The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 40. HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1876. NO. 30.

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	$2 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½col	18 00	35 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾col	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	18 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

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

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

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

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

JOB PRINTING of every kind, Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and everything in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 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

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.

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. 22½ 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 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, (ings,	Tumors,
Coco bay,	Glandular Swell-	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.

—:o:—

TERMS:

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

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TO ADVERTISERS:

— Circulation 1800. —

A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

5000 READERS WEEKLY.

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

—:o:—

JOB DEPARTMENT:

With Fast Presses, all the latest styles of New Type, Borders, Cuts, and a full supply of all kinds of material necessary for the equipment of a FIRST-CLASS OFFICE, we are prepared to do all kinds of Jobbing, such as Posters of any size, Circulars, Business Cards, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Ball Tickets, Programmes, Concert Tickets, Order Books, Segar Labels, Receipts, Legal Blanks, Photographer's Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Pamphlets, Paper Books, etc., etc., etc., etc., 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 land* 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.

The Muses' Bower.

"Are You a Mason?"

Rev. Mr. Magill, rector of St Paul's Church, Pereu, Illinois, being asked the above question by a lady responded in the following verses:

I am one of a band,
Who will faithfully stand,
In the bonds of affection and love;
I have knocked at the door,
Once wretched and poor,
And there for admission I stood.

By the help of a friend,
Who assistance did lend,
I succeeded an entrance to gain;
Was received in the West,
By command from the East,
But not without feeling some pain.

Here my conscience was taught
With a moral quite fraught,
With sentiment holy and true,
Then onward I traveled,
To have it unraveled
What Hiram intended to do.

Very soon to the East
I made known my request,
And "light" my command did attend;
When lo! I perceived,
In due form received,
A Master, and Brother and Friend.

Thus far have I stated,
And simply related
What happened when I was made free;
But I've "passed" since then,
And was raised up again
To a sublime and ancient degree.

Then onward I marched,
That I might be "Arched,"
And find out those treasures long lost,
When, behold! a bright flame
From the midst of which came,
A voice which my ears did accost

Through the "vails" I then went
And successful at length,
The "Sanctum Sanctorum" to find;
By the "Signet" I gained
And quickly obtained,
Employment which suited my mind.

In the depths I then wrought,
And most carefully sought
For treasures so long hidden there;
And by labor and toil,
I discovered rich spoils
Which are kept by the craft with due care.

Having further arrived
I further contri ed
Among the valiant Knights to appear,
And as pilgrim and knight,
I stood ready to fight,
Nor Saracen foe did I HEAR.

For the widow distressed,
There's a cord in my breast;
For the helpless and orphans I feel;
And my sword I could draw,
To maintain the pure law
Which the day of Masons reveal.

Thus have I revealed,
(Yet wisely concealed,)
What the "Free and accepted" well know;
I am one of the band,
Who will faithfully stand,
As a brother wherever I go

The Story-Teller.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

At the dead of night there was a cry: "Fire, fire, fire!"

Even in a great city, where thousands are at hand to render aid, it is a terrible cry at that hour. But on a lonely plantation how inexpressibly awful!

The mistress of the mansion, awaking at the cry, sprang from her bed, and hurriedly began to dress, gazing around bewildered. For a moment she was conscious only that her husband was absent. She was recalled to something like herself by the shrieks of the maid who slept in the room, and who, instead of assisting her toilet, was pointing, with terrible gesticulations, to the ruddy reflection playing against the trees in front of the house.

Suddenly, to add to the confusion of the scene, the chamber door was flung open, and a crowd of female servants rushed in, flocking affrightedly together like a covey pursued by the sportsman. They closed around Mrs. Stewart's bed, screaming, weeping, wringing their hands, and depriving her of what little presence of mind had been left.

"Oh! missus, we shall be burned to death, we shall all of us. The fire has caught the staircase. The blessed lord hab mercy on us!" These, and similar exclamations, filled the air and distracted her attention.

Meantime the conflagration became more serious each minute. Had that terrified group listened, they could have heard the roar of the flames in the hall outside, and the crackling sound that announced the approach of the fire to the woodwork near the staircase, and the voice of Juba, a male servant, warning them that if they would save their lives, their flight must be instant. But they only huddled the closer together, sobbing, moaning and embracing one another frantically.

"Fly," he cried, breathlessly, "this moment, or you'll be too late." And glancing rapidly around the room, he snatched the rich cover from the centre table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, covered with books, pretty trifles and flowers in vases. This he threw around his mistress, exclaiming, "It will keep the fire from catching. Come."

The sight of his face had reassured his mistress. Juba was about her own age, had been born in her father's family, and had always exhibited the most devoted attachment to herself personally. Above all the servants on the plantation, he was distinguished for a strict, religious performance of his duties, for Juba was consistently pious. He was also shrewd, and ready in every emergency, and Mrs. Stewart felt that he would save her, even at the cost of his life.

Juba, even while speaking, had seized her hand and dragged her toward the staircase. But now a gust of wind drove such volumes of thick, black smoke toward them, that she was almost suffocated, and she paused, unable to proceed. It was not a time to hesitate, so Juba, snatching her in his arms as he would a child, and dragging the cover entirely over her face, dashed into the rolling volumes of smoke, and down the great staircase.

He was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he reached the bottom, followed by the affrighted maids, before the passage was closed entirely by a dense wall of flame. Neither he nor the female servants escaped entirely unhurt. But the table cover effectually protected Mrs. Stewart.

Juba had scarcely, however, placed his mistress safely on the lawn, before she started up, crying, "Where is the baby? Who has seen the child! Oh! it is in the house yet." And she would have rushed toward the blazing doorway if she had not been instantly and forcibly detained.

The servants looked at each other in dismay. In the suddenness with which the conflagration had spread, and in the excitement of their mistress' danger, nobody had thought of the child. It was the only one, a boy about two years old, who slept with his nurse, or "mammy," as she was called in the household, in a back room in the upper story. Mrs. Stewart's first thought on her escape had been to look for her darling; and but for this the absence of the child might have been even longer overlooked.

The servants, we say, looked at each other in dismay. The hall of the house was now all in a flame, the fire pouring out through the doorways as from the mouth of a furnace, so that ingress from that path was impossible. Most of the second story was also burning, and the entire first floor, for the conflagration had broken out there originally. To reach the apartment where the nurse, probably paralyzed by fear, was still with the child, seemed out of the question entirely.

But there was one who determined to make the attempt. The sight of the mother's face, and the sound of her broken moans, as she sank into the arms of those who restrained her, exhausted by her struggles to escape, determined Juba to try at least to rescue his young master.

"I will go, missus," he said, "don't cry no more."

He looked around, as he spoke, for means of scaling the second story. There was no ladder, and only one staircase, but the boughs of an ornamental tree, that overshadowed the house, fortunately held out a means of access to a bold heart and a strong arm. Not stopping even to hear his mistress' thanks, he clambered up the tree, ran out on the limb, and dropping on the roof, disappeared within the dwelling.

How breathless were the moments that ensued. The flames were spreading with frightful rapidity. The eaves of the building began to smoke, showing that the fire had reached the roof, and soon after the whole line of them flashed into conflagration. Meantime the lurid elements poured out from the windows, ran upward licking the combustible front, and streamed in a waving, dazzling pyramid, high over the top of the mansion, far into the blue firmament. Millions of sparks, accompanied by volumes of rolling smoke, sailed down the sky before the breeze, completely obscuring the heavens at intervals, though occasionally this thick canopy partially blowing aside, the calm moon was seen, peacefully shining down through the rent, in strange contrast to the otherwise terrific scene. The roar of the conflagration had now become intensely loud; and, to add to the horror, there began to be heard the awful sound of timbers falling within the house.

Mrs. Stewart had watched the fire in silence, her hands clasped, and her lips parted, ever since Juba had disappeared within the house. Each moment appeared an age to her. At last the suspense, thus lengthened out interminably, as it seemed, became intolerable.

"Oh! it is vain," she cried, making a new effort to rush into the flames, "he cannot find my boy. Let me go myself. For the love of God—"

But at that instant, through the smoke that almost hid the only window that was not already on fire, appeared the faithful Juba, holding aloft the infant. The flames were all around, and in a moment more would overtake him. He made a rapid gesture for some one to approach.

Four of the males, comprehending his wish, snatched a blanket and rushed promptly forward. The heat was intolerable, but they disregarded it, and standing beneath the window, with the blanket outstretched, they shouted to Juba to throw the child toward them. The infant fell while they were speaking, was caught safely in the blanket, and was hurried immediately to Mrs. Stewart, who clasped it to her bosom with frantic delight. The whole was the work of less time than we have taken to describe it.

But simultaneously a terrific crash was heard, that made the very earth tremble beneath the spectators; a huge column of smoke shot up towards the sky, from where the roof had been; and, as if propelled from a force pump, a gush of intense flame followed, reaching far up into the highest heaven.

The crowd, one and all, gasped for breath. Then came a deep, long drawn sigh. For the roof and floors had evidently fallen in; and the faithful Juba, alas! was nowhere to be seen.

A dozen persons rushed toward the building, and, until driven back by the heat, stood close by the window where he had been latest visible. They flattered themselves that there had been time enough for him to leap.

But it was now plain that this had not been the case. He most probably felt the floor giving away before he threw the child, and if so this explained the cause of his haste. They said this to each other as they fell back.

But there was little time for words.—Scarcely had this thought been exchanged, before there was another crash, and with a momentary swaying motion, almost the entire building fell in, so that what had been a stately mansion an hour before, was now only a shapeless pile of blazing timbers.

The shouts, the exclamations, the sobbings which filled the air but the instant before, ceased again at this appalling spectacle. Neighbor looked at neighbor, aghast with horror, the lurid light adding a wild, spectral look to each inquiring face. Then a simultaneous cry rose from the crowd, that Juba and the old nurse were buried in the ruins.

But suddenly, from out of the flame and smoke, in the direction where the generous slave had last been seen, what seemed a human figure began to emerge, crawling painfully on hands and knees. A human figure, yet crushed almost out of shape of humanity, but still with life in it, for it moved.

And hark! a voice. A full, deep voice, coming from that mangled body. What did it say?

Not words of pain, reader, but words of joy; words that you and I can bless God if we can say, when dying.

They were words such as martyrs use at the stake, or among the lions. "Hallelujah!" Nothing more. But continually, "Hallelujah!"

For was he not a martyr, too? He had died to save his master's child. Oh! he was both hero and martyr. And now that he had "fought the good fight," that the "goal was won," God gave him strength to forget the agony of his crisped and mangled body, and to remember only that he was going to bliss everlasting.

PAT bought a sheep's head, and was writing down the receipt for cooking it when a dog made off with it. Pat gave chase a little way, shouting, "Come back wid me sheep's head, ye robber, ye!" but after a stiff run had to give in, dead-beat, when he consoled himself with the remark, "Niver moind; he hasn't the resate to make it ready."

A PROMINENT clergyman of Brooklyn last week, while taking one of a course of boxing lessons for exercise, received what the boys call "a jolly black eye." On Sunday he choose the text from Timothy, 5th chapter 7th verse: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course."

Select Miscellany.

Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, July 30, 1876.

The Fast Mail—Pneumatics—Menonites—Heat and Health—Ice—The Tiltons—Library Pay—Business.

THE FAST MAIL.

The continuance of the fast mail which some of the papers are making so much fuss about, excites no feeling here. It was a humbug and a blunder from the first, and never was of any use to any class but the morning papers of New York. Business closes here at 6 P. M., and all the mail for the day is put into the office at that hour. It leaves by the regular express at 8:30, arriving at Cleveland the next night at 7, at Toledo at 11:35, and at Chicago the next morning at 8. Now the fast mail leaves New York at 4 in the morning, and gets into Toledo, Cleveland and Chicago, at practically the same hour as the regular train. There was in it no earthly use to the business men either of the east or west, and the expense of the extra train was an entirely useless expenditure. New York sends out each week over 10,000 sacks of mail matter that originates in the city, besides the amount of matter that comes here for distribution. But the Government ought not to pay for special trains just to give the New York papers an advantage over other cities, and that was all the good effected by the fast mail train. It is well if it is dead.

THE PNEUMATIC TUBE.

An experiment is being tried in this city, or rather has been tried, that will work a revolution in the transmission of mail matter. Hollow tubes have been laid from the main office of the Western Union Telegraph Company to its branches. In these hollow tubes are placed leather boxes, containing messages—the air is exhausted, and in a second the dispatch is at the other end of the route. The Pneumatic Tube is cheaper than telegraphing for messages of any length, and as the experiment has proved to be entirely successful, tubes are to be laid to Philadelphia and Washington very soon. The rate will be something more than postage, of course, but it will be nothing as compared to telegraphing, as a four-page letter can be sent as cheaply as ten words. Suppose the inventive genius of the age should apply this idea to passenger travel! How would it seem to be boxed up, put in a tube, and sent from Chicago to New York in an hour? It may come to that.

EMIGRANTS FROM A NEW SOURCE.

We have emigrants from all the countries of the world but Arabia, and now that country has contributed its quota Nine Arab stone cutters having heard fabulous accounts of the wages that were being paid in this country, made their way hither, and landed in New York last week. The poor fellows could not speak a word of English or any other language that could be understood by any one here, and only by signs did they make their wants known. They were disappointed to find that thousands of stone cutters were out of work, and as they had no means, of course they found themselves in Bellevue Hospital, living at the expense of the city. They are tall, intelligent, fine looking men, and having been given tools, showed wonderful proficiency in their art. What is to become of them heaven only knows. There isn't work for one-half the mechanics here, and new-comers fare badly. We could spare Arabia enough stone cutters to build over its entire territory.

THE HEAT AND HEALTH.

Never in the history of the city has there been so long a term of heat. For almost a month the thermometer has kept up into the nineties, and for many days together going above a hundred; right along through the night as well as day. The mortality among children has been frightful. In the lower part of the city where they are huddled together in badly ventilated dens, where a hundred exist in room insufficient for a single family, the poor innocents have died by the thousand. The physicians and charities have done all that was possible, but to little purpose. The children could not live in an atmosphere heated like a furnace, in which air could not come; and then their food was not such as would enable them to withstand the debilitating effects of the heat, and so, despite of doctor and nurse, the little ones went by the thousand. In one of those human hives in the lower part of the city, one hundred and fifty children died during the month.

THE ICE QUESTION.

And while the heat is so intense, and, consequently, the uses for ice multiplying, the ice companies, in the most heartless manner, have doubled the price. No one out of New York can appreciate how oppressive such a raise is. The water runs on an average fifty miles in pipes, and before it reaches the consumer is as warm as dishwater. In fact it is entirely unfit for use. The ice business is in the hands of two companies, and, being thus placed, it is a huge monopoly. To erect ice-houses on the Hudson, to build depots in the city, to buy thousands of horses, and to fit up thousands of wagons to deliver the ice, requires so much capital that competition is impossible, and the whole city is left at the mercy of the two great corporations that are in the business. They fix their own prices and terms, and the people are compelled to submit. Consequently the thousands of people who were using only half what they should before the raise, will be compelled to do without it altogether, and a fearful increase of mortality may be looked for. But the managers of the ice companies will not only have ice enough for their champagne, but they will have more champagne for their ice. It is a horrible selfish world.

THE TILTONS.

The Tiltons are still in trouble. Theodore has taken the boy Ralph to his father's house in New Jersey, leaving Mrs. T. only one of the children, at which the lady demurs, and will take legal steps to get possession. Mrs Tilton is in close straits to live. She has kept boarders, but failing in that, has been reduced to the necessity of sewing by the day. Mr. Tilton has sent her money time and again, but she has stubbornly refused to accept assistance from him in any form. Tilton has tried to get money to her by roundabout ways, so that she should not know that it came from him, but in every instance she has detected his good intentions, and returned it. In one instance she sent back money that came from a particular friend of her mother, for fear that it came from Theodore, and no assertions to the contrary could make her believe but that he sent it. She is a stubborn little woman, and will die before she will be under obligation to him. The old scandal is very likely to be opened again. By the way, Mr. Beecher ought to take her to the White Mountains. She is the only sufferer from the great scandal.

PAY FOR LITERATURE.

Occasionally an Uncle Tom's Cabin makes for its author $30,000 or $40,000, and immediately every scribbler in the country seizes pen and paper, and expects to do likewise. They discover that this happens only once in a century. George Wm. Curtis never made $5,000 a year with his pen, Bret Harte isn't worth a dollar, and never had one ahead; Grant White has a place in the Custom House, or he would starve, and Parton makes about $5,000 a year out of fugitive writing, and he finds it hard to get on. Gail Hamilton never received $6,000 in her life for her work. In short, literature is the worst paid of all professions, and whoever expects to live by it may expect to live on short rations. I know of hundreds of gifted men and women who have walked the streets for years with their manuscripts, and who have not averaged $10 a week for their work. The market is overstocked with merely good work, and it is only the strongest who even live. Keep out of it, unless you are sure you are one of the elect.

BUSINESS

is still dead, with no signs of resurrection. The weather keeps everybody out of New York, and the demoralized condition of trade everywhere keeps merchants from buying. The city is dead. Failures are less frequent, but it is only because there have been so many of them heretofore. The weak ones are all wedded out.

IN POLITICS

I have to report that Tilden is losing every day, and Hayes and Wheeler are gaining. The "Reform" Democracy, headed by Morrissey and Tweed's old friends, have shown their hands too soon. The merchants and solid men have too painful a remembrance of Tweed times, to put power in their hands again. New York will give the Republican ticket a majority as certain as fate. Make no mistake about it, the Empire State is sure for Hayes.

THE MENONITES.

Five hundred Menonites arrived last week and are now on their way to Nebraska. These emigrants are the best that come to the country. They are an intelligent hardy people, and are rich. In this party there was an average of $1,300 in gold per head. They are excellent farmers, and make first-class citizens. Over 18,000 more are preparing to come. The more the better. PIETRO.

Mr. Wheeler's Letter of Acceptance.

MALONE, July 15, 1876.

The Hon. Edward McPherson, and others of the Committee of the Republican National Convention.

GENTLEMEN: I received, on the 6th inst., your communication advising me that I had been unanimously nominated by the National Convention of the Republican party, held at Cincinnati, on the 14th ult., for the office of Vice President of the United States, and requesting my acceptance of the same, and asking my attention to the summary of Republican doctrines contained in the platform adopted by the Convention. A nomination made with such unanimity implies a confidence on the part of the Convention, which inspires my profound gratitude, it is accepted with a sense of responsibility which may follow. If elected, I shall endeavor to perform the duties of the office in the fear of the Supreme ruler, and in the interest of the whole country.

To the summary of doctrines enunciated by the Convention I give my cordial assent. The Republican party has intrenched in the organic law of our land the doctrine that liberty is the supreme, unchangable law for every foot of American soil; it is the mission of that party to give full effect to this principle, by securing to every American citizen complete liberty and exact equality in the exercise of all civil, political, and public rights. This will be accomplished only when the American citizen, without regard to color, shall wear this panoply of citizenship as full and securely in the canebreaks of Louisiana as on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Upon the question of our Southern relations, my views were recently expressed as a member of a Committee of the United States House of Representatives upon Southern affairs, those views remain unchanged as thus expressed. "We of the North delude ourselves in expecting that the masses of the South, so far behind in many of the attributes of enlightened improvement and civilization, are, in the brief period of ten years or fifteen years, to be transformed into our model Northern communities. That can only come through a long course of patient waiting, to which no one can now set certain bounds. There will be a good deal of unavoidable friction, which will call for forebarance, and which will have to be relieved by the temperate, fostering care of the Government. One of the most potent, if not indispensable agencies in this direction will be the devising of some system to aid in the education of the masses. The fact that there are whole counties in Louisana in which there is not a solitary school house is full of suggestion. We compelled these people to remain in the Union, and now our duty and interest demand that we leave no just means untried to make them good, loyal citizens. How to diminish the friction, how to stimulate the elevation of this portion of our country, are problems that address themselves to our best and wisest statemanship. The foundation for these efforts must be laid in satisfying the Southern people that they are to have equal, exact justice accorded to them. Give them to the fullest extent, every blessing which the Government confers upon her most favored; give no cause for complaint, and then hold them by every necessary means to an exact rigid observance of all their duties and obligations under the Constitution and its amendments; to secure to all within their borders, manhood and citizenship, with every right thereto belonging.

The just obligation to the public creditors created when the Government was in the throes of threatened dissolution, as an indispensible condition of its salvation, guaranteed by the lives and blood of thousands of its brave defenders, are to be kept with religious faith, as are all the pledges subsidiary thereto, and confirmatory thereof. In my judgement the pledge of Congress of January 14, 1875, for the redemption of notes of the United States in coin, is the plighted faith of the nation and national honor, simply honesty and justice to the people whose prominent welfare and prosperity are dependent upon true money as the basis of their pecuniary transacitons, all demand the scrupulous observance of this pledge, and it is the duty of Congress to supplement it with such legislation as shall be necessary for its strict fullfilment.

In our system of government, intelligence must give safety and value to the ballot; hence the common schools of the land should be preserved in all their vigor, while, in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, they, and all their endowments, should be secured by every possible and proper guaranty against every form of sectarian influence or control.

There should be the strictest economy in the expenditures of the Government, consistent with its effective administration, and all unnecessary offices should be abolished.

Offices should be conferred only upon the basis of high character and particular fitness, and should be administered only as public trusts, and not for private advantage.

The foregoing are chief among the cardinal principles of the Republican party, and to carry them into full practical effect is the work it now has on hand. To the completion of its great mission, we address ourselves in hope and confidence, cheered and stimulated by recollections of its past achievements; remembering that, under God, it is to that party we are indebted in this Centennial year of our existence for a preserved, unbroken Union; for the fact that there is no master or slave throughout our broad dominions, and that the emancipated millions look upon the ensign of the Republic as the symbol of the fulfilled declaration that all men are created equal, and the guaranty of their own equality under the law, with the most highly favored citizen of the land; to the intelligence and conscience of all who desire good government, good will, good money, and universal prosperity, the Republican party, not unmindful of the imperfections and short-comings of human organizations, yet, with the honest purposes of its masses, promptly to retrieve all errors and to summarily punish all offenders against the laws of the country, confidently submits its claims for the continued support of the American people.

Respectfully.

(Signed) WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

She Carried it too Far.

BY MAX ADLER.

Mr. Butterwick called in to see me the other day and in the course of the conversation, he said:

I'm going to move. I cannot stand these Thompsons next door to me any longer. They're the awfullest people to borrow things that I ever saw. Coffee, and butter, and sugar, and flour, I don't mind so much, although when a woman borrows high-priced sugar and Java coffee, and sends back sand and chicory, a man naturally feels billious and mad. But they've borrowed pretty near everything in the house. First it is one thing and then it's another, from morning till night, right straight along.

"Now there's the poker. A poker's a piece of machinery that you'd think anybody might go around and buy, or, if they couldn't afford it, they might use a fence railing to shake up the fire. But Mrs. Thompson seems to hanker after our poker. She borrows it fifteen or twenty times a day, and last Saturday she sent for it thirty-four times. She pays a boy two dollars a week to run over and borrow that poker and she's used it so much that it's all bent up like a cork screw.

Now take chairs for instance. She asks us to lend her our chairs three times a day at every meal, and she borrows the rocking chair whenever she wants to put the baby to sleep.

"A couple of times she sent over for the sofa, and when the boy came back with it he said Mrs Thompson was mad as thunder and kept growling around the house all day, because there were no easters on it. Last Monday she borrowed our wash boiler, and we had to put off our washing till Tuesday. She dirt her preserving in it, and the consequence was all our clothes were full of preserved peaches. I've got on an undershirt now that I'm mighty doubtful if I'll ever get it off, it's stuck to me so tight.

"Every now and then she has company, and then she borrows our hired girl, and all our parlor furniture; once because I wouldn't carry the piano over for her she told our hired girl that I was a reformed pirate.

"Perfectly scandalous! They think nothing of sending over after a couple of beadsteads or the entry carpet: and the other day Thompson says to me:

"Butterwick, does your pump log pull up easy?"

"And when I said I thought it did, he said:

"'Well I would like to borrow it for a few days till I can get one, for mine's all rotted away.'

"The only wonder to me is that he did'nt try to borrow the well along with it.

And then on Thursday, Mrs. Thompson sent that boy over to know if Mrs Butterwick wouldn't lend her our front door. She said theirs was away being painted and she was afraid the baby would catch cold. When I asked him how he supposed we were going to keep comfortable without any front door, he said Mrs Thompson said she reckoned we might tack up a bed quilt or something. And when I refused the boy said Mrs. Thompson told him if I wouldn't send over the front door to ask Mrs. Butterwick to lend her a pair of striped stockings and a horse hair bustle and to borrow the coal scuttle till Monday. What in the name of Moses is she going to do with a bustle and a coal scuttle I can't conceive.

"But they are the most extraordinary people! Last Fourth of July, was it? Yes—last Fourth of July, the boy came over and told Mrs Butterwick that Mrs Thompson would be much obliged if she'd lend her the twins for a few minutes. He said Mrs. Thompson wanted 'em to suck off a new bottle top, because it made her baby sick to taste fresh India-rubber!—Cheeky, wasn't it? But that's her way. She don't mind it any more!

"Why, I've known her to take off our Johnny's pants when he's been playing over there with the children, and send him home bare-legged to tell his mother that she borrowed them for a pattern. And on Thompson's birthday she said her house was too small for a party that if we'd lend her ours we might come in late in the evening and dance with the company, if we wouldn't let on that she didn't live there.

"Yes, sir; I'm going to move. I'd rather live next door to a lunatic asylum and have the maniacs pouring red-hot shot over the fence every hour in the day. Indeed I would."

WHEN you wind up a watch it goes on; when you wind up a company it doesn't.

Saving and Having.

Either man must be content with poverty all his life, or else be willing to deny himself some luxuries, and save, so lay the base of independence in the future. But if a man defies the future, and spends all he earns (whether his earnings be one dollar or ten dollars every day), let him look for lean and hungry want at some future time—for it will surely come, no matter what he thinks. To save is absolutely the only way to get a solid fortune; there is no other certain mode.—Those who shut their eyes and ears to these plain facts will be forever poor, and for their obstinate rejection of truth, may-hap will die in rags and filth. Let them so die, and thank themselves. But no! They take a sort of recompense in cursing fortune. Great waste of breath. They might as well curse mountains and eternal hills. For I can tell them fortune does not give away real and substantial goods. She sells them to the highest bidder, to the hardest and wisest worker for the boon.

Men never make so fatal a mistake as when they think themselves creatures of fate; 'tis the sheerest folly in the world. Every man may make or mar his life, which ever he may choose. Fortune is for those who by diligence, honesty and frugality, place themselves in a position to grasp hold of fortune when it appears in view. The best evidence of frugality, is the five hundred dollars or more standing in your name at the saving bank. The best evidence of honesty is both diligence and frugality.

Concience an Avenger.

Conscience is an avenger. It stands at its post ready to vindicate the majesty of broken law; it rebukes sin with stern voice, and passes its sentence on the transgressor; it is man's best friend or his dreadful enemy. There is a torture of regret felt for evil deeds, neglected duties, corrupted minds, and wasted lives, which, in depth and keenness, surpasses all other suffering. It haunts a man everywhere. It is a flame kindled within his soul, which inwardly torments and consumes him. It is an eternal fact that he cannot reject the guardian care of conscience, or escape the pains of its avenging lash. It