXEMPTION and PROMISORY NOTES. WRITING PAPER, Cap, Letter-Cap, Legal, Record, Bill Poper, Post, Sermon, Note, Billet, Mouring, Initial, and French Papers. ENVELOPES: White Amber, Corn, Canary, Orange, Gold, Light Buff, Dark Buff, French, Mourning, Legal, Docu-

ment.

Pens and Peneils, Peneil Cases, Crayon, Erase
Jounce, Paper Cutters, Paper Holders.
Clips, Bill-Files, Inkstands, Fluid, Inks and Mucilage. EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE ONE. COME AND SEE.

[Estate of MARY MYERS, dec On Thursday, December 10, 1874, the one undivided half of EIGHTY-NINE ACRES TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, mated brilliancy.

Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib and other necessary out buildings. This farm, knewn as the Abraham Grubb farm, is handsomely located on the public road leading from Huntingdon to Bedford, I mile from the vil-lage of Marklesburg, and is conceded to be one of the most productive farms in Woodcock Valley. It is well supplied with water and fruit. ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE

THIRTY-FOUR ACRES OF TIMBER LAND. adjoining lands of Micheal Garner of J., Catha-

rine Stinson, and others.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p.m.,
when terms will be made known by

J. H. WINTRODE,

Notice of Inquisition in the estate of Abraham Cutshall, late of Springfield township, deceased: To J. M. Cutshall, Albelugh Cutshall, of Huestontown, Fulton county, Pennsylvania; Samuel Cutshall, Maddensville, Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania; Dutton Cutshall deceased leaving Pennsylvania: Dutton Cutshall, deceased, leaving a widow, Charity Cutshall, and four children, viz:
Peter Cutshall, Robert D. Cutshall, Ann, intermarried with —— Strendley, and Ellen Cutshall, all living at Batavia, Jefferson county, Iowa; Mary Cutshall deceased, who was intermarried with David Miller, of Dublin Mills, Fulton county, Pennsylvania, leaving her husband and four children, viz. William Miller, John Miller, Char-lotte Miller, residing at Dublin Mills, Fulton county, Pennsylvania, and Susannah, deceased, who was intermarried with — McClain, whose residence was —, Illinois, leaving two children, minors, sex and residence unknown; Caroline intermarried with Daniel Stains, of Richmond, Franklin county, Pennsylvania; Ann Cutshall, Dublin Mills, Fulton county, Pennsylvania, and Susannah intermarried with Thompson Stains, of Springfield township, Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, TAKE NOTICE, that an Inquest will be held at the dwelling house of Abraham Cutshall, deceased, in the township of Springfield, in the county of Huntingdon, on the 24th day of ty, Pennsylvania, and Susannah, deceased, who the county of Huntingdon, on the 24th day of December, 1874, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of

December, 1874, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said deceased, to and among his children and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole, otherwise to value and appraise the same according to law; at which time and place you may attend if you think proper.

New 25 1874

New 25 1874

New 25 1874 A NEW SUBSCRIPTION BOOK.

HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK TOMBS: The Secrets, Mysteries, and Romance of Prison Lite in New York, Gathered by Charles Sutton, Warden of the Tombs. Large 8vo, 650 pp., Illustrated, \$3.50.

CHEAP! CHEAP!! CHEAP!!! Buy your Paper, Buy your Stationery, Buy your Blank Books, AT THE JOURNAL BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

Fine Stationery,
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School Stationery,
Games for Children,
Pocket Book, Pass Books,
complicated plan of the house. And an Endless Variety of Nice Things,

### The Muses' Bower.

Somebody's Servant Girl. She stood there leaning wearily Against the window frame, Her face was patient, sad and sweet,

W. J. GEISSING ZR.

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS.

HUNTINGDGN, PA

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LON-

GERMAN AMERICAN INSURANCE

PHŒNIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT,

COMPANY OF NEW YORK, Capi-

DON, Capital, \$10,000,000.

Her garments coarse and plain; "Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend The red lips gave a curl—
"Really! I do not know her name, She's some one's servant girl.

Again I saw her on the street With burden trudge along, Her face was sweet and patient still, Amid the jostling throng; Slowly but cheerfully she moved, Guarding with watchful care A market-basket much too large For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I thought a gentleman, Went pushing rudely by, Sweeping the basket from her hands,

But turning not his eye;
For there was no necessity,
Amid that busy whirl, GERMANIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.. For him to be a gentleman— To "some one's servant girl." OF NEW YORK, Capital, \$500,000. Ah, well it is that God above

Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure and good,
He will not mind the rest, Nor question what the garments were In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair-By fortune reared and fed, Who will not mingle here below With those who earn their bread. When they have passed away from life,

Beyond the gates of pearl, Will meet before their Father's throne With many a servant girl. A Tale of Cuban Vengeance.

## CALEVAR.

The approaching marriage of Isa Cantelvar, the wealthy belle of Havana, was no secret in the Cuban capital. Her Spanish lover, a lineal descendant of the fierce sub-duer of the Aztecs, old Herman Cortez, was crossing the ocean to claim his love, and great preparations for the event were going on at the Cantelvar mansion whose

Isa was very beautiful, and her accomolishments were of the highest order. The only child of a man who was proud of his name and of his face, she had been petted, but I will not say spoiled. Her jewels were as remarkable as her beauty, and it was rumored that Senor Cantelvar had purchased some of ex-Queen Isabella's gems for his daughter's nuptials. The rumor was pretty generally believed, and many fashionable people went to the mansion, hoping to catch a glimpse of the LIENS, stones that had once glittered on the bosom of royalty. But the curiosity seekers were disappointed, they saw no ex Spanish

In due time a vessel landed the Castilian lover on Cuban soil, and the great event-Isa's marriage-neared its consum-

the lover's debarkment, was a tall, dark featured man, about forty years of age .-He was remarkably handsome; his eyes were dark and lustrous, and his mouth was shaded by the silken hairs of a moustache. He wore the undress uniform of a captain in the Spanish navy, which was not needed to give him a commanding appearance.-His whole bearing indicated a firmness of purpose, a stubbornness of will that would listen to no arguments, and a daring that would shrink from no undertaking.

He stood apart from all other people watching the debarkment of the Vulture's passengers. The soft tropical twilight hung over the island capital; but he could The undersigned, Executor of Mary Myers, leceased, will sell at public sale, on the premises, see the faces of the passengers quite dis-

Suddenly he started, and mechanically of good land, about twenty acres of which are in good timber, situated in Penn township, Hunting ion county, adjoining lands of Elizabeth Frank, Solomon Garner, Mag Bowers, Michael Garner, as if the unseen lips had opened and closed and Geo. B. Weaver. The improvements consist of a gain and the eyes were assuming an ani-

The cause of this strange emotion was a man who had just stepped upon the pier. He stood scarcely twenty feet from the captain, and his face was plainly discern-

A handsome man he was. There was Also, at the same time and place, the one undi- the stamp of nobility on his face, and bore

a resemblance of certain portraits of Cortez still extant. He was watching the debarkment of numerous trunks that bore the name of Don Cortez d' Alvora. the driver of a violante. "It is he!" muttered the captain, speak-

ing audible for the first time. "He is the chosen lover of Senorita Isa. His trunks are full of jewels, no doubt." And a devilish laugh rippled over the inseen lips.

He watched the violante until it vanish. began to inspect the trunks. They numbered quite a score, and some were small but heavily bound. He walked among them carelessly, as it were, but noticed everything, and all at once he burst forth

"Five trunks full of jewels! Why, they would make a don of Calevar." A moment later he walked away, closely followed by a dwarfish man, who had the peculiar gait of a sailor. Though the captain walked fast the sailor gained on him, ed his elbow.

The tall man turned quickly, and peeped down to the distorted face.

"And so you are here?" he said, in melodious Spanish. "Where have you been?" "To the wharf." The captain's eyes glistened

"He came-"With five trunks of jewels for his "But she never wears them.

"Good! Come to my room. I want to show you something." The two men passed into the narrow

This is not a strictly sensational work, and is recommended by the best men as a MORAL Reporter. Boys reading it will not learn to be theives, but will learn how theives suffer. The story of John Mahoney, written by himself, is worth the price of the book. The best selling book ever published, so say all our agents. Exclusive territory given. An agent wanted in every town. UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO., nov.25-4t.] 13 University Place, N. Y.

Above the single bed hung the gorgeous dress uniform of a Spanish payal comman. hall and ascended a stairway to a room .-In the centre of this apartment stood a table, on which lay an elegant sword of genuine Toledo workmanship. On the specific speci sheath, elegantly worked, was the name of "Calevar," and the blade bore the inscription: "From Queen of Calevar."— daughter's wealth is more portable. I guess I carry about four hundred thousand doubloons worth of pebbles on my person. dress uniform of a Spanish naval commander, and a pair of splendid boots stood near the table.

All this was revealed when the room was lighted up; and Calevar threw himself into a chair beside the table and drew a paper from an inner pocket. Unrolling it, he disclosed to the eyes of

the dwarf—who, perched upon a stool, was bending over the table like a monkey—the his lips were still quivering with the name "Here is the Gulf," said Calevar, touch-AT THE JOURNAL BOOK & STATIONERY STORE | ing a shaded place with his finger, "and had just landed from the Vulture. The

here is the entrance to the house. You will wait for me here. You see I have designated the exact spot. You cannot and looked into the muzzle of the pistols miss it. Long ago, some persons-Cautelvar's father, perhaps—drove a huge staple into the wall. It is there. See it! You cannot miss it. It is beneath that staple

cannot miss it. It is beneath that staple that you will wait for my signal."

The dwarf looked up, and smiling hideously, nodded.

"Can't you fail, senor captain?"

"Fail? No!" said Calevar. "I know the interior of the house. I can go directly to the treasure room, and, so sure as there is a God in heaven, I'll show you the girl's jewelry on my own desk. She wouldn't came forth empty, but the next instant it was filled by the butt of a pistol.

"You came thither for the wedding gifts."

"And I have got them!"

"No—not now!"

"Advance and put them on the table."

Calevar advanced without hesitation and his hand crept to his bosom. But it did not draw a single diamond thence. It came forth empty, but the next instant it was filled by the butt of a pistol. jewelry on my own desk. She wouldn't marry Calevar. If she marries D' Alvaro she will do so jewelless. Ah! this, Domargo, it is Calevar's revenge!"

came forth empty, but the next instant it was filled by the butt of a pistol. He raised it quickly, and Senor Cantelvar went to the floor.

among the shipping in the harbor.

And Calevar, the revengeful, the covetous, the rejected lover of Isa Cantelvar, slumbered on, never dreaming that the dwarf who had served him for twelve years was delivering him over to a fate, from the contemplation of which the mind shrinks with horror.

It was the night before Isa Cantelvar's wedding. . The hour was twelve, and Havana slept

on the edge of the Gulf. Not a sound came from the old house so soon to resound with marriage music, foundation was washed by the waters of and with the groans of one doomed to a living death.

The fair Isa, no doubt, was sleeping away her maiden hours, for the day soon to dawn was to see her a bride before it departed. The sky was covered with opaque clouds.

Not a star was visible, for the rifts, if there were any, were as black as the Therefore, the crouching figure that crossed the flower garden was not perceiv-

ed. It seemed a man, yet it had the motion of an animal. It paused before a low door in the eastern wing of the Cantelvar mansion and listened. The swash of the waves against the wall was the only sound that came to

lessly, and closed again. But the night prowler was within the mansion. The person who admitted him seen to be a small man. The person admitted was tall and wore a mask that effectually concealed his features.

"You can find the way now?" asked the traitor. "Yes, give me the light." The dark taper was placed in his hands. "You have the keys," said the traitor. 'May the Virgin speed you; I will be at the wharf. We sail to-night.'

"Yes, to-night. Be there!" A moment later the tall man moved off, leaving the other watching him and his

light. More than one long corridor the masked one traveled, and the silence of death was around him. His feet gave forth no sound for they were encased in nothing but short Cuban hose, and there was no obstacle in his path. The ornamented butts of his pistols, visible just above his belt, told that he was prepared for any emergency, and his left hand clutched the hilt of a dagger, the blade of which was hidden in

At last he paused before a door much smaller than any he had encountered in the house, and its heavy locks told that it led to the room where valuable treasures

door before he tried to open it. He knew that he was underground, for the stone floor on which he stood was quite damp; and the walls about him were covered But by the by he turned away, and hailed with an icy sweat. The curiously shaped keys that he drew from his pocket opened the little door, and the night prowler found himself in a small room.

Closing the door gently he soon duced a stronger light, and the glare that suddenly dazzled his eyes almost sent him to the floor.

A table stood in the centre of the treas ed from sight, when he walked forward and ure room, and on that table were the treasures for which he had seemingly entered the Cantelvar mansion.

There were necklaces of diamonds and tiaras of rubies; bracelets of pearl and pins of emeralds; head-dresses of beaten gold, studded with precious stones, and rings whose value seemed incalculable. He stood before Isa Cantelvar's wedding

wealth-coffers full of doubloons, safes well stored with precious stones. The five in books, corners, and drawers. and as he was about to enter one of the aristocratic hotels of the city, a hand touched his elbow.

small trunks which Captain Calevar had noticed on the pier were there, but they were empty. The jewels they had carried For many minutes the mask stared at blindfolded, would lead the individual to across the ocean glittered upon the table.

> took up a costly necklace. "She shall never wear this !" he said, ately placed his finger in the precise spot after a moment's inspection, and then the Professor March imagined a particular

> He discarded many rich things with the cealed a coin under some books, but his discrimination of a lapidary, and when he was about turn away, he laughed:
>
> mind was probably hazy, but Brown could not quite find it, though he came near the was about turn away, he laughed:

Ha! ha! Isa wouldn't marry Cavelar!" He put his hand on the door, when the slightest noise startled him. "Calevar!"

At the sound of his name he turned quickly, and faced six men with drawn Had they sprung from the floor of the treasure room?

There stood old Senor Cantelvar, and

just spoken.

Beside the Cuban stood the youth who

how they are done.

The Gay and Festive Flea. mask did not drop his taper and turn for flight. On the contrary he said, "Well!"

without a tremor. "We know you! said Senor Cantelvar. "And I know you!" was the rejoinder. "You came thither for the wedding

the solitary being. Then it struck the door twice, and the portal opened noise there was a grinning man in an iron chair.

#### told the story of Cuban vengeance Rending for the Million.

### Necessary Knowledge.

sacred territory of her person. Without advising you to become domes-tic drudges, young ladies, we earnestly re-commend to your consideration the prac-A Little Talk to the Girls and Boys. of the tice of all necessary household duties One of the most prolific sources of matri monial difficulties is the lack of knowledge on the part of wives of the duties of housekeeping. In these days there are a hundred young ladies who can thrum a piano to one who can make a loaf of bread. Yet a husband has so much of the animal in his nature that he cares more for a good dinner than he does—as long as his appe-tite is unappeased—to listen to the music of scraphs. Heavy bread has made many is there in it? Let us see what harm there may be. We know very well that a child fed on candy and cakes and sweatmeats soon loses all healthy appetite for nutritious food, his teeth grow black and crumble away, his stomach becomes deranged, his breath offensive, and the whole physical and mental organization is dwarfed and injured. When he grows older he will crave spices and tobacco and alcohol to stimulate his abnormal appetite and give pungency to tasteless though healthy food. No man whe grows up from such childhood is going to have the first positions of honor and trust and usefulness in the community where he lives. The men heavy hearts, given rise to dyspepsia— horrid dyspepsia—and its unheard of ac-companying torments. Girls who desire that their husbands should be amiable and kind, should learn how to make light bread. When a young man is courting, he can live at home; or if he has to go distance to pay his addresses he usually obtains good meals at a hotel or eating-house; but when he is married and gets to house-keeping, his wife assumes the function of his mother or his landlord, and it is fortunate for her if she has been edu cated to know what a good table is. Those who are entirely dependent upon hired cooks make a sorry show at house-keeping. young and not with trash.

Now, the mind like the body grows by The stomach performs a very important part in the economy of humanity, and wives who are forgetful of this fact, commit a serious mistake. Even the lion may be tamed by keeping him well fed, and the true dignity and munificence of the housewife is stored in her larder rather than in her wardrobe, though unfortunately, too mony ladies bestow far more time and at-

and exciting novels has no intellectual muscle, no commanding will to make his way in the world. Then, aside from the four the Pen mind is poisoned by impure associations. These thrilling stories have always murder or theft, or lying or knavery, as an integral part of their tissue, and boys while reading them live in the companionship of is imputable. tention upon the latter than upon the for-Mind Reading. The professors of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., have lately been entertained by the performances of J. R. Brown, the mind reader. The learned professors indulged in hiding coins, pencils, cards, etc., the array of wealth, and then, as if to test the reality of things, he approached and fessor Thacher purposely imagined a pain located under his nose. Brown immedia costly bauble disappeared beneath his doublet

A tiara of beautiful rubies followed the necklace, and then rings, bracelets and other rich personal ornaments disappeared.

He discarded many rich things with the

THE Hon. Gerrit Smith has just gives \$10,000 to the Hamilton College at Clinton, N. Y., to be used at the discretion of fessor Fisher gave a pencil to Professor Johnson, who gave it to Professor Thacher, who concealed the article. Brown led the trustees of the inst the latter directly to the spot, and found the pencil. Professor Lyman held a pa-per on which words were written by Pro-fessor Fisher, and, blindfolded, Brown Bishop Hare, who is in Washin reports that there is much improve and a peaceable dissoulties spelled the words without difficulty! Having witnessed so many of these curious ex-periments, it is hoped that the learned Professors of Yale will be able to explain

and Newspapers, go to the JOURNAL Store.

The average woman hates a fee with an intensity almost diabolical in its nature.—
She will pursue one of these little innocents with the remorselessness of a fiend, and if you ever expect to see a beautiful lick, given to trustees for publications.

is a God in heaven, I'll show you the girl's jewelry on my own desk. She wouldn't marry Calevar. If she marries D' Alvaro she will do so jewelless. Ah! this, Domargo, it is Calevar's reverge!"

He laughed derilishly, and in that laugh the chattering of the dwarf joined. Then severalbottles of wine were produced from a sideboard and the twain drank long and deep.

It was midnight when Domargo, the sailor dwarf, left the room. He stole out quietly for Calevar was asleep. The wine had effected him.

"For twelve years Domargo has served Calevar," said the deserted streets. "He has sailed with him to other worlds, biding his time. That time is very near at hand. Calevar does not think that Domargo is the brother of the little girl he made his wife in Barcelona, and then murdered on ship board."

The last words, full of hellish revenge, dropped in hisses from the repulsive large of the dwarf, and at last he lost himself among the shipping in the harbor.

And Calevar, the revengeful, the coverious, the rejected lover of Isa Cantelvar, and near the content of the dwarf, and at last he lost himself among the shipping in the harbor.

And Calevar deep and the coverious, the rejected lover of Isa Cantelvar, sumphered on never devaning et at the batters of the coverious, the rejected lover of Isa Cantelvar, sumphered on never devaning on never devaning et at the batters and sumptions and the case of the coverious, the rejected lover of Isa Cantelvar, we see in very source, we will see scape his caresses; it for mean on the reached by the butt of a pistol. He arised it quickly, and Senor Cantelvars on the teasure room, and when the trasure room, and when the tweet many and the mask his presence known until she bate and the mask stripped from his handsome Spanish facts of the mask stripped from his handsome Spanish facts of the floor.

The next moment there were sounded of the satisfactorily settled her the mask stripped from his handsome Spanish facts of the floor.

The table grounded here the most insufficient of the floor

sation, and then he cursed till his tongue
refused to blaspheme longer.

"This is your fate, Captain Calevar,"
said Senor Cantelvar's well-known voice.
"You sought wealth and you have it.
What you see is yours. You are welcome
to take it away. You'll find the wine the
best. There are two bottles of your favorite Catalonia, and one of thirty-five years
Madeira Pleasant dreams to you, Senor
Captain!"
The silence that followed was awful.

"If Domargo knew this!" cried Calevar. "Holy Virgin! where is the dwarf!"
A hellish laugh answered him.

"Domargo is here!" answered the
dwarf voice. "He is Vinitie's brother!
Ha! ha! ha! Good-bye, Captain. The
Sea Cross will sail this time without you.
"Betrayed!" groaned the doomed man,
and for the first time his bravery deserted
him.

He fainted in the iron-chair.
The next day there was a sound of
merry voices far above him. Angels seemed to be singing to him in hell.
No sounds now but the wash of the Gulf
waves against the wall of the treasure
room.

Days came and went.
The bottles on the tables grew mouldy;
the oranges rotted; the delicaciesspoiled;
the candelabrum's lights went out; but
there was a grinning man in an iron chair.
The Sea Cross sailed away without him.
A year ago that terrible room was opened. A skeleton scated in an iron chair
told the story of Cuban vengeance.

"He shaded the rail, but all lin vain—his feat one there was any to a quiety of the stable and there are may be done
without loitering, you may be sure. The
house of the treasure
room.
A year ago that terrible room was opened. A skeleton scated in an iron chair
told the story of Cuban vengeance.

"He is very find quiety in the second of the stable best
with removembers fary, and the states of the process of the stable best
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It is very hard for boys and girls be-tween 10 and 20 years to believe what San Franciscus older people tell them concerning the se-lection of reading matter. If a book is interesting, exciting, thrilling, the young folks want to read it. They like to feel their hair stand on end at the hairbreadth escapes of the hero, and their nerves tingle to the ends of their fingers at his exploits, and their faces burn with passionate sym-pathy in his tribulations—and what harm is there in it? Let us see what harm there may be. We know your wall that a

tions of honor and trust and usefulness in the community where he lives. The mon who hold these positions were fed with milk and bread and meat when they were what it feeds upon. The girl who fills her day to day or from week to a brain with silly, sentimental, love sick stories grows up into a silly, sentimental, lackadaisical woman, useless for all the noble and substantial work of life. The boy who feeds on sensational newspapers and exciting novels has no intellectual

ral part of their tissue, and boys while reading them live in the companiouship of men and women, of boys and girls, with whom they would be ashamed to be seen conversing, whom they would never think of inviting to their houses and introducing to their friends, and whose very names they would not mention in notice society in the world, or to to their friends, and whose very names they would not mention in polite society as associates and equals. Every book that one reads, no less than every dinnace one eats, becomes part and parcel of the individual, and we can no more read without injury an unwholosome back or existing. injury an unwholesome book or periodies

suffer thereby. Just as there are every-where stores full of eardy and cake, and liquor and tobacco and spices, so there are everywhere books, newspapers and maga-sines full of the veriest trash, and abounding in everything boys and girls should not read. And just as the healthful stomach, passing all these peraicious baits will choose sound aliment, so the healthful ture current everywhere, and select such only as is intrinsically good.

gave the college \$10,000 last February for general purposes, and lately ordered a por-trait of President Backus to be placed in