The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 40. HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1876. NO. 10.

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 Friday 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:

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

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

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

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

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectable when the advertisement is once inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, 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 everything in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

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

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.

H. W. BUCHANAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 228, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [mch17'75

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

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. RIPPLE.

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

Miscellaneous.

TOYS AND GAMES OF ALL KINDS
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ALSO, WRITING DESKS,
WORK BOXES,
ALBUMS, &c.
CRANDALL'S BUILDING BLOCKS,
MENAGERIE and GYMNASTS.
PARLOR CROQUET, &c.,

KNOX FRUIT FARM
AND
NURSERIES,
FRUITS, FLOWERS AND SEEDS FOR EVERYBODY.

Handsome Catalogue of Fruits and Flowers, and Handsome Catalogue of Seeds now ready. Mailed free to all applicants.

KNOX FRUIT FARM CO.,
BOX 115, PITTSBURGH, PA.,

J. F. GRIMES, Supt.
J. O. SLEMMONS, Business Manager.

SEED STORE 131 FIFTH AVENUE,
Feb. 11-2t

HUNTINGDON
Academy and Seminary.

For particulars address or apply to the Principal,
REV. W. W. CAMPBELL, Principal,
jan14-tf] Huntingdon, Pa.

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.

PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN PAPER. SUBSCRIBE.

—:o:—

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, Orders, 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 *apple butter job* to be done in our 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 Muses' Bower.

Banty Tim.

BY JOHN HAY.

[*Remarks of Sergeant Tilmon Joy to the White Man's Committee of Spunky Point, Illinois.*]

I reckon I git your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy shan't stay;
This is a white man's country,
You're Democrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out o' jint,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunky Pint!

Le's reason the thing a minute;
I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat, too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it grieves me like the devil to train
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now, dog my cats ef I kin see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shall go or stay.
And furder than that, I give notice
Ef one of ye teches the boy,
He kin check his trunk to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, just hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights how ripped,
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated I staid behind,
Fur reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And boiled and blistered and burned!
How the rebel bullets whizzed round us,
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till long toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe fur a spell;
That nigger—that Tim—was a crawlin' to me,
Through that fire proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees;
But he staggered up and picked me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim.
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezooloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you teches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy.

The Story-Teller.

THE LAST BISCUIT.

—:x:—

Prudence Holmes sat alone in the wide shady kitchen, busily engaged picking over whortleberries. Without the golden sunshine of an August afternoon bathed the green fields and dusty road that wound away to the village, and touched with richer color the sweet peas, geraniums, etc., in the tiny garden, and the heavy Virginia creeper that climbed and blossomed above the door. Prudence made a pretty picture as she sat on a low cricket, with a large apron spread over her blue sprigged muslin dress to defend it from the stains that had soiled her little brown hands. She was a petite, daintily rounded maiden of eighteen, with great dark eyes and glossy curls shading her fair brow and cheeks that had a touch of wild rose bloom upon them. The kitchen, too, such a pretty picture, with its well scoured floor and dresser, its asparagus topped clock, its shining stove, with bunches of vivid cardinal flowers set on the snowy table. The kitchen was perfectly still, save the buzz of the flies and the tick of the clock; and outside the crickets and locusts alone disturbed the peace. Prudence believed that every one in the house was asleep but herself, and yawned somewhat wearily as she tossed over the berries, finished the yawn with a bit of soliloquy, uttered half aloud:

"Oh, dear! this having summer boarders isn't very nice."

"Miss Prudence!" said a voice in the doorway so suddenly that Prudence nearly upset her berries in her surprise.

"Oh, but I didn't say this afternoon, only some afternoon this week," said Prudence, demurely.

"Well, we will call it this afternoon, won't we?" was the persuasive reply, as the straw hat was placed on a chair.

"I can't. I've got these berries to pick over."

"I'll help you. Lend me half the apron and we'll have them done in a trice."

"But I shall have supper to get, mother's away, and there are biscuit to make," insisted Prudence, turning her face away to hide a smile that would curve her lips.

"Never mind that," responded Mr. Abbott Wentworth, bringing a chair to her side. "Tea is at six, isn't it? and it is only 2:30. We'll be back by five without fail, and have time to get half the lilies in the river," and he began to assort a handful of berries with much earnestness.

"W-e-ll," assented Prudence, after a pause for consideration and a glance at the clock. "I can go for a little while, perhaps. Oh don't stain your coat, Mr. Wentworth."

But Mr. Wentworth was sublimely indifferent to his coat, and worked with such good will that the berries were soon picked over, and Prudence and himself on their way to the river. Five minutes later Prudence, with her draperies daintily bestowed around her, was seated in the stern of the boat, which propelled by Mr. Wentworth's practiced hand shot swiftly down the stream. Although Mr. Wentworth said to Prudence five times within an hour that it was a lovely day, and although Prudence assented every time, I hardly think they appreciated the beauty around them, for Prudence was quite absorbed in the lilies, and the reflection on the water, and Mr. Wentworth looked more at his companion than to the aspect of nature. They had gathered enough lilies to satisfy them, and Prudence was leaning backward trailing one hand in the water, when she suddenly uttered a little cry and sat erect, with white cheeks, from which the color had been frightened.

"Oh, I almost lost it! How careless I am!" she exclaimed, replacing an old fashioned ring set in a tiny circle of rubies, on her finger,

"Did the water sweep it off your hand?"

"I suppose so. It's too large for me, I'm laways losing it, and finding it again I wouldn' close it entirely for the world, because it used to be grandmother's. She gave it to me."

"What a curious old ring it is," said Mr. Wentworth with interest. "May I look at it? Don't trouble yourself to take it off," he added drawing his oars and leaning towards his companion. Prudence allowed her tiny brown hand to lie in his white one a moment and then hastily withdrew it.

"Isn't it pretty?" she inquired archly.

"Very pretty. Shall I tell you how to guard against losing it in the future?"

"Oh, yes, if you please."

"Wear this little ring of mine to guard it, or better yet, exchange with me. Give me yours, and take this instead," said the young man daringly provoking. Prudence looked at the heavily chased gold ring he held out to her, and then looked back at the water with an innocent, "Oh, I don't think it would fit."

"Try it," suggested her companion, softly.

Prudence shook her head, but finally agreed blushingly that it would do no harm to try, and he slipped the ring on her forefinger.

"It's a perfect fit!" cried Mr. Wentworth, delightedly. "Nothing could be better. Why, Miss Prudence, you surely don't mean to give it back?"

"Of course I do," was the saucy rejoinder. "Why not?"

"Because," said Mr. Wentworth, speaking very earnestly, and disregarding the oars altogether, while he tried to get a glimpse of the face hidden by the flat hat, "because I meant to ask you to wear it always for my sake. I meant to ask to—."

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth," cried his listener here, "do you see that lily on your left—won't you get it for me?"

"I'll get you that and tweny others if you'll listen to me first. Do you care for me, Prudence? Will you marry me?

Prudence's face was turned away and her head bent lower. A crimson flush stole over ears, neck and chin.

"Prudence."

No answer. Her companion leaned over and took her hand again, venturously.

But the hand was hastily drawn away, a pair of saucy black eyes flashed into his face now, and Prudence's merry laugh rang over the water.

"I'd rather have grandma's, please, I ought to go home, Mr. Wentworth, for I know it's almost tea time."

Mr. Wentworth put his ring in his pocket and took up the oars again energetically, without a word. He was fresh from college, and had held the stroke oar in many a race, but he never made better time than he made on that afternoon in rowing up the river. The light boat shot along with the rower's brow knitted and his teeth set. Not once did he look at Prudence, who sat in a half puzzled, half alarmed silence, now and then stealing sidewise glances at the offended young Hercules from under her hat. Mr. Wentworth drew a breath of relief when the boat at last grated on the sand, and having assisted Prudence to land and curtly offered to carry her lilies, he shouldered the oars and marched toward home by her side. Prudence, somewhat bewildered, and more angry, made no effort to break the silence, and studiously endeavored to keep from crying. When he at last left her at the door, with a cool "Thank you, Miss Prudence," and departed to carry the oars to the barn, it was well he did not look back, for Miss Prudence tossed the lilies aside with an impatient gesture, and had a fit of crying, with her head on the kitchen table.

When Mr. Wentworth returned from the barn half an hour later he did see a picture that comforted him a little, through the pantry window. It was Prudence with her sleeves pinned up moulding biscuits in desperate haste, while the tears fell thickly on her high calico apron. This picture so astonished Mr. Wentworth that he retreated hastily behind a lilac bush to observe it, and lingered so long that he was late at tea. This was a model supper. There was a great dish of berries with cream beside, flanked with cheese and raspberry jam. There were two mountainous plates of snowy biscuit, contrasting with the rich gold of the sponge cake and butter. Mr. Wentworth, who had supposed he would never have an appetite, felt quite revived by the sight of the table and the memory of the picture. The rest of the boarders seemed to share the sensation, for the group seemed very hilarious, and the eatables disappeared rapidly. Prudence was out of spirits but farmer Holmes atoned for silence by unusual jollity.

When the biscuits passed a second time to Mr. Wentworth he saw that only one was left, and would have refused decorously, but the hospitable farmer pressed it upon him. "Don't be afraid of it. There are plenty more in the kitchen, ain't there, Prudence?" Thus pressed, Mr. Wentworth accepted the biscuit, and Prudence disappeared to replendish the plate. Mr. Wentworth divided his biscuit, then dropped it suddenly with an exclamation that brought every eye upon him There, imbedded in the light white bread, lay Prudence's ring.

Such a shout of laughter arose that brought Prudence back from the kitchen in haste, just in time to see Mr. Wentworth coolly remove the ring from the biscuit, amidst the merry chorus, and dropped it into his waistcoat pocket, "to be kept until called for," he said with a significant glance at her scarlet face. Poor Prudence! There was now no peace for her after that. An army of jokes quite overwhelmed her protestations and disclaimings, and she was thankful to beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen when the meal was over. But even there she was pursued by a laughing trio of ladies, harassed with questions and wonderment and merriment until the last dish was set away, and she had seized her hat, with the excuse that she must go to the village; however, she stole along the hedge, climbed the wall, and ran to the furthest edge of the orchard, where she flung herself on the ground and cried as if her heart would break. She had perhaps, cried half an hour, when a step crushed the dry grass at her side, roused her, and the very voice she most dreaded to hear said:

"I've come to return your ring, Miss Prudence."

Poor little Prudence sat up hastily, and took the unfortunate ring with a faltering "thank you," then immediately hid her face again.

"You needn't thank me. I should have brought it before, but I could not find you. I hope you are not troubled about these ridiculous jokes," he added dignifiedly.

"N o," responded Prudence, miserably, between sobs; "I—I thought you'd think I did it on purpose."

"How could I have thought so? It was a mere accident my getting that particular biscuit. I'm very sorry you've been so annoyed in this way. I'm going away tomorrow, Miss Prudence,"

The sobs partially ceased, and Miss Prudence said, surprisingly, "are you?"

"Won't you bid me good-bye?"

Prudence said "Yes," unsteadily, but did not raise her head,

No answer,

"I can't go away while you are offended with me. Won't you at least tell me why you are crying?"

"Because I—I lost my grandmother's ring," sobbed Prudence making a great effort for composure.

Mr. Wentworth laughed in spite of himself.

"Why it's safe on your finger and not a whit worse for its baking. Is there no other reason?"

"No—o."

"But there is. I shall never have another happy moment if I've offended you," said Mr. Wentworth, tragically. "I was a brute to treat you as I did, this afternoon; but I'm going away and shan't annoy you again. Won't you forgive me now, and shake hands?"

Another long silence. Mr. Wentworth turned away in dispair but was detained by a faltering voice, "I—I'll forgive if—

"Well?" was the breathless interposition.

"You—won't—go—away."

The more observant boarders noticed at the breakfast the next morning that Mr. Abbot Wentworth wore the ring that he found in the biscuit on the little finger of his left hand, and that Prudence wore a heavy chased gold circle in the place of her lost ornament. To use the words, of one of the aforenamed boarders, "That tells the whole story."

Reading for the Million.

Industrial Items.

The National Tube Works proposes to erect a new rolling mill at McKeesport.

The new furnace at Orbisonia, Huntingdon County, sent its first car load of pig iron east, last week.

The Cleveland Rolling Mill Company are preparing to build a considerable addition to their wire mill.

The Youngstown Rolling Mill resumed operations last Wednesday, double turn. It was idle but a few days.

The Ohio Falls Mills, New Albany, Indiana, resumed work on the 10th ult, after a rest of four weeks and a half.

The rolling mill and nail works at Terre Haute, Indiana, are full of work, and receiving orders by the "basketful."

There are one hundred and eighty silk factories scattered through nineteen States. Pennsylvania has twenty-three of them.

Missouri's Centennial display will cover the whole ground of her mining, manufacturing, agricultural, and commercial interests.

The mill at Duncannon is running, but not steadily, and the forge department has been idle one fourth of the time for the last few months.

The Westinghouse Air-brake Company are running their works day and night, with a full force of workmen. Among their orders are several from England for steam pumps.

The annual product of the Milwaukee Iron Works consists of 33,000 tons of pig iron, 44,000 tons rails, 15,000 tons merchants iron, 9,000 tons fishplate, and 2,500 tons car links and pins.

Business in the French iron trade does not improve, and the expenses of production are now so out of proportion with the selling prices that manufacturers are employing every means to reduce them.

The Brazilian Government has contracted with a London firm for the construction of the necessary works for supplying the city of Rio Janerio with water, at a stipulated cost of ten million dollars.

In all the steel producing districts of England a move is being made in the way of reducing the wages of men, and, if the men refuse to accept the terms offered, the closing of some of the establishments is expected.

The Allentown *Herald* says a building 500 feet long by 112 deep is to be constructed near Catasauqua for the purpose of manufacturing iron pipes. When the establishment is completed it will give employment to 200 persons.

Hon John G. Scott, of St. Louis, has resigned the presidency of the Joliet Iron and Steel Company, and Mr. W. S. Brooks, of Joliet, has been elected president. Otherwise the management has not been changed.

Dullness is the characteristic of the Belfiron trade, and there is scarcely any likelihood of a material change during the next three months. Few of the works are kept regularly going. The strike of the coal-miners is at an end, but coal is scarce.

Says an exchange: The Phœnix Glass Works of La Salle, Illinois, made an extraordinary run in one week, ending December 18th, which is believed to exceed the yield of any other eight pot furnace in the United States during the same length of time. The firm turned out 44,700 square feet of window glass, averaging nearly fifty-six boxes per blower.

Political.

It is said that the Hon. John Morrissey is a stockholder in the New York *Sun*.

The New York Democrats seem to have recovered from their Tilden mania, and now favor Haratio Seymour for President.

The only way to prevent a third-party movement in this country is for the Democrats to occupy the open greenback field, —*New Haven Union.*

The New Jersey House has passed resolutions instructing the Congressmen from that State to vote against all railroad subsidies, meaning particularly Scott's Texas Pacific bill.

On the 17th ult., Mr. Pinchback telegraphed from Washington to his friends in New Orleans: "The reports that Senator Bruce attacked Senator West and charged him with treachery to me, are untrue."

The New York *World* has become so rabid in its "hard-money" advocacy that it speaks of the editor of the greenback Cincinnati *Enquirer* as a "murderous Malay." The harmony existing between these two leading Democratic organs is typical of that which prevails between the leaders of the party everywhere.

Daniel Morey, the man whom the Democracy are trying to elect Governor of New Hampshire, said in Congress in 1864: "The wicked, disloyal Abolition party who sustain the President (Lincoln) in his infractions on the Constitution are joint heirs with him in the inheritance of eternal infamy."

Holman, of Indiana, one of the Democratic leaders in Congress, is an anti resumptionist, and this is what the New York *World* says of him: "It is in the power of the Democrats of the House of Representatives to throw away another Presidential election, as their present Ohio and Indiana advisers have thrown away every Presidential election since and including 1864. Holman's fatuity would be a perfectly infallible prescription. It could be warranted to kill. If Democrats can learn nothing from the past, they may count with absolute assurance upon losing everything in the future. Holman is their best possible adviser in that line of statesmanship."

SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

A Slippery Place to Pop the Question.

[From the Boston Times.]

She came tripping from the church door, her face flushed by emotions awakened by the just uttered discourse, and eyes bright with loving expectations. He shivered on the curbstone, where for an hour he had waited impatiently with a burning heart fairly palpitating in his throat, and frozen fingers in his pockets. They linked arms and started for the residence of her parents. After a few moments hesitating silence he said: "Jane we have known each other long. You must know how I feel. You must have seen that clear down at the bottom—Oh Moses!"

He had slipped down on the ice with so much force that his spine was driven up into his hat, and his hat was tipped over his nose, but she was a tender-hearted girl. She did not laugh, but she carefully helped him to his feet, and said:

"You were saying, John, when you slipped that the foundation—oh, goodness!"

She slipped herself that time, and saw little stars come down to dance before her eyes, but he pulled her up in haste and went on.

"Yes; just as I said, clean down at the bottom of my heart is a fervent love, on which I build my hopes. That love has helped me stand face—Thunder!"

He was down again, but scrambled up before she could stoop to help him, and she said breathlessly:

"Yes, yes, John. You remember you just said a love which helped you stand and face thunder. And that you founded your hopes on—This pesky ice!"

There she sat. John grasped the loose part of her sacque, between the shoulders, with one hand, and raised her to to her feet, as one would lift a kitten from a pail of water by the back of the neck. Then he said with increased earnestness:

"Of course, darling, and I have longed for an opportunity to tell my love and to hear those sweet lips whisper—Whoop!"

Somehow John's feet had slipped from under him, and he had come down like a letter V with his head and feet pointing skyward. She twined her taper fingers in his curling locks and raised him to the stature of a man, set his hat firmly over his eyes with both hands, and cried in breathless haste:

"I understand, and let me assure you, John, that if it is in my power to lighten your cares and make brighter your journey through life—Jerusalem!"

John stood alone, and said with breathless vehemence:

"Oh, my precious! and thus shall it be my lifelong pleasure to lift you from the rude assaults of earth and surround you with the loving atmosphere of—Texas!"

And there they both sat together. They had nearly reached the gate, and, hand to hand, and with hearts overflowing with the bliss of young love's first confession, they crept along on their knees up the front steps, and were soon forgetful of their bumps on the softest cushion of the parlor sofa.

Nothing for the Centennial.

[Richmond Journal, January 7.]

In the debate this morning in the Legislature on the Centennial appropriation, Peter Carter, the colored delegate from Northumberland county, arose, and urged on by the cries of "Hear him! hear him!" sounded in the well known voices of ex-Govs. Smith and Letcher, finally silenced another member who was advocating the bill, and with a rapidity of articulation heretofore unknown, proceeded to speak. The noise and confusion prevented his first remarks being heard, but when order was restored his voice in clarion peals rang through the hall, sounding death to the Centennial.

"Wherefore is it, and why I'm axin', never; no, sa. What? ten thousand dollars fur to be giv away to Philadelphia. [Letcher, 'Good.' Smith, 'Hear him.'] Ole Fagan neber tire. [Cheers.] Where's dis thing guyin to end? Let 'em go to see de show, but you hears my voice a sayin' still, proximate your own expenses. Look at dat statuary of Ginral Washington. Look at Clay, Calhoun. What is their first thought? Yes, sah. De boy stood on de burnin' deck. [Applause and cries from Letcher and Smith, 'Go on.'] Logan is de friend of de white man. Mr Logan is down on de black man. Stop and constitute dis expensive trip. Tickets to Baltimore, $7.70. Supper, lodgin' and breakfast, $2 more. Tickets to Philadelphia, $2 65. Admission to de show and side show at least 75 cents. Multiplying of dis by five, count up de boxes, curiosities, trunks, policies, carpet bags [Immense cheers.] Look at de treasury, look at de money de Governor hav spent in postage stamps a fixin' for dis occasion.—'Old Mother Hubbard went to de cupboard fur to git a poor dog a bone,' when she came back de dog were eloped. Jes so—it will institution on er. No, sah. I'm talkin' straight American language. Bunkum Hill, George Washington, John Brown, whar is you? Rise from your seats—say is I right—say is I jestice, truth and jestice again."

Ex-Governor Letcher (rising from his seat)—Mr. Speaker, I move a medal be awarded to Virginia's son—the good, the great, the glorious Carter. Seconded by Smith.

The motion was carried, and the Legislature adjourned for drinks.

The Debt to Mother.

Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the name, Mother, is the sweetest in the human language. And yet sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. These loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words which she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling, lest she say overmuch. She tries to charm him with cheery love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of the great obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway, let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice, let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness, and yet he will part from her at the tomb with his debt to her not half discharged.

For the JOURNAL.]

Snow Bird's Wedding.

BY PEARL HERBERT.

Timid little Snow Bird
Lay in her nest,
Somewhat frightened, it must be confessed,
For a promise must keep
I at every day
Robin Red Breast to love and obey alway.

'Twas Robin's wish
The banquet to hold,
At eight in the eve, in a neighboring wood,
But the little Bride said
With a frown, "No! No!
I do not care to have it so!"

It would be so dark
And cold at night,
And snow bird shivered with affright.
She had her way,
As Brides do,
And the wedding was duly appointed at two.

A stern old Owl
And a bashful Jay,
'Neath a large poplar sat they,
Said the Owl
"'Tis a beautiful day,"
"Yes, quite," answered the timid Jay.

Said the Swallow
To the Starling,
"I think you quite bewitching,"
And a silly Parrot,
Who the pair had spied,
Laughed till it almost died.

A pretty Canary
With such bright eyes,
Captivates a Sparrow who cries,
"A double wedding
We must have,"
And the Parrot another good laugh had.

But when a sweet
Little Love Bird
Fluttered by the smiling guests,
No laughter from
The Parrot heard
For the magic arrow had his heart stirred.

A flock of Quails
From over the hills,
And a white Stork, with a very long bill,
Came quite late
To create a sensation,
But failed in their foolish intention.

A few Sea Gulls,
And a Penguin, too,
Came up from the ocean blue,
A young Raven
And gay little Lark
Flew over from a neighboring Park.

They all did have
Such a very nice time,
And the party broke up with the usual chime:
"Did'nt the Bride
Look sweet,"
And a twacking bird echoed "Tweet Tweet."

For the Ladies.

Long cloaks of the circular shape are to be fashionable.

Suits of damask woolen will be the first to appear in the spring.

Cream color is still the most popular shade for evening gloves.

In purchasing pique get the repped, for it is the most fashionable, as well as durable.

White crepe lisse ruches and collars are now worn by persons in the deepest mourning.

Knife pleatings, side pleatings, box pleatings and puffs are still used for the trimming of underskirts.

French embroidery will be much more used than ever the coming season for children's handsome suits.

Black bonnets will be again brought out in the spring, but will not be so much worn as white and light bonnets.

Polonaise made to pique suits, buttoned up the back, and belted, are used for half-grown girls, trimmed with Hamburg edging.

There is a new white brocaded silk tie that is to be outside the cloak and tied into a sailor knot. The ends are handsomely trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

For a bride, who is in deep mourning, and is to travel, a black or gray tamise cloth suit is the best. The hat is either gray, trimmed with black, or black trimmed with gray.

There seems to be but little novelty in making new dresses—some have only two or three scantily gathered flounces, and the overskirts long, apron, caught up in the back by a pull and sash.

The material for spring and summer bonnets is a soft light chip, either cream white or black, and the most popular shape for young ladies will be the poke bonnet, now so fashionable, in felt and velvet.

One of the most beautiful and tasty decorations for a ball toilette is a nasturtium vine, that is, passed around the hips and trailed down one side—the other side being draped by a sash of velvet or silk.

For trimming spring bonnets there are gauze ribbons, with tiny open spaces and blocks to be used. These trimmings are shown in pretty contrasting colors, such as blue and cream and cardinal and gray.

Blue or wheat shades and yellow tints that deepen into buff, will be the most popular colors used by milliners this spring. There are also a delicate rose tint, sea foam green and a pale gray, that will be much used.

The cambrics, percale and English calico that are coming in now for spring suits, will be made into polonaises of simple shape, and tied back by sashes of the material. These goods are found in plaids, checks and bars of different sizes.

A very fashionable wrap for a child seven years old is a Dolman made of brown Eugenie cloth, and trimmed with a silk cord or a narrow silk fringe. These little wraps are extremely stylish, and are the most dressy covering for the street.

The blouse basque is a body much sought after by ladies of slender figures, and they are really very pretty and dressy when made of nice material. They are used for the street as well as the house, and there is no garment more simple or easier to make; a close standing collar finishes it at the neck and a cord is the only trimming used on the cuffed sleeves and bottom of the body.—*Baltimore News.*

MIND YOUR P'S.—The Bethlehem Times gives this valuable bit of advice to the public: "Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have a peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly and his pocketbook kept plethoric by prompt paying patrons, he puts his pen to his paper in peace, his paragraphs are more pointed, paints his pictures of passing events in more pleasing colors, and the perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it."

"JOSHUA," said a Yankee mother to her hopeful at breakfast, "what's an heir-apparent?" "There's one on the butter, mother!" replied the youngster, and the old lady "lit" upon him with the coffee-pot.

There are 11,333 blind men and 8,977 blind women in the United States.

Educational Department.

Conducted by J. Burke Weaver, to whom all communications intended for this column should be addressed.

How to Teach Grammar.

English Grammar is defined as the science which teaches to speak and write the English language with propriety. While there is no doubt that a knowledge of grammar *should* enable its possessor to speak and write the language with propriety, the fact is patent to the most casual observer that it *does* not. In our public schools, and among our teachers, too, we find many who can analyze and parse the most difficult constructions, and according to rule correct all examples of "false syntax," and yet cannot use the language with any degree of propriety. Our pupils many of them can recite definitions glibly, and *murder the "Queen's English" daily.* It follows, therefore, as a necessary inference that there is something radically wrong in our methods of teaching this branch of study. We think the error is chiefly this: we teach too much theory, and too little practice. As well might one expect to become a skillful musician by studying the theory of music only without the corresponding practice upon an instrument, as for one to expect to become skillful in the use of correct language without constant practice of its use.

To secure better results in this branch we recommend and urge teachers to set about improving their own use of language, and at the same time to set pupils to guarding their every word and expression. Let every recitation consist partly, even largely at first, of the correction of faulty sentences or expressions used by members of the class between recitations. Let these sentences be written by each pupil in a small book kept for the purpose and at recitation be referred to their authors for correction, and let a reason be required by the teacher and definitely stated by the pupil why they are incorrect. In schools or classes in which grammar is not taught as a science, let there be similar exercises daily. Let all double negatives, all barbarisms and all vulgarisms, such as "I hain't got no pen," "I didn't do nothing," "he turned up his nose at it," "that there book," "I lose my example," "he hasn't went," &c., &c., *ad nauseum*, be banished from the school room. Especially let the smaller and younger pupils be assisted by correct example, and daily precept to form a good and pure vocabulary. Let teachers do as indicated above and they will be rewarded by the increased interest which will be manifested by their pupils in the usually irksome study of grammar.

Strength of Character.

[Journal of Education.]

It is not words that produce an effect, but strength of character or emotional power lying back of the words; therefore, the teacher should not seek new and forcible expressions, but rather cultivate the character which gives force to ordinary expressions.

It is one half of school government to expect obedience, so that the teacher exceeds best who expects success.

The expectation of obedience is the result of an inward force of character, which is the basis of a teacher's power over a class.

No teacher ever controls a class until he believes in his ability to govern it.—The power of faith has its power in philosophy.

The teacher who governs well gains more by waiting than by talking. Many words are an indication of weakness, not of strength.

The teacher who deliberately says "I can and I will," supplementing resolution by thought and work, will ultimately overcome all obstacles to success.

Scolding, petulance and constant resort to punishment are indications of a weak character. Strength of character is that in the very presence of a teacher which a child feels, but can not define.

The power of a strong character is not the roar of a cataract or the dash of a waterfall; it is rather the quiet but irresistible current that sweeps all obstructions before it.

Strength of character, emotional power, or natural ability to govern, is born with those who are born teachers, but others may acquire it by intelligent self-culture.

It is usually a failure that one teaches well, but governs badly. Disorganization and disorder in the class are the outward manifestations of a mind weak or in confusion. Such a mind cannot produce an orderly training of the intellect.

The True Together.

[J. G. Holland.]

I hold the teacher's position second to none. The Christian teacher of a band of children combines the office of the preacher and the parent, and has more to do in shaping the mind and morals of the community than preacher and parent united.

The teacher who spends six hours a day with my child, spends three times as many hours as I do, and twenty fold more time than my pastor does. I have no words to express my sense of the importance of your office.

Still less have I words to express my sense of the importance of having that office filled by men and women of the purest motives, the noblest enthusiasm, the finest culture, the