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
1 in	$3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	1/4col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	1/2col	18 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	3/4col	24 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	18 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

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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, 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.

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 times a 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 direction accompanying each box.

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

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

—:o:—

TERMS:

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

—: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, Order Books, Segar Labels, Receipts, Legal Blanks, Photographer's Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Pamphlets, Paper Books, etc., etc., etc., etc. Our prices are as low as those of Philadelphia, and our work will compare favorably with any done in the State. We make it a point to employ none but the best of workmen, and will not permit an *apple butter-ish* 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 Smawl Phule.

BY A BIGGE PHULE.

A little phule sat by Calliope's bower
Borne down by a burden of grief;
The great briny tears, in a torrent did pour,
Into his ten-cent handkerchief.

His prayer intermingled with sobs was put up
In the very best style of the art;
His whine was more plaintive than that of a pup
With his tail 'neath the wheel of a cart.

"Oh! fairest Calliope, grant unto me
Astute intellectual powers;
Let eloquence gird, as a golden-tinged sea,
My hitherto wearisome hours.

"I long to inscribe, on the annals of fame,
A sentence more precious than gold,
And read o'er all others my unriveled name,
When body and mind have grown old.

"Oh, 'tis not the orator's boon that I crave;
Its charms take not hold on my soul,
In poetic waters my mind I would lave,
And shake earth from centre to pole."

Unable to bear this importunate cry—
This Suro-Phoenician request—
The goddess descended to say in reply—
"With "cheek" this young man is blest"—

"But rather than list to your horse-fiddle howl,
Which all my fair bower doth fill,
I'll order my servant to take a small bowl
And measure you out half a gill."

Now nature intended the thing for an ass,
And ears in accordance had made;
If shorn of those ornaments "School Boy" alas!
Would be almost deprived of a head."

The servant intent on his mission in haste
His seven-ounce gizzard to cheer,
And seeing no other inlet to the beast,
Just poured the stuff into his ear.

Unnoticed by "School Boy" or any one else
The germen proceeded on through
And fell on the ground, for no fissure it found
To fasten its rootlets to.

And "School Boy" imagines to this very day
The muses upon him do smile:—
Well, some may have stopped for a rest on the way—
It must have gone nearly a mile.

There are fools big and little, that all must admit;
Now I am "A Phule" and I know it:—
'Tis my crude opinion that wisdom and wit
Superfluous are in a poet.

The Story-Teller.

THE FATAL SHOT.

"Help! Help!"

That desperate, hopeless cry echoed but faintly among the wild, craggy rocks that abounded on the east side of a small island off the coast of Maine, for the splashing of the waves upon the beach below, and the sighing of the wind through the wide rifts and over the ledges, partially drowned it. By aid of the full, round moon, which seemed to be rising directly out of the gently-ruffled waters, that stretch away as far as the eye can reach, we discover the form of a man, who is hurrying down towards the shore, with a struggling female in his arms.

"There, my pretty one," he said, "don't make such a noise, for I doubt if your voice will be heard in this wild region.—We'll reach the boat soon, and then you may cry or sing to the stroke of the oars till you are tired!"

At length he paused, and, placing his fingers to his mouth, gave a shrill whistle, which was quickly answered. Seemingly satisfied, he proceeded on, presently reaching the beach, along which he rapidly strode with his burden.

"Be lively, lads," he said, upon nearing a place where the rocks projected some distance into the water, not far from which two men stood waiting with a boat drawn up a little ways on the sand. "Let us get away from here as soon as possible. Hist, who comes!"

Scarcely had he reached the boat, when a tall, athletic youth bounded forward, and pushed one of the astonished men into the water, a retreating wave carrying him far out into the little bay before he was able to make a stroke to save himself; then, springing upon the other, he dealt him a blow which sent him sprawling into the boat, and dashed his head with such violence against one of the thwarts, that insensibility instantly ensued.

The abductor quickly placed the maiden on her feet, and drawing a pistol, leveled it at the head of the intruder, but ere he could discharge it his throat was grasped by the hand of his opponent, the weapon wrested from him, and himself rudely prostrated.

"Now," said the youth, pointing the pistol at the fallen man, and slowly retreating backward, with one arm about the waist of the maiden, "if you attempt to rise I'll send a bullet through your brain. I will do you no further injury, though, if you will allow us to depart in peace."

"You seem to have the advantage at present," returned the other; "But I shan't forget this! You shall rue the time you crossed my path!"

"I thank you for your friendly warning, and will perhaps profit by it; but, take the advice of a young friend, and leave this neighborhood as soon as possible, for I perceive you don't belong here, and you are certainly gaining no friends."

Slowly the young couple moved away from the place where the short, decisive struggle had occurred, till at length a hugh boulder hid them from view; then they turned and hurried up the steep ascent which led toward the home of the girl.

"Oh, Walter," she said as they proceeded rapidly up the treacherous path, hand in hand, "how can I ever repay you for this kindness?"

"The only reward I ask is a continuance of the same warm love you have lately shown me," replied the youth; "you can bestow it, Rachel, can you not?"

"Certainly, I can. Have I not assured you of my devotedness long ere this?"

"Yes, yes; but I thought perhaps your sentiments had changed, since you were just now trying to elope with that fellow whom we left down on the beach," and the young man laughed lightly at his facetious remark. "I happened to be on my way to pay you a visit," he continued, "when I heard you call for help, so I turned my steps in the direction whence came the cry, and overtook you just in time to prevent your being carried away from me perhaps forever. But who is that fellow? and how came he to get hold of you?"

"I don't know who he is, but I think he is the captain of that strange vessel, which you have perhaps seen anchored at the entrance of the bay for the last two days. I met him yesterday, and he insulted me, but I passed on without seeming to notice him. This evening he came to the house. Mother, as you know, has been very ill for the last few days, and this morning she was somewhat worse, so father started up to L——to get Dr. Benton and Uncle William to come and see her. He has not returned yet, so when this man came in I was alone with mother. Without a word of warning, he caught me up in his arms, and hurried away with me. You know the rest."

The two soon reached the girl's home—a plain but substantially built hut, the interior of which, though scantily furnished looked neat and comfortable. Upon a small table, which stood between the door and one of the windows, was a lighted candle, nearly burned to the socket, and a large wood fire burned in the broad open fire-place, while various little articles which lay upon the mantel, or hung behind the door indicated that the male occupant was a fisherman.

In one corner of the apartment was a bed, upon which reclined a middle aged female, whose pallid cheeks and wasted form bespoke long and terrible suffering. When the latch was lifted, and the door swung open, she raised her head with a nervous terror to see who had come.

"Mother, it is I," said Rachel, stepping quickly towards the bed, and bending over her. "How do you feel now?"

"Oh, my dear, dear child," said the invalid, stretching forth her thin hands, "I feared you were gone forever. Where is that villian who was here?"

"We left him down on the beach.—Walter, here, rescued me from his clutches just as he was lifting me into his boat."

The young man approached the bedside, and suffered his toil-stained hand to be grasped by the sick woman.

"Bless you, Walter!" she said fervently. "God bless you, my dear boy! and, when I am gone, I hope you will take good care of Rachel."

"But you must not talk of leaving us yet, Mrs. Chester," said Walter, soothingly. "Are you not feeling better now."

"No; I believe I am growing worse. I am so nervous to night that the slightest noise startles me, and causes my heart to throb so violently, that it seems at times as if it would burst from my bosom.—Rachel, isn't it time your father returned?"

"Yes, mother, but I do not see him coming yet."

Rachel looked out through the window upon the moonlit waters, hoping to see her father's boat coming around the point at the entrance to the little bay, but in vain; so she returned to the bedside of her mother, and carefully arranged the pillows beneath her head, and brushed the long black hair from her face. Presently the invalid dropped into a quiet sleep, and the young couple seated themselves before the fire, and began to converse in low tones, occasionally turning and looking out at the window, expecting to discover the approach of the old fisherman, and wondering what could keep him so long.

Slowly the moon rose toward the zenith, still shedding a mellow light over the face of nature, and presently the old clock on the mantel struck eleven, causing the sufferer to start nervously in her sleep, but she sank back again without waking.

"Rachel I must leave you now," said the young man, pushing his chair away from the fire, "for I was up late last night, and I promised Dan Duncan I would be ready to go to L——with him at four o'clock to morrow morning. I'll not be fit to do anything unless I have a few hours sleep. You're not afraid to be alone, are you?"

"Oh, no!" replied the girl; "there's nothing to fear except that man who tried to carry me away this evening, and it seems to me that you have better reason to fear him than I have."

"Don't be alarmed about me, Rachel, for I shall be on my guard, though I hardly think he will show himself around here again. Be a good girl, and don't forget me in your dreams. Good night."

"Good night, Walter."

The lovers' lips met in a long, affectionate kiss; then the young man passed out, and started towards his humble home.—Rachel watched him until his form mingled with the shadow of a high, jagged rock, and then turned and closed the door, and, perceiving that her mother was still sleeping, seated herself before the fire again, waiting anxiously for the coming of her father.

Half an hour passed quietly but tediously by when, upon looking out at the window, as she had done nearly a hundred times before, she bounded to her feet with a cry of terror; but, quickly recovering her self-possession, she ran to the window-shutter, which opened on the inside, and fastened it, and then barred the door.

"Rachel, Rachel! what is the matter? Where is Walter? cried her mother, nervously starting up, but sinking back again upon her pillow, with both hands pressed over her wildly throbbing heart.

"Oh, mother, I saw two hideous faces peering in at the window just now, and one of them belongs to that man who was here this evening! What shall I do?—Oh, mother, what shall—"

Her utterance was interrupted by a loud knock at the door, to which she designed no response, but in an agony of terror kept close to the bedside of her mother. The knock was repeated, and the blood seemed ready to freeze in her veins as the latch was impatiently lifted, and a heavy weight pressed against the door till it seemed the bar that held it shut must give way, and place her at the mercy of the ruffians.

"Hallo, neighbor, let us in won't you," at length came a voice from without; "we are travelers seeking shelter from the night."

This, Rachel was positive, was a falsehood, for no one ever came to the little island except to transact business with those who lived there, and it was not so large but that one might traverse through it from end to end in a couple of hours; so she maintained her position without uttering a word.

"I say there, my fine girl," continued the speaker, after waiting a few minutes, his tone of voice and manner of rattling the latch showed that he was getting exasperated at not being admitted; "if you don't open this door pretty suddenly, we'll burst it open!" And again the bar seemed ready to give way under the heavy body pressed against it.

"Rachel," said the nervous invalid, in a horse whisper, while her eyes, the pupils of which had grown unnaturally large and bright with terror, seemed to be on the point of starting from their sockets, "what if they should get inside! They would kill me and carry you away! Shoot them!" she cried, horrified at the thought to which she had given expression; take down the gun and shoot the villains!"

Ready to adopt the first plan that came to mind, the girl sprang upon a chair before the fire, and took down from the hooks in the wall, over the mantel, her father's old gun, together with the powder-horn and bullet and cap pouches. These latter she carried to the table, and then with the expertness of an experienced hunter, drew the ramrod and sounded the depth of the barrel, to discover if the weapon was loaded. It was not! so she blew into the muzzle, and found that though it had not been used for a long time, it was still in good condition.

With a look of fierce determination, she poured a quantity of powder into the palm of her left hand, and slipped it into the barrel, ramming the wad down upon it with an energy that fairly made the weapon ring. The bullet was next dropped in, and as it did not fit snug, a wad of paper was pushed down upon it to keep it in place; the hammer was then raised, and the cap carefully adjusted; then with her finger on the trigger, the resolute girl at once advanced toward the middle of the room.

Meanwhile, the knocking and rattling at the door had ceased, but presently it was resumdd, though not with the seeming impatience that it was before.

"Father," ventured the girl, hoping it might be her parent who had returned, "if it is you, speak, and I will let you in."

She waited, but no response came, other than a nervous clicking of the latch, and a pressure like that of a foot against the bottom of the door. With an inward prayer that God would forgive the deed, she raised the gun to her shoulder and pulled the trigger, the ball passing through the door a little below where the bar crossed it. A groan from without, as some heavy body sank upon the door-step—a shriek of agony from the bed in the corner—and all was still, save the sharp ringing in her ears which the report had occasioned.

Hastily dropping the weapon on the floor, Rachel sprang to the bedside of her mother, but to her horror, found her lying upon her side, her pulse silent, her heart silent too!

"Oh, mother, mother! Speak—speak to your wretched child, and tell me I have not murdered you! Oh, tell tell me I have not murdered you!"

The words ended in a wail of despair and as the purple lips still kept silent, the poor girl sank upon the floor bereft of all consciousness.

At length she was aroused by a loud knock, and a voice, which she recognized with a glad cry, called:

"Rachel, open the door quick! For heaven's sake, what is the matter here? Open the door, I say!"

Rachel sprang forward, and took down the bar, and admitted the old fisherman, her uncle, and Dr. Benton, who bore in their arms a form of a man, bound hand and foot and gagged, and from a small red spot in the forehead a tiny stream of blood trickled down over his face.

"Oh, my God, Walter!" cried Rachel rushing to the side of the wounded man, and carefully removing the guide; "have I done this?"

"It was not your fault," answered the young man, speaking with great difficulty, and looking with a sad smile into the face of the maiden; "that man who sought to carry you off this evening is the cause of it. He and one of his pals caught me on my way home, but I managed to escape, bound as I am, and while they searched for me I approached the house and pressed the latch with my chin, hoping I might be able to, somehow or other, let you know who was there. But never mind; it will soon be over! Kiss me, Rachel, for—for I feel as if I would not last a great while. I had hoped we might some day be happy together in a little home of our own, but it's all over now!—it's all over now!"

Rachel pillowed his head in her lap, but did not press her bloodless lips to his as she had been requested to do; and after a brief silence the sufferer gasped for breath, his head sank back, the lower jaw dropped, and the physician who was looking on—for he could do nothing—knew that the soul of Walter Kelsey had left its tenement.

A wild, maniacal shriek burst from the lips of the poor girl when she made the discovery, and she pushed the warm corpse from her as if it had been so much poison, and sprang to her feet, her eyes gleaming like balls of fire.

"He's *dead!*" she shouted clutching her father by the arm. "He's dead, I say; and so is she!"—pointing toward the bed—"and I did it! Ha, ha, ha! I did it! Dare you say I didn't?"

The old fisherman disengaged himself from her grasp with a shudder; and it would be impossible to tell the anguish that racked his soul when he realized that naught but a maniac daughter was left to cheer his once happy home!

Rachel's shot had, indeed, been a fatal one.

Select Miscellany.

Our New York Letter.

Political—Business—The Centennial—The Fourth in the City—A Reform Incident—The Churches.

POLITICAL.

Well, the agony of St. Louis is over, and soapy, slippy Sammy Tilden, the greatest fraud that disgraces American politics, has carried away the prize. There are a few things that I wish to say to the Republicans of the country: Don't imagine that Tilden is an easy man to beat. He is the most unscrupulous politician living, the most cunning, tricky and shrewd. Then he has millions of money which he made out of railroads and other monopolies, whose zealous and unscrupulous ally he has ever been when he could make anything by them. He used money by the barrel to secure the nomination, and he will use it by the cart-load to secure the election. Then he has, or will have, the united support of that eating cancer, Tammany, which is a power in American politics not to be under-estimated. But, says my reader, Tammany opposed him in the convention! True, but what for? For nothing else than to get its price. Tammany put itself in opposition to the strongest man solely to compel that strongest man to come to its terms as the price of its election. That is all. John Morrisey, Oakey Hall, John Kelley, and all the gang, will work the wires, charter doggeries, open gin-mills, and pay thieves and bruisers to elect this man, the consideration being that Tammany shall dictate the course of the administration, and divide the plunder to suit itself. This has always been the tactics of Tammany, and always will be. The election of Tilden means the triumph of Tammany just as much as though John Kelly had supported him from the beginning, and even more, for Kelly must be paid for the expenses incurred in the fight.

But, despite the support of Tammany, Tilden cannot carry New York. The solid men of the Democratic party do not believe in him; and the dodging of the Convention on the money question will cost him the support of thousands of good and true men, who have herefore acted with the Democracy. Then the decent men of the party—those who pay taxes and do not want office—have tired of the rule of Tammany, as was shown last fall, when they beat John Kelly in his strongholds. These men may not vote for Hayes, but they will not vote for Tilden. Nevertheless, the old schemer will make a vigorous fight, and will pull every wire to win success; and as he has money, organizations, and is entirely without a conscience, it is going to be a rather hard job to beat him. We shall beat him, but it will take hard work to do it.

The Democracy of New York are the sickest set of men that ever lived. The nomination of "Slippy Sammy," does not strike them at all favorably, and they have, at this early day, given up all hope of electing him. The fact is, they see that the American people are not ready, as yet, to place the government in the hands of a party so soaked in corruption, so utterly underserving of confidence as the Democracy, as it is now constituted. Some row will be made to carry congressional tickets and local offices, and some powder will be burnt, in consequence, over the presidential nominees; but no one has an idea that Tilden has any reasonable chance of success. Betting men are offering odds that Hayes will carry New York, and they find no takers. The decent portion of the Democracy have got tired of spending money for the purpose of placing speculators in the best offices, and hordes of unnaturalized Irish in the minor places. The business men of the city know that Tilden's nomination was the result of a bargain and sale between his supporters and the inflationists of the West, and altogether, there is a demoralization in the Democratic camp that is very encouraging to those who want good government. And speaking of political matters, I wish every Republican in the United States could see the "*Sunday Democrat*," a paper which Tilden's money supports, and which is the organ of the Irish end of the party. To make sure of the support of the Irish Democrats, it has a portrait of Kernan the nominator of Tilden, right over a prominent portrait of Tilden with this inscription, "A Catholic statesman, Senator Kernan, the nominator of Gov. Tilden." This is a bid for the support of the Catholics—an assurance to them that Tilden is fairly in their hands, and that, in the event of his election, they will, in national matters, have the same consideration that they have always had from him in the other positions he has filled. Without the Irish-Catholic vote in this city, the Democracy is nothing; to get it the Catholic church must be conciliated in the most substantial manner. The gorgeous cathedrals, churches, monasteries, and convents, all on ground which Democratic politicians filched from the city for them, and which are more than half supported by grants from the public treasury, attest the price the Democracy has paid for their votes.

The Republicans of the city are not only confident, but entirely jubilant. The nomination of Hayes and Wheeler they accept as the best that could have been made, and more than that, as all that was desirable. Clubs are being organized in all the wards, and the best men in the city are taking hold of the work. While it is impossible to carry the city, the Democratic majority will so reduced as to make the state absolutely certain for the Republican ticket. The Liberals are, as a rule, in line again, and thousands of Democrats will vote the Republican ticket for the first time in their lives. The north part of the state where Mr. Wheeler resides will give the largest majority for the ticket ever known and will of itself, more than balance all the frauds that can be perpetrated in the city. The outlook is excellent here; see that you do your duty everywhere else.

BUSINESS.

I hate to write that word, for there is no such thing in New York. The wholesale merchants are doing little, the retailers are doing less, except the little spurt they had in Fourth of July goods, and other trades are dead as smelts. "It will be better after the Fourth," was the hopeful thought, but it is worse than before. And even the lawyers are feeling it. The courts have all adjourned, and the poor lawyers have all gone into the country, where they can live cheaper and get a breath of fresh air, and wait till cooler weather enables them to come back and pluck their clients with more comfort to themselves. Altogether New York is a miserable dull place just now, and will be for the next two months.

THE CENTENNIAL

Drew off its thousands from the city this week. All business was closed from Saturday at three to Wednesday morning, giving the New Yorker three good days to see the great show. It is estimated that forty thousand people from this city alone were in Philadelphia, enjoying the Exposition, if any sight-seeing can be called enjoyment with the thermometer at 104 in the shade. The heat was intense. Members of military organizations in the grand procession dropped in the streets, and the suffering of the multitude that lined the streets was awful. The show was the biggest thing that ever took place in the United States, except, perhaps, the New York procession. All the trades were represented, and the city was as gorgeous as could be. Every building, public and private, was profusely decorated, and at night the city was one blaze of light. Such a display was never seen before, and never will be again for a hundred years.

Speaking of the Centennial, don't delay your going. In September the city will be crowded, and if it is hot now, you have the advantage of more room to yourself. You can keep cool. You can get good board now, in that city for $1 per day, which means good rooms and a good table. At this rate you can afford to go slow, and take it leisurely. Don't think of staying away. It is the biggest thing that will occur for another century. There are miles upon miles of the finest works of art in existence— there are the best works in machinery and everything the world uses, from all the nations on the globe, and no one can afford to miss the education the view affords. Come, and come now. Come while the city is so empty that the landlords are anxious to see you, and will do something to make you comfortable. And come to stay a little while. Come prepared to see it all at your leisure, and be careful that you do see it all before you leave.

THE EVE OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Fourth of July began the night before. Sunday and Monday passed off very quietly, the boys holding their crackers and fireworks in reserve, but many of the shops gave their employees holiday from Saturday afternoon. About five in the afternoon of Monday business was virtually at an end. At nine in the evening Broadway was full of people, in the street and out of it as thick as they could stand. The denizens of the east side of New York that hide in their lodgings and workshops at all times save holidays, came out, the Germans with wife, children and baby, the Irish boys and girls, fleet-footed and fleeter tongued, and stood round, cheeful and perspiring, or sat on steps and curbstone, till the great show should begin would be an event in their lives. At nine, the signal for the illumination was given. The buildings were gay and a-flutter with flags since morning, when Broadway looked as if all the butterflies of the world had settled upon its face in the sun. And now, looking down the street miles away where it sinks to the harbor, as far as one could see, a calcium light shone, a great blazing star in the forehead of the sky, and below wound a river of fire, tossing glittering waves of flame, that reached till lost among the tall buildings of Union Square. As a spectacle, of unreal magnificence, the effect was exciting and the prodigal wonders of magic and romance seemed possible in that wild, blazing night.

THE PROCESSION.

It was a soft and splendid evening, a perfect moon rode high, as if to mark the splendor below, a fresh breeze blew up from the bay, and through that gulf of people miles on miles uptown west the torchlight procession, first the city troops, in full uniform, in column by company—a gallant sight. The finest of all—not the aristocratic Seventh Regiment or the petted Twenty-second, but the old Seventy-ninth Highlanders, disbanded, who had begged permission to come out with the other troops. From Major-General Ward, who stood at the head of the Third Brigade, the beau-ideal of a soldier, high, courageous, impassive from sword-hilt to chapeau, every one of those eagle faced black Scotch who marched kilted and plumed him with a dagger in his garter, they were the very make of soldiers, and men for any commander to covet. The German troops were fine, solid looking soldiers, and, in their spiked helmets and close blouses, looked as if they still owned allegiance to King William. The Cuban societies made a fine impression for so small a body of men, their dress and bearing unmistakably that of gentlemen, and it was pathetic to see their beautiful colors—another red, white and blue—carried in honor of a country which celebrated the independence they were struggling to achieve. The dark, proud, handsome faces that marched in the shadow of its folds were lit up with the spirit of the hour, as they flashed back the gayest repartee to the cheers and jests of the crowd.

MIDNIGHT

there was such a noise by the crowd that the chiming of the bells lost its effect, and the singing of the eight hundred members of the German choral societies was unheard. People stood packed round the four sides of the squares, which were filled in the centre with military; and from the four angles a bombardment of fireworks was kept up for an hour that made the place little less than hell to the sight. There were the accompaniments of women fainting, and pickpockets making organized rushes to drive people into corners where they could work them better, while the cannon rockets, which seem the favorite pyrotechnic this year, dulled the boom of ordinance from the North and East rivers. One wondered how the children stood it, for there were hundreds of babies in arms whose mothers could not stay at home and loose the sight. Next day, Broadway was quieter than it ever was of a Sunday, for all were tired out. At evening, a beautiful sight from the Battery finished the day, with a stroke of natural glory. Heavy clouds gathered in the west, betokening a storm, but as the first gun was fired at sunset, the light broke through, and the arch of cloud shone an arch of glory, under which rolled the smoke and thunder of salute from forts and ships down the harbor and up the river, answering and echoing—fitting close of such a day, and fitting honor to the memories it celebrated.

The casualty list was very small, considering the vast numbers on the streets, and everywhere else, engaged in the exploding of combustibles. Occasionally a boy would get a bullet in his pistol, and that bullet would kill or maim somebody; occasionally a girl's clothes would take fire from sparks, and she would burn to death; a few buildings were burned, and an occasional pyrotechnist was blown up with his own dynamite. But, after all, the accidents were comparatively few, and the city has reason to congratulate itself. The day, or days, rather, passed off comfortably, all things considered.

ONE REFORM INCIDENT.

Two years ago the "Reformers" who are now supporting Tilden appropriated $50,000 to improve Tompkins Square. One year ago $80,000 more was appropriated, making in all $130,000. What was done with it? Tompkins Square is to day a dust pile, with no pretence of grass, fountains or anything else. The $130,000 were stolen by Tilden's "Reformers," the same as millions of dollars were stolen before. If the Republicans outside of the city could only know what a set of thieves the "Reformers" who went to St. Louis really are, they would work day and night for their defeat.

THE CHURCHES

are, like business houses, in a state of suspension, during the hot weather. The pastors are all off in the country, or down by the sea-side, taking the rest that some of them have earned. Henry Ward Beecher spends his vacation in the White Mountains, Hepworth goes down to the sea, while Tyng, the younger, proposes to fight it out all summer in his gospel tent, uptown. By the way this idea of Tyng's is a good one. He noticed that the sinners did not go to the Hippodrome, last winter,—that only the pious were there. As the sinners would not come to Tyng, Tyng proposed to go to the sinners. So he goes up town, right in the midst of them, and he erects an immense tent, something like a circus tent,—he had his skirmishers going about pulling them in, and he preaches there constantly. He is doing a good work. The hardened reprobates of the worst part of the city are brought under gospel influences, and very many of them have been induced to lead better lives. Tyng is a hearty supporter of Peter Dwyer and Jerry McAuley, who are hard at work among the lowest people of the downtown part of the city. He is an honest, eloquent conscientious worker for good, and deserves all the good things that are said of him. PIERRO.

THIS paragraph is too sweet for anything: If men are the salt of the earth, women are the sugar. Salt is a necessity; sugar a luxury. Vicious men are the saltpetre; hard, stern men the salt-rock; nice, family men the table-salt. Old maids are the brown sugar; good-natured matrons the loaf sugar; pretty girls the fine-pulverized white sugar. Pass the sugar, please.

Great gain and little pain makes a man weary.

Great barkers are not biters.

Frauds in House-Furnishing.

We are just putting behind our backs the time when furnaces were all the rage, and the doctors in consequence were rattling round with their gigs with no end of business, and it required a steady stream of rich men's last-will-and-testaments to keep up the supply of hospitals that were made necessary by this, the devil's last, best gift to man, as much as by anything. It really began to seem as if the hearth-stone were a dead institution; and yet it was pathetic to see how men and women still held on to the idea, and instead of logically leaving chimneys out of their houses, or building the piers up solid, kept on putting in expensive make-believe fire-places, and erecting mantel-pieces over them, as if they couldn't bear to give up the memory of what had once been so pleasant. In those days, the kitchen came near