

# The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 50.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1875.

NO. 12.

## 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 \$3.00 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 THREE 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:

	3m	6m	9m	1y	2m	6m	9m	1y
1 inch	35	65	95	125	155	225	275	335
2 "	70	130	190	250	310	450	550	650
3 "	105	195	285	375	465	675	825	975

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

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines will be charged two cents per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of this figure.

All advertising contracts are due and collectible when the advertisement is once inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and any 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 done in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

## Professional Cards.

B. T. BROWN, J. W. BAILEY,  
BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law,  
Office 24 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.

H. W. SICKMAN, D. D. W. T. GREGORY, M. R. C. P. D. S.  
BUCHANAN & GEORGIN,  
SURGEON DENTISTS,  
223 Penn St., HUNTINGDON, Pa.  
Feb. 17, 75.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law,  
No. 211, 3d street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson.  
[ap.12, 71.]

D. R. 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. DEBURN & COOPER,  
Civil, Hydraulic and Mining Engineers,  
Surveys, Plans and estimates for the construction of Water Works, Railroads and Bridges, Surveys and Plans of Mines for working, Ventilation, Draining, &c.  
Parties contemplating work of the above nature are requested to communicate with us. Office 209 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Feb. 17, 75.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Lester's new building, Hillstreet Huntingdon.  
[Jan. 4, 71.]

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa.  
[ap.12, 71.]

HUGH NEAL,  
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,  
Cor. Smithfield Street and Eighth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH, PA.  
Second Floor City Bank.  
Feb. 17, 75.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law,  
Office, No. 1, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa.  
[ap.12, 71.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law,  
at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square.  
[Dec. 4, 71.]

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

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntingdon, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents.  
Office in the Journal Building.  
[Feb. 1, 71.]

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law,  
and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Solicitor's claims against the Government for land pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness.  
Office on Hill street.  
[Jan. 4, 71.]

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

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MESSER,  
LOVELL & MUSSER,  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Huntingdon, Pa. Office 219 Penn street.  
Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch.  
[Nov. 6, 72.]

R. A. ORRISON, Attorney-at-Law,  
Patents Obtained, Office, 321 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa.  
[Jan. 17, 71.]

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntingdon, Pa. Office 219 Penn street, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.  
Aug. 5, 74-60s.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law,  
Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention attended to collections, and all other legal business transacted with care and promptness. Office, No. 29, Hill street.  
[ap.12, 71.]

HOTELS.

MORRISON HOUSE,  
OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT  
HUNTINGDON, PA.  
J. H. CLOVER, Prop.  
April 8, 1871-ly.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 813 Hill street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country.  
[Oct. 16, 72.]

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

COME TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE FOR YOUR JOB PRINTING.

If you want sale bills,  
If you want bill heads,  
If you want letter heads,  
If you want visiting cards,  
If you want business cards,  
If you want blank forms,  
If you want envelopes neatly printed,  
If you want anything printed in a workmanlike manner, and at very reasonable rates, leave your orders at the above named office.

## Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1800.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

\$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE, SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.,

## Bending for the Million.

About the Cats.

It's a powerful shame to make fun of Victor Hugo, but this is the way it is done sometimes:

FICTON NOVO.—London Punch is publishing a burlesque on Victor Hugo's last story, in which the following amusing imitation of his epigrammatic style is given. The hero is supposed to be in the streets of London at night:

"Antonero muttered to himself 'Heigho!' and passed along the deserted thoroughfares."

"He seemed to be treading on the silent tombs of the nameless and the forgotten."

"He heard the march of cats through the darkness."

"They rushed to an attack with loud cries, springing up suddenly from every quarter—rings, balconies, lamp-posts, gutters, lanes, passages, courts, alleys and thoroughfares."

"They flew up the trees in the squares, and scurried madly round the crescent."

"All their habits were nocturnal."

"The feline rule always is to appear unexpectedly."

"How many tragic sights have been witnessed by the statutes of the metropolis!"

"At Antonero's footstep the cats fled, filling every after mess with their unearthly cries."

"Quiet neighborhoods, back streets, these words sum up the whole of the Feline War."

"They live in par-levues."

"It is a quarrel of localities; of family against family; tabby against tortoiseshell; pussy-cat against pussy-cat."

"All our attempts, our movements in legislation and in education, our encyclopedias, our philosophers, our genius, our glories, all before the Cats."

"Could its youth be trained?"

"The Cat's cradle has ever been a puzzle."

"They love blind alleys. Strage blindness!"

"A colossal scuffle, a jangling of Titans, an immeasurable rebellion, without strategy, without plan, chivalric and savage, appearing like fantastic black shadows, tails of the past, the devastation of glass, the destruction of flowerpots in back yards, the ruin of squares, the ruin of invalids—such is the sleepless warfare, the unreasoning effort of the Pass-est."

"Antonero passed on among the vanishing shadows."

## An Indiana Romance.

She couldn't see it in that light. She didn't want to marry him, but he was bound she should. They both lived a couple of miles from the city and were neighbors. She refused to listen to his courtship and he grew desperate. So he went off to the West, and while out there persuaded a friend to write a letter, saying that he was dead, and asking as his dying request, that she might, if she ever went out that way, stop for a moment and toss a weed or perhaps a flower on his lonely grave. This was tender, but it didn't take worth a cent, and she wrote back a letter to the friend saying that if he had any consideration for her feelings at all to send her the dead lover's watch and chain, his money and all his valuables. To carry out his plans the dead man sent home his brass jewelry and other effects, and she immediately proceeded to don the trinkets and start to sing-school with the chosen "friend" of her heart. In this way back home the pair were started by the apparition of the last lover, clad in ghostly white, but with the old incensements intact. The young man fled, but the girl stood still, and putting up a paw which resembled an elephant's foot, naively inquired if the ghost wanted to be kicked to death by a mule. To which his ghostly reply was: "Lord! Lord! Jerusalem, he! I come all the way home to find you false!" "You bet," replied the living, laughing heartily, for she had discovered that it was really the person of her dead lover. The fellow had played a nice game, and had followed his goods and chattels back to the land of his nativity very quickly. The damsel was so disgusted with the other fellow for running at sight of the ghost that she immediately began preparations to marry the ghost.

## The Tongue.

Nothing but the proboscis of an elephant compares in muscular flexibility with its tongue. It varies in length and size in reptiles, birds and mamma, according to the peculiar organic circumstances of each. A giraffe's tongue has the functions of a finger. It is hooked over a high branch, its strength being equal to breaking off large, strong branches of trees, from which tender leaves are then stripped. An ant bear's tongue is long and round, like a whiplash. The animal tears open dry clay walls of ant hills, thrusts in its tongue, which sweeps around the apartments, and by its adhesive saliva brings out a yard of ants at a swoop. The mechanism by which it is produced so far is both complicated and beautiful. A dog's tongue in lapping water takes a form by means of volition which is imitated by an ingenious mechanic. The human tongue, in the articulation of language surpasses in variety of motions the wildest imagination of a poet. Even in swallowing food its office is so extraordinary that physiologists cannot explain the phenomena of deglutition without employing the aid of several sciences.

## How Springfield Got His Cards.

This story of a package of postal cards may seem to read like a romance, but the Springfield (Mass.) Union asserts that it is literally true. Mr. Springfield is the postmaster at Tyner, Tenn., and Mr. Tyner is the agent of the post office department at the postal card factory in Springfield, Mass. Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, needing some postal cards, ordered them from the post-office department. The order from Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, was forwarded to Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, and Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, sent the cards to Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, not getting the cards from Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, making inquiry regarding the cards ordered to be sent by Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, to Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, and this letter from Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, to Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, inquiring about the cards ordered to be sent to Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, by Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, now keeps to show to his friends when telling the story of the postal cards ordered by Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, and sent to Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, by Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, and finally received by Mr. Springfield, of Tyner.

## Business is Business.

I will never forget the surprise and pain I felt once when arguing a prominent member of a very respectable church through his influence in the temperance cause, to hear him say: "I cannot do business is business. In order to do business I often find it necessary to treat others." An official member of a church, a superintendent of a Sabbath School, yet with such practice and sentiments. I am glad to believe that such an exception number of a very respectable church, and Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, sent the cards to Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, not getting the cards from Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, making inquiry regarding the cards ordered to be sent by Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, to Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, and this letter from Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, to Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, inquiring about the cards ordered to be sent to Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, by Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, now keeps to show to his friends when telling the story of the postal cards ordered by Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, and sent to Mr. Springfield, of Tyner, by Mr. Tyner, of Springfield, and finally received by Mr. Springfield, of Tyner.

## The Human Heart.

From a recent review of Dr. Houghton's experiments regarding the muscular force exerted by the human heart, the following facts were taken:

The heart is composed of innumerable muscular fibres, arranged like two balls of twine, each with a cavity in its centre, and both completely enveloped in a third ball, but work independently. By calculation the force exerted by these fibres, when fully contracted or expanded, expressing the result in "foot-tons"—that is, the force required to lift a ton to the height of one foot—it appears that the daily work of the left ventricle alone, which lifts, at each stroke, three ounces of blood through a height of 9,233 feet, is equal to about 80,766 foot-tons.

Estimating the relative power of the right ventricle of that of the left, in the proportion of five to thirteen, the total daily work of both is equal to about 124,205 foot-tons. Although the average weight of the heart is about 9.36 ounces, the work done by it in a given time exceeds that accomplished by all other muscles exercised in a full race during the same period. Helmholtz, the German physician, proves that the heart could lift its own weight 29,250 feet in an hour, while the best locomotive engine could only raise its own weight 2,700 feet in the same time. An active climber, with the full exercise of all needed muscles, could only accomplish 9,000 feet in nine hours, or one twentieth the work done by the heart.

## "Tiger Dan."

Heroes are not scarce in these modern days, says the Houston (Texas) Telegraph, that is, men who were heroes but a few years back; but for all that a hero whose deeds are recent is still an object of attention and respect. We have one in our city who will go to Galveston to-day, en route for his friends, "Tiger Dan" is here. "Do you know who 'Tiger Dan' is?" We'll tell you. He is a young man twenty-nine years of age; was a soldier in the Confederate army, serving in Virginia—

Was for two years a Government scout and Indian guide, and being captured by the Cheyenne Indians, he kept a prisoner for two years before he escaped from them. Seven months or more ago, he started across the plains as guide for a small emigrant train going to the Pacific coast, and thereabouts, and was captured in a fight with the Apache Indians up in Arizona. The emigrants were killed and he received four wounds, from which he has not yet recovered, but in all that a helpless condition. Wounded and prostrate as he was, he escaped from his Indian captors and made his way through the wilderness of prairie on his frontiers, able only to drag himself along alone, without the means of protection or sustenance, starving and suffering with his wounds, until he reached the settlements, and found friends who helped him and nursed him to his health. He is an Irishman by birth and his name is Daniel Lynch. There is no discount given on his pluck, and the soul within him is as big as a continent. His parents live in Liverpool, but he has relatives in New Jersey to whom he is going.

## A Blush.

What is there more mysterious than a blush, that a single word or look or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek like the soft tints of the summer sunset? Strange it is, also, that the face is capable of blushing, that the hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame more than the glove or sock that covers them. It is the face that is in heaven. The blush of modesty that illumined Romeo's face when he awoke in Ebon's sun-lit land still lingers with her fair daughters. They caught it from the rose, for all roses were first white; but when Eve plucked one, the bud seeing her own fair face—more fair than the flowers—blushed and cast its reflection on her velvet cheek.

## The Wisdom of the Egyptians.

Philologists, astronomers, chemists, painters, architects and physicians, must return to Egypt to learn the origin of writing—a knowledge of the calendar and solar motion—the art of cutting granite with a copper chisel, and of giving elasticity to a copper sword—of making glass of the finest quality. Before the train had gone far, the occupants of the other compartments heard a child's cry, then another. Then came the angry tones of a man's voice: "You are not Charlie; you are Tommie; and if you make any more noise I'll throw you out of the window." "I want to go to mamma; I'm her own little Charlie," the child was heard to cry. Then the boys were heard, and a passenger said, "It is little Charlie Ross," and a rush was made. The man was dragged from his compartment, and the ladies sprang forward and put their arms about the child. They removed the covering from his face and found that instead of Charlie Ross they had in their embrace the wooden automaton with which the ventriloquist Wyman is wont to amuse the public. The practical joker was Wyman himself.

## Sold Again.

There was much excitement not long since on the train bound south from Charlottesville, Va. In the palace car was a gentleman who had stepped aboard at Charlottesville with a child muffled from head to foot in swaddling clothes. The train had gone far, the occupants of the other compartments heard a child's cry, then another. Then came the angry tones of a man's voice: "You are not Charlie; you are Tommie; and if you make any more noise I'll throw you out of the window." "I want to go to mamma; I'm her own little Charlie," the child was heard to cry. Then the boys were heard, and a passenger said, "It is little Charlie Ross," and a rush was made. The man was dragged from his compartment, and the ladies sprang forward and put their arms about the child. They removed the covering from his face and found that instead of Charlie Ross they had in their embrace the wooden automaton with which the ventriloquist Wyman is wont to amuse the public. The practical joker was Wyman himself.

## James Lorrain Dunn, Esq., died on Sunday, March 7, at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. B. Keim, in Reading. He was in his nineteenth year, and one of the oldest members of the Berks county bar, and had held various positions of trust and honor. He had been an invalid for twelve years past.

## The new church of the United Brethren, at East Conestoga, will be dedicated on Sunday, the 21st of March, 1875. Bishop Edwards will conduct the dedicatory services, assisted by a large number of distinguished ministers.

## A Bible Canvasser's Talk with a Fiddler.

A Bible canvasser called into a house on Macon street yesterday to see if he couldn't sell a book. A small lame girl opened the door in answer to his knock, and just as he entered, a man sitting on the edge of a shroul looking bed raised a fiddle to his shoulder, and commenced scraping out a tune.

"Have you a Bible in the house?" asked the canvasser as he crossed the room.

"Nary Bible," answered the man; and—

"Old Dan Tucker 'Deary's a Dream'?"

"Or a hynn-book?" continued the canvasser.

"No, nary; and—

"If you love me, Mollie darling, give your answer be a kiss!"

"I am agent for the sale of this Bible," said the canvasser, taking the volume out of his satchel.

"Couldn't buy no color, and—

"Oh darkey, how my heart goes weary, Sighing for the old days at home."

"I can sell you the book for a small amount down, and the balance in weekly payments. A great many—

"Bibles are all right, but I've got a sore foot, and—

"Tess a calm, still night, And the moon's pale light."

"If you do not care to read the book yourself, you should not refuse your child permission," remarked the canvasser.

"And the old woman's up stairs, sick with fever, and—

"They took her off to Georgia Ever since her life away."

"But it seems hard to think that you are permitting yourself and family to live in ignorance of religious—"

"Bibles is all right, and I'd encourage 'em if times wasn't so blotted—

"It's bad! You and me, Little knower of de life here."

"I have a smaller edition like this—

"You can have that by paying 5 cents down and 25 cents per week until paid up."

"No use, stranger," replied the man; "There haint nothing to do, money is tight, and—

"I've wandered this wide world Ever since her life away."

"I wish you would cease that fiddling and singing, for a moment, and let me talk to you," said the agent.

"Bibles is all right, you is all right, and—

"Oh! This world is all and dreary, Ever since her life away."

"Won't you stop for just one moment?"

"I'd like to oblige, but now's my regular time for fiddling and singing, and—

"Up in a balloon, boys, Up in a balloon."

"Then I can't sell you a Bible?"

"Don't look as if you could, for—

"I've wandered through the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree."

"And the canvasser left the house in despair.—Detroit Free Press.

## The Effects of a Sunbeam.

If the curious things in science were communicated rather than the materialistic, as presented by Prof. Tyndall and others, both profit and great pleasure would be the result. Take in its contrast the effects of a sunbeam, for example, and one sees the grand result of the most gentle and powerful, and yet variable and versatile force. As pointed by an artist pen, we see that the most delicate slip of gold that is exposed to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's inhaled breath would set it in tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, a joy beyond the useful light. Yet a few of these rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Britannian tubular bridge, will compel the closely knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would a straw. The play of these beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and boisterous rivers from their beds, only to drop down again in snow upon the hills, or in fattening showers upon the plants. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one point than another, and it desolates a whole region in its languid wrath. The marvel is that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and so unpretentious a manner.

## Whose Boy is That?

He may be seen any day, in almost any part of the village; he never makes room for you on the sidewalk, looks at you steadily and swears earnestly if asked any question; he is very impudent, and often vulgar to ladies who pass; he delights in frightening, and sometimes causes injury to little boys and girls; he hangs at the street corners, and is the first to arrive at a dog fight, or any other sport or scrap; he crawls into the parades in the evening, and multiplies himself and his antics at such a rate that people having legitimate business are crowded out; he thinks himself very sharp—he is certainly very noisy; he can make and show to have now and then, and rip out an oath now and then; he will show you he is a mother, is he ours? We think he is, for there are many good qualities in the lad, and we do not think you know what he does on the street. Look after him, mother; keep him out of house. Train him, and you will have a son to be proud of.

## Ti-Bits Taken on the Fly.

The constitution just adopted in France is the nineteenth since 1793.

And now Cincinnati makes bitter complaint of the tyranny of train's unions.

"Hail, gentle Spring," says Thompson, and Gust Spring landed and moved on.

It is estimated that forty per cent. of the seas of Florida is covered by forests.

Recent floods uncovered the remains of Federal soldiers buried at Belle Isle, Va.

A cargo of flour from St. Louis to Liverpool reached its destination in 23 days.

Two thousand francs of Vespasian's era have been found in an antique jug dug out of the street at Naples.

The total cost of the repairs to Warwick Castle, in England, amounted to \$100,000 destroyed by a national subscription.

A black bear weighing three hundred and thirty pounds, has just been killed in the town of Benson, Hamilton county, in New York.

New York has just organized a Four-in-Hand Club. All owners of such teams in the United States are eligible to membership.

Marshall Parker, of Louisiana, has telegraphed Governor Kellogg that the arbitration gives the Conservatives slight majority in the House.

The debts of various bankrupt States throughout the world amount to about \$1,200,000,000, almost all of which is due to English creditors.

A Colorado miner asserts that he has discovered, less than ten miles from Pueblo, a silver mine which will rival in richness that at Newberry.

A ship recently cleared from Savannah for Liverpool with a cargo of 5,230 bales of cotton, valued at \$100,000. The cotton weighed 2,615,000 pounds.

"What would he be, decent, if I should press the stumpy of love upon those snuggly wax lips?" "I," responded the fiery-like creature, "should be stationary."

And now it is shown by scientific analysis that gum is not the deposit of sea birds, but is composed of fossil of sponges and other marine animals and plants.

Many farmers from Nebraska and Kansas, as well as from Iowa, are moving into Iowa. People are beginning to believe that Iowa is the granary of the Union.

Six hundred men are working on full time in Erie shops at the Southampton depot