The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 49. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1874. NO. 50.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

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

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

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

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

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

	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1 Inch	3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$ 27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	24 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	21 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 doo 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, hree 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, No. 813 Mifflin street, West 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.

250 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE,
At $50 pe Lot—Three Year Payments!
These lots lie within 300 hundred yards of the new school house in West Huntingdon; fronting 50 feet on Brady street and running back 150 feet to a 20 foot alley.
Also, ground by the Acre, for building purposes, for sale. Inquire of
E. C. SUMMERS.
Huntingdon, Nov. 26, '73-1y

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

—:o:—

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL
PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
BY
J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.
Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St
HUNTINGDON, PA.

—:o:—

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM
IN
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

—:o:—

CIRCULATION 1800.

—:o:—

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

—:o:—

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

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$2.00 per annum in advance. $2 50 within six months. $3.00 if not paid within the year.

—:o:—

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ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE
WITH
NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,
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LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE,
SUCH AS
POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,
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BALL TICKETS,
PROGRAMMES,
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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,

Legal Advertisements.

SHERIFF'S SALES.
By virtue of sundry writs of Fi. Fa. Vend. Exp. and Lev. Fa. to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the Court House, in Huntingdon, on MONDAY, January 11, 1875, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain two-story log frame dwelling house, twenty-two feet front and extending back twenty feet, located on a lot or part of a lot of ground fronting twenty-five feet on 10th street in the borough of Huntingdon, Pa., and extending back at right angles thereto one hundred feet, bounded on the west by Samuel Heck, on the north by lot of James Port, and on the east by F. McMurtrie, being a part of lot No. 105 in said borough together with the ground covered by said building, and the lot or piece of ground adjacent and appurtenant to said building or belonging thereto.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of John Smiley, owner or reputed owner and contractor.

ALSO—All of defendant's right, title and interest in all that certain tract of land, situate in the township of Henderson, county of Huntingdon, bounded as follows: on the north by lands of William Davis and Joseph E. Garner, on the south by lands of Peter Swoope, on the east by lands of James Hutchison, and on the west by lands of John Rhodes, containing 50 acres more or less, having thereon erected a log dwelling house, partly weatherboarded, a log barn and other improvements.

Also, all of defendant's right, title and interest in all that certain tract of land, situate in the township of Henderson, county of Huntingdon, Pa., bounded and described as follows: on the north by lands of William Davis and Joseph E. Garner, on the east by lands of James Hutchison, on the west by other lands of the defendant.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of David A. Thompson.

ALSO—All of defendant's right, title and interest in all that certain messuage or tract of land, situate in the township of Dublin, county of Huntingdon, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: on the north by lands of John James and James Kelly, on the east and south by lands of Hugh Wilson, Joseph Smith and Hugh Galiher's claims, and on the west by lands of James Kelley, containing one hundred and fifty acres and sixty-eight perches, be the same more or less, partly cleared and having thereon erected a dwelling house and a barn.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of John Dick.

ALSO—All of defendant's right, title and interest in all that certain tract of land, situate in Jackson township, Huntingdon county, Pa., bounded as follows: beginning at a black oak, thence north fifty-six and one half degrees, east fifty-two perches to a rock oak; thence south thirty-six degrees, east seventy-four perches to stone; thence south fifty-three and a half degrees, west one hundred and thirty-seven perches to a red oak; thence north thirty-two degrees west, one hundred and seventy-six perches to a stone; thence north, fifty-eight degrees east, seventy perches to a maple and thence south thirty-four and one-half degrees east, fifty-two perches to the place of beginning, containing ninety-three acres and one hundred and thirty-five perches, having thereon erected dwelling house, log barn and other improvements.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Jacob F. Little.

ALSO—All that certain farm and plantation situate in West township, Huntingdon county, bounded on the north by land of Samuel Myton's heirs; on the east by lands of Martin Walker; on the south by lands of Andrew Smith and Dr. Peter Shoenberger's heirs, and on the west by lands of Josiah Cunningham, containing about two hundred and twenty-seven acres, more or less, together with all and singular, the buildings, improvements, woods, ways, rights, liberties, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Stewart Foster.

ALSO—All of defendant's right, title and interest in all that certain lot of ground situate in the borough of Mt. Union, Huntingdon county, Pa., fronting 25 feet on Shirley street and extending in depth at right angles thereto 80 feet, being lot No 1 in Jeffries' plot of said borough.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of John Wogan.

☞ Bidders will take notice that 20 per cent. of the purchase money must be paid when the property is knocked down, or it will be put up again for sale.
AMON HOUCK, Sheriff.
Dec.16,1874.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, to all persons interested, that the following named persons have settled their accounts in the Register's Office, at Huntingdon, and that the said accounts will be presented for confirmation and allowance, at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Huntingdon, in and for the county of Huntingdon, on Wednesday, the 14th day of January, next, (1875,) to wit:

1. Account of Michael Cresswell, Administrator of the estate of George C. Booher, late of the borough of Alexandria, dec'd.
2. First and final account of Adam Fouse, Guardian of Amanda Krieger, one of the children and heirs of Henry Kreiger, dec'd., who has arrived at full age.
3. Final account of A. W. Swoope, Administrator of the estate of John C. Weston, late of Mapleton borough, Huntingdon county, dec'd., with Distribution annexed.
4. Account of John A. Weir, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Mrs. Salome Wiestling, late of Huntingdon county, dec'd.
5. Account of Robert Campbell, Guardian of Sanford D. Worley, minor child of James L. Worley, late of Jackson township, dec'd.
6. First and final account of Lewis Snyder, Administrator of the estate of Sebastian Snyder, late of West township, dec'd., with Distribution annexed.
7. First and partial account of David Hare, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Baker, late of Alexandria borough, dec'd.
8. First and final account of V. B. Hirst, Administrator of the estate of Mary S. Hirst, late of Jackson township, dec'd.
9. Account of A. P. White, Administrator, with the Will annexed, of William McDivitt, late of Oneida township, dec'd.
10. Account of Jesse D. Shore, Administrator of the estate of Abraham Shore, late of Cass township, dec'd.
11. Final Administration account of Andrew Crownover and Van Buren Hirst, Administrators of John Hirst, late of Barree township, dec'd.
12. Account of John Gifford, jr., Administrator of John Gifford, sr., late of Shirley township, dec'd
13. Guardianship account of Peter K. Harnish, Guardian of Mary M. Oaks, a minor daughter of Reuben W. Oaks, late of Barree township, dec'd.
14. Final Administration account of Levi Detwiler, Administrator of Christian Detwiler, late of Brady township, dec'd.

WM. E. LIGHTNER, Register.
REGISTER'S OFFICE, Huntingdon, Dec. 9, '74.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested that the following Inventories of the goods and chattels set apart to widows, under the provisions of the Act of 14th of April, A. D., 1851, have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, and will be presented for "approval by the Court," on Wednesday, January 14, 1874:

Inventory of the personal property of Thomas Irwin, late of Union township, dec'd., as taken by his widow, Mary Irwin.

Inventory of the personal property of George W. Ross, late of Warriorsmark township, dec'd., as taken by his widow, Eliza J. Ross.

Inventory of the personal property of James P. Ross, late of Warriorsmark township, dec'd., as taken by his widow, Tabitha Ross.

W. E. LIGHTNER, Clerk of Orphans' Court.
Orphans' Court Office, Dec. 9, 1874.

TRIAL LIST FOR JANUARY TERM 1875.

FIRST WEEK.
Eliza H. Green vs. Etnier & Foust, for use.
Philip Lock vs. Brice X. Blair, et al.
Samuel R. Douglas, vs. Thomas E. Orbison.
Josephine Seeds, vs. August Kahler.
John Byers vs. D. R. P. Neely.

SECOND WEEK.
Dr. Henry Orlady, vs. Stewart Foster.
Rockhill Iron & Coal Co., vs. Samuel Bolinger.
Luden Dean, vs. A. B. Shenefelt.
George Long, vs. The township of Walker.
Thomas Steel, vs. S. L. Glasgow and wife.
F. J. Johnson, for use, vs. J. A. Haggerty, et al
The Borough of Huntingdon, vs. J. W. Mattern.
Cyrus Jeffries, vs. John Dougherty, et al.
The Borough of Huntingdon, vs. D. Caldwell, et al.
Martin Walker, vs. B. F. Wallace.
Henry S. Wood, vs. Jacob Stabley's Exr.
The Juniata Valley Camp Meeting Association, vs. M. M. Logan, et al.

T. W. MYTON, Prothonotary.
Dec.16,1874.

PLAIN PRINTING,
FANCY PRINTING,
GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

The Muses' Bower.

Busybodies.

It is a fact, as I've been told,
That people, in the days of old,
Got rich in silver and in gold,
No matter what they bought or sold,
By minding their own business.

They did not try to wound one's fame,
Or slander anybody's name;
They cared not when you went or came,
They pleased themselves—you did the same,
If it was your own business.

And if a man did what was right
In his own mind, and in the sight
Of God and law, by day and night,
He went ahead and fought the fight,
Determined on his business.

But in degen'rate modern days
There's quite a change in people's ways,
And what a person does or says
Must be held up unto the gaze
Of every busybody.

And if you do not tell them, too,
Where you are going, and what to do,
They get in such an awful stew,
They'll even watch and follow you—
These very busybodies.

And then they surely think they know
Just when you come and when you go,
And they will whisper, so and so,
To every friend and every foe—
These very busybodies.

But if we take the pains to see
Who these same busybodies be,
We find there's not a he or she
Who has a decent history,
Among these busybodies.

But let us no more notice take
Of evil tongues; but for their sake,
We'll hope and pray they soon may wake
From wickedness, and money make
By minding their own business.

The Story-Teller.

THAT OTHER WILLIE.

"Willie, why don't you go and play with the boys and not be forever stuck at my feet?"

Such was Mrs. Gray's impatient question, one day, when her little son came and seated himself in the parlor, when his mother was conversing with a visitor.

"I would rather be with you than with the boys," he answered timidly.

"Oh, I never saw such a baby!"

"Is it wrong to wish to be near you, mother?" said the child, and his lip trembled as he spoke.

"Wrong? of course not. But you are old enough to have some manliness about you. See, yonder are Will and John Gowdy on the ice. Run along and keep them company. I want to talk to Mrs. Brown."

"Isn't he a queer child," she asked.

The other raised her sad eyes, and fixed them with such a painful expression on the mother's face. She was a sorrowful looking woman, this Mrs. Brown.

"I had a son once, but he's gone now," she said at last, and there were tears in her eyes.

Mrs. Gray gazed at her wonderfully. She had not known this before.

"It is a bitter thing to tear open partially healed wounds," Mrs. Brown continued. "But let me tell you my story: Several years ago I was about to give a party; a grand affair it was to be, and my head was almost turned while making preparations. My Willie (his name was Willie, too,) was about sixteen years old. He had never been to school; I had educated him myself. At home, he was all a mother's heart could desire; but he was shy, and when I forced him into company he appeared so awkward, that I often felt ashamed of him. This was one reason of my deciding to give a party. If he was obliged to act the part of host he would overcome his bashfulness, I thought. But Willie never approved of it."

"I shall be so glad when the party is over," he said one day; "for since you have got it into your head, I have lost my mother."

"Poor little baby!" I responded, slightly provoked at his lack of interest. "I wonder how many years I shall have you tied to my apron string?"

I spoke sneeringly, and a proud flush instantly overspread his face.

"I will be tied there no longer," he returned, "I will seek other company in the future."

I was frightened at the result of my words. Still I made no response. My son, putting on his coat and hat, went out. It was the first time in his life he had ever went out without informing me where he was going.

In good time the party came off. It was a gay affair, and none were gayer than Willie. He was a sort of an extremist, and took no medium stand. After that his books and work were neglected, and his days, as well as evenings, were spent abroad. Fast young men became his constant companions. I was left alone to mourn over the change I had wrought. At first he made it a rule to be in at night at ten o'clock, but after a time he began to stay out later; and daybreak sometimes found him from home. I tried to expostulate, tried to win him back to his old habits, but my efforts were unavailing. He had got a taste of new life and it held him by a charm. Well do I remember the first night he came home in a state of intoxication. It was his seventeenth birthday, just a year from the time I gave the party. I had seen him under the influence of wine once or twice before, but on this night he drank so deeply that some of his companions had to help him home.

The hours of that night were dreadful hours of self-reproach and agony. I was so glad when morning came to dispel the gloom—so glad when reason returned to my erring child. He was very much ashamed. He said again and again he would do better; but his resolves were worthless. Two nights later he was again brought home intoxicated. After that it was a common occurrence. He fell lower and lower, squandered all my ready money, and, when I refused to mortgage my property, that he might have more, he left me with an oath.

That night a large firm was robbed, and it was discovered that Willie was one of the perpetrators of the deed. The next morning the town was alive with excitement, and I almost crazed with anxiety, for my boy had fled. The news passed from mouth to mouth; my house was searched, and my son called a villain, but I had no power to prevent either. No one gave me a word of sympathy.

"You have only yourself to blame," said a blunt old woman, who called during the day. "The boy was happy at home, but you drove him into bad company."

That night at the hour of twelve, as I sat alone, a window was opened softly, and Willie stepped into the room. With a glad cry I sprang toward him, but he pushed me rudely away.

"Can you hide me anywhere," he said. "The bloodhounds are after me. Had you given me the money yesterday, this would not have been."

"Oh, Willie," I cried.

"Yes, mother," he said sternly, "you have made me a criminal. I want to tell you I have secretly married Kate Hastings. God knows what will become of her."

Kate was a pretty little creature, only nineteen years old, innocent as the violets which grew around her home. My bleeding heart gave a quick, painful throb as he continued:

"The world will not believe we are married. She will be scorned by all. Hark! they are coming. Mother, I am too young, too wicked to die, but I must die. Farewell!"

I saw his purpose now, for his hand clutched a revolver, and springing to my feet I threw my arms about him to shield himself. But he shook me off. The next moment the loud report of a pistol echoed through the house. One glance showed me his lifeless form, stretched on the floor. Then existence was blank to me.

When I awoke to consciousness the morning sun was shining and the house was filled with people. But even justice was satisfied, and I was left alone with the dead. All day, tearless and motionless, I sat beside the mangled corpse. Some people, kinder than the rest, came in to make preparations for the funeral, and passed silently out, but I did not heed them.

Katie Hastings came just after dark. She was dressed in deep mourning, and her face was so ghastly that it startled me.

"You, too, have come to reproach me," I said.

"No, mother. You suffer enough without my reproaches. I have come to watch with the dead."

"I wish to watch alone," I said.

"It is I who will watch alone," she returned. "It is my right, I am his wife."

How calm she was! There was not even a tremor of the voice to tell how she suffered.

"Yes, it is your right, my poor child!" I said. "It gives me another pang to give him up, even to you, my daughter; still I do it."

She looked up quickly.

"He has told you?"

"Yes."

"Yet you speak kindly to me and do not condemn me."

A sad, beautiful smile for a moment lighted her features. She raised one of my hands and kissed it reverently.

"Thank you," she said. "Some time you will be glad for having shown this kindness to one so much in need of it. Now, mother, leave me."

I left the apartment, but did not retire. All night I sat on the floor outside the door, hoping that Katie would bid me enter; but no such summons came.

Daylight returned and the busy world moved, still I heard no movement in the chamber of death. At last my anxiety became so great that I opened the door and looked in. The girl knelt by the side of the corpse apparently asleep. Softly I stole forward and raised the drooping head. But no sad eyes met my gaze; nothing but the white face, the startling eyes of a corpse. Katie had died by her own hand, as a bottle which she clutched proved.

The next day they buried the two, my erring son and his child wife, in one grave; and as the clods fell on the coffin the brightness of my life went out forever.

Mrs. Brown could say no more, for sobs choked her utterance. Her listener, too, was deeply affected, as her pale face and tearful eyes plainly showed.

Leaving the bereaved mother for a moment, Mrs. Gray stole softly to the door and said:

"Willie!"

The child heard her and came quickly to her side.

"What is it, mamma?"

"It is so lonesome without you, darling," she said, drawing him to her.

A smile lit up his face.

"Then do you love me, mamma?"

"Love you? Oh, Willie!"

Her arms were about him now and she was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Did somebody tell you about those bad boys?" he asked, wonderingly. "They have got a flask of whisky, mamma."

"Thank God! You are saved, my darling," she cried, hysterically.

She drew him closer to her, she clung to him, showered kisses on his wondering face. But never, until he was a man, with a son of his own, did she tell him the story of that other Willie, whose childhood and his had been so much alike, and how, by the knowledge of that other Willie's unfortunate career, he had been saved by her from a like fate.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

Reading for the Million.

Our New York Letter,

Sacred Music—Other Music—Sunday—Building in New York and Real Estate—Tilton-Beecher—Boss Tweed—Rents and Empty Stores—Economy.

NEW YORK. Dec. 19, 1874.

SINGING IN THE CHURCHES.

In our boyhood days when we went to singing school, partly to learn psalmody, but principally to gaze on the pretty face of Mary Jane and go home with her after the exercises were over, we were content to furnish vocalism to the churches for nothing, and even esteem it an honor and privilege to be invited to make one of the choir.

In New York sacred music is quite another thing. Singing in choirs is as much of a profession as singing in operas—in fact, the singers who delight the public in opera, week-day nights, furnish the sacred music for the churches Sundays, and a very pretty sum it costs a church to get such music as it wants. The organists, for instance, in a reasonably plain church gets $1,000 per annum, the leader or manager gets as much more, the soprano gets from $500 to $700, the alto as much, and the tenor and basso about the same, or generally a little less. This makes the quartette. Then comes a chorus of perhaps twenty voices who are paid from $100 to $500 each, according to position, quality and capacity.

These singers are almost without exception professionals, who sing praises to the Almighty without feeling, caring or knowing what they sing—their business being purely mercenary. This scale of prices applies only to the moderately opulent churches—the great ones double or treble these figures. In Trinity for instance the music is quite as excellent in character as that of the operatic stage, and it attracts thousands of people who go for that alone.

In many of the churches choirs of boys are employed. It is all well. I see no reason why the Evil One should monopolize all the good things of life. Why should not sacred music be rendered artistically, and why should not the best musical talent be employed in the service of the temple? It attracts people to places of worship, and impresses them when they get there. At least so say the clergymen, and who should know if they don't? Beecher's church has a superb organist, Zudel, and a choir who simply lead the multitude, and Talmage does without a choir. The organ and a cornet player lead the people. When 5,000 people in that immense audience-room raise their voices together, the effect is indescribably grand. And speaking of

MUSIC,

the theatres of the city have for some months been giving what in the bills are called "Sacred Concerts," Sunday nights. The value of the "Sacred Concerts" may be inferred from the following programme:

30TH SACRED CONCERT—BOWERY THEATRE

The concert this evening will commence with the romantic drama entitled

The French Spy,

with Miss Louise Sylvester as the Arab boy, to be followed by the drama, in three acts, entitled

Jonathan Bradford,
or the
Murder in the Roadside Inn.
To conclude with
Jack Sheppard.

In all the minor theatres dramatic performances, the same as on week day nights, have been given Sunday nights, under the name of sacred concerts, and the opera troupes have been quite as unblushing in the evasion of the law.

Finally the managers of the better class of theatres entered their protest against it in conjunction with the leading citizens, and a raid on the places was inaugurated. Last Sunday night a number of them were closed, but the majority of them went through all their performances.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION

is a very difficult one to manage here. There is an enormous German and French population, who will not yield one iota of their notions on this subject. They regard Sunday as a day not only to rest, but recreation, and crowd into it all the amusement of the week. They want their gardens in the summer, and halls in the winter, and in the evening their theatres and concerts. They cannot understand why, in a "free" country they should be debarred from doing as they please on any day in the week, so that they do not interfere with others. They want to observe the day in this country as they observed it in the land they came from, and they make a vigorous fight for it. It goes into politics and has its effect upon all the elections. The German of New York knows of no question of public policy that is so important to him, and his vote is influenced more by this question than by any other. He does not believe in religious observances on Sunday, he has no sympathy with the puritan idea—in short, he is in antagonism with it all. And to him it is a vital matter, and he fights it in every possible way. It counts on election days, and from this time out it will count more.

BUILDING AND REAL ESTATE.

The real estate people are disturbed. Under the stimulus of the war and war inflation, real estate went up fearfully. Building lots in the vicinity of the Park were a few years ago counted fairly cheap at $20,000, and $25,000 was not an unusual price. They are not so high now, indeed they couldn't be sold to day for the half what was paid for them. They lay dead property. There is no use in building on them, for there are a thousand or more empty houses above 42d street, and three times that number below, not going lower down than 14th. I mentioned last week the fact that there are thousands of empty stores and offices. This condition of things is easily accounted for. New York has built houses and stores without providing the business to fill them. She has permitted Baltimore to take one part of her trade, and Boston another part. She has allowed the dangerous classes to take possession of the government of the city, and has done everything possible to check her growth and limit her prosperity. The Legislature, instead of selling or filling up the lateral canals, which never did any business and make heavy drafts on the Erie, foolishly keeps them up and drives away the trade which otherwise would find the city by that channel, and her merchants sit down on "natural advantages" and allow cartmen, middlemen and leeches generally, to suck the substance out of the grain trade.

In the meantime, Baltimore and Boston are building elevators and reaching their long railroad arms out over the country; and Canada is arranging to improve her river and canal system so as to get better connection with the great West and clip the metropolis still more.

New York is the great commercial centre of the continent, and always ought to be; but there has got to be a change of tactics or she will lose her place, sure.

LABOR

continues unsettled and unsatisfactory. The employers are discharging vast numbers of men and reducing not only the time but the wages of those they retain. The poor fellows, driven to madness, strike—the factories close, and then comes hunger, cold and desperation. This will be the worst winter New York has ever seen. Laboring men who have something to do out of New York are very lucky.

TILTON-BEECHER.

Public interest in the great scandal is being revived, the matter having come up in the courts. Moulton has settled the libel suit of Edna Dean Proctor by paying the costs already incurred and counsel fees, amounting in all to about $5,000. The public take this action of his as a confession that her case was good, but it will be remembered that he never asserted that Beecher had had criminal intercourse with her—only that Beecher told him so. This he still asserts. He settles because by giving this publicity his counsel advise him that he has laid himself liable to Miss Proctor.

BOSS TWEED.

The wicked old man is on the surface again. Tired of living in prison, knowing that Gov. Dix will not pardon him, and that the Governor elect, Tilden, dare not, if he would, he appealed once more to the courts. He was taken out of prison on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and taken before the courts, where he petitioned to be discharged on the score that the court that tried him had no jurisdiction. Judge Barrett, decided, of course, against the illustrious thief, and back he went. Wednesday night a rumor prevailed that he had given the officers the slip, and had got away to Europe, and the lie for an hour was generally credited. It was the more readily believed, for everybody knows that if the Boss has the money he is credited with, he can buy his way out without trouble. And the comment upon it was not encouraging to one who wants to believe in the honesty of mankind. "I am glad the old man has got away," said one merchant in my hearing. "Why glad?" I asked. "Oh, he has been punished enough," was the reply. And that was the expression of a full half of the people. Curious, isn't it? Here is a man who plundered the tax payers for years in a way that would have made a pickpocket blush—a man who stole right and left, not only for himself, but a horde of followers—a man, who, by sheer stealing and an adroit use of what he stole, held the city and State in the hollow of his hand, and even aspired to the control of the country; this thief, swindler and robber is pitied by the men he plundered! I can't help but think that the men who pity him, envy him, and that, placed as he was, would have done the same thing. The newspapers of the city, to their credit be it said, insist on his being kept where he is till his full term expires. Public opinion will probably keep him there till he buys his way out.

And speaking of the Boss, Gov. Dix did a good thing the other day. He supposed, as did all the world, that the rotund old thief was dressed in stripes and doing prison duty the same as other criminals. Becoming better informed he addressed a communication to Mayor Havemeyer, protesting against giving the man who plundered the city of $20,000,000, a suit of rooms, servants, citizen's clothes, and other luxuries, and of allowing him visitors at his own pleasure. Very properly, the Governor characterized this discrimination between one thief and another as a "mockery of justice." But the protest will do no good. The boss has means at his disposal, and he will be a prisoner of state as long as he chooses to stay.

RENTS AND EMPTY STORES.

The exorbitant rents demanded on Broadway are telling on that street. Between the Astor House and 14th street there are over one hundred elegant stores, in the windows of which are displayed the disheartening legend "To Let," and this legend is growing more common daily. The Broadway owners put up rents year after year, without any regard to the value of the property. $12,000, $15,000, $20,000 per annum were common figures. This was all well enough during the war and the flush era that followed it, but when the pinching times came it could not be endured. No business that could be transacted on the premises could pay the rent, and house after house went down in the vain endeavor. The landlords would not reduce, for they had faith if Smith wouldn't keep the store Jones would be glad to take it, and as they had become accustomed to living in the style of $20,000 rents they did not like to come down. But Smith either quit business or he went over to some of the side streets, and Jones too much to go into ruin blindfold, and so the stores are empty. This is as it should be. There is no reason in keeping up to war prices in anything, and rents ought to be the first to come down. True, it depreciates real estate; but why should it not? There is nothing made by calling fifty cents a dollar. Men cannot labor forever for landlords.

And, by the way, speaking of "coming down," there has been and is being

CONSIDERABLE ECONOMY

practiced at this time. Gentlemen who, a year ago were in the habit of stepping into their fashionable Broadway tailors and paying $100 or $150 for an overcoat, without asking the price, are not doing it to any alarming extent. They go into the Bowery and the other cheap streets, and buy from $30 to $50 what they would have to pay $75 to $100 for on Broadway. And they find that a pair of boots on a cheap street for $10 looks just as well and wears just as long as the pair that the pretentious Broadway maker coolly asks, and gets, $18 for. This style of economizing is getting to be very popular. Men joke about it and take a pride in it. And, to the disgust of the high-priced bars, thousands of them have changed their drinking places. They get their modest quenches or their stiff invigorators at the quiet places around the corner, where 10 cents does as much toward sending them into a drunkard's grave as 25 or 30 would at the fashionable bars. Of course there are plenty of noodles who still submit to be fleeced as of yore, but the number is growing smaller every day. Let us hope that it will continue until we get down to anti war prices. That is what the country wants. It is impossible to hold up to the old key, and the sooner we drop the better.

PIETRO.

"Mary."

Wilkens Micawber Jones is of a statistical turn of mind. It occurred to Jones the other day that Mary is a very common name and, after careful study, he hit upon an original plan of ascertaining the proportionate number of women bearing it.—This plan was to station himself at an advantageous position on one of our thoroughfares, addressing by that name every woman who passed in an hour, and then compare the number who answered to the name with the whole number passing. Nothing could be simpler, thought Wilkens, and accordingly he began his experiment the other evening just as the theatre-going tide was flowing along the street. First came two demure-looking damsels, "timid and stepping fast." Jones let them get by and then called out suddenly, "Mary!" but the young women only hurried a little faster, and the ingenious Wilkens put down two marks on the side of his tally-paper. Just as he lifted his eyes he saw a lady with an escort just in front of him, and blurted out "Good evening, Mary!" Greatly to Jones' astonishment the gentleman, and not the lady, responded; and these are what Jones saw: * * * He concluded to give up the experiment because there were to many risks about it,—especially aste risks.—*Boston Advertiser.*

LOOK ABOVE YOU, and in the overarching firmament read the truth of an all-pervading Providence. Yon sky is God's outspread hand, and the glittering stars are the jewels on the fingers of the Almighty. Do you not see that His hand closes round you on all sides, and that you cannot go where universal love shines not?—*Gill.*

A SCOTISH clergyman quoted a text of Scripture in his prayer, and added, for the instruction of his audience: "For that, O Lord, is the correct translation of the passage."

A MAN who pretended to have seen a ghost was asked what the ghost said to him. "How should I understand?" he replied. "I am not skilled in any of the dead languages."

Some Seasonable Remarks.

These are the days when we suddenly discover that the leaves which showed such glorious colors last time we looked at them have fallen, withered and brown, to strew the earth over which they lately waved. Rising betimes in the morning, now, we find ice on the pavements, and we make a mental memorandum to instruct Bridget that, during the season and until further orders, pavement washing is to be done with a dry broom. Stepping down street, we accept the hint given us by the zephyr which comes round the first corner, and button up our overcoats to the chin. Going to the office, we dispatch a postal card to our coal dealer to "hurry up that car of stove," and set the office boy to shaking the moths out of the buffalo robe, which has been lying all summer in a neglected corner. Then we poke the fire, see that the windows are all closed, say "Feels like winter this morning," and go to work.

These are the days when the Benevolent Association goes about doing good, and doing a great deal of it, in a very quiet, unostentatious way, too. Many a half-worn garment, many a load of coal, many a pound of flour, is left at the door of the worthy poor, and few know whence the articles came or whither they go; but there is room for a great deal of charity which the Benevolent Association cannot reach; there are many cases which do not come within its scope. We all have friends, or if we do not number them among our friends, we all know families too full of self-respect to beg or to make their wants known in any way, poor, hard-working, honorable men and women, who yet "have a hard time getting along in the world," and whom we could benefit very materially without cost to ourselves. We overhaul our winter clothing about this time and conclude that we need a new overcoat.—We get one accordingly, and now we are puzzled to know what to do with our old one. We already have one or two half-worn ones for bad weather, and the now second best one is like a little elephant on our hands. We have no reason for keeping it, it is too good to throw away, we even have a secret conviction that it is a little too good for the Benevolent Association; so we hang it up in the closet, and there it stays for two or three years—when Aunt Matilda comes along and claims it for her collections of carpet rags, a commodity for which, in turn, she is unable to find a market, since rag carpets are no longer fashionable. Would it not be better to say to cousin X. or neighbor Y., who is unable to buy a new overcoat this winter and whose old one is very old indeed:—"My dear fellow, don't you want this overcoat? It's a good warm one, and you'll find it a splendid thing to knock around in?"

The same principle will apply to many other things. We have an overplus of delicious soup, or chicken, or, mayhap, Thanksgiving turkey and our sick neighbor on the back street has none. We have a handful of tickets for the next entertainment, and something happens to prevent our using all of them. Most common of all, we have a quantity of magazines and newspapers which, having read, we care nothing for, but which to our friends, who have not read them, would be a feast of delight. Why not, in all these cases, share our surplus with those who lack, and in that way secure to ourselves double enjoyment of them? Madame A's time hangs heavily on her hands; Madame B's six children hang heavily on hers; and Madame A., by investing a few cents in knitting-needles and a few more in a hank of yarn, can spend a few hours both pleasantly and profitably in knitting a few pairs of warm stockings for the poorly clad feet of Madame B's children. The blessings of an approving conscience and of heartfelt thanks shall be hers, whether she has any faith in the symbolical cup of cold water or not.

The holidays are drawing near and Mr. C. has promised himself a Christmas present of a new library this year. Having done so, the old volumes are sadly in the way. Quite probably they are either piled in the lumber room, for the convenience of the rats, or they are sold to a dealer for about the price of old paper. But what a mine of enjoyment they would be to Mr. C's poorer friends, who have often looked with longing eyes on these very volumes, or to the sick boy in the next square, who has so much time and so little opportunity for the reading he loves so well.

We might go and multiply instances of the good that might be done with "oddments and remnants," and of the numberless good and beautiful things wasted because we are tired of them, or have more than we can use, which might be the means of carrying happiness to so many homes and hearts. But these hints are enough to set the reader thinking if he is disposed to think; and if he is not, our sermon is lost though we preach by the column. But we wish to add one more suggestion. It is this: While doing much for ourselves, let us do a little for others, even though it does cost a trifle. When making up the list of periodicals we wish to take next week, let us add a dollar or two and slip in a magazine for somebody who would appreciate it all the more for his inability to pay for it. When we order ten tons of winter coal, let us order half a ton of it dropped at Widow Blank's door, "just to show that we wish to be neighborly." When we buy a five dollar doll for Susy, let us spend twenty-five cents more and make some poor child happy with a cheap one. Let us, in short, heed the counsel of the wise man, as contained in our text, which, by way of a moral, we put at the end instead of the beginning of our discourse—Proverbs xxviii. 27: "He that giveth to the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes (from his neighbor's wants) shall have many a curse."

POTATO BUGS must be immortal. A man has kept some corked up in a bottle without air, food, or drink for a year and they are as lively as ever. He proposes if he lives long enough, to see how long they can stand it.

A BAD little boy in Aberdeen rubbed cayenne pepper dust all over the back of his jacket. The school-master thrashed him briskly, but dismissed the school immediately to run to the nearest chemist for eye-water.

WHEN a Portland woman chases her boy with a broom, he runs down on a wharf and jumps into the water. When he comes out his face is washed; his mother does not know him and he is safe.

COMPOSITION by a little boy—Subject: "The Horse." "The horse is a very useful animal; it has four legs—one on each corner."

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