The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 50. HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1875. NO. 48.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

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

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectable when the advertisemen 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.

GEO. B. ORLADY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 405 Penn Street, nov17'75] HUNTINGDON, PA.

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.

Hotels.

JUNIATA HOUSE,
JULIANA STREET,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.
This well-known house has recently been leased by the undersigned, who, having had the experience of a number of years in keeping a first-class hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. *Special attention will be given to transient boarders.*
Arrangements will be made by which persons can have meals at all hours.
Boarding $1.50 per day.
Boarders taken by the day, week, month or year.
my5,'75-y] MARY J. RIFFLE.

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

MORRISON HOUSE,
OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT
HUNTINGDON, PA.
J. H. CLOVER, Prop.
April 5, 1871-1y.

STAMPING! STAMPING!
Having just received a fine assortment of Stamps from the east, I am now prepared to do Stamping for
BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERING.
I also do Pinking at the shortest notice.
Mrs. MATTIE G. GRAY,
May3,1875. No. 415 Mifflin Street.

Printing.

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

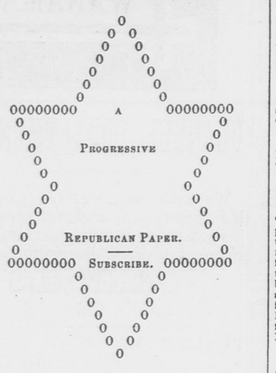
The Huntingdon Journal,

PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
—IN—
THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,
No. 212, FIFTH STREET,
HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

—:o:—

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. 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 *apple butter head* 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.

New Advertisements.

A Fine Art Magazine for the Young.

St. Nicholas for 1876!

After two years' of prosperity, unexampled in the annals of juvenile literature, during which ST. NICHOLAS has consolidated with itself all its strongest competitors, the publishers find themselves in a position to promise that the Third Volume, beginning with the number for November, shall in its UNUSUAL ATTRACTIONS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS, surpass even the preceding volumes. In addition to contributions from

THE FIRST WRITERS OF AMERICA,

there will be Stories, Poems, and Sketches by some of the MOST PROMINENT ENGLISH AUTHORS. Arrangements have been made for a very interesting series of papers on

WINDSOR CASTLE,
By Mrs. OLIPHANT,

Treating of its History and the Child-Life of Successive Royal Generations.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Will contribute to the new volume.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

Will write "MARJORIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFTS," and other short stories.

Some articles on ASTRONOMY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE have been promised by the popular English Astronomer,

RICHARD PROCTOR.

There will be a continued story of LIFE IN ICELAND, by

BAYARD TAYLOR.

In the November Number, the opening of the new volume will begin an

AMERICAN SERIAL STORY,
"THE BOY EMIGRANTS,"
By NOAH BROOKS,

Giving the adventures of a party of boys in THE CALIFORNIA GOLD MINES, in the early days of the Gold Fever.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE,

Author of the "Jack Hazard" stories, will contribute some highly interesting sketches of adventure at "Base Cove."

"TALKS WITH GIRLS,"

By leading authors, will be a prominent feature of the new volume. Especial attention will also be given to

INCIDENTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY,

With spirited pictorial illustrations.

The various departments, "JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT," "THE RIDDLE-BOX," and "LETTER-BOX," and the pages for "VERY LITTLE FOLKS," are to be more attractive than ever. The French, Latin, and German stories, for translation which have proved so popular, will be frequent in the new volume. Some of the finest works of the GREATEST PAINTERS OF THE CENTURY have been engraved expressly for ST. NICHOLAS, and the first artists of the day will contribute fresh and original drawings for this FINE ART MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG. Definite announcements of many interesting and novel features will be made in the December number. ST. NICHOLAS will continue under the successful editorship of

MARY MAPES DODGE,

And no efforts will be spared by editor and publishers to maintain and increase the attractions and value of the magazine.

Subscription Price, $3.00 a year; Single Numbers, 25 cents; Bound Volumes, $4.00 each.

These volumes begin with November. The two now ready for 1874 and 1875 are elegantly bound in red and gold, and form the HANDSOMEST GIFT-BOOKS FOR CHILDREN EVER ISSUED. We will send the magazine one year, beginning November, 1875, and either of the volumes bound as above, post-paid, for $7.00; or, a subscription, one year, and the two volumes, for $10.00. All newsdealers and booksellers will receive subscriptions and supply volumes at the above rates.

SCRIBNER & CO., 745 & 745 Broadway, N. Y.
[Dec. 3, 1875–2t.]

☞ *All* NEW *Subscribers for* 1876, *paying in advance after November* 1, 1875, WILL RECEIVE THE PAPER WEEKLY, *from receipt of remittance to January* 1*st*, 1876, WITHOUT CHARGE.

Combined Papers—Forty-Sixth Year!

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.
POSTAGE FREE FOR 1876.

The Country Gentleman is published Weekly on the following terms, when paid strictly in advance: One Copy, one year, $2.50; Four Copies, $10, *and an additional copy for the year free to the sender of the Club;* Ten Copies, $20, *and an additional copy for the year free to the sender of the Club.*

The Country Gentleman possesses an unequaled Corps of Correspondents, regular and occasional, among the Best Farmers of All Parts of the Country, and constantly reflects the practical condition and progress of the husbandry of every section of the United States and civilized world.

The Country Gentleman gives in its Horticultural Department a continuous variety of information and suggestions, equal or superior in the aggregate to what is obtained in the monthly numbers of most magazines devoted to Horticulture.

The Country Gentleman has probably done as much as all other Journals combined, to introduce and disseminate Improved Stock of every kind through the country; and commands to a greater degree than any contemporary, the confidence and support of breeders and purchasers.

The Country Gentleman contains unusually full and trustworthy Market Reports, and devotes special attention to them and to the Prospects of the Crops, as throwing light upon one of the most important of all questions—*When to Buy and when to Sell.*

The Country Gentleman embraces numerous minor departments of a practical character, such as the Dairy, the Poultry-Yard, the Apiary, the Vineyard, and so on, and weekly presents a column or two for the Housewife and an interesting variety of Fireside Reading. It contains a well edited Review of Current Events, and its advertising pages furnish a directory of all the principal agricultural and horticultural establishments of the country.

☞ *Specimen Copies Free.* Address
LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers,
nov.3-2m] Albany, N. Y.

HUNTINGDON LIVERY STABLE,
MIFFLIN STREET, between 6th & 7th

The undersigned respectfully announce that they have purchased the Livery Stable formerly owned by George Long, located on Mifflin street, between Sixth and Seventh, where HORSES, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, etc., can be hired at reasonable rates.
The stock is complete and in good condition, and we respectfully ask a share of patronage.
oct20-3m] WM. LONG & SON.

Travellers' Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.
TIME OF LEAVING OF TRAINS
Winter Arrangement.

WESTWARD					STATIONS.	EASTWARD			
MAIL.	PITTSBURG EXPRESS.	PASSENGER WAY	PACIFIC EXPRESS.			HARRISBURG ACCOM.	MAIL.	ATLANTIC EXPRESS.	
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
5 02	.....	11 35	.....		N. Hamilton	10 11	4 52	.....	
5 09	.....	11 43	7 24		Mt. Union	10 3	4 44	.....	
5 17	.....	11 51	.....		Mapleton	9 59	4 36	.....	
5 26	.....	11 59	.....		Mill Creek	9 48	4 28	.....	
5 40	2 03	12 14	7 48		HUNTINGDON	9 45	4 25	8 52	
6 00	.....	12 32	.....		Petersburg	9 36	4 15	.....	
6 06	.....	12 41	.....		Barree	9 12	3 58	.....	
6 17	.....	12 48	.....		Spruce Creek	9 06	3 49	.....	
6 33	.....	1 00	.....		Birmingham	9 54	3 42	.....	
6 41	2 42	1 08	8 31		Tyrone	8 48	3 29	8 15	
6 53	.....	1 20	.....		Tipton	8 37	3 12	.....	
7 00	.....	1 27	.....		Fostoria	8 34	3 07	.....	
7 03	.....	1 32	.....		Bell's Mills	8 31	3 03	.....	
7 25	3 10	1 55	9 00		Altoona	8 15	2 45	8 15	
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.	A. M	

The Fast Line Westward, leaves Huntingdon at 8 15 P. M., and arrives at Altoona at 9 20 P. M.
The Pacific Express, Eastward, leaves Huntingdon a 8.35, a m, and arrives at Harrisburg 11.35 a m.
The Philadelphia Express, Eastward, leaves Hunting don at 10.58 p. m. and arrives at Harrisburg at 2.35 a m

HUNTINGDON AND BROAD TOP RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement.

On and after Sunday, NOVEMBER 15, 1875, Passenger Trains will arrive and depart as follows:

SOUTHWARD.			NORTHWARD	
MAIL.	EXP.	STATIONS.	EXP.	MAIL.
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.
	9 06	Huntingdon	7 25	
	9 05	Long Siding	7 20	
	9 15	McConnellstown	7 10	
	9 30	Grafton	7 05	
	9 30	Markleburg	6 55	
	9 40	Coffee Run	6 45	
	9 46	Rough and Ready	6 38	
	9 56	Cove	9 30	
	10 00	Fisher's Summit	6 25	
	10 15	Saxton	6 10	
	10 30	Riddlesburg	5 55	
	10 35	Hopewell	5 50	
	10 48	Pipers Run	5 38	
	10 55	Brallier's Siding	5 30	
	11 00	Tatesville	5 25	
	11 05	B. Run Siding	5 20	
	11 10	Everett	5 13	
	11 15	Mount Dallas	5 10	
	11 40	BEDFORD	4 50	

SHOUP'S RUN BRANCH.

SOUTHWARD.		NORTHWARD
No. 1.	STATIONS.	No. 2.
EXP.		EXP.
A. M.		P. M.
10 20	Saxton	6 00
10 35	Coalmont	5 45
10 40	Crawford	5 40
10 50	Dudley	5 30

Jan.1.75. G. F. GAGE, Supt.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL.
Only $2.00 a year.

COLORED PRINTING DONE AT the Journal Office at Philadelphia prices.

The Muses' Power.

"What is it all, when all it Done."

"The sun goes up, and the sun goes down,
And a thousand years are the same as one;
The leaves grow green and the leaves grow brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?"

Aye, what is it all, if this life be all,
But a draught to the dregs of a cup of gall,
A bitter round of the rayless years,
A saddening dole of wormwood tears,
A sorrowful plaint of the spirit's thrall,
The grave, the shroud, the funeral pall—
This is its sum—if this life be all.

But is not all—beyond this shore
The sun goes up to go down no more,
The leaves that grow green, are green for aye,
And the flowers that bloom, know not decay.
A thousand years are indeed as one,
But of bitterness, then, the soul hath none,
And this is it all, when all is done.

The Story-Teller.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

It was a wild, windy night, and the light snow filled the air with fine, cutting particles—a night when a good fire and the society of friends become vitally essential to a man's comfort and happiness.

Margaret Edgarton arose from her seat by the scanty fire, and opening the door, looked out upon the night. She stood a moment, then, with a shudder, closed the door, and returned to her husband's side.

"Heaven pity those who are exposed to the storm this night," she said, fervently. "Amen!" responded her husband, in a deep, solemn voice. "Though we are very, very poor, Margaret, there are many even poorer than ourselves."

The man raised his dark, serious eyes devoutly upward, and the fair, youthful head of his pale wife leaned down to his shoulders.

"Yes, William, I tremble to think of the future. The rent due, our stay here is only an act of mercy on the landlord's part—oh, Willie!"

The feeble voice broke down in tears.

"'Take no thought for the morrow what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink,' Margaret. If it hadn't been for misfortune," and he glanced at the mutilated and bandaged arm which hung powerless at his side, "we might have been enjoying the fruits and comforts of my labor; but it is all for the best, I suppose."

There was a short silence in the room, which was interrupted by a rap at the door.

"Who can be out on such a night?" and Mrs. Edgarton started up hastily to admit the visitor.

He was an old weather-beaten man of some three-score years, shabbily dressed, and carrying in his hand a lean, meagre bundle.

In reply to her kind invitation, he followed Mrs. Edgarton into the house, and took a seat by the smouldering fire. After a few commonplace remarks, the stranger said:

"It's a rough night, friends, and the traveling is none of the best—can you let me stay all night here? A man has just told me that it is a good four miles to the village."

Mr. Edgarton looked at his wife, and in her sympathizing face read her consent.

"Yes, my good man," he replied immediately, "you can stay if you will: but I am afraid you will find our accommodations none of the best. We are very poor and destitute, but such as we have we offer you freely."

"Could you give me something to eat? I have traveled far to-day, and have not tasted food since yesterday night! Food cannot be got now-a-days without money.

The eyes of Mrs. Edgarton filled with tears as she thought of the quarter loaf of bread—their earthly all—which she had reserved for breakfast.

"Heaven will take care of us," she said thoughtfully, and, rising, she placed the scanty store upon the table.

The stranger ate the bread without comment, and when he had finished he seemed wonderfully invigorated, and conversed quite intelligently with Mr. Edgarton.

"You have a bad arm there, sir; may I ask how it happened."

"Certainly; an unlucky fall from a high building has crippled me for life."

"You were at work on the building?—A mechanic, eh?"

"A bricklayer. The staging on a new warehouse where I was at work gave way, and I was precipitated some twenty feet."

"The warehouse of Mr. Morgan?"

"The same, sir. It was a sad accident for me, but I have tried hard to be reconciled."

"Well, this is a hard life for us all!—But if I'm to stay with you to-night, I may as well retire. It's getting toward eleven."

The poor but clean bed appropriated to the stranger guest was made more comfortable by additional clothing taken from the couch of the poor couple; and the man, in apparent thankfulness, bid them good night and retired.

They, too, leaning on the everlasting arm, took no thought of the morrow, though it was to see them houseless and without food. Verily, the faith which can thus sustain the soul in the most trying moments is no delusion.

Morning came, and, to the great surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Edgarton, their guest was missing. Gone, and when or how they could not imagine, but gone he certainly was.

They wondered over the circumstance, but in the trouble and anxiety of their utter destitution, the strange man was soon dismissed from their thoughts to make room for their own immediate affairs.

Ten o'clock was the time given them by the landlord for removal, and with heavy hearts they prepared to go forth. Through the kindness of a neighbor, they had been allowed the use of the building for the storage of their little furniture, and a room in his house until Mr. Edgarton's health should be sufficiently re-established to admit of his performing some light labor.

Nine o'clock pealed from the bell in the neighboring church tower—but one short hour of home life remained for them.

Fifteen minutes later there came a quick imperative knock at the door of Mr. Edgarton's house.

Mrs. Edgarton sprang to open it, and a well-dressed man put a large package into her hand and turned hastily away.

The package was addressed, in a bold masculine hand:

"Mr. William Edgarton."

William tore it open, and there dropped out two papers, one bearing an official, the other a private seal. He examined the former and found it to be a deed, conveying to him and his heirs a certain piece of land with a large and handsome house thereon, and all its appurtenances.

Transfixed with surprise, he broke the seal of the letter, and a hundred pound note met his eyes, accompanied by these brief words:

"Last night you freely gave your all to a poor and destitute wayfarer, who now begs you to accept the accompanying deed and money, in reward for your noble kindness. A conveyance will come immediately to take you to your new residence. When you are fairly established there, your friend, the writer of this, will do himself the justice of calling upon you.

Respectfully yours,
HOWARD MORGAN.

William Edgarton looked at his wife as he finished reading and both burst into tears. Well did they know the name of Howard Morgan; it was one of the wealthiest men in the city; the upright and high-minded but singularly eccentric old bachelor. It was in his employ that William Edgarton had received the serious injury which had disabled his left arm for life, yet, strange to say, he had never seen the rich man, his business being transacted principally by an agent. He had now no doubt that his visitor of the previous night was none other than Mr. Morgan.

True to the promise contained in the letter, a conveyance came for the Edgartons, and without hesitation they entered and were driven to their handsome and pleasantly situated house. They found it prepared for immediate occupancy—even to the burning of the plentiful fires and the smoking breakfast upon the table.

They had scarcely had time to admire the rich taste which had furnished the spacious rooms when a ring at the door announced a visitor. It was the old wayfarer of the night before.

He received all the grateful thanks the bewildered Edgartons tried to make him, and, taking a seat upon the sofa, he drew them down on each side of him.

He was well dressed now, and Mrs. Edgarton wondered that she had not noticed the extreme kindliness of his countenance on the preceding evening.

"My good friends," he said, taking a hand of each, "I'll begin to explain a little mystery. I had heard of the misfortune of one of my workmen, through my agent, and that his family where in destitute circumstances. Before I could trust myself to do anything for you I wished to ascertain the state of affairs, and last night's experience satisfied me. When I find charity and true goodness anywhere, I am determined that they shall be rewarded even in this world. And now, Mr. Edgarton, I am in want of a deputy manager, and I propose the situation to you, when you shall be able to endure the fatigue.—The salary is two hundred pounds a year, and perhaps your pretty wife can manage affairs comfortably on that, eh, Mrs. Edgarton?" and the old man cast a good-natured look into her tear-wet face.

That was a happy day for Mr. and Mrs. Edgarton. It was also a happy day for the charitable Mr. Morgan, and no doubt the angel who records the good deeds of man wrote many a shining line against his name that day. William Edgarton assumed the post offered him in his patron's establishment, and faithfully were his duties discharged, and more than satisfied was his employer.

Mrs. Edgarton grew to be the merriest, blithest little woman to be found anywhere.

Mr. Morgan spends many a delightful evening at their house, holding their bright-eyed little Howard on his knee, and telling him pleasant stories of the great and good.

Blessed be charity.

Reading for the Million.

Review of Fashions.

Fashion has nothing further to suggest for the year 1875, and, at the expiration of the period, distinguishes herself by reviving antique styles, and perplexing her followers with the wealth of suggestions placed before them. While their surprise is unabated, she is already contemplating spring novelties, and preparing fresh wonders, which will come upon the woman public just as it has learned to make use of the oportunities at hand. Forttnately, it is not a difficult thing to take a survey of the existing situation, and find, at least, where Fashion stands at present.

In reviewing the forms of dress for the current season, shapes appear to have undergone very little change. While walking skirts are said to clear the ground, however, very few really do so, ladies seeming to prefer the trouble to lifting them, when necessary, to wearing them in what is considered an ungraceful length. All skirts of dresses are longer in front than they were a year since, the only reason for this being a better conformity with the general extended drapery. Trains accompanying evening toilettes are not long back-breadths, continued in a gored form, exclusively, but are square-cut widths, provided separately, and adjusted in large pleats massed back of the arm. The latter style is necessarily confined to toilettes of heavy materials, the trains, of gauze, tulle, and tarlatan toilettes being supplied by extended, gored breadths. When all the fullness of the skirt is disposed at the centre back in thick pleats, the fan-like drapery of the train is a natural result.

Over-skirts have passed through many vagaries, recently, and are consequently exhibited in great variety of form. A fancy, newly revived, is for different loopings upon one design, as thus: A triple apron model is well draped upon the left front and side, while the right is left to hang smoothly down, and is closed, or apparently closed, to the foot, with a row of buttons and button-holes. At the back, the well-shirred frills alone serve to contract the drapery, the centre-looping being altogether omitted. Another new fancy consists in replacing the narrow side-gores of over-skirts with lacing supplied by heavy silk cords. Stylish models, which are left open in the front, and connected by straps, pleatings, etc., are especially in favor of evening toilettes, and are seen in light blue, and maize color, accompanied by French waists, made of alternating strips of velvet and silk. This graceful over-dress is worn over a skirt of black velvet, and proves exceedingly effective with the dark velvet showing through the open spaces of the divided over-skirt.

A stylish design for an evening-dress exhibits two sashes crossing in front, and uniting in a large bow at the back. A second French model accompanying a toilette of crepe lisse was made of satin entirely without trimming, and consisted of an open-apron front raised at the back in two large loops directly below the waist. These open-aprons, not now by any means as to shapes, prove acceptable at present for evening toilettes, as they may be elaborated down the front with spiral trimmings of lace and a special garniture of flowers. One such design of white silk was trimmed with spirals of crepe lisse and ivy leaves, with pansies. Gauzes, tulles, etc., supply over-skirts in the form of tunics, or rather wide scarf draperies, which are embroidered with straw, crystal beads, silver spangles, and gold and silver Marguerites.

Stylish over skirts for heavy fabrics, worn chiefly as street toilettes, exhibit deep apron-fronts, with widely varying backs. One such design is shirred for a space of twelve inches above the hem in front, with four threads, an inch space intervening between. The back shows crosswise puffs completed by showy loops of doubled silk. Side-pleatings of silk nearly four inches deep, with a braid-trimming above, supplies the garniture.

An exceedingly graceful "shawl" over-skirt is deep, pointed in front, and looped once, merely at the back, leaving its double points in the perfect representation of a shawl. This design is completed with cordings of velet, fringe, and waves of fine, crimped pleating extending down the front. Since Fashion has decided over-skirts to be of unusual depth, at the front especially, a decided increase of garniture is noticed; indeed, this portion of the toilette supplies the point for the chief elaboration of the entire costume, and for this reason, double pointed, open, and "shawl" models are especial favorites, as they multiply borders, and opportunities for massing garnitures upon this portion of a dress.

Polonaises, which are recalled with much enthusiasm, are models of handsome proportions, and, as they are desired for rich materials or for heavy wool suitings, little is required beyond perfection of shape.

Two varieties prevail as to form; one is a graceful garment with a shirred apron effect, the centre of the design being supplied by a graduated band of silk, left plain, the slightly gathered fronts being appended to this band. The back is similarly modeled, but much more contracted, in order to produce a sufficiently shortened drapery. Other polonaises are entirely plain, exhibiting the same Marguerite back some seasons since. The slightest possible drapery effects, or loopings, are seen upon polonaise of handsome fabrics, and an elegant model, in stripped silk and velvet, is trimmed with a band of cocks' feathers, with a frill of black lace underneath. Black wings, very small, crossed, and held by silver buckles, close the front. Pelisses, redingotes, Marguerite polonaises, and polonaises simple, are the various names for *new* polonaises, which may be repeated in designs issued some time since, and varied only by garnitures, pockets, collarettes, revers, etc.

To attempt to classify basques is a difficult matter, as the one item of garniture covers the difference, chiefly between various models. The cuirasse, as to form and proportions, supplies the one starting point. Designers can suggest nothing further in relation to correctness of shape, and it only remains with those who crave novelty to provide fresh models of trimming, and christen the ordinary basque by new titles. The Chatelaine basque is simply an extended, long-skirt, cuirasse basque, with the addition of a Chatelaine pocket, suspended from the side, and the Pompadour basque takes name from the square shaped neck which supplies one feature of its shape. Cutting the skirts of high necked basques, and both the necks and skirts of low-necked basques, in vandykes and squares, gives variety to the plain cuirasse model, and this style is popular.

Dressy basques, as previously mentioned, are laced down the the back, and frequently also upon the open side seams of the skirt. Generally speaking, however, all models are unusually plain. Loose basques, supplied as portions of an outdoor costume, are double breasted, with rolling collars, large, English pockets, and double rows of buttons on the plain postillion-skirts. The general design is made to resemble a gentleman's English hunting-coat, and is accompanied by a white linen under handkerchief and showy buttons. Saques for the street are long, slender, and abundantly trimmed with fringe, braid, etc., and this observation applies equally to Dolmans and other street-wraps described in a previous number. Sleeves to basques for the house are unusually dressy. In one model, a succession of silk cords trims the sleeve nearly up to the elbow, the cuff itself being of velvet. The collarette is also made of cords, with the terminating row of velvet. These lesser points seem to provide places for the showy trimmings which are no longer seen upon basque-skirts. Pockets, too, are extremely elaborate in form and in garniture also, while Pompadour squares, exquisitely laid in pleats, or in succession cords, Martha Washington handkerchiefs, and fichus, elaborately trimmed, accompany costumes of various kinds. The record of Fashion for the current season is a creditable one, for, though abounding in caprices, no style introduced has been condemned for grotesqueness or impractibility.—*Domestic Monthly for December.*

An Appropriate Hymn.

The following incident occurred in a New England city not more than thirty miles from Boston, as the crow flies:

Elder G——, who has been Mayor of the city in which he resides, is a sledge-hammer preacher of the Free-will Baptist persuasion, highly esteemed, standing some six feet two in the community, and, moreover, is noted as a revivalist of the John Knox pattern, giving frequent emphasis to his exhortations by sturdy blows from the pulpit. As a result of his earnest preaching, he had semi-occasionally a large number to baptize in the river which pleasantly meanders along the southern limits of the city. In a recent batch he immersed was a colored woman weighing in the vicinity of two hundred pounds—She was the last one "to lose her guilty stains," and as a verse had been sung by the assembled church choir at the baptism of the other candidates for church preferment, the choir started up with, ere the elder had fairly concluded the sentence commencing, "I baptize thee,"

"The morning light is breaking;
The *darkness* disappears."

What made the matter more ludicrous, just as the choir uttered "the darkness disappears," the head of the colored woman went under the water with a tremendous souse. The spectators were convulsed with laughter; to suppress it was impossible. It was the belief of some present, who knew the wit and eccentricities of the elder, that he had selected the verse sung when the sable convert was baptized, but as to the truth of this, "deponent saith not."—*Editor's Drawer in Harper.*

THE stock of Holiday Goods now opening at the JOURNAL Store was selected with a view to meeting the wants of this community, and all articles will be sold at prices to suit the hard times.

A Connubial Controversy.

The bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was only the other night that Mr. Throcton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper he hunted up his tools, removed the old bolt, and measured the location for the new one. He must bore some new holes, and Mrs Throcton heard him roaming around the kitchen and woodshed slamming doors, pulling out drawers, and kicking the furniture around. She went to the head of the stairs and called down:

"Richard, do you want anything?"

"Yes, I do!" he yelled back. "I want to know where in Texas that corkscrew is?"

"Corkscrew, Richard?"

"Yes, corkscrew, Richard! I've looked the house over and can't find it?"

"Why, we never had one, Richard!"

"Didn't, eh! We've had dozen of 'em in the last two years and I bought one not four weeks ago. It's always the way when I want anything"

"But you must be out of your head, husband," she said as she descended the stairs. "We've kept house for seven years, and I never remember of seeing you bring a corkscrew home."

"O, yes, I'm out of my head, I am!" he grumbled, as he pulled out the sewing machine drawer, and turned over its contents. "Perhaps I'd better go to the lunatic asylum right away."

"Well, Richard, I know that I have never seen a corkscrew in this house."

"Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've bought five or six. The house is always upside down anyhow, and I never can find anything!"

"The house is kept as well as any of your folks can keep one!" she retorted growing red in the face.

"I'd like my mother here to show you a few things," he said as he stretched his neck to look on the shelf in the pantry.

"Perhaps she'd boil her spectacles with the potatoes again!" answered the wife.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" he yelled as he jumped down.

"Yes I do!"

"Well, you'll be going for York State if you don't look out!"

"I'd like to see myself. When I go this house goes!"

"Look out, Nancy!"

"I'm afraid of no man that lives, Richard Throcton!"

"I'll leave you!"

"And I'll laugh to see you go!"

"Going close up to her, he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize his words, and slowly said:

"Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow; I'll tell the Judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we'd never had one in the house, which is a bold falsehood, as I can prove!"

"Gimlet!" she gasped.

"Yes, gimlet!"

"Why, I know where there are three or four; you said corkscrew!"

"Did I!" he gasped, sitting down on the corner of the table; "well now I believe I did!"

"And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew!" she sobbed falling on the lounge.

"Nancy," he said, tenderly lifting her up.

"Oh, Richard!" she shockingly answered.

"Nancy, I'll go right out doors and kill myself!"

"No, you needn't—I love you still—only—you know a gimlet is not a corkscrew!"

"It ain't—it ain't!—Nancy, forgimme, and less be happy.

And that household is so quietly happy, that a canary-bird would sing its head off if hung up in the hall.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tom. Marshall's Experience.

The latter part of the life of Thomas F. Marshall, the great Kentucky orator, was a continual struggle against the power of strong drink. But the drink habit had so