# The Huntingdon Journal.

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## 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:

| | 3m | 6m | 9m | 1 yr | | 3m | 6m | 9m | 1yr |
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| 1 In | $3 50 | $ 5 00 | $ 6 50 | $ 8 00 | 1 col | $ 60 | $ 80 | $ 100 | $ 150 |
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*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, 3rd street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [apl2,71

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No 525 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan4,71

E. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Lester's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. J. Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl28, 76.

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [nov17,75

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl2.71

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

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No.—, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl9,71

FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office, 229 Penn Street, corner of Court House Square. [dec4,72

SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. [jan4,71

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 Penn Street. [jan4,71

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in the JOURNAL building.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 230 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [feb5,71

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Patents Obtained. Office, 321 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [my31,71

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office in *Monitor* building, Penn Street. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. [aug5,74-6mos

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. 229, Penn Street. [apl9,71

## Miscellaneous.

### MARK THESE FACTS!

The Testimony of the Whole World.

### HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, SORES AND ULCERS.

All descriptions of sores are remediable by the proper and diligent use of this inestimable preparation. To attempt to cure bad legs by plastering the edges of the wound together is a folly; for should the skin unite, a boggy diseased condition remains underneath to break out with tenfold fury in a few days. The only rational and successful treatment, as indicated by nature, is to reduce the inflammation in and about the wound and to soothe the neighboring parts by rubbing in plenty of the Ointment as salt is forced into meat. This will cause the malignant humors to be drained off from the hard, swollen and discolored parts round about the wound, sore, or ulcer, and when these humors are removed, the wounds themselves will soon heal; warm bread and water poultices applied over the affected parts, after the Ointment has been well rubbed in, will soothe and soften the same, and greatly assist the cure. There is a description of ulcer, sore and swelling, which need not be named here, attendant upon the follies of youth, and for which this Ointment is urgently recommended as a sovereign remedy. In curing such poisonous sores it never fails to restore the system to a healthy state if the Pills be taken according to the printed instructions.

DIPTHERIA, ULCERATED SORE THROAT, AND SCARLET AND OTHER FEVERS.

Any of the above diseases may be cured by well rubbing the Ointment three timesa day into the chest, throat and neck of the patient, it will soon penetrate, and give immediate relief. Medicine taken by the mouth must operate upon the whole system ere its influence can be felt in any local part, whereas the Ointment will do its work at once. Whoever tries the unguent in the above manner for the diseases named, or any similar disorders affecting the chest and throat, will find themselves relieved as by a charm. All sufferers from these complaints should envelop the throat at bedtime in a large bread and water poultice, after the Ointment has been well rubbed in; it will greatly assist the cure of the throat and chest. To allay the fever and lessen the inflammation, eight or ten Pills should be taken night and morning. The Ointment will produce perspiration, the grand essential in all cases of fevers, sore throat, or where there might be an oppression of the chest, either from asthma or other causes.

PILES, FISTULAS, STRICTURES.

The above class of complaints will be removed by nightly fermenting the parts with warm water, and then by most effectually rubbing in the Ointment. Persons suffering from these direful complaints should lose not a moment in arresting their progress. It should be understood that it is not sufficient merely to smear the Ointment on the affected parts, but it must be well rubbed in for a considerable time two or three times a day, that it may be taken into the system, whence it will remove any hidden sore or wound as effectually as though palpable to the eye. There again bread and water poultices, after the rubbing in of the Ointment, will do great service. This is the only sure treatment for females, cases of cancer in the stomach, or where there may be a general bearing down.

INDISCRETIONS OF YOUTH;—SORES AND ULCERS.

Blotches, as also swellings, can, with certainty, be radically cured if the Ointment be used freely, and the Pills taken night and morning, as recommended in the printed instructions. When treated in any other way they only dry up in one place to break out in another; whereas this Ointment will remove the humor from the system, and leave the patient a vigorous and healthy being.—It will require time with the use of the Pills to insure a lasting cure.

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, PARALYSIS, AND STIFF JOINTS.

Although the above complaints differ widely in their origin and nature, yet they all require local treatment.—Many of the worst cases, of such diseases, will yield in a comparatively short space of time when this Ointment is diligently rubbed into the parts affected, even after every other means have failed. In all serious maladies the Pills should be taken according to the printed directions accompanying each box.

*Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bad legs, | Cancers, | Sore Nipples, |
| Bad Breasts, | Contracted & Stiff | Sore throats, |
| Burns, | Joints, | Skin Diseases, |
| Bunions, | Elephantiasis, | Scurvy, |
| Bite of Moschetoes | Fistulas, | Sore Heads, |
| and Sandflies, | Gout, | Tumors, |
| Coco bay, | Glandular Swellings, | Ulcers, |
| Chiego foot, | Lumbago, | Wounds, |
| Chilblains, | Piles, | Yaws. |
| Chapped Hands, | Rheumatism, | |
| Corns (Soft) | Scalds, | |

CAUTION:—None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYCOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

*** Sold at the Manufactory of Professor HOLLOWAY & Co., New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in pots at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each pot. [apr28,76-eow-1y

WEDDING CARDS!

WEDDING CARDS!!

We have just received the largest assortment of the latest styles of

WEDDING ENVELOPES, and

WEDDING PAPERS,

ever brought to Huntingdon. We have also bought new fontes of type, for printing cards, and we defy competition in this line. Parties wanting Cards put up will save money by giving us a call. At least fifty per cent cheaper than Philadelphia or New York.

ap7-tf.] J. R. DURBORROW & CO.



## 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.

TERMS:

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



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.

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, Sugar 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 Job Rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Send along your work, and see what we can do.

— COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY. —

☞ All business letters should be addressed to

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.,
Huntingdon, Pa.


## The Muses' Bower.

### Centennial Hymn.

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

O! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

### The Careless Word.

'Twas but a word, a careless word,
As thistle down it seemed as light;
It paused a moment in the air,
Then onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
And breathed it with a hearty sneer;
It gathered weight as on it sped,
That careless word, in its career.

Then rumor caught the flying word,
And busy gossip gave it weight,
Until that little word became
A vehicle of angry hate.

And then that word was winged with fire,
Its mission was a thing of pain,
For soon it fell like lava drops
Upon a wildly tortured brain.

And then another page of life
With burning, scalding tears was blurred;
A load of care was heavier made,
Its added weight, that careless word.

That careless word, oh! how it scorched
A fainting, bleeding, quivering heart!
'Twas like a hungry fire, that searched
Through every tender, vital part.

How wildly throbbed that aching heart!
Deep agony its fountains stirred;
It calmed, but bitter ashes mark
The pathway of that careless word.

## The Story-Teller.

### GOLD AND DROSS.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Lily Deane sat busily copying a favorite poem, almost hidden from the sight of the guests in Mrs. Grenville's drawing-room by the rich folds of the lace curtains that hung from the lofty French windows like billows of foam.

A dainty, daisy-faced girl, with a complexion as fresh as the morning; with a warm, rosy glow on the healthful skin, and wine-bright sparkles in the big, velvety, gray eyes. A happy, earnest-hearted girl, on whom all the *finesse* of her parental aunt, the fashionable Mrs. Grenville, of Lexington Avenue, had been wasted in vain, in so far as that lady had attempted to make a stylish city young lady of the little rustic guest. A girl with plenty of common sense, and an innate delicacy of refinement that Alexouma and Ethelberta Grenville, her twin cousins, might have been proud to have possessed.

Now, nestling away among the foamy curtains, Lily listened to the ripples of conversation that eddied past her; thinking—in the vague, half-distressful way of thought that had, somehow, come to be quite natural to her, these few last weeks of that short, delightful winter spent in New York—that of all these people who had met her so many times in her aunt Grenville's drawing room, there was not one who would care when she should be gone, unless—and just the faintest possible little quiver ran through her pretty figure, as the sound of Sydney Ellis' voice suggested the possibility of an exception in his favor.

He had been very good to her all that winter—from the very day that Alexouma introduced him, and told Lily after he had gone that he was one of the most eligible young men in the city, worth a couple hundred thousands, and a perfect love of a mansion on Fifth Avenue, not to mention his country seat on the Hudson.—Lily had liked him from the very first—and liked him none the less when Alexouma had whispered to her, in greatest possible confidence, that she and Mr. Ellis were so nearly engaged that it was as good as accomplished. Liked him none the less, certainly, but somehow she felt curiously strange about it

Not that she was in love with him—indeed, no! She had told herself a thousand times that she was in love with nobody, and tried her best, and almost succeeded in convincing herself, that it was only a little reluctance at leaving all the luxury and the elegance of aunt Grenville's city house, that made her so uncomfortable.

Until the sound of Sydney Ellis' voice talking to a group of girls near her, aroused her from that sad, distressful mood that had taken complete possession of her.

"Then you consider me a fair subject for pity, ladies?"

"Only we don't believe a word of it, Mr. Ellis. Just imagine the incongruity of the thing!"

Miss Ethelberta Grenville laughed, and looked straight into Mr. Ellis' eyes.

He smiled, as if amused.

"The 'incongruity' of what, Miss Bertie? I confess my inability to follow your meaning."

Alexouma flirted her fan in a manner intended to be the very poetry of motion and took up the line of defense.

"Why, the idea of you, of all men, leaving the city and burrying yourself in the horrid country! What on earth will you do with yourself?"

Mr. Ellis looked across the group to Helsinger, who was vainly trying to interest Mrs. Eustacie Wyndham in a conversation—pretty little widow Wyndham, who had her eyes on Sydney Ellis for her deceased husband's successor.

"Helsinger, what do you think? Shall I stand it, if I emigrate to my Wisconsin farm?"

"Your Wisconsin farm! Bless my soul, Ellis, is the Wisconsin farm all there is left you from the wreck of your fortune?"

Ellis laughed, as much at the horror on Mrs. Wyndham's face, as at the ready reply of his friend Helsinger.

"Oh, Mr. Ellis! you never are going into the horrid Western wilds, because you have actually lost everything else? I thought surely you meant it for a sort of lark, you know, I supposed there was a delightful little cottage, and a carriage and everything romantic."

Lily parted the lace curtains and came out at this juncture, in good time to see the surprise and growing coldness on Mrs. Wyndham's pretty face.

Ellis looked quickly up at her, and bowed.

"Miss Lily, add your condolence, please. These ladies are horrified because Helsinger has foolishly blundered over a piece of news I hoped to have kept quiet."

A delicious flush surged over Lily's cheeks. Somehow—and how egregiously foolish it was!—she felt glad Mr. Ellis had lost all his wonderful lot of money.

"I cannot see why Mrs. Wyndham need feel horrified. I can assure her there is no life like country life." Then lifting her eyes timidly to Sydney's oddly-expressive face, she added: "I think you will be happy and contented, Mr. Ellis."

Ethelberta arose from her chair, languidly.

"Come Allie," Mrs. Wyndham said, "I promised you a glimpse of my new Duchess set. Mr. Helsinger, Mr. Ellis you will excuse us."

Ellis was on his feet in a moment.

"Ladies, there is not the slightest need of you taking such pains to manifest your sudden lack of interest in me—or rather your disappointment to learn that I am no longer eligible as a wealthy bait. Pray, Helsinger, remain and entertain the ladies, and I will retire. Mrs. Wyndham, Miss Grenville, Miss Ethelberta, good night! Miss Deane, if fortune favors me, I hope to say good-bye to you to-morrow."

And with a dignity that would have benefitted a duke, Ellis went away, leaving Helsinger at the mercy of three curious women's tongues.

The widow Wyndham sank back among the blue cushions—she always made a point of getting where there were lovely azure tints to show off her petite, blonde beauty—with an expression of the most devout thankfulness on her pretty face.

"Oh, Mr. Helsinger, I feel as if I never could sufficiently thank you! Only suppose I had accepted him, what on earth would I have done?"

Helsinger looked innocently at her.

"Indeed, Mrs. Wyndham, poor Ellis must have grown very reticent about his love affairs lately, for he never hinted to me you had refused him."

A vivid blush deepened on her face.

"Oh! I didn't mean to say he had actually offered, you know. But if he had, and I had accepted him?"

"Oh!"

Helsinger's monosylable was eloquent, and somehow made the widow wonder if he was making fun of her.

"Because, you see," Miss Ethelberta went on, almost indignantly, "Mr. Ellis has been so attentive to us all, and indeed, his wealth and position made him very desirable. But now—"

And a peculiar toss of her head and compression of her lips finished her remark far better than words could have done.

"I am really sorry poor Sydney has disappointed you all—shall I include you, Miss Deane?"

She turned her flushed cheeks toward the group more bravely than she had ever done anything in her life.

"Indeed you may not. Mr. Ellis is the same to me now as he was when he owned his mansion and horses and money, and a true friend of his will esteem him none the less.

Mrs. Wyndham tittered maliciously.

"Why, my dear, what a beautiful display of Quixotic interest. Pray do repeat it to Mr. Ellis, Mr. Helsinger."

He arose gravely.

"I shall do so, Mrs. Wyndham, and being myself the sort of friend Miss Deane describes, I shall carry what you call Quixotism still further—I shall select Sydney Ellis' friends for mine. Ladies, good-night."

After he was gone, Alexouma turned with a scowl to Lily still standing beside the low ebony etegere, with the same sweet, flushed excitement on her pure face.

"You brazen little witch! why couldn't you have kept your mouth shut? You see what you have done—actually driven Mr. Helsinger from our house!"

"I think not, Allie. If you will be reasonable, you will see it was your own cruelty and hollow-heartedness that did it."

Mrs. Wyndham laughed hysterically—she really was terribly cut up at Ellis' sudden ineligibility.

"Cruelty! hollow-heartedness! Perhaps, Miss Deane, you would not refuse to apply an antidote to Mr. Ellis?"

Lily looked quietly at the vexed woman, but made no reply, and then went to her own room, where she was to pass the last night of her long visit—the visit during which she had learned so much of the hollowness of society, so little of what was ennobling, save and except her love for Sydney Ellis.

She knew it now—knew it was a conviction strong as death—that the ill-fortune that had come to him had developed in her what it had crushed in Eustacie Wyndham. She admitted it, with thrills of glad, solemn joy, and prayed God to give her his love before she laid her bonny head on the pillow that night.

With the morrow he came—to bid her "good by," as he had said the night before. The parlors were deserted—the shrewd women of the Greenville household took excellent pains to keep out of the way of the penniless man, who might have Lily and welcome, if she were fool enough to take him. He met the girl half way across the floor, and took her hand warmly.

"Miss Lily, I want to thank you for your womanly words of encouragement; and more—I want to tell you that you have inspired a holier feeling than even the highest respectful admiration. Lily, can you not see that I love you dearly, dearly? Look up, little one, and tell me I am to have you for my darling, my wife!"

It had come to her at last, this love of Sydney Ellis, and she sobbed out her own weak confession on his breast, the happiest girl that ever the sun shone on.

"And are you sure you will not shrink from farm-life, my darling?"

Her eyes answered him before her lips framed the words.

"Shrink from it! Oh, Sydney, I always loved the country, and with you it will be a paradise! I am used to it, you know, dear, and I can see to the butter, and eggs, and poultry, and everything. I will try to be so good, Sydney, and saving and maybe you will get rich, some day."

"My noble, brave darling." He took her in his arms, and she did not see the loving smile on his lips, the pride in his eyes as he bent over her head.

"Listen, then, Lily, while I tell, you shall superintend the dairy and the poultry yard to your heart's content, but only when we visit our farm in Wisconsin—every summer, shall it be, dear? And at other times, don't you think we can be very happy in our house on the avenue? Because, little one, I have not lost a dollar—rather gained a fortune in winning you. I had no idea Helsinger would carry on the joke; but thank God he did, for I have won you, and learned to distinguish between gold and dross!"

Mrs. Wyndham never visits the Ellises, although she is ready to expire with envy whenever she meets Lily in her elegant phæton; and the Greenvilles never tire of boasting of "the Ellises—our cousins, you know!"

## Select Miscellany.

### Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1876.

*The Insult to Bristow—The Democratic Troubles—Beecher and Bowen—Car Elevator Accident—Another Charity Fair—The Centennial—Business—Rubenstein—The Weather.*

THE INSULT TO BRISTOW.

A parcel of shyster politicians seem determined to nominate Bristow, whether or no. The Union League Club is an aristocratic affair, made up entirely of republicans, and is supposed to represent republican sentiment in the city. A number of admirers of the Secretary put up his name for membership, expecting as a matter of course, that a gentleman so well known and so high, socially, politically, and in every other way, would be accepted without a question. In short, Bristow's becoming a member would honor the club a thousand times more than the club would honor him. Now by the laws of the club, one vote in ten adverse to a candidate, kills, and when the ballot was taken it was found that there were twelve black-balls—two more than enough to defeat him. There was the wildest excitement when the result was made known. The black-balling of the Secretary was denounced by the oldest and best members as an outrage, and anxious inquiries were made for the men who did it, but of course they could not be found. The matter would possess no significance, were it not for the manner in which it was done. It was evident that the party doing it could have commanded fifty votes if it had been necessary, and it is also evident that it was intended as a stab at his presidential prospects. The next morning in Albany as soon as it became known, certain politicians were talking that it would be of no use to nominate a man who could not be elected to the Union League Club, showing that the programme had been arranged beforehand, and that the black-balling was the beginning of a very dirty raid upon Bristow. The effect has not been, however, what the conspirators intended. The Republicans of New York, the best members of the club included, are indignant at the outrage, and there are thousands of Bristow men to-day where there were hundreds yesterday. It is only justice to Senator Conklin to say that neither he nor any of his trusted friends had anything to do with the matter.

THE DEMOCRACY

are in a dilemma. They want Tilden, but they see if they nominate him they lose the West—that is, the soft-money parts of the West. On the other hand, if they nominate a soft-money candidate, they are certain to lose New York, and they can't dodge so as to satisfy both. The business world, Republican as well as Democratic, want a square expression this year, and glittering generalities will not satisfy them. Tilden will undertake to carry the convention by the use of money, and trust to the same agency to secure his election, but he is not in a very cheerful frame of mind. His prospects or by no means rose-colored, either for the nomination or election, and the old bachelor looks care-worn and troubled.

BEECHER AND BOWEN.

The Beecher trouble has broken out afresh, and this time more virulent than ever. Bowen has knowledge, so he claims, which will settle the whole matter. But he will not divulge, unless he is permitted to do it in the way that he wants to. He says that the knowledge he has involves a great many other people, and that he will go before a committee of disinterested men and tell it all, they pledging themselves to secresy, simply making public their verdict as to the guilt of Beecher. This Mr. Beecher declines. At the last meeting of Plymouth Church there was a spicy time. Bowen and Beecher got by the ears, the lie was passed as sweetly as at a town-meeting, members were ordered to "get out," and the proceedings would have done no discredit to a nominating convention in a Democratic ward in New York. In the meantime Moulton is pressing his suit, Bowen is getting ready to find some way to get at Beecher without involving others, and there is a prospect for a Kilkenny fight of the hugest dimensions. How it will all result, no one knows. But the world wishes that it was over in one way or another. Tilton is lecturing in the West, and his wife and her mother are keeping boarders.

THE BERGEN EXPLOSION.

Last Saturday night, just as the honest burghers of New York were putting on their night-caps, after an unusually hot evening, they were startled by a very loud and sharp explosion, apparently in the next block to everybody. It was louder than any fourth of July cannon, and rang like the crack of a rifle. People poked their heads out of windows, concluding their next neighbor had committed suicide, or killed a rat with a large charge of powder, or there was a soda fountain explosion, or something. The latter guess, as usual, was right. The next morning all the city was aquiver over the explosion of the powder magazine on the crest of Bergen hill, three quarters of a mile from the Hoboken ferry, in which the contractor for the new Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad tunnel, had stored about 30,000 nitro glycerine cartridges used for blasting the tunnel, and about 300 pounds of giant powder. This was a heavy charge, and the effect was awful. A shock as of an earthqake was followed by the falling of houses, roofs, and the crashing of walls and windows all over Jersey City and Hoboken, reaching across the river, and felt in New York. On the west side, shop windows were shattered, and the gas put out fully two miles from the explosion. The shock was felt at Yonkers, and ten miles away, on Staten Island, its force shook the ground, and rolled the ships in the bay, which before was perfectly still. It is pretty certain that the explosion was the work of strikers, who refused to work in the tunnel for $1.25 a day. There had been much trouble with the men previously, and when strikes occurred, the giant powder was always carefully removed, which this time, had not yet been done. Wonderfully, no lives were lost, and the strikers, if they committed this terrible deed, are spared the crime, though not the guilt, of blood guiltiness.

THE CAR ELEVATOR ACCIDENT.

It is wonderful that so little harm to life should follow such an accident. Another which took place on Monday night, half a mile from the scene of the explosion, was more horrible in its results. The cars which run from the Hoboken ferry are hoisted up the hill by a steam elevator, saving nearly an hour lost by going up the grade in the old way. The two fore-wheels of the car had just passed on the platform of the elevator, when the wires, probably disarranged by the shock of the explosion, gave the signal all right, the elevator began to move, and the car toppled over, falling thirty feet, throwing passengers from the platform, and burying others under its bloody wreck. Hardly any of the twenty-seven passengers escaped without injury, and several have since died.

ANOTHER CHARITY FAIR.

It is really thought by the sagacious, that the reign of fashionable charities is over for the season, and that no further appeals will be made on the pockets of generous New Yorkers till the demand for mid-summer excursions for the poor comes on. The Woman's Centennial Union has had its fill, and picked the pockets of everybody, under the promise of preserving every donors' name to be read at the next Centennial. With true feminine persistence and indiscretion, it has nagged everybody impartially, the rich for their checks, and the poor working women for their five and ten cent pieces. The result is a gorgeous banner, at the Centennial, and a very pretty building which does not hold a tithe hardly of the women's exhibits, and is of no earthly use, except to flatter the vanity of a few women who cannot bear not to make themselves conspicuous, and gave an awfully ill-looking lot of them an excuse to parade at the Centennial opening, arm in arm, with badges, along with the government officials and officers of the exhibition. St. John's Guild, not the least deserving the charities, if not the most so, in the city, had its turn, though its receipts were cut short by the Centennial measles, as it was a necessity that the old fairy godmothers of the exhibition should have their banner and parade, whether the poor people out of work in the city had food or not. The Young Women's Christian Association, a taking and at the same time rather repelling title, held a May fair, which was not less brilliant than any that went before. It was held in the Academy of Music, and did a large trade in dry-goods and ready made clothing, as well as a thriving book and stationery business, which, as all the stock was given to the concern, was clear profit. To add to the attractions, the owners of private picture galleries loaned their pictures for exhibition, and this afforded a fine chance for the everybodies to see paintings that are usually inscrutable to the vulgar eye.

THE CENTENNIAL

is already beginning to be felt in New York. The great mass of people on their way to Philadelphia come by way of New York, and the hotels and boarding houses are beginning to look up. The opening day in Philadelphia was an immense success, to which New York contributed quite as much as the Quaker City. The city was literally emptied. The trains to Philadelphia were loaded for three days in advance, and New York was well-nigh deserted. The next day the majority came back, all, indeed, except those who had goods to exhibit, and who propose to stay during the exposition. The Centennial is a great success, and I advise every one of your readers to come and see it. Come to Philadelphia to see the great show, come over to New York and see the great metropolis, and go home wiser and better men and women. It won't happen again for an hundred years, and we shall none of us have another chance. Make the trip a cheap one. Don't attempt any style whatever, and above all don't be ashamed to ask questions, and look about you all you can. See all that is to be seen, at the lowest possible price, and my word for it, you will never regret the expenditure. Every farmer and mechanic in the United States, with their wives and daughters, ought to come East this season, if they never do it again.

BUSINESS

continues dull, though the merchants have a hope that the influx of visitors to the Centennial will enliven things somewhat. Real-estate is on the decline, and rents are going down as rapidly as possible. There are nothing but long faces on the street, and the mourners are plenty. Failures are as common as blackberries,—indeed they have become so common that they excite no attention whatever. To fail is a fashionable thing, and has become rather creditable than otherwise. There may be an improvement next month, but I doubt it. I believe that New York has lost a large per cent. of its trade, and that the city is as large now as it will be for twenty years to come. There are thousands of empty stores, and tens of thousands of empty houses, and I can't see where the business or people to fill them are coming from. But let us hope for the best.

RUBENSTEIN,

the Israelite, convicted of the murder of Sarah Alexander, committed suicide in his cell by starving himself to death. It is the most curious case on record. The food given him he deliberately and resolutely threw down the sewer pipe, as soon as it was brought to him, and he kept his resolution till he was so weak that death was inevitable. His father took charge of his dead body, and had it buried according to the rites of the rigid Jewish church. His cursing the detective who was instrumental in convicting Rubenstein, was as dramatic a performance as was ever seen. "The curse of the God of my fathers be on you," was his exclamation as he stood between the corpse and the detective, so that his dead son's face should not be profaned by the gaze of the man who had hunted him to death.

THE WEATHER

is delightfully cool and pleasant, and the Park is crowded every afternoon with magnificent equipages, and gaily dressed horsemen and horsewomen. It is well worth an hour every day to see the fashion of New York on dress parade. Sundays the poor people get there, and they make a sight of almost equal interest.

PIETRO.

### A Word to the Wise.

We hear often enough in the present day of degeneracy of modern manners, and instances are constantly being given of things which young men and maidens do nowadays that in the last generation would have been deemed unpardonable. The customs of the present day, which admit of the eccentricities of masculine morning costume, which allow smoking on all occasions and almost all places, and which permit abruptness of manner and mode of address that would have been shocking no very great number of years ago, may probably be the result of that general onward movement and fastness of the age, which recommends a special version of one of Shakespear's plays because it takes so short a time in the acting. We rush onward and imagine that we have no time for repose; we lose the dignities of life in striving after its rapidities

But, at least, there lingers here and there a recollection of what used to be; and now and then the elders of the community are found to wish that something of old fashioned politeness might become prevalent. As far as regards women, at any rate men's manners are beginning to lose some of the courtliness which made a man polite to all women. This change may be the result of the claims which women are making to hold places in the world which hitherto have only been filled by men. But we can hardly think that this is the case, for, if it were so, it would be only the women making special claims who would be treated with any degree of abruptness, and, so far as our observations extend, this is by no means the case.—Young ladies, who would scout the idea of being "strong minded," are quite as much subject to this kind of treatment as are the most advanced of their sex. It may be, as a contemporary has recently said, that men tire of the companionship of women in all places—in the hunting field, the billiard room, the smoking room; that their one desire is to be let alone, and that their treatment of women is the result of an unexpressed, though strongly felt, desire to get rid of them. It seems to us to be in the hands of women themselves to exact from men a behavior such as shall be indicative of a proper respect.

But we have also noticed, and have been grieved to notice, that among young women themselves there is being developed an abruptness of manner, a disregard of the small politenesses and conventionalities of life, distressing to those who know how this will be reflected by and by the conduct of others. It will be, indeed, a sad thing if the advancement of women intellectually and socially, the putting forward of claims to higher education and to distinct acknowledgment of political position, should be accompanied by a deterioration in the practice of the amenities of life which are especially in the charge of women. We would appeal to the sense and good taste of those who are taking any part in the movements for the advancement of women to avoid with the utmost care all practices which will give the idea that with the good things must be taken all the carelessness of the ways of young men. A young girl is not the less a young girl, and bound to be maidenly, because she is studying Greek and Latin. She is not justified in "flying in the face of" all customary usages because she has become acquainted with the higher mathematics; nor is she excused from the minor politenesses because she happens to be able to spend a busy day at work and is not compelled to abide in the misery of idleness. We would ask some of the rising generation to ponder these matters, and strive after being "perfect women, nobly planned," not only in the cultivation of intellect and independence, but in the exercise of all womanly graces and sweetnesses of manner.—*The Queen*

### Cheerfulness.

What we call "low spirits" is frequently the result of bodily weakness or disease. People, with few exceptions, love to be cheerful, and do not have to hear sermons and lectures upon the subject to appreciate cheerfulness But these frail bodies are easily put out of tune, and despondency is very apt to accompany the small ills which seem but slight, and for which we find but little sympathy. When Elijah sat down under the juniper tree in great despondency, so great that he longed to die, the angel of the Lord did not say: "Man, you give up too easily; despondency is a dreadful thing, never give way to it." No, the Lord is too wise a physician for that, the prophet was suffering from bodily weakness and weariness. The good man allowed him to rest, first of all; mark that. Sleep and rest are often all that is needed to cure low spirits. Then a miraculous meal was prepared, and the angel touched the sleeper and said: "Arise, and eat, for the journey is too great for thee." How sympathizing and tender were these words! Elijah did according to this bidding, and we have no more complaints of that kind from him.

Just here is the great secret in numbers of cases where despondency holds sway: "The journey if too great for thee." The toils and cares press so heavily that the mortal frame is out of order, and despondency is the result. Avoid over fatigue, taking too much thought of the morrow, grumbling and brooding, and anything that is hurtful to physical nature. And remember, that the greatest cheerfulness is induced by a firm trust in the Lord. When the journey necessary is too great for thee, the angel will come and give thee meat that shall strengthen thee.

### Fervent Prayer.

The river that runs slow, and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf of grass to let it pass, is drawn into little hollows, and spreads itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness, and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted with little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer; if he moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not until it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Saturday being a fine day there was a fine turnout of people at the centennial grounds. The number of paying visitors was 16,095.

### Change in the Color of the Hair.

It is stated that the transactions of the British Royal Society, extending over two hundred years, contain no instance of any sudden change in the color of the human hair—a circumstance regarded as conclusive that no such change has ever occurred, for, had it ever been undoubtedly witnessed, it is not likely that it would have remained undescribed. The most eminent medical writers confess themselves unaware that irrespectively of recorded evidence, anything in support of the popular notion on this subject can be adduced on physiological grounds. It is well known that human hair cannot be injected. Using coloring fluid, such as a solution of nitrate of silver and a solution of iodine, does not produce any change of color except in the portions actually immersed. Whether it owes its color to a fixed oil, to a peculiar arrangement of its constitutional molecules, or to both, it resists decay in a remarkable manner; it resists the action of acids and alkalies, except the strongest, which dissolves it; it resists maceration, and even boiling water unless for a long time applied and under pressure, when it suffers disintegration and decomposition. Exposure to the sun will bleach hair, but this will not account for any very sudden change of color. The popular notion, however, is in favor of