The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 50. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1875. NO. 27.

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	40	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.

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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.

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.

H. W. BUCHANAN, D. D. S. | W. T. GEORGEN, M. R. C. P., D. D. S.
BUCHANAN & GEORGEN,
SURGEON DENTISTS,
mch.17,'75.] 228 Penn St., HUNTINGDON, Pa.

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.

EDEBURN & 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, Drainage, &c.
Parties contemplating work of the above nature are requested to communicate with us. Office 269 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Feb.17-3mo.

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law. Over Wharton's and Chaney's Hardware store, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap17-tf.

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

G. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

HUGH NEAL,
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
Cor. Smithfield Street and Eighth Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Second Floor City Bank. feb.17-1y.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19,'71.

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec.4,'72

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, three doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents.
Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

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

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

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.

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.

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. 29, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Hotels.

DICKSON HOUSE,
(Formerly Farmer's Hotel,)
North-east corner of Fourth and Penn Streets,
HUNTINGDON, PA.,
SAMUEL DICKSON, - - Proprietor.
Having lately taken charge of the Dickson House, (formerly Farmer's Hotel,) I am now prepared to entertain strangers and travelers in the most satisfactory manner. The house and stable have both undergone thorough repair. My table will be filled with the best the market can afford, and the stable will be attended by careful hostlers.
May 5, 1875-y

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
Corner of Seventh and Penn Streets,
HUNTINGDON, PA.,
LEWIS RICHTER, - - PROPRIETOR.
Permanent or transient boarders will be taken at this house on the following terms: Single meals 25 cents; regular boarders $18 per month.
Aug. 12, 1874

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.

Printing.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - - J. A. NASH.

The Huntingdon Journal,
PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
—IN—
THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,
No. 212, FIFTH STREET,
HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

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TERMS:

$2 00 per annum, in advance; $2.50 within six months, and $3.00 if not paid within the year.

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TO ADVERTISERS:

— Circulation 1800. —

A
FIRST-CLASS
ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

5000
READERS
WEEKLY.

The JOURNAL is one of the best printed papers in the Juniata Valley, and is read by the best citizens in the county. It finds its way into *1800* homes weekly, and is read by at least **5000** persons, thus making it the BEST advertising medium in Central Pennsylvania. Those who patronize its columns are sure of getting a rich return for their investment. Advertisements, both local and foreign, solicited, and inserted at reasonable rates. Give us an order.

—:o:—

JOB DEPARTMENT:

With Fast Presses, all the latest styles of New Type, Borders, Cuts, and a full supply of all kinds of material necessary for the equipment of a FIRST-CLASS OFFICE, we are prepared to do all kinds of Jobbing, such as Posters of any size, Circulars, Business Cards, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Ball Tickets, Programmes, Concert Tickets, Order Books, Segar Labels, Receipts, Legal Blanks, Photographer's Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Pamphlets, Paper Books, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. Our prices are as low as those of Philadelphia, and our work will compare favorably with any done in the State. We make it a point to employ none but the best of workmen, and will not permit an *apprentice to touch a job* to be done in our Job Rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Send along your work, and see what we can do.

—COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY.—

—:o:—

☞ All business letters should be addressed to
J. R. DURBORROW & CO.,
Huntingdon, Pa.

The Story-Teller.

DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.

Locust Cottage was deserted. The auction was over, and the buyers had departed, bearing with them to their several houses the pretty furniture, the ornaments, the graceful little nicknacks that had once made this home so much pleasanter than others.

Every room was dismantled, every wall was bare, save one.

In a small parlor at the southern end of the house nothing had been touched.

A neat carpet of crimson and green "three ply" covered the floor, and the windows were shaded by damask curtains of the same color, looped up in graceful folds, and held back from the clean panes by clasping hands of gold. In the jet black grate a fire was laid neatly, just ready for lighting; and the shaded lamp, its companion for the cozy evening hours, stood on a round table, with a crimson cover, drawn up before the hearth.

On either side of this table stood a tempting-looking easy chair, with footstool to match. The recess of one window accommodated a pretty sewing-table and low chair, and a cottage piano, with a carved music-stand beside it, filled the remaining side of the wall.

On the other side of the room, exactly opposite the piano, was a tall book-case with glass doors, mounted on a kind of secretary, and well furnished with standard volumes, whose bright bindings were a pleasant sight to see.

A few good pictures, and one or two pretty statuettes and busts completed the decoration of this room which, in its beautiful order of arrangement, bore traces of a woman's hand.

The woman herself, however, was only present by proxy. That is to say, her picture over the mantel-piece represented her, and had done so for some six months past, during which time her voice and smile had ceased to make music for her husband in their once happy home.

Dead? No; alive and well, and likely to remain so for many years!

But gone? Yes; gone from her own lawful shelter and refuge, in a moment's anger, and longing to return, and ready to return, but for her foolish pride, every hour and moment of every day and night that had seen them parted.

Pride was Ada Harrison's besetting sin, and stubbornness, which he called firmness, was the great fault of her husband's character.

Between the two, as they were both young and fiery, and hasty, they had managed to make shipwreck of the happiness of their lives.

The young wife was at her father's house, some twenty miles away. The young husband had made, with one scrape of his pen, a clean sweep of all that belonged to their married existence, with the exception of the furniture of this one small room.

With the sum thus realized, he intended to start on the morrow for California—for Australia—for any place, in fact, where strength and courage and reckless impulse might work together to win a fortune—for whom?

He was asking himself this question somewhat bitterly on this evening of the auction. The money which had been paid to him for his "household gods," was lying on the table in a glittering heap, and he was separating it into two equal parts, pushing it to and fro, with an absent expression, as he gazed up at the portrait of his faithless bride.

"For better, for worse!" he said aloud, musingly, counting the heap of money that he had separated from the rest. "Not quite a year since I hung that picture up there, as the Guardian Angel of my home, and now,"—his lip quivered, and he saw the picture dimly, for a moment, through his tears.

Some one knocked at the door.

Dashing his hand across his eyes, Richard Harrison went and opened it, starting back the next moment, and looking as if he wished himself a thousand miles away.

For there, hat in hand, stood a noble-looking old man of sixty—Ada's father, with Ada's own straight features, and large blue eyes, and waving, silky hair!

Involuntarily, the young man looked out into the hall over his father-in-law's shoulder, as if expecting to see another and a slighter form lingering in the twilight on the threshhold of its deserted home.

But the hall was empty, and Mr. Mamers came in and shut the door behind him, and held out his hand in friendly greeting, as if he had not noticed that yearning, questioning look.

"I only heard of this two days ago, Richard," said he, in a hearty, kindly voice, "just after the sale was announced. I am sorry for it, very, very sorry. Why didn't you apply to me, my boy, if you were pressed for money? You know, or at least you ought to know, that for your own sake, setting everything else aside, I would help you out of any difficulty exactly as I would help a son of my own."

The kindness, the familiar voice, the warm pressure of the hand, and the friendly, concerned expression on the old man's handsome face, were all too much for Richard in this hour of loneliness and despair. He muttered something, he scarcely knew what, and turned away.

"Is everything sold?" asked Mr. Mamers, when he was more composed.

"Everything, sir."

"And who is to take these things?" inquired the old gentleman, glancing round the room.

"I—I kept them," stammered Richard, turning red.

"For yourself?"

"Yes. Perhaps I ought to send them to your daughter—to Ada, I mean. But they are all that I have left of what was once one of the happiest homes on earth, and I do not feel as if I could part with them."

"Hum! Ha! And shall you live here, Richard?"

"No," said the young man, looking surprised. "Did not your informant tell you that I was going away?"

"That is imprudent—is it not, my boy?"

"How so, sir?"

"You have a good business here."

"The business is sold too, sir."

"Indeed! May I ask what you intend to do now, Richard?"

"I am going to California first. If I do not like there, I may sail for Australia, and my stay there will depend entirely upon my success."

"Going into business there, Richard?"

"Yes, sir."

"The same kind?"

"I suppose so, sir."

Mr. Mamers walked up and down the room a few times, with his hands clasped behind his back.

"But you can scarcely carry this furniture with you for so great a distance," he began.

"It will be carefully packed and left here in charge of a friend, who has kindly offered me a room in his house for that purpose," replied the young man—"all but the portrait. I shall take that with me, wherever I go. If I should die abroad, it will be sent back to you."

"Die!"

They both glanced up at the laughing, sparkling face of the bright little blonde, who seemed to smile gayly down upon them.

"Ada has lost something of that happy expression since you two parted," said the old man, gently. "But if you should die while in a foreign land, my boy, no one would ever see a smile on that sweet face again."

"Do you really think she would care, sir?" asked Richard, huskily. "See. I have been dividing the money that this sale has brought. With the sum that I have received for the business, it will make a little nest-egg for her and for me. Give it to her, if you please, when you go home to-morrow, and tell—tell her—"

He paused. The old man did not touch the money, but kept his eyes fixed upon his son-in-law's face.

"Tell her," continued Richard, with an effort, "that I will send her more money from abroad, as soon as I light upon a vein of luck. There were many little luxuries in the way of dress, equippage, and amusements, that she longed for, while she was here. I could not always give them to her, then, for I was just beginning business, and my little capital seemed to be needed in a thousand ways. But if I once succeed out yonder, she shall never have cause to complain again. I care nothing for the money, except to throw it at her feet."

"She would give all the gold of California for her old place in your heart, my boy," said Mr. Mamers, wiping his eyes. "Nothing can comfort her, now that she knows you no longer love her."

"I? Who told her that? I do love her; and shall love her till I die!" exclaimed his son-in-law, warmly.

"Yet, in all these six months of separation you have never cared to see her, although she lives but a day's journey away. You have never even written to her, or to me."

"Dear sir—father, if I may call you so, for this last time," said the young man, taking him by the hand—"on the day of our parting, almost the last words Ada said to me were, that she never wished to see my face or hear my voice again."

"And have you never said anything to her or to others, when you were angry, that you would give the world to recall when anger was at an end?"

Richard hung his head.

"Yes. Often and often. There were things that I said to her that day that have sounded in my ears ever since.—But it is now too late to atone for them."

"Perhaps not, my son."

"I think so. These things once packed, I sail at once for the land of gold. It is possible she may forgive me when I am so far away."

"At all events, you can send Ada a message by me," suggested Mr. Mamers.

"True. Tell her then how much I regret these cruel speeches of mine on that last day. Tell her that I lied when I said I did not love her. Tell her that my life ever since she went out yonder door, has been made up of nothing but penitence and regret. At last I could endure it no longer. I would have gone to her—I would have told her this myself—I would have asked her pardon on my knees," said Richard, excitedly, "only I thought she would spurn me away. And yet you say that she loves me still! If I had known in time this home would never have gone. I kept this room to the last, half hoping all the time that Ada might come back.—But it is too late now—far too late! I am a ruined man! I am a beggar! Thank God she is safe in your home and under your care, where she will want for nothing. Poor Ada! When we were first married—yes, and for many months after we came to this house, I was just as happy with her as the days were long. Poor, poor girl! It would have been better, perhaps, if she had never met me, since it must all end like this."

He laid his head down upon his folded arms beneath his wife's picture.

The door of the parlor opened a second time, and a lovely lady glided noiselessly across the floor, bearing a sleeping infant in her arms.

One glance from her face to that of the portrait would have been sufficient to reveal the secret of her identity to any stranger.

The child upon her breast had the dark hair and level brows of his father, and eyes like his, that were now closed in a quiet slumber. Motioning his daughter into the window recess, where the damask curtains temporarily concealed her, Mr. Mamers laid his hand on Richard's shoulder, saying, kindly:

"My dear boy, if you would go to Ada now, you would find her more willing to receive you than she ever was before.—These six months of pain and separation have taught her how much she loves you. Come, do not be so downcast. Go with me to my home if you do not care to go on living here; get other goods and chattels about you, in the place of those that have been associated with your quarrels and unhappiness; take back your business, and with me to assist you, and Ada to love and cherish you, be a man again, and do a man's work here in the place where you were born, and among the friends who have always known you. Let California swallow up the waifs who have no home or friends; yours are both here, and *do* not wish to spare you."

"If I had a fortune to give Ada, if I had this home once more which I have so dismantled in my trouble, I would accept your offer," said Richard, dejectedly.—"But if she was discontented before, when I was a hundred times better off than I am now, what will she be when she knows me to be a beggar, without even a comfortable roof to cover her head? No, sir; let me go and seek for gold, as I have planned. If Ada cares for me—nay, even if she does not positively hate me—I shall have all the encouragement I need to labor. One year, or at the most two, and then, if God spares my life, I will return to her, and try to give her a home far happier than the one that I have lost for her to-day."

"Richard," said his father-in-law, "the home is yours—now—at this moment. The auction has been nothing but a blind, for your friends, seeing you so determined on dismantling the place, as you say, sent tidings to me, and bought the things up to-day only to restore them to you to-morrow. Your business will be your own once more on the condition that you take the new purchaser as your partner—a change that I recommend heartily, as he is an honest and energetic young man, with a large amount of capital unemployed. For the rest, since all my arguments have failed to pursuade you, listen to this one, and tell me what answer you will give."

He stepped back and lifted the curtain from the window. Richard, looking up, saw only Ada, and fell at her feet with a cry from the depths of his heart, for forgiveness, and for love once more.

But she, kneeling down beside him, drew away the kerchief from her bosom with a heavenly smile, and showed him the infant nestling there.

"We can never quarrel again, love," she said, placing her arm around his neck, and drawing his cheek down beside the child's, so that her lips might touch them both in one fond kiss.

"My wife—my child!" said Richard, in an awe-struck tone; "and I thought myself deserted and alone in the world. I had even thoughts of suicide floating through my mind, in my despair. Oh, Ada, forgive me, and pray to God for me, that I may be a husband and a father, such as your sweet love deserves. My wife—my child!" he repeated again, and bending his face down upon her shoulder, he burst into tears.

Before twenty-four hours had passed by, their pretty cottage smiled the old welcome to friend and neighbor once more. A happier home than Locust Cottage you will scarcely find in the world; for, warned by the sufferings of the past, its inmates set a guard upon their hearts and lips, never forgetting how near they came to shipwrecking their peace forever, in that darkest hour that heralds the second dawn of faith and love!

Reading for the Million.

Crops in the Northwest.

Summary of Reports of Wheat, Corn, Oats and Barley—Ravages of Grasshoppers and Other Pests.

The *Western Rural* has collected a large amount of information about the crops in the Northwest, which it publishes in this week's edition. The following is a summary:

Wheat.—The reports clearly indicate that the acreage of wheat this year in the Western States is much less than last year. Thus, in Illinois, but three reports indicate an increased acreage, while twice as many show but one-half as much, or even less. In Wisconsin no reports show an increase, but two an equal acreage, while some show not more than one-half. In Iowa nearly the same coudition is shown. In Michigan the acreage was not materially reduced. In some of the newer States increased acreage is reported. As to condition, the reports are not unfavorable, a majority of all indicating at least average condition Michigan makes a poor showing, Illinois stands well, Wisconsin and Iowa very large, but the general average is not bad.

Corn.—Undoubtedly the acreage planted in the West was larger than in any former year. In Illinois no report shows less acreage than last year, and an increase of twenty or twenty-five per cent. In Iowa the same is true, with several reports of an increase of fifty per cent. Wisconsin is not a great corn State, but shows an increase of at least twenty-five per cent. in acreage. Michigan and Missouri also show a considerable increase. The reports of condition are not so good as is desired, but it is probable that many of the unfavorable reports indicate lateness of the crop rather than bad condition. Otherwise, bearing in mind the comparative quantities given in the different States, our reports show a prospect, at the middle of June, of about four-fifths an average crop.

Oats.—The average in oats is considerably increased over that of last year, and the general prospect is of at least a full average crop. Illinois gives several reports of less than an average condition, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, etc., in nearly all cases showing good prospects.

Barley.—Illinois shows a reduced acreage; Iowa, Wisconsin and Nebraska an increase. The prospect for the crop as a whole is below average.

Insects.—In very few cases is an increase of injury from insects, compared with last year, reported. Of course this does not include the grasshopper districts, but there are many more cases in which grasshoppers have done less injury, than where they have done more, than last year. Chinch and potato bugs are very plentiful in many places, but as a whole, not so numerous as last year. It is cause for rejoicing that, although there are few regions in which some crop does not make a poor showing, in a number of localities most crops look up promising.

The general crop prospect, especially in Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska, is of an aggregate full average yield of the great farm staples.

A Palace of Silence.

Away up on the hill that overlooks Naples stands the Carthusian monastery of San Martino. The monks who inhabited the glorious palace—for it is nothing less—were men of noble birth and vast fortune. The church is now one of the most magnificent in Italy. Agate, jasper, lapislazuli, amethyst, Egyptian granite and fossil wood, together with marble of every tint, are so blended in mosaics that line the whole edifice, and the carvings are so rich and graceful that the interiors of some of the chapels seem like Eden bowers transfixed by a miracle and frozen into stone. And in this spot lived a brotherhood who came from the first circles of society and buried themselves in this gorgeous tomb, for it was little else. The monks took a vow of perpetual silence, lived apart, ate apart, and met only for the unsociable hours of prayer, when each was wrapped in his own meditation, and no one uttered a syllable. Each of the little cells where they slept had a small window or closed, communicating with one of the corridors, and in this closet was placed the frugal meal which was then taken into the cell and eaten in solitude. Every quarter of an hour a bell struck, to remind the listeners that they were so much nearer to their death. In the garden the railings are ornamented with marble skulls, and the only sounds that used to disturb this splendid solitude were the tread of handaled feet, the rustle of long, white robes, or the clang of the bells that tolled off their solemn lives in brief moments, that yet might have seemed long to them. These monks, like most others in Italy, have been driven from their retreat, and all their treasures confiscated by Victor Emanuel.

Mr. Coffin's Spelling Match.

THE OLD LADY PUTS HIM DOWN WITH ONE OF HER SPELLS—STRIKING EFFECTS.

The other evening old Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, who live on Brush street, sat in their cosy back parlor, he reading the paper and she knitting, and the family cat stretched out under the stove, and sighed and felt sorry for cats not so well fixed.—It was a happy, contented household, and there was love in his heart as Mr. Coffin put down his newspaper and remarked:

"I see that the whole country is becoming excited about spelling schools."

"Well, it's good to know how to spell," replied the wife. "I didn't have the chance some girls had, but I pride myself that I can spell almost any word that comes along."

"I'll see about that," he laughed; "come now, spell 'buggy.'"

"Humph! that's nothing—b-u-g-g-y, buggy," she replied.

"Missed the first time—ha! ha!" he roared, slapping his leg.

"Not much—that was right."

"It was, eh? Well, I'd like to see anybody get two g's in buggy, I would."

"But it's spelled with two g's and any schoolboy will tell you so," she persisted.

"Well, I know a durn sight better than that!" he exclaimed, striking the table with his fist.

"I don't care what you know!" she squeaked; "I know that there are two g's in buggy."

"Do you mean to tell me that I've forgotten how to spell?" he asked.

"It looks that way."

"It does, eh? Well, I want you and all your relations to understand that I know more about spelling than the whole caboodle of you strung on a wire!"

"And I want you to understand, Jonathan Coffin, that you are an ignorant old blockhead, when you don't put two g's in the word buggy—yes you are!"

"Don't talk that way to me?" he warned.

"And don't shake your fist at me!" she warned.

"Who's a shaking his fist?"

"You were!"

"That's a lie—an infernal lie!"

"Don't call me a liar you old bazaar!—I've put up with your meanness for forty years past, but don't call me a liar, and don't lay a hand on me!"

"Do you want a divorce?" he shouted, springing up; "you can go now, this minute!"

"Don't spit in my face—don't you dare do it or I'll make a dead man of you!" she warned.

"I haven't spit in your freckled old visage yet, but I may if you provoke me further!"

"Who's got a freckled face, you old turkey-buzzard?"

That was a little too much. He made a motion as if he would strike, and she seized him by the neck-tie. Then he reached out and grabbed her right ear and tried to lift her off her feet but she twisted upon the neck-tie until his tongue ran out.

"Let go of me you old fiend!" she screamed.

"Git down on yer knees and beg my pardon, you old wild cat!" he replied.

They surged and swayed and struggled, and the peaceful cat was struck by the overturning table and had her back broken, while the clock fell down and the pictures danced around. The woman finally, shut her husband's supply of air off and flopped him, and she bumped his his head up and down on the floor, and scattering his gray hairs she shouted:

"You want to get up another spelling school with me, don't you?"

He was seen limping around the yard yesterday, a stocking pinned around his throat, and she had court plaster on her nose, and one finger tied up. He wore the look of a martyr, while she had the bearing of a victor, and from this time out "buggy" will be spelled with two g's in that house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Pleasant Kitchen.

Considering that so many women of the middle classes are obliged to pass a great portion of their time in the kitchen, why not make it an attractive apartment, rather than stow away in the basement, or in some dark corner of the house, as now too frequently done? Most houses display pleasant sitting rooms; but if we judge of the conveniences and general pleasantness of the kitchen by the rooms in the front of the house, we find in many instances, we utterly fail in our conjectures. To make a little show in company-rooms, how many actual kitchen comforts are denied in many households! In the first place, every kitchen should be prettily grained and papered. A little paint and paper work makes such a transformation, why not have them in the kitchen and deny ourselves luxury in the front part of the house, if we can't have both? A coat or two of whitewash is desirable twice a year, for looks and cleanliness. A large stove or range is indispensible, even in a small family, in order to do the cooking properly. As it has been proved by physicians that the health of a family is sensibly influenced by the quality of food it consumes, this question of cookery is by no means an unimportant one. What cook can place a perfect dinner on the table if she has not all the conveniences necessary to produce so desirable a result? It is surely better to commence our housefurnishing at the kitchen, and work towards the front as we are able. Let your kitchen closet be well stocked even though the parlor suffers a little. Surely the health of the household, and the comfort of the house-mother, should be placed above all other considerations.

Asked God to Help Her.

The Danville (Va.) *Advocate* says: "An interesting daughter of Professor O., of this city, last summer, in eating a watermellon, got one of the seeds lodged in her windpipe. The effort was made to dislodge it, but proved ineffectual, and it was thought that the child would have to be taken to one of the large cities to have an operation performed by a skillful surgeon. To this she was decidedly opposed, and pleaded with her mamma to tell her if there was no other way of relief. Finally, in order to quiet her childish fears, her Christian mother told her 'to ask God to help her.' The little one went into an adjoining room, and shortly thereafter came running to her mamma with the seed in her hand and her beautiful and intelligent face lighted up with joy. In response to the eager inquiry of the mother, the little one said she had asked God to help her, and while she was praying she was taken with a severe cough, in which she threw up the seed."

Angling for a Husband.

"M. H. B.," the sprightly New York correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*, furnishes the following:

"In a Fifth avenue boarding house of great pretentions, dwells a Mrs. H——— and a Mrs. E———, two airy females, who live for no other purpose than to see other folks' clothes, and get new ones for themselves. A gentleman boarder had business with a very worthy, plain old fellow, and for weeks had him to board at the house. His common clothes and clumsy manners afforded vast amusement to the two fair ladies. They tee-hee-ed and grimaced at almost every move the old man made, till at last the worthy man's patron thought he'd turn the tide. He encountered Mrs. H., and in a careless way he introduced the subject, regretting that Mr. ——— did not take more pains with his costume, he being one of the solid men of Wall street, worth in the neighborhood of five or six millions. The bait took. The other lady asked a confederate of the first gentleman if it was really possible Mr. ——— was worth that much, and the party addressed said he thought that large fortunes were usually over estimated, but he presumed, were he forced to sell, he would come out with three or four millions from his stocks; about his real estate he knew nothing.

That night at dinner the two ladies were effusive in their attention. The old gentleman passed most of the evening in the private parlor of one of them, the most honored of the many guests.

One of the ladies had him out to ride in her vehicle, and after a few days, poor old Mr. ———, who announced himself a widower, was being actually courted by Mrs. H., who is the separated (divorced) wife, I believe, of a noted bankrupt druggist, who made the city lively a few years ago. Mrs. H., had a box during the Kellogg season at the opera and often the old "Wall Street solid man" was its occupant.

When allusions were made to investments and stocks, in his simple way he joked, never thinking their inquiries were made in any other spirit but that of fun.

Alas! this week Mrs. H., and Mrs. E., sitting at the dinner table one night, shedding their sweet smiles upon Mr. Solid Man, happened to mention they were going to Brooklyn next morning. Up speaks the old man:

"If you are going up Fulton street you must stop and buy a bouquet of my daughter; she keeps a florist shop pretty near Montague street." "Your daughter 'keeps a florist shop!" exclaimed both ladies.

"Certainly, ma'am," returned the "Wall street man." "After I gave up my nursery out in Flushing, Hannah made arrangements with my successor to be furnished with flowers, and she's done a good business ever since." Well, the whole table laughed, taking in the situation at once. Such a pair of discomfited women one seldom sees. They have driven out every day since and cut the solid man and his patron dead from the awful hour when they discovered how sweetly they had been sold."

State News.

Forest county pays six dollars each for wild cat scalps

Harrisburg will hereafter keep an official record of births.

The strike recently ended in the mining region was of six months duration.

The Roman Catholics of Tidioute are building a $5,000 school house.

Carrolltown, Cambria county, is talking of organizing a banking house.

Fred Keller a boy of eleven years, was drowned at Warren on Sunday last.

Louis Brantiner, of Baden, Beaver county, committed suicide on Sunday last.

A clerk in a Corry hardware store skedadled with $1,800 of his employers cash.

Mr. George Reinoehl, an aged citizen of Lebanon, died on Friday last, aged nearly eighty.

Rattlesnakes are said to be alarmingly numerous along the line of the Bell's Gap Railroad.

A drunken woman was arrested in Philadelphia, the other day, with a dead child in her arms.

There are 244 Masonic blue lodges in this State, with a Master Mason membership of 34,772.

During the three months ending with the 22d inst, there were but twenty deaths in Johnstown.

John Roach, of Greene county, has fifty-two grandchildren and fifty-six great grand-children.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax will deliver the oration at Carbondale, Luzerne county, on the 5th of July.

Clearfield schools had an average total attendance last school year of four hundred and eighty-two.

Snakes are unusually scarce in the mountains this season. Perhaps the long, cold winter destroyed them.

The fork factory at Williamsport was partially destroyed by fire on Monday.—Loss 25,000; insurance $20,000.

The water supply at the Berks county poor house is failing, and efforts are being made to provide for an emergency.

A Mechanicsburger was fined at Lykens, the other day, for delivering dead trees. They had the "dead wood" on him.

A new saw mill has been organized at Williamsport by James Murch & Co., which cuts 60,000 feet of lumber per day.

A million dollars worth of judgments have been entered of record in Schuylkill county, as a result of the recent coal strike.

A little daughter of James Bauser, of Bedford county, swallowed a pen, a few days ago, which caused its death shortly afterward.

So much devilment has been done in Dauphin county, lately, that the Criminal Court will have to sit two weeks, instead of one, as is usual.

A boy named Williams fell from a tree in Womelsdorf and sustained a concussion of the brain, which caused his death a few days afterwards.

In Clearfield county licenses were granted on Monday morning, the bars were all open by 10 o'clock, and the town had 100 drunken men in it that night.

Five hundred and twenty-seven children who have reached the minimum age (sixteen years) will be discharged from the Soldiers' Orphan School this year.

Sensible Nonsense.

Half the discomforts of life are the results of getting tired of ourselves.

People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours.

Intellect without judgment is what ails about one half of the smart people in this world.

To lie about a man never hurts him, but to tell the truth about him sometimes does.

Christians seem to fight under cover, but the devil stands boldly out and dares the world to single combat.

The man who is always confessing his sins, and never quitting them is the most consistent man I ever knew or.

The man who can set himself to work at anything on five minutes notice, has got one the best trades I know or.

I have made up my mind that human happiness consists in having a good deal to do, and then keep doing it.

Young man, you better be honest than cunning, and it is hard work to be both.

My experience in life has been that I won't go into 5 and have much or anything left over.

Faith lightens up the road, so that we can read the letterings on the mile stone as we travel. Faith is one of them kind of warriors that don't know when he is whipt.

She don't sit down and grow stupid with resignation, and get weak with the hurry or her attributes, but she is the heroine of a forlorn hope.

Honesty is the best card in the pack, it is always trumps, and thar is no man big phool enuff but what he can play it right every time.

Above all things learn your children to be honest and industrious; if these two things don't enable him to make a figger in this world he is only a cypher, and never was intended for a figger.

An Ideal Home.

A writer says: The most perfect home I ever saw, was in a little house, into the sweet incense of whose fire went no costly things. Six hundred dollars served for a year's living of a father, mother, and three children. But the mother was a creator of home, and her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen. Even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created. Every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day, and it always rang clear. From the meanest or the clover leaf, which in spite of her housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She always has been, and always will be, my ideal of a mother, a wife. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite tact had been added the appliance of wealth and the enlargement of wider culture, here would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it is the best I have ever seen. It has been more than twenty years since I crossed the threshhold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But as I see home after home in which fathers, mothers and children are dragging out their lives in a hopeless alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that little cottage by the sea shore, and the woman who was the "light thereof," and I find in the face of many women and children, as plainly written and as sad to see as in the newspaper columns of "Personals"—"Wanted—A Home."

Rattlesnakes for Dinner.

There is nothing in which the sad and simple denizen of the far West so delights as in astonishing the tender Emerald immigrant. Fifteen of these wistful beings, fresh from the gorgeous civilization of the East, fluttered into a Virginia City restaurant the other day for breakfast. While they were studying the bill of fare a curious Virginia citizen walked in and measured them with a glance. The opportunity was too delicious to resist. He sat down and loudly remarked: "Waiter, how long does a man have to wait before you come to take his order?" The startling waiter shrieked, "All right, Mr. Terry; what'll you have, Mr. Terry?" The passive Terry instantly ordered in a tone of thunder the following picturesque dishes: "Baked horntoad, two boiled lizards on toast, with tarantula sauce; stewed rattlesnakes on the side." The waiter was acquainted with the ways of Virginia City, and without even the quiver of an eyelash observed to the Chinese meniale in the kitchen: "Baked horned to-a-d; two boiled lizards on to-a-st, tar-an-tula sauce; stewed rattlesnakes on the side! For Mr. Terry—ve-e-ry nice and well done." Mr Terry's real breakfast, privately ordered presently appeared, and every individual immigrant choked himself and got a pain in his spine in looking over his shoulder in the vain effort to see the remarkable dish which the ingenious Terry was calmly enjoying.

Rowing Against the Tide.

About thirty miles above Wilmington, N. C., lived three fellows, named respectively Barham, Stone and Grey, on the banks of the East river. They came down in a small row-boat, and made it fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city, but for fear they would be dry before getting home, they procured a jug of whisky, and after dark, of a black night, too, they embarked in their boat; expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all the energy that three half-tipsy fellows could muster, keeping up spirits in the darkness by pouring spirits down. At break of day they thought they must be near home, and seeing through the dim gray of the morning a house on the river side, Stone said:

"Well, Barham, we have got to your place at last."

"If this is my house," said Barham, "somebody has been putting up a lot of outhouses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about, and see where we are, if you'll hold her to."

Barham disembarks, takes observations, and soon comes stumbling along back,