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.

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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. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan4, 71

E. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister'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

J. 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

J. 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.

J. 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.

HEALTH AND ITS PLEASURES,

—OR—

DISEASE AND ITS AGONIES:

CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

NERVOUS DISORDERS.

What is more fearful than a breaking down of the nervous system? To be excitable or nervous in a small degree is most destressing, for where can a remedy be found? There is one:—drink but little wine, beer, or spirits, or far better, none; take no coffee,—weak tea being preferable; get all the fresh air you can; take three or four Pills every night: eat plenty of solids, avoiding the use of slops; and if these golden rules are followed, you will be happy in mind and strong in body, and forget you have any nerves.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

If there is one thing more than another for which these Pills are so famous, it is their purifying properties, especially their power of cleansing the blood from all impurities, and removing dangerous and suspended secretions. Universally adopted as the one grand remedy for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always brings about what is required.

SICK HEADACHES AND WANT OF APPETITE.

These feelings which so sadden us, most frequently arise from annoyances or trouble, from obstructed perspiration, or from eating and drinking what is unfit for us, thus disordering the liver and stomach. These organs must be regulated if you wish to be well. The Pills, if taken according to the printed instructions, will quickly restore a healthy action to both liver and stomach, whence follow, as a natural consequence, a good appetite and a clear head. In the East and West Indies scarcely any other medicine is ever used for these disorders.

HOW TO BE STRONG.

Never let the bowels be confined or unduly acted upon. It may appear singular that Holloway's Pills should be recommended for a run upon the bowels, many persons supposing that they would increase relaxation. This is a great mistake, however; for these Pills will immediately correct the liver and stop every kind of bowel complaint. In warm climates thousands of lives have been saved by the use of this medicine, which in all cases gives tone and vigor to the whole organic system, however deranged,—health and strength following as a matter of course. The appetite, too, is wonderfully increased by the use of these Pills, combined in the use of solid in preference to fluid diet. Animal food is better than broths and stews. By removing acrid, fermented, or other impure humors from the liver, stomach, or blood, the cause of dysentery, diarrhœa, and other bowel complaints is expelled. The result is, that the disturbance is arrested, and the action of the bowels becomes regular. Nothing will stop the relaxation of the bowels so quickly as this fine correcting medicine.

DISORDERS OF THE KIDNEYS.

In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they be afflicted with stone or gravel, or with aches and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment, should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bedtime. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.

FOR STOMACHS OUT OF ORDER.

No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these pills; they remove all acidity, occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasm—in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach.

Ague.	Fevers of all kinds,	Sore Throats,
Asthma,	Fits,	Stone and Gravel,
Bilious Complaints	Gout,	Secondary Symptoms,
Blotches on the Skin,	Headache,	Tic-Douloureux,
Bowel Complaints,	Indigestion,	Tumors,
Colics,	Inflammation,	Ulcers,
Costipation of the Bowels,	Jaundice,	Venereal Affections
Consumption,	Liver Complaints,	Worms of all kinds
Debility,	Lumbago,	Weakness from any cause, &c.
Dropsy,	Piles,	
Dysentery,	Rheumatism,	
Erysipelas,	Retention of Urine,	
Female Irregularities,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,	

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the signature of J. Haydock, 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 boxes 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 box.

apr. 28, 1876-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.

——: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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— Circulation 1800. —

A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

5000 READERS WEEKLY.

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

——:o:——

JOB DEPARTMENT:

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

Original Poetry.

"A Phule."

BY A SCHOOL-BOY.

A little boy, with common sense,
Is now attending school,
Whose talents are not bright enough
To make of him *a "Phule."*

But in weight, his talents are,
According to the rule,
Of weights that measure unto men,
Too heavy for a *"Phule."*

"A Prodigy," one terms himself,
Who never needed school,
To teach his talents how to shoot;—
Thus, likewise, is a *mule.*

By chance, one day, he made a rhyme,—
Of course he is a poet;—
Then, thought no one could do the same,
More than become a *"go-at."*

But when at last he found there were
Exceptions to his rule,
He gnashed his teeth and tore his hair,
And called himself a *"Phule."*

It pains his inmost soul to see
A line that's not his own,
Appearing in *"The Muses' Bower,"*
And this was plainly shown,

By his "Advice," to one "Pearl Herbert,"
And others;—let me see;—
Oh, well, no matter who they were,
But now he's challenged me,—

Because "A School-boy" had the grit
To prove that he's so zealous
In criticism and ridicule,
Merely because he's *Jealous.*

To measure swords with him in verse
And bathe in his vile pool,
But, I do not think that it will pay,
To trifle with a *"Phule."*

Yet if he craves to test his weight
In a poetic duel,
I'll measure off the challenged ground,—
Three lengths of *"A Bigge Phule."*

The Story-Teller.

EULALIE LASALLE.

A STORY OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

O, what was love made for if 'twas not for this
The same amidst sorrow, and transport and bliss?
Moore.

The fascination of the French revolution had reached its heighth; the excitable population, intoxicated with power, and maddened by the vague dread of the retribution of despair, goaded on by profligate, ferocious, or insane leaders, was plunging into the most revolting and sanguinary excesses. The son of St. Louis had ascended to heaven, the beautiful Marie Antionette had laid her head upon the block, the baby heir of the throne of the Capets was languishing in the hands of his keepers, and the Girondists, the true friends of republican liberty were silenced by exile or the scaffold. In short, the Reign of Terror, the memorable sway of Robespierre, hung like a funeral pall upon the land which was fast becoming a vast cemetery. The provincial towns, faithful echoes of the central capital, were repeating the theme of horror with a thousand variations. Each considerable city had its guillotine, and where that instrument of punishment was wanting, the fusillade or the mitraille supplied its place.

At this crisis, Eugene Beauvallon, a young merchant of Toulouse, presented himself one morning in the drawing room of Mademoiselle Eulalie Lasalle, an orphan girl of great beauty and accomplishment, to whom he had long been betrothed, and whom he would ere this have married but for the political troubles of the period.—Eulalie was a graceful creature, slenderly and symmetrically formed, with soft blue eyes, and an exceedingly gentle expression which was indicative of her character. She seemed too fair and fragile to buffet with the storms of life, and ill fitted to endure its troubles, created to be the idol of the drawing room, the fairy queen of a boudoir.

Eugene was a handsome, manly fellow, of great energy and character. The revolution surprised him in the act of making a fortune; the whirlwind had stripped him of most of his property but he had yet left him liberty and life. He had contrived to avoid rendering himself obnoxious to the sansculottes without securing their confidence. The tri colored cockade which he wore in his hat shielded him from the fatal epithet of aristocrat—a certain passport to the guillotine.

Beauvallon then seated himself beside Eulalie, who was struck with the radiant expression of his countenance, and begged to know the reason of his joyous excitement.

"I have good news to tell you," he said, gayly; "but we are not alone," he added, stopping short, as his eye rested on the sinister face of an old woman, humbly attired, who was busily engaged in knitting not far from the lovers.

"O, don't mind poor old Mannette," said Eulalie. "The poor old creature is past hearing thunder. It is a woman, Eugene, I rescued from absolute starvation, and she is so grateful and seems so desirous of doing something to render herself useful, that I am mortified almost at her sense of the obligation."

"I hope she has not supplanted your *femme de chambre,* Julie, of whom you threatened to be jealous. My admiration, I hope, has not cost the girl her place."

"Oh, dear, no! I couldn't part with Julie!" replied Eulalie, laughing gayly. "But come, you must not tantalize me—what has occurred to make you so gay, at a time when every true Frenchman wears a face of mourning?"

"The Marquis de Montmorenci is at liberty."

"At liberty? How happened it that the Revolutionary Tribunal acquitted him?"

"Aequitted him! Eulalie, does the tiger that has once tasted the blood of his prey permit him to escape. Is Robespierre more lenient than the beast of prey? No, Eulalie, he escaped by the aid of a true friend. He fled from Paris, reached Toulouse, and found shelter under my roof!"

The cheek of Eulalie turned ashy pale.

"Under your roof!" she faltered. "Do you know the penalty of sheltering a fugitive from justice?"

"It is death upon the scaffold," answered the young man calmly. "But better that a thousand times than the sin of ingratitude; the sin of turning a deaf ear to the claims of humanity."

"My own noble Eugene?" exclaimed the young girl, enthusiastically pressing her lover's hand. "Every day increases my love, my respect for you, and my sense of my own unworthiness. But you will never have to blush for the inferiority of your wife."

"What do you mean, dearest?" inquired Eugene with alarm.

"This is no time for marriage," said Eulalie sadly. "Images of death and violence meet our eyes whichever way they turn. We were born, Eugene, in melancholy times, and our lives are misplaced. We shall meet hereafter; on this earth, I fear, our destinies will never be united."

"Prophetess of evil!" said Beauvallon gayly. "Your rosy lips belie your gloomy argury. No, Eulalie, this dark cloud cannot forever overshadow the land—even now I think I can see glimpses of the blue sky. *Le bon temps viendra,*—the good time is coming,—and then, Eulalie, be sure that I will claim your promised hand."

The conversation of the lovers had been so animated and interesting that they did not notice the moment when old Mannette had glided like a spectre from the apartment.

Beauvallon lingered a while,—"parting in such sweet sorrow,"—and finally reluctantly tore himself from the presence of Eulalie, promising to see her again on the ensuing day, and let her know whatever had transpired in the interim

As he approached the streets in which his store and house were situated, he heard the confused murmur of the multitude, and soon perceived, on turning the corner, that a very large crowd was collected outside his door. There were men and women—many of the former armed with pikes and sabres—the latter, the refuse of the populace, who appeared like birds of evil omen at every scene of violence and tumult.

A hundred voices called out his name as he approached, and menancing gestures were addressed to him by the multitude.

"Citizens," said the merchant, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"You shall know, traitor," shrieked a palsied hag of eighty, whose lurid eyes had already gloated on every public execution that had taken place in Toulouse. "Here is citizen Dumart of the revolutionary committee—ah, he is a true friend of the people—he is no aristocrat in disguise! *Vive le Citoyen Dumart!"*

"Long live Citizen Dumart. Down with the aristocrats!" shouted a hundred voices.

The Citizen Dumart was a sallow-faced man, dressed in a rusty black, wearing a large tri-colored cockade in his three-cornered hat, with a sash of the same color girt around his waist. His bloodshot eyes expressed a mixture of cowardice with ferocity. He was flanked by a couple of pike men as hideous as the Afrites of Eastern romance.

"Citizen Beauvallon," said he, in a voice whose tremor betrayed his native timidity, "I arrest you in the name of the revolutionary committee of Toulouse.—Citizen Beauvallon, it is useless to resist the authority of the representatives of the people; if you have any concealed weapons about you, I advise you to surrender them. You see I stand here protected by the arms of the people."

"I have no weapons," replied Beauvallon. "I have no sinister designs. I know not why I am arrested. Acquaint me with the charge, and confront me with my accusers."

"Seize upon the prisoner!" cried Dumart to his satelites. And he breathed freer when he saw the merchant in the grip of two muscular ruffians, whose iron hands compressed his wrists as if they were manacles.

"Away with him!" screamed the hag who had spoken before. "Away with him to the revolutionary committee! Down with the aristocrats!"

Followed by the imprecations of the crowd, Beauvallon was conducted to the town house, and in a few moments was placed at the bar of the revolutionary committee—a body vested with the power of life and death. On his way thither he found means to speak a word to an acquaintance in the crowd, and to beg him to inform Eulalie of what had happened.

So soon as he heard the accusation read, and knew that he was charged with the crime of aiding the Marquis de Montmorenci, a fugitive from justice he felt that his situation was indeed critical; but mingled with his astonishment and dread was a curiosity to learn whence his denunciation could have proceeded—who could have lodged the information against him. He was not long kept in suspense, for the witness brought on the stand to confront him was no other than Mannette, the supposed deaf servant of Eulalie Lasalle, who had overheard his confession of the morning, and hastened to denounce him.—Though his sentence was not immediately pronounced, and the decision of his case was deferred till the next day, Beauvallon felt that his doom was sealed.

He was conveyed to a house in the vicinity of the town hall for confinement, as the prisons were all over-stocked. His jailor was a man whom the merchant had formerly befriended, and whose heart was not inaccessible to emotions of pity, though he was above the bribery, and evidently determined to execute his duty to the letter.

"I have a favor to ask of you, my friend," said the prisoner, slipping a golden louis into his hand.

"If it is one that I can grant without violating my duty," replied the jailor, returning the money to Beauvallon, "I will do so for the sake of old times but not for gold."

Beauvallon explained that he wished to send a note to Mlle. Lasalle, requesting her to visit him in prison—an interview which would probably be their last, and the jailor undertook readily to see the missive delivered, and to permit the visit. The note having been dispatched, Beauvallon sat down to wait for the arrival of his mistress.

The dread hours passed away, but though he learned from the jailor that his errand had been performed, no Eulalie made her appearance.

"She forsakes me!" he murmured bitterly. "The wounded deer is abandoned by the herd, and an unfortunate man is shunned by his fellows. Well, the dream was pleasant while it lasted—the regret of awakening can scarce be tedious—a few hours, and all the incidents of this transitory life will be forgotten. But Eulalie—whom I loved better than my life itself—it is hard to die without one word from thee."

When on the following day Beauvallon was again taken before the revolutionary committee, he looked anxiously around the court room to see if he could discover the face of Eulalie among the spectators, many of whom were women. But he was disappointed. Her absence convinced him that she had abandoned him, and wholly absorbed by this reflection, he paid no attention to the formula of his trial. He was condemned to death, the sentence to be executed on the following day.

"Mr. President," said he rising, "I thank you, and I have merely one favor to ask. Anticipate the time of punishment—let it be to-day instead of to-morrow—let me go hence to the scaffold."

"Your request is reasonable," replied the president, in a bland tone, "and if circumstances permitted, it would afford me the greatest pleasure to grant it. But the guillotine requires repair, and will not be in a condition to perform its functions until to-morrow, at which time, Citizen Beauvallon at the hour of ten A. M., you will have ceased to exist. Good night and pleasant dreams!"

This sally was received with roars of applause, and the unhappy prisoner was reconducted to the place of confinement.

The night was a sleepless one. Beauvallon's arrest, his speedy trial and condemnation, the desertion of Eulalie had followed each other with such stunning rapidity, that, until now, he had hardly time to reflect upon the dismal chain of circumstances—now they pressed upon his attention, and crowded his mind to overflowing. At midnight as he lay tossing upon his bed, upon which he had thrown himself without undressing, he thought he heard a confused noise in the apartment of the next house adjoining his.—The noise increased. He placed his hand upon the wall and felt it jar under successive shocks. Suddenly a current of air blew in upon him, and at the same time a faint ray of light streamed through an opening in the partition.

"Courage!" said a soft voice. "The opening enlarges. Now, Julie!"

"Julie!" Beauvallon was sure he heard the name, and yet uncertain whether or not he was dreaming.

"Julie!" he exclaimed, cautiously.

"Yes, monsier—it is Julie, sure enough," answered a pleasant voice.

"Then you, at least, have not forgotten me."

"No one who has once known you can ever forget you. Courage! and you will soon be free. Aid us if you can."

"Then you are not alone?"

"Have patience and you will see."

His own exertions, added to those of his friends without, soon enabled the prisoner to force his way into the next house; but there disappointments awaited him. Two soldiers in the uniforms of the *gensdarmerie* stood before him.

"'*On ne passe par ici,*—you can't pass here," said one.

"What cruel mockery is this?" cried Beauvallon. "Is it not enough that I am condemned to death, but you must subject me to an atrocious pleasantry? This is refinement of cruelty."

"It seems that our disguise is perfect Julie," said the soldier who had not yet spoken." "Eugene does not know his best friends."

In an instant the speaker was folded in the arms of Beauvallon. It was Eulalie herself, as bewitchingly beautiful in her uniform as in the habiliments of her sex. She hurriedly explained, that the moment she heard of Eugene's arrest, she prepared to meet the worst contingency. She had already converted her money into cash. Learning the place of his imprisonment, she had hired through the agency of another person, the adjoining house, which happened to be unoccupied. The task of making an aperture in the partition was an easy one—the difficulty of passing through the city was greater. The idea of military disguises then occurred. Julie and herself had already equipped themselves, and they were provided with a uniform for Beauvallon.

Secured by this costume, the three fugitives ventured forth. In the great square of the city, workmen were busily employed in repairing the hideous engine of death and Beauvallon passed, not without a shudder, beneath the very shadow of the guillotine, to which he had been doomed.

Seated on the cold ground, beneath the fatal apparatus, was an old woman muttering to herself.

"Good evening, citizens," said she. We will have a fine day for the show to-morrow. Look how the bonny stars are winking and blinking on the gay knife blade they've been sharpening. It will be darker and redder when the clock strikes again. Down with the aristocrats!"

The fugitives needed no more to quicken their steps. They reached the frontiers in safety, and beyond the Rhine, in the hospitable land of Germany, the lovers were united; nor did they return to France till the star of Robespierre had set in blood, and the master mind of Napoleon had placed its impress on the destinies of France.

Select Miscellany.

Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1876.

The Centennial—Extravagance—The Other Side—Political—The Stewart Estate—The Dull Season—The Mustang Race.

OPINIONS ON THE CENTENNIAL.

As Decoration Day was, appointed for the opening of the Bankers Building, at the Exhibition in Philadelphia, the directors of most of the large banks gave their clerks a holiday for forty-eight hours, and paid their expenses to the Centennial. This was a treat to men who are tied down to the desk the year round, and about 200 of the gayest men rode off in the bright morning with their wives and sweethearts, to the exhibition. Brown Brothers, one of the largest banking firms in the city, gave each of their married employees $50, and the single ones $25, so that all might have a taste of the pleasure. Another firm provided a drawing room car for their employees. Such liberal dealings characterize firms of standing, who keep their trusted clerks for years, till their customers know the very peculiarities of their hand-writing and fold of the letters, and would hardly recognize correspondence coming in any other way.

But the Centennial did not seem to impress all its visitors in an extremely favorable way. One of the young men who went in this excursion expressed himself without reserve on his return as to the value of the Exhibition, and his remarks are given for what they are worth.

"See it all!" he broke out in answer to a question. "I saw it all in six hours. Went through all the buildings, took two lunches, and was back in New York the next morning. In my opinion, the Centennial is the biggest F-r-o-d ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting people. There is hardly a thing to be seen that one can't find in the Broadway shop-windows. There is an enormous display of fine dry goods and furniture, nothing better than we see every day. There isn't $50,000 worth of jewelry in the whole exhibition, and not more than 2,000 pictures. The machinery is wonderful, and the buildings are large and showy. The Women's Pavilion is nearly as large as any of them, and was full of bric-a-brac, which my lady friend with me said was rather cheaply done." And he expressed in other language that he didn't want any more centennial in his. This is only opinion, and, as Josh Billings says, opinions are like other vegetables, worth only what they fetch, but it may console the few who are prevented from seeing the Centennial, to know that they have not lost all there is in the world by not going.

But, notwithstanding the adverse opinion of these bank clerks, I say the Centennial is a big thing; and one which everybody ought to see. There are art pictures in plenty, and the best in the world; there is statuary; there is machinery; there are goods from every country in the world, and there is everything that can delight and instruct. It is precisely what was intended—an exhibition of the world's progress; and whoever does not see it, misses an exceedingly good thing. But don't let it cost you too much. There are not enough people in Philadelphia to stock the boarding-houses, by a long way; and there are rooms for a hundred thousand more than are there now, or will be there at any time. Pay no high prices. Stop by the day till you get what you want at the price you want, and then settle down quietly to see what is to be seen. The hotels and boarding houses are more anxious to have you than you are to have them. There has not been that rush that was expected, nor will there be. Six months is a long time; and it will spread out the exhibition tolerably thin, so far as people in attendance is concerned. There is no necessity for paying exorbitant prices. One can live in Philadelphia this summer as cheaply as in any other city, if one knows how. The secret is: wait. Go till you find what you want; and don't be frightened by any reports of crowds. There is no such thing. There are more rooms than people, and there will be to the end of the exhibition But go, by all means. It is worth the going ten thousand miles to see.

METROPOLITAN EXTRAVAGANCE.

There is money in the country somewhere, or people could not afford such indulgences as are offered by our metropolitan shops of luxury. At a fashionable furnishing-house, where the designs are always in the best of taste, I was shown some of the new fashions for decorating houses. The heavy hand-wove Japanese brocades, in rich, subdued colors, made of raw silk, mixed with gold, were certainly very handsome for chair coverings, and looked as if they might be a joy forever, like all truly beautiful things. They were of ordinary width, but when the attendant mentioned the price—only fifteen dollars a yard—awe took possession of my soul. "How much would the quantity sufficient for upholstering a set of furniture cost?" I ventured to inquire. "From one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars," was the answer. And I didn't ask any more questions. But the dealer went on to show a satin, figured with gold embroidery, at $15 a yard, with which he was to cover the walls of a large room in place of wall-paper, and I thought of the country suffering from stagnation of business and grew sick. This is no exaggeration, and no more are some different facts with which I am going to contrast this.

SHADOWS OF CITY LIFE.

At a desk in the room where this letter is written, sits one of the best stock actors in the city, who two months ago was receiving a salary of $60 a week, with steady employment for the summer. In an evil hour, in hopes of making a big success, he was persuaded to give it up and go "in a star part," as it is called, in the country, at a much larger salary, to be sure, but still on a venture. It was not a foolish thing to do, in fact his friends congratulated him when they heard of it, that he had a chance to distinguish himself, and make a reputation like Mulberry Sellers, which would make him rich for life. But the play proved not a success as was anticipated, and the man was left out of employment, with a family on his hands, and not a stroke of work to be had. The companies are all full for the season, and the poor man sits there within reach, penniless, living on one meal a day, of bread and water, supplied through the chance gift of friends, lightheaded with faintness, and unable to keep his children from hunger. Farmers, who gather your families round a plentiful table daily, if it is ever so plain, consider yourselves fortunate.

POLITICAL.

Governor Tilden's friends are in hot water. About five hundred papers, democratic, of course, in the West and South, received an offer from an advertising agency in this city, to publish as "quoted matter," five notices urging Tilden for the presidency. The papers receiving them who were opposed to the Governor, immediately raised the howl that he was attempting to subside the press, and a pretty little row it raised. The anti-Tilden papers took it up venomously, and charged the old fox with all sorts of corruption and fraud, laying particular stress upon the fact that the advertising agents who sent out the proposition were republicans, and wanting to know what republicans had to do with democratic nominations. Now the facts are these: Bates & Locke, 34 Park Row, New York, are advertising agents. Their business is to place advertising in newspapers for whosoever desires it, for which they get a commission from the newspapers. They advertise, just as a shoemaker makes shoes, for whoever comes to them—Jew, Gentile, Christian or Pagan.

It happened one morning that a customer of theirs who is a democrat, came into their office, and wanted five notices offered to five hundred papers, urging the nomination of the Governor. They did it, just as they would of sent out five notices of a piano, or a sewing machine. Probably Gov. Tilden knew nothing about it. Probably it was the tribute a friend wished to pay him. But be that as it may, the people opposed to him have made a terrible howl about it, and it has made more talk than any one incident of the campaign.

THE STEWART ESTATE.

My advice is, don't get rich. I never will, for it isn't safe. One never knows what is to become of his money after he is gone. Alexander T. Stewart died worth forty millions; and he disposed of it all, as well as it could be done, before he died. But now comes a dozen or more of people who claim that they are cousins of the old man; and they insist that the will by which he disposed of his property was forced out of him by his wife and Judge Hilton; and, in short, that they are entitled to their share as relatives. And they have employed lawyers, and have commenced suit to break the will; and there is a prospect ahead for lively business. The probability is that others will get their fingers in this very rich pie before it is done with. It is stated that he has relatives which he never publicly acknowledged; and that they and their friends are also after their share of the dead merchant's money. He never had any children, and cousins—first, second and third, are springing up all over the world; and if the will of the dead merchant can be broken, there is enough to make them all comfortable. Lawyers have been found to take hold of it on speculation, for they have a double chance. It is probable that Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton will pay very handsomely to buy them off, for they had better pay than submit to the annoyance of legal worry. The lawyers will get handsome pickings. The claimants may, or may not, get something. But one thing is tolerably certain: the estate will be shorn materially. The old man fought, struggled and worried all his life to have a score of people, of whose existence he was ignorant, pulling his bones out of his grave and fighting over them like so many hyenas. Such is life.

THE DULL SEASON.

It is not too much to say that the social state of the city resembles that of a mining town in the Sierras. The clubs are well nigh deserted, and business is—where, nobody knows. People are going or gone to the country; they went before May-day, indeed, and the newer and cheaper the place that receives them the better. Families are fond of finding new country places that nobody in town knows of but themselves, and the season after they will be heard planning themselves on discovering a haunt with all the advantages a country place was ever known to possess. The weather is delightful in New York, in pity to those who can't get away. But folks are not going to theatres, or clubs or gatherings as they used to in the good old war days, which a few are beginning to look back to, when, if prices were high, there was a dollar and a half in a man's pocket to pay them with.

There is no dollar and a half now that is within reach of any one. There is no buying or selling, there is nothing doing in property, and everything is as bad as it can be. The West is prosperous, but it does not seem to affect the Eastern cities at all. There are a great many people in town, going and coming from the Centennial, but they are not here for to trade. They leave no money in the city, and the public shop keepers are in despair. They had hopes of the Centennial, and now that that has failed them they feel that the bottom has dropped out for certain.

THE MUSTANG RACE

Parker, the California rider, made another attempt to ride 305 miles in fifteen hours and failed. It was a very pretty game, so the betting men think now. He failed to do it on his first trial, but sporting men who bet upon him believed that he could do it, and that he failed purposely to get bets on a second attempt, and, therefore, they backed him more freely than before. As he failed this time they believe he and his mustangs to be frauds, and that they have been nicely taken in and done for. They were betting on another man's game, and have lost all around. Parker was taken off his horse stone blind, but he recovered his sight an hour afterward. Probably his eyes are good enough this morning to count his winnings. There are a great many men in New York this morning who swear they will never bet on a horse race again.

PIETRO.

A Remarkable Address.

Hon. N. M. Hubbard, District Judge of the Eighth Judical District of Iowa, in passing a sentence upon some liquor dealers for violation of the prohibitory law of the State, said:

"While there are greater crimes known to the law which are punishable with great severity there are none which involve more of those qualities known as despicable meanness and audacity than the selling of intoxicating liquors.

"There is something in the taking of human life by violence so instantaneous that it shocks and terrifies the mind of all, and yet we look upon the man who takes human life quite as surely, but by a slow, lingering process—if not without condemnation, at least with horror. You who stand before the court for sentence are in every moral sense murderers, and you are within the spirit, if not the letter, guilty of manslaughter; for the law says that whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness stand, and who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only abundantly testified that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own.

"You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally leprous and scrofulous you are inwardly the ruin, poverty and idleness which you are inflicting upon this community declare as from the house tops. You are living in idleness and eating the bread of orphans watered with widow's tears. You are stealthily killing your victims and murdering the peace and industry of the community, and thereby converting happy industrious homes into misery, thriftless poverty and rags You are sowing the seeds of ignorance, idleness, and want among the generations to come.

"You are persistent, defiant, lawbreakers, and shamelessly boast that in defiance of the law and moral sense of the community you will continue in your wicked and criminal practices.

"It has, therefore, now become the imperative duty of the court to let fall upon you so heavily the arm of the law that you shall either be driven from your nefarious traffic or ruined in your fortunes or wicked prosperity. You have become a stench in the nostrils of the community, and all good men are praying that you be speedily reformed or summarily destroyed. By the providence of God and the favor of the court these prayers shall be speedily answered by the signal and exact justice for your crimes. This court will feel a proud satisfaction in taking from you your ill gotten gains, and giving it to the common school fund of this county, where, let us hope, it will assist in educating youths to shun your vices and wicked practices.

"And finally, let me entreat you, if you are not lost to every sentiment of humanity, to desist from your criminal, vagabond traffic and betake yourselves to some honorable calling for a livelihood; and you may yet become virtuous, useful citizens, and entitled to the respect of a Christian community; while if you persist in this way your own ruin is certain, and you will receive, as you deserve, the execration of mankind.

"You may think that the sentence of the court is harsh and unjustly severe, but the court assures you that compared with your crimes and the desolation you have already brought upon the community, it is mild in the extreme.

There were 24,693 paying visitors at the exhibition on Friday and 12,106 dead-heads.

The Age of a Pyramid.

AN INTERESTING CALCULATION—THE TRIUMPHS OF MODERN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

At the meeting of the French Academy of Inscriptions, on the 7th of April, M. de Sauley read a paper in regard to the discovery by the scholar Chabas, which for the first time introduces a positive date into the oldest Egyptian history. Hitherto the distinguished Egyptologist, M. de Rogue, has only succeeded in establishing three dates with absolute certainty—the years 1300, 1240, and 962 B. C., the last of these being that of the taking of Jerusalem by Sheshonk I., the Shishak of the Bible. But two or three months ago M. Chabas was fortunate to succeed in reading a doubtful cartouche (royal name, inclosed in an oval figure) in the famous Ebers papyrus, a fac-simile of which was published last year. It proved to be the name of the Pharaoh, Menkeres, the Mycerinus of the Greek historians, and the builder of the third and smallest pyramid at Gizeh. Attached to the cartouche was an astronomical note, stating that the heliacal rising of the star *Sothis* occurred in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres.

The ancient Egyptians had the habit of signalizing important political events by some contemporaneous astronomical phenomenon. Many of the latter could scarcely be identified or determined now; but, since we know that their *Sothis* is our star Sirius, we are easily able to fix the rare periods of its heliacal rising. This is the astronomical term used when a star, after being in conjunction with the sun and invisible, emerges from the light sufficiently to be seen just before sunrise. M. Chabas immediately took his discovery to the astronomer Biot, who made the necessary calculations, whence it