The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 50. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1875. NO. 37.

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.

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

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(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

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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 patnage from town and country. [oct16,'72.

Printing.

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

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

—:o:—

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—:o:—

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—:o:—

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Huntingdon, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

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For Puddings, Blanc Mange, Ice Cream, &c.

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August 4, 1875.] Huntingdon, Pa.

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The Muses' Bower.

A Mother's Prayer.

The sweetest sound heard through our earthly home—
The brightest ray that gleams from heaven's dome—
The loveliest flower that e'er from earth's breast rose—
The purest flame that, quivering, gleams and glows—
Are found alone, where kneels a mother mild,
With heart uplifted, praying for her child.

The stream of tears can never cease to flow
Long as life's sun shall shine on us below;
And many angels have been sent by God
To count the tear-drops wept upon life's road;
But of all the tears that flow, the least defiled
Are when a mother prays beside her child.

Because it is to mortal eyes unseen,
Ye call it foolishness, a childish dream.
In vain; ye cannot rob me of that thought,
That legend, with such heavenly sweetness fraught,
That blessed angels have for ages smiled
To see a mother praying for her child.

The Story-Teller.

A WOMAN'S PRIDE.

It was a fair, sunny day in August.—They went out on the cliffs, fathoms above the sea, at play. She, a dark-eyed, haughty faced young beauty of thirteen; he, a tall, stalwart boy a year her junior.

There was a wide difference in their stations in life. You had only to note the richness of her silken robes, the coarseness and threadbare scantiness of his, to feel assured of that. No gentleman's son wore a blue blouse and a tattered cap like Duke Rutherford's.

The children were gathering moss from the rocks, and chatting gayly together, forgetful of rank or station. They had met often thus for the last six years.

Duke's father was a day-laborer on the estate of Hortense Delmaine's high-bred mother.

The Rutherfords had not always been hirelings. For generations back they were titled noblemen in the family, but political differences had taken the title out of the name, and, early in life, Hugh Rutherford, the Duke's father, had emigrated to this country, and married, soon after, the blooming daughter of a small farmer. The young couple had nothing but health and true love; and after a few years even this last sweet boon was taken away.—Mrs. Rutherford died, and her husband had only her six months' old boy to toil for.

No restraint was put upon the intercourse between Duke Rutherford and Hortense Delmaine by the proud lady mother of the young heiress. If she thought of the matter at all, she trusted to the inborn pride of her daughter, and to the cold contempt she had tried so faithfully to imbue her with—contempt for all that was low or ill-bred.

Mrs. Delmaine read her favorite novels, entertained her chosen company, and reigned queen at the halls, and Hortense enjoyed the freedom of the cliffs.

The young girl was almost reckless in her daring at times. This afternoon she was in her most dangerous mood. A cluster of purple flowers growing in a cleft in the rocks attracted her attention. She sprang towards them. The Duke waved her back.

Before he could prevent her, she had swung herself over the precipice, and resting one foot on a narrow shelf of rocks, her left hand clinging to a frail shrub that had taken root in the sparse earth at the top, with the other she grasped the coveted blossom.

Duke, white and rigid, stood above her, looking down. She shook the flowers above her head, and said:

"I dare do what a boy trembles seeing done."

She stopped hastily in the gay, taunting speech she was making. The treacherous rock under her foot crumbled and fell—there was only a little swaying shrub to hold her back from eternity.

Duke threw himself upon his face, reached over, caught her uplifted hand in his, and drew her up slowly, laboriously—for she was nearly his own weight, and he realized too well how much hung on the result to be hasty or reckless of his strength. He rose to his feet, lifting her up with him.

For one moment, breathless and overcome by the thought of what she had escaped, she leaned against him, then turning coldly away she seated herself on a rock.

"Well," said she haughtily, "you have saved my life, I suppose. What is it worth? My mother will—"

She stopped abruptly. Duke's face had grown crimson, and his lips were compressed. She understood him, and forebore the insulting speech she was about to make. Her voice was softer when she spoke, for being proud herself, she respected pride in others.

"Forgive me, Duke. What shall I give you to show you how grateful I am?" and she began to detach the heavy gold chain she wore at her girdle. He put it back when she offered it.

"Give me the bunch of heliotrope in your hair."

She pulled it out and laid it in his hand.

"Good-bye, Duke, I am going home; may not see you again. To-morrow I am going away to Wilbraham to school.—Don't you wish you could go to school?"

That night Mr. Rutherford called Duke into his bed-chamber, where he kept his private desk and his meagre stock of books. He took from an ebony casket a ring set with diamond orbitone.

"There, my son," he said, "is the only thing I have on earth to show that noble blood flows in my veins. That ring belonged to my great grandfather, the Duke of Somerset. It cost five thousand dollars. It will bring readily more than half that sum. I bequeath it to you. Will you keep it to show the world that your ancestors were noble or—or—" He paused and looked eagerly into the face of the boy.

"Or what, father?" Duke's face was eager, hopeful. Already he had half divined his father's meaning.

"You love books. I had thought you might desire an education. The proceeds of that ring will defray your expenses at school—maybe through college. But you can keep it, if you choose. Which shall it be?"

"Oh, father! knowledge before anything else in the world. What care I if my body starve, so that my soul be fed?"

So it was decided, and a fortnight afterward Duke left Romney and entered the preparatory school at the town of C——.

Six years passed. Duke had been six months at college, and was home on a brief vacation.

Miss Delmaine had just graduated at a fashionable finishing school and returned to the Hall, a wondrously beautiful and accomplished young lady, followed by a train of obsequious admirers.

One still June night she stole away from the revelry of the Hall, and went, as of old, to the cliffs. Duke was there before her, sitting silent in the moonlight, looking out to the sea. He heard her step—perhaps the thrill of his heart told him who was coming. The heliotrope had lain there all these six years. He arose and turned toward her, waiting her pleasure. She might recognize him or not, just as she chose.

She passed him with a haughty glance. He did not flinch, but stood with folded arms—his tall, manly figure outlined against the purple sky, his face lit up by the young moon. A faint flush rose to her white forehead.

"Is it Duke Rutherford?"

"Miss Delmaine!" Allow me to welcome you home."

She gave him her hand. After all old memories still held sway in her heart.

Some secret audacity moved him to say it.

He bent over and whispered: "I have got the heliotrope yet, Hortense."

Her eyes blazed; she snatched her hand from his as if his touch stung her.

"Remember to whom you are talking," she said sharply.

"I do remember."

"I have other business than listening to the talk of a love-sick boy. So good night."

* * * * * *

Six years have passed again. Duke Rutherford had a name in the land. On graduating he had studied law, been admitted to the bar in due time, and after two year's successful practice his talent had won for him the appointment of judge for the district, quite a lucrative position.

One day, late in November, he found himself on board an ocean steamer, on a business tour to Europe, and was returning home. There was a gay party of ladies and gentlemen among the passengers, wealthy aristocrats, who had been "doing" the wonders of the world.

The second day of the voyage they were all on deck at sunset—promenading, laughing, chatting—enjoying the fresh breezes. Duke was there also. He met Hortense Delmaine face to face—a proud, beautiful woman now. Her youth had not made false prophesies of the glory of her womanhood. He had heard of her fame in the gay Parisian capital; and, looking at her now, he was free to confess that she had not won undeserved laurels.

She was leaning on the arm of a tall Spanish looking man. Though she smiled at his soft nothings, she was gazing out, over and beyond him and his range of thought, to the sea, stretching so darkly blue and boundless to meet the twilight glory.

Duke Rutherford stopped before her just as she disengaged herself from her companion.

"It is the same old ocean upon which we used to look from the cliffs, Miss Delmaine," he said quickly.

She was leaning over the side of the vessel, looking down at the water. She lifted her eyes, shuddered slightly, and drew up her shawl. Duke assisted her.

"Mr. Rutherford, you turn up once in six years, it seems."

He smiled to himself. So she remembered how long since she had seen him.

"It is like going back to my lost boyhood to see you. Miss Delmaine. I—"

He did not finish the sentence. Her late companion approached and drew her arm within his. She mentioned the gentlemen's name to each other—"Mr. Trevanon, Mr. Rutherford." They bowed coldly.

Afterward Miss Delmaine and Mr. Rutherford never met alone. Sometimes, surrounded by her friends, she came upon him, and acknowledged him by a distant bow—but there was nothing more between them.

The voyage was drawing to a close.—They were nearing the harbor. A great storm arose; the vessel was driven out of her track and drifted down to the capes. One dark, direful night, in spite of skill and frenzied effort, the ship struck the rocks on the lee shore and parted.

A little moment to realize the fearful horror of that situation was left those on board. Miss Delmaine, pale but calm was holding the arm of Mr. Trevarnon. Her friends shrieking and terrified, stood near. She was not looking at the threatening destruction before her, but over her shoulder, with a hungry, wistful something in her eyes, as if she forgot what she saw not. The expression died out as Duke Rutherford appeared. For an instant their eyes met.

Then!—the ship lurched violently—there was a dull plunge, a wild shriek of agony, and the water swarmed with struggling human beings. The world had grown dark to Hortense, but she felt herself borne up by some power beyond her own strength—upward and onward through the billows, till her feet touched the firm shore of the cape. Then into the light and warmth of a fisher's cottage, and when they had laid her down on the rude settee she opened her eyes and saw—Duke Rutherford.

"You saved me?" she asked.

"I had the honor."

The door opened and Mr. Trevanon appeared. Whatever Hortense might have said by way of thanks, was checked by his sentence, and directly afterward Duke went out. Three weeks passed before they met again, and then it was at the old place on the cliffs, at Romney.

Mrs. Delmaine was dead! Hortense had been to visit her grave, and on her return sat, for a moment, on the gray, familiar rock to look out on a wintry sea. Her eyes were still wet; she had been weeping over the dead.

Duke found her thus, and seating himself beside her, drew her head down on his shoulder.

"Hortense," he said, "I love you. I defy your contempt; I dare repeat it to you. I love you!"

For a moment it seemed to him that she clung to him, then cast him away, and rose to her feet. And when she spoke her voice was cold and unmoved: "On New Year's eve I am to be married to Eugene Trevanon."

Duke started up—seemed about to make some impetuous speech, checked himself, bowed and left her.

And she threw herself down where he had stood, moaning out, "Oh! pride! pride! it will be my death."

* * * * * *

It is the last day of the old year.

Duke Rutherford, a stern and gloomy man, was to bid adieu to his native land for a long season.

All unconsciously, he turned his steps toward Delmaine Hall. It rose up, a gloomy, massive pile, lighted only by the red firelight, at a single window. To-morrow it would blaze with lamps lit to shine upon her bridal.

He paused to turn back, but something led him on. Through the deserted garden, up to the broad door that stood ajar. All was quiet within. The guests were in bed. Only one tardy servant was up—it will do no harm to glance within.

He stepped to the door of the room where he had seen the light and pushed it softly open. He saw no one. Still he went on, and sat down in a great lounging chair before the warm blaze.

Some one rose up on the sofa at the other end of the fire place. He started up, and an apology on his lips for his audacious intrusion. She—it was Hortense—clad, not in bridal robes, but in sable vestments, and destitute of ornament came toward him, looked up into his eyes, and let her white hand rest upon his shoulder.

"Duke," said she, her eyelids drooping, her cheeks crimson, "have I offended past forgiveness?"

He did not answer. Only looked at her. She went on persistently: "I will let the truth speak, Duke Rutherford, I love you. I have loved you all along, but pride came nigh being my ruin. Thank God, at last I have clean hands and a pure heart. I have dismissed Eugene Trevanon, and true to myself, true to you, I cast aside all womanly modesty and shame, and tell you that I love you."

"Hortense, is this thing true? Are you done with that man?"

"I have done with him," she said, softly.

He gathered her in his arms. "And whose are you now?"

"Yours, if you will take me."

And Duke Rutherford did not sail for Europe.

Reading for the Million.

Our New York Letter.

Heat, Dust and Peaches—Business—Cost of Coming to New York—Crime—Ralston, the Dead Banker—Politics.

NEW YORK, September 20, 1875.

HEAT, DUST AND PEACHES.

Fervid heat and intolerable dust mark the opening of September, and raise many a long sigh as we read of the frosts and bracing weather of the Northwest. Water-carts perambulate the streets all day long, ice cream is the staple article of diet, and the baskets of spotted peaches left by the glut in the market, raise but a feeling of safety. The genius who would invent a way to get rid of peaches here this year would call forth the thanks of dealers. It is unfortunate that they can't be sent by balloon to the desolate West, whose peach orchards bear no longer. They would serve a double purpose—as ballast and freight—while the coolness of the upper atmosphere would preserve their freshness in high flavor. Peaches might be sent overnight from New York to Chicago, and the prevailing odor of the markets and wharves considerably improved thereby. Venders hold very fair fruit at ten cents the half-peck, piled and running over, while baskets are selling from fifty to sixty cents. Peach ice cream is the popular delicacy, with the comforting persuasion that pure fruit is used for flavoring it. While speaking of the products of this part of the country, it may be mentioned that clams are unusually fine this season, a fact which rejoices the hearts of politicians mightily.

BUSINESS.

Were the season as propitious in business as it is in nature, there would be nothing left to wish. But the ghastly list of failures in each morning's papers makes business men look sick; and there is a clenching of hands and looking out for the worst that is not healthy in the chill and fever weather of September. The only people who look at all at ease are the bankrupts. The worst is over with them, and there remains the fresh start, set off by the prospect of hoarding carefully all profits for years to come, to pay in full the creditors who compounded for fifty cents on the dollar.

Every day brings its regular lists of failures. This week the great book firm of Lee & Sheperd, Boston, went under, taking with it their New York house, liabilities, $600,000, assets not yet known. But it is to the credit of our business men that they are doing everything in their power to raise the fallen firm, and set it on its feet again. The publishers in New York, who are the principal creditors, say to them "Pay what you can and go on" which they will do. This is what honesty and integrity is worth. Lee & Sheperd failed from no fault of their own, and they struggled desperately for three years before they went down. They lost $225,000, in good hard earned money, in the Boston fire, and the depression in business, and the shrinkage in values, finally brought them to their knees. The thousands of people who read Oliver Optic, and the other authors they have brought out, will be glad to know that they will probably resume in ten days. Such men cannot long be kept down. Friend Pitts, the well-known Broadway ladies' furnishing goods man, went by the board Wednesday, and Thursday, Union Adams, the better-known men's furnishing goods followed suit. These are the best known, but there are a dozen a day in the City.

But despite this business men feel a slight revival of their hopes. Whether it will last, remains to be seen, but it is certain that there is an increase in business for the last week. There is a great many merchants in the City, and they are buying, though not extensively. They seem to be "sorting up," rather than buying full stocks, but even that is better than nothing. Wheels are moving, if they do creak.

But I do not believe that New York will ever again have the trade it once held.

IT COSTS TOO MUCH

to come to New York to do business; and for a part of their loss of trade the merchants may charge the hotels and the parasites that hang upon them. For instance, if a country merchant comes here, he wants to and ought to bring his wife. At any hotel he would care stop at, the rate per day is $4.50—$9.00 for the two—and as he can't get a waiter to do anything decent for him without a fee, his daily expenses will mount up to quite $12 per day. If he wants to go to a theatre, he is swindled out of $1.50 for each seat, and as for a hack to go to the Park, $8 is the lowest, and $10 and $12 are common. In short, a ten days' stay will use up the but-end of $250, say nothing of the expenses of coming and going. Everybody digs into him for they never expect to see him again.

Of course they can't afford it, and of course they don't. They go to Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Toledo, and other big points in the interior, where $50 will go farther than $150 will here. The hotel and restaurant keepers don't seem to realize that the war is over, for they are charging war-prices for everything. Tomatoes are not worth twenty-five cents a bushel in the markets; but at a first-class restaurant you are made to pay forty cents a plate for sliced tomatoes. Beef is as cheap as dirt, but nevertheless a decent steak at a restaurant costs you from 60 cents to $1.75, and the proprietors never blush. New York will never get her trade again till all these things are reformed.

CRIME.

The records of the week read like one long list of horrors. Burglary, murder, and suicide follow each other so rapidly, that it needs strong nerves to read the dailies with their lists of woe. Since New York abolished the system of Metropolitan Police, appointed by a board controlled by the State Legislature at Albany, too far off to be influenced by small local interests, and put its safety into the hands of the low ward politicians, who control present police appointments, that safety is not much better than that of ancient Sodom—not wishing to speak harshly of those who have suffered their fate. I mentioned a week ago, this incident: on a rainy evening not long since, a gentleman walking down Lexington Avenue, one of the quietets streets of the town, was set upon by two roughs, one of whom snatched his handsome watch and chain worth five or six hundred dollars. The gentleman seized the thief, and was getting the better of him, when the policemen of the beat came up to the help of the thieves, and began thumping him over the head with his club, till he was forced to let go his hold on the robber, who fled with his booty. The gentleman made his way down-town and entered his club, covered with blood, his head cut open by the policeman's blows, a pretty picture for the centre of civilization in the nineteenth century. When he went to the inspector of police for redress, he was called on to identify the policeman; but as on the night of the assault that worthy had been wrapped in Havelock and waterproof, it was impossible to detect him, and all the comfort the complainant had was a jeering laugh from the inspector, and the brutal answer that he must have been too drunk that night to take care of his own watch, and lost it.

Occurrences of this nature are becoming alarmingly frequent. The police assert that the increase of crime is attributable to the number of men out of work, but they lie when they say so. The work done by foot-pads and burglars shows the work of skilled men. The fact is the police are in partnership with the thieves.—None are caught. The burglars who killed Noe are still at large, and no clue has been found to them; and the same may be said of every case that has occurred. The investigation now in progress will, it is to be hoped, do something toward remedying this perplexed condition of things. No decent man feels safe at night in New York without his pistol or sword cane.—The only hope of a better state of things is to have the present grow worse, till honest citizens are obliged, in self-defence, to assert themselves, and take the rule out of the hands of the degraded, reckless class who have got hold of it. If good men are too busy or too careless to look after public interests, there are plenty of worse ones who will be glad to do so.

THE DEATH OF RALSTON,

the San Francisco banker, is not felt East as it is in the State where he was leading power. When the news of the failure of the Bank of California and the terrible death of its President came to the city there was a flutter, but that was all. California does her business direct with Europe and Asia, without the intervention of New York, and failures there have but little effect here. A few houses having branches in San Francisco were hurt, and the Chinese residents of the city were touched, but nothing serious happened.—Had such a failure occurred in St. Louis or Chicago, it would have shook things

POLITICS.

John Morrissey has locked horns with Tammany in dead earnest, and there is going to be a struggle. The prize-fighter and gambler heads one faction of the Democracy in this city, and a much worse man heads the other. They hate each other so cordially that I don't believe it possible for them to get together at all; and if the respectability of the city had sense enough to take advantage of the situation, they might capture it and get decent government once more. But they won't do it. They have their goods to sell, and Saratoga to visit, and primary, meetings are annoying things to manage; and so they will stick to their merchandise and let the thieves govern them. At least this is what they always have done and I see no indications of a change for the better. Possibly the condition of the city may spur them to action, but I rather think it is not quite bad enough yet—Nothing less than a Tweed can make it hot enough for them. PETRO.

Miscellaneous News Items.

Daniel McLaren, late President of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad, died at his residence at Glendale, near Cincinnati, on Thursday morning.

Mr. Riley Farnsworth, a veteran soldier of Shelburne Falls, Mass., while returning home from a visit to the Pension Agent, was attacked by highwaymen and killed.

Mrs. Snipe, of Galveston, Texas, found her husband sitting on the sidewalk with another woman and attacked him furiously, fastening her teeth in his throat and almost tearing out his wind pipe.

W. A. Cumming & Co., flour and grain dealers, of Baltimore, have suspended. The liabilities are believed not to exceed $50,000. The embarrassment of the firm is said to be owing to speculation in corn.

The census-takers of Winchendon, Mass., have come across the case of a woman twenty-five years old, married at twelve years of age, who has had ten children, the oldest now thirteen years old.

A Milwaukee dispatch says that the Union Lumbering Company of Chippewa Falls has suspended. The liabilities are $650,000, and the assets, according to the statement of the President, are over twice that amount.

A party of convives at North Adams, Mass., partook of pickled oysters, sliced lemons and custard, and then when they deservedly died of cholera morbus their friends called it a "mysterious case of poisoning."

A girl twelve years of age, living at Syracuse, N. Y., has not tasted food for ten months, sat up, nor spoken. She suffers from an unaccountable disease which takes the form of agonizing spasms whenever she is moved. Her food and medicine are injected.

Tramps.

A new law has been put in force in the state of New Hampshire entitled "An act to suppress vagrancy," which appears to be efficacious in abating the tramp nuisance. Its first section provides that if any person shall be a public vagrant, beggar or tramp, of which fact an act of begging or vagrancy shall be evidence, he shall, upon complaint before a justice of the peace or police court, be sentenced to hard labor upon any county or town farm, or in any house of correction or common jail, not exceeding six months. The second section authorizes overseers of the poor or county commissioners, in cases where suitable labor cannot be found at the place to which such persons has been sentenced, to bind him to hard labor at any other place or in the service of any person by him selected for a term not exceeding his original sentence, and as a substitute therefor, and compel the performance of such labor. Section three provides that if any person, being away from his home, shall apply to the proper authorities, setting forth that he is desirous of returning home, but is poor and has not the means to do so, said authorities shall bind such person to some suitable labor at a just compensation until he shall have earned a sufficient sum, when, with the money so earned, and such additions thereto, from the treasury of the town or county as they may think reasonable, they shall cause such persons to be returned to his home.

This law permits the infliction of a much greater punishment than the law of Pennsylvania, which limits the confinement in the workhouse or jail to one month, and makes no provision for farming out vagrant labor like that contemplated by the New Hampshire statute. The