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.*

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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

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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. [apl12,'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. [ap19,'71

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Miscellaneous.

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— OR —

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J. R. DURBORROW & CO.,
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Original Poetry.

The White Dove of the Juniata.

BY J. W. WELCH.

THE INDIAN LOVER.

Upon a placid river's bank,
Whose waters the Atlantic drank,
A chieftain stood with flashing eye,
And plumes that e'en with night would vie.

Deep thought sat on his swarthy brow,
As leaning on his trusty bow,
He gazed upon the waters clear,
And thus he spoke in tones sincere:

"Why does young Oran's bosom swell,
As rose buds in the mossy dell?
Why does his soul the hunt disdain,
And seek not pleasure on the plain?

"The bounding deer, with antlers wide,
Plays unmolested by his side;
The buffalo with vacant gaze,
May safely near his wigwam graze.

"The war-path, once his chief delight,
Is overgrown with daisies bright,
A stranger to his agile step,—
His foes may in his presence sleep.

"His dreams are not of chase, and flood,
And battle-grounds, dyed red with blood,
His fitful slumbers ne'er are blest,
With scenes to deck a warrior's crest.

"Like dreams of weak papoose or squaw,
They pictures of the wigwam draw,—
Which ill befit a warrior's head:
With the "White Dove's" pinions overspread."

Then turning with a pensive air,
He to the forest did repair,
And sought within its bosom dark,
To quench the ever kindling spark.

In vain he strove his heart to free,
From Cupid's reign of tyrany;
Each object of the sylvan plain,
But tighter drew the golden chain.

The brooklet's voice so silvery clear,
But echoed on his eager ear,
The winning sweetness of each sound,
Which from her ruby lips did bound.

He saw within the vaulted sky,
The peerless azure of her eye;
Upon the honey-suckle meek,
The clear vermilion of her cheek.

No longer able to repress,
The passion wild which racked his breast,
He sought the "White Doves" lone retreat,
And laid his homage at her feet.

With all the ardor of a heart
Untrammeled by the reins of art;
He poured into the listless ear,
The burden of his deep despair.

"Oh! 'White Dove,' listen to my tale,
Long has my heart withstood the gale;
And bent beneath its weight of woes,
Unwilling to its love disclose.

"Pale lilly of the sunny east,
Wild is the passion in my breast,
Its mighty surges shake my soul,
Like aspen leaves when thunders roll.

"My bow hangs idly by my side,
My speer ne'er seeks the crimson tide;
To open in the panther's breast—
Naught brings this aching bosom rest.

"The war-whoop wakes no kindred voice,
Within my heart; 'tis not my choice
To join my brothers in the strife,
Or take my crafty foeman's life.

"Young Oran may not pleasure seek,
Where game abounds or scalp-locks reek:
Nowhere does joy his vision greet,
Save at the gentle 'White Dove's' feet.

"Long has his soul a burden borne,
Which did but stir his inmost scorn;
But all the warrior's haughty pride,
Could not assuage the softning tide.

"Three moons have cast their silvery light,
Upon the bosom of the night,
Since Oran's heart was filled with peace,
Save when he saw the 'White Dove's' face.

"Not many moons will cheer the plain,—
If Oran find not peace again;
Until this lonely heart shall sleep,
Where none but dewy flowers may weep."

The warrior ceased his rhapsody;
Dimmed was the fire of his eye,
And in its stead a light did beam,
Which imaged forth his love's fond dream.

The maiden wept; her tender soul
No longer able to control
The tide of sorrows, hopes, and fears,
Pours forth a flood of bitter tears.

The warrior stood with downcast eye,
And calmly waited her reply,
To which she nerved her feeble tongue—
This was the burden of her song:

"Why does the noble warrior seek,
To flood the 'White Dove's' raining cheek,
With tears to her ere this unknown—
His heart but now had calmer grown.

"His tale of love but wrings her breast,—
And makes regret her bosom's quest;
To see his wild impetuous heart,
All torn by Cupid's cruel dart.

"Alas! that she must shade with grief,
The pathway of the fair young chief,
And doom to swift decay and blight,
The hope that did his brave heart light.

"Oh blame her not! her soul is wed,
To those for whom her tears were shed,
Ere yet the warrior's love was born,
For this poor captive maid forlorn.

"It pains the 'White Dove's' heart to see,
Dejection reign within his eye;
While she must still with tears withhold,
The boon which Oran's heart doth fold."

With saddened heart the chieftain heard,
From astern lips, the fatal word,
Then silently the forest sought,
To mourn the sorrows of his lot.

The Story-Teller.

BEHIND SPECTACLES.

"Read it again, Caroline," said Mrs. Brantley to her daughter. "It is the oddest thing in the world, and so provoking, just as we are prepared to receive her, and had invited over the Archers and all."

"Yes, and they will rejoice secretly." cried Maria, the younger girl, in a spiteful tone; "for I know perfectly well that Annette Archer, despite her gentle ways and smiling sweetness of manner, was just dying of envy because Mrs. Neville preferred to visit at our house rather than hers."

"To be sure she is," assented Caroline; "and I can't endure her mysterious airs about Thornton Neville, whom she met last summer when she went with her sick mother to the sea-shore. When I asked her if he was handsome, she blushed and said 'Yes!' in such a conscious way. And when you remarked that he would most likely be his adopted mother's heir, she changed color and faltered, 'I suppose so!' I wonder if the little goose imagines he ever gave her a thought, in her poky, old-fashioned clothes?"

"She went in her last summer's dresses because she could not otherwise afford to try the benefit of sea-bathing for her mother," said Mrs. Brantley, interrupting her daughters.

"That was her affair, and nothiug to us. This unexpected letter, and the disappointment it involves, is what concerns us at present. Read it again, Carrie."

Thus requested, Caroline took up the small sheet of folded note-paper she had lain down, and again repeated its contents:

"DEAR FRIEND: Circumstances that I cannot explain to you at present, render it necessary for me to alter my plans. Will you receive my constant companion and attendant, Madam Vere, a few days in advance of her mistress? She knows my fussy ways, and thoroughly understands preparing everything for my comfort. Pray let her occupy my chamber; I am used to her; and in fact we seldom separate under any circumstances. I am sorry you will not be able to converse with my faithful proxy, as she is taciturn, and clings to her native tongue. But, ah! I forget—your accomplished daughters are mistresses of French, no doubt, though my poor Madam Vere is to reticent to repay their kindness in attempting a conversation. Make her as little troublesome to you as possible, and expect soon to hear from your friend,

MARIA NEVILLE."

"Just like the old Sphynx," was Maria Brantley's impatient comment. "I've made my face ache practicing smiles and affectionate glances to touch the old she-Croesus. Papa called me for her, and she sent me a cup and spoon, and although she never paid us a visit, he always urged us to write to his rich and childless aunt, in the forlorn hope that she would make one of us her heiress. Nothing has come of it in our favor. She adopted Thornton Neville years ago, and now she announces her intention of paying us a visit before finally closing her will! as she pertinently remarked in her last letter."

"Closing her will!" echoed Caroline. "Just as if adopting Thornton Neville as her son was not just the same as making her will!"

"Not at all!" cried their wily and scheming mother. "She is *very* rich, and could endow a dozen girls very handsomely. Besides, there's Thornton to be caught yet, I have written to friends in the vicinity, and hear, from the best authority, that he is not engaged. Think of the chances you have if he joins his adopted mother here, and you have him all to yourselves to fascinate at leisure!"

Caroline and Maria brightened at the picture. They were in the front drawing-room of their showy house, where everything was managed on the effective principle, and neither of the three cared how they scrimped and suffered in private, so that they could make an elegant public appearance.

Outside of the door, on one of the hall chairs, an elderly woman, in the characteristic dress of a French upper-servant, sat bolt upright, wearing blue glasses, and carrying a leathern traveling bag on her knee.

She was the bearer of Mrs. Neville's note, and was within easy hearing of the conversation; Mrs. Brantley said:

"There's one comfort in her being French—she won't overhear us, or gossip with our servants, and carry tales."

"Hadn't she better be sent up stairs?" Carrie said. One hardly knows what to do with such a person."

Mrs. Brantley considered awhile.

"I don't suppose she can be hungry," said Mrs. Brantley reflectively. "We will have tea at seven, when the Archers come, and it is nearly two now.

"Oh, she can very readily wait till then," said Maria. "At any rate, we will pretend to forget all about dinner. It would be out of the question to set Jemima drawing tea or making a lunch now, when she has our muslins to iron. Besides she must go and tell her cousin Cynthia not to come till sent for. That will save one item of expense."

Having thus proved her frugal-mindedness, Miss Maria approached the elderly Frenchwoman, and recalling the Parisian accent she was supposed to acquire at boarding-school, requested Madam Vere to follow her to the front chamber, in what she considered the pure French tongue.

Madam Vere did not cavil at it in the least, but murmuring, "Yes, mademoiselle," obeyed instantly, leaving Mrs. Brantley and Caroline down stairs, consulting about the viands they had prepared for Mrs. Neville, and which they did not intend to waste on the poor Archers, who were nobodies, and certainly not worth while laying oneself out to cultivate, though they were connections by marriage, and nearly as closely related to Mrs. Neville as the Brantleys themselves.

"Let us have a plain tea, and put everything that will keep away for Mrs. Neville, as we don't know what moment she may arrive," said Mrs. Brantley, in conclusion; "and as we couldn't think of setting three tables, and Mrs. Neville may like it all the better if we treat her companion well, let madam eat with us. It would never do to send her down to the kitchen with Jemima and Cynthia."

A little before seven—the hour appointed by Mrs. Brantley in her note to their humble acquaintances, the Archers—Annette and her invalid mother arrived.

The later was a delicate and lady-like woman, who made no complaints, and tried hard to conceal her habitual ill health, while her devoted daughter was a fine and spirited girl, eminently handsome, and evidently too cheerful and energetic to be conquered by poverty or disappointment.

She seemed a little overcome when Maria, in her dashing way, led her up to the retiring stranger in the blue glasses, and said, with great ceremony and flourish:

"Allow me to present Miss Annette Archer to Mrs. Neville, of Elm House."

Then, bursting into immoderate laughter at Annette's low courtesy and the shade of pallor that appeared on her face, she cried out.

"Why, don't you see it isn't Mrs. Neville? It's her old French companion—the oddest old thing you ever saw—who says '*Qui mademoiselle,*' to everything, and seems to want to creep into herself like a snail in its shell."

Mrs. Archer was a natural lady. She had been educated in France, and was at home in its language. Seeing that the poor stranger seemed to shrink from Maria's boisterous manner, she approached her courteously, and entered into conversation, at first with some reticence on the foreigner's part that soon melted away in the congenial warmth of her companion's manner.

"That is just like your mother," said Caroline, with a tone of covert contempt to Annette. "She is always discovering interesting people in queer old fossils, and wasting her time on bores. Now I don't think that is quite fair to you, who have your own settlement in life to make, or else you'll die an old maid. Eligible men don't search for penniless women nowadays, you know."

The blue spectacles of Madam Vere turned suddenly toward Annette, as if the silent old Frenchwoman understood, and was waiting for an answer. But neither of the girls was conscious of the movement.

Annette sighed a little, and then laughed gaily.

"I don't think I should care to have an angling mamma, always fishing for a husband on my account," she said, merrily.

"What! not if she could catch such a golden fish as Thornton Neville?" demanded Caroline, ironically.

Annette's color changed swiftly, and her face evinced an emotion she strove in vain to subdue.

"I have surprised her, and discoverd the secret," thought the angry Caroline, who, without ever seeing the gentleman in question, had determined to win him as soon as the opportunity offered. "What a goose the girl is, to imagine a man of fashion and fortune can fancy her!"

Madame Vere was a devoted knitter, and had set to work on entering the room. She knew an infinite number of beautiful patterns for tidies, toilet mats, and every variety and style of fancy work. Moving toward her, and away from Caroline—whose piercing eyes had made her feel very uncomfortable—Annette soon opened a conversation with the Frenchwoman on the subject of her work in which she became deeply interested.

Mrs. Brantley, who merely received her poor connections on sufferance, finding them interested in the old French woman, smiled at their simplicity, and fixing herself comfortably in a Turkish easy chair, dozed away the evening. Caroline, who was particularly vain of her figure, walked leisurly up and down before a full-length glass, surveying herself; and Maria curled her fine locks round her fingers, and indulged in an occasional surmise about the absent Mrs. Neville.

"I wonder if it will be a great bore to make one's self agreeable to her, Carrie?" she asked. "How odd it is to have a relative one has never seen make a first visit, on which so much depends! But, for my part, I'm determined to be as lovely possible—to wake in a beaming smile and keep it up all day—so that she may set me down for a large sum in her will, as the model of amiable sweetness."

Just then, Madam Vere leaned forward, and her blue glasses fell off by accident. She regained them quickly and put them on again; but Annette's face suddenly became grave and colorless. She moved back and sat silent, while her cousins ran on in their selfish way, speculating as to the rewards they should receive in the future, in return for sacrificing themselves for a week or two to the whims of a rich and cranky old visitor.

"Being her namesake, I look for the largest remembrance," said Maria.

"Don't talk so—oh, please don't talk so!" implored Annette, coming to her side, with a book of engravings, and pretending, as she whispered, to ask their names.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Maria, aloud, and in an astonished tone.

"Pray come here one moment, and show me the view you copied, Caroline," entreated Annette of the vaunting girl, who was expatiating on her golden prospects. "I beg and pray of you to be silent!" she whispered, when she had gained her ear. "I will satisfy you both that I have good reasons for my request by-and-by."

She glanced meaningly toward the stranger.

"Why, what is the matter with the girl?" ejaculated both sisters at once.

The door bell rang, and Jemima brought in a card.

"Thornton Neville!" said Caroline, reading it aloud.

It produced an instant effect. Mrs. Brantley woke up and wreathed her face with smiles. Annette retired quietly to her mother's side, who took her hand reassuringly in hers. The Misses Brantley rose in sweet and gracious welcome while the queer old French woman snatched off her cap and glasses and stood revealed, minus her high black lace head-dress, trimmed with flowers and bows—an old lady in a close widow's cap, with a shrewd, bright face, and a remarkably penetrating pair of eyes.

She remained in the shadow of a tall chair, and not seeing her, Mr. Neville began to say that he had expected to meet his mother there, and be introduced by her.

Then his eye fell on Mrs. Archer and her daughter, and her eye grew eloquently bright.

"I scarcely hoped for this happiness!" he cried, warmly seizing their hands with eager affection.

"Hush! Thornton," whispered Annette, softly, "your mother *is* here."

"How did you recognize me, my dear?" cried the old lady, who had overheard the remark, low as it was uttered, and who now came forward to the astonishment of all the rest.

"Thorn—that is, Mr. Neville showed me your picture, and when your glasses fell off, I recognized your face," answered Annette timidly.

The old lady laughed pleasantly.

"You have bright eyes, and I don't wonder at the spell they've wrought upon Thornton; I was cranky and fussy enough to object to the young man's not permitting my judgment to be consulted before his choice was made, and as I had a namesake here"—she pointed to Maria Brantley—"whom I had long desired to see, I insisted on his waiting awhile, and not wooing in too great haste."

Then she turned to Mrs. Brantley, in whom amazement and chagrin had wrought a dismal change, and whose worldly wisdom, economy and management seemed all at fault.

"I must beg your pardon for a little trick that Thornton's unlooked-for haste in following me hither has robbed of most of its point," she said. "I am fond of seeing people as they really are, and should have liked to have had an opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of your daughters outside of the character of an old "she-Croecus," and trying to win their regard without the lure of gold; but Providence settles these affairs wisely, it seems, and Thornton's choice, at which I at first demurred, has now my warmest approbation."

She took Annette in her arms and kissed her tenderly, and then, shaking Mrs. Archer warmly by the hand, she turned encouragingly to the chagrined Brantley party.

"I hope this will make no difference in our evening's enjoyment," she said, smilingly. "One advantage in wealth is the ability it bestows to be generous, and I promise that my namesake, or her sister, shall not belong to that penniless class among whom nobody seeks for a bride."

Thornton and Annette were so happy that they heartily approved this agreeable conclusion, and the Misses Brantley thankfully accepted the situation, remembering the disadvantage they had appeared at in the blue-spectacled eyes of their rich visitor. But they were worldly-wise and hid their mortification.

"Annette is no longer a nobody—we must cultivate her," they thought; and immediately proceeded to be agreeable to the whole party.

Select Miscellany.

A Red-Haired Boy.

A New York merchant, who is a Sunday school teacher, says Dr. Newton, was called upon for a speech at a great Sunday school meeting out West. He said:

"I'll tell you a little story of a beggar boy. I started out one Sunday morning to get some recruits for my class. At the corner of the street I met a barefooted boy, without hat or coat. His hair was fiery red, and looked as if it had never been combed. I asked the boy if he could come to school."

"No, sir," was the sharp reply.

"You ought to go to our Sunday school."

"What for?"

"We teach boys to be good," I said.

"But I don't want to be good," he said.

"Why not want to be good?" I asked.

"Because I am hungry," was his reply.

"It is now nine o'clock; havn't you had your breakfast yet?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"Up in the alley there with aunty. She's sick."

"Will you eat some gingerbread and crackers, if I go to the bakery and buy some?"

"Yes, sir, that I will, and be glad to get 'em."

"I bought a lot and set them before him. He ate in a way which showed how keenly hungry he was. I asked him if he would like a little more."

"A little more, if you please, sir," said the boy.

"I got a fresh supply and set before him. I waited till he was done eating, then I said: "My boy, will you go with me to Sunday school, now?"

You have been so kind to me, sir, I'll go anywhere with you. Please wait till I take what's left of the gingerbread round to aunty, and then I'll go with you."

"He returned directly to the sidewalk where I was waiting for him, and went with me to school. He had never been to school before. He thought of school as a place where boys had to hold out their hands to be slapped with a ruler, and have their hair pulled and their ears pinched.—But when he found himself in the hands of a pleasant-looking young lady, who treated him kindly, and said nothing about his shabby clothes, he was greatly suprised."

"He became a regular attendant.—He told all the boys of his acquaintance about the school, and persuaded many of them to attend. About two years after this a lot of boys from New York were sent out west and distributed among the farmers. My red-haired boy was sent among them. I used to hear of him for awhile, that he was getting on and doing well. I have lost sight of him for years now, but I have no doubt he is doing good wherever he is."

The gentleman then said a few words about the importance of getting the poor and neglected children of our large cities into Sunday school, and then sat down.

In a moment a tall, good-looking gentleman with red hair stood up in the meeting and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am the red-haired beggar boy of New York who ate that gentleman's gingerbread. I have lived in the west for years, and have prospered. I am now a rich man. I own five hundred acres of as good land as the sun shines on. My horses and carriage are at the door, and when meeting is over I shall be happy to take my old friend to my home, where he will be welcome to stay as long as he pleases. I am a member of a church and a superintendent of a Sabbath school, and I owe all that I have in this world and all I hope for in the next, to what was taught me in the Sabbath school."

Selling his Birthright.

"Poor fellow, he is selling his birthright; it makes my heart ache to see him."

"Selling his birthright, Mr. James!—What do you mean?" said I to the friend with whom I was walking. "George Norton is a noble fellow; he is only sowing a few wild oats; he will come out of it all right; only give him time."

"I repeat it, Stanley," answered my friend; "that young man is selling his birthright. Let me try and explain what I mean to you, and we will take for example George Norton, by way of illustration.

"Here is a young man who has received many gifts from the hand of God. A noble and vigorous physical frame, youth, beauty, manly vigor, intellectual capacities far above mediocrity; a generous nature, frank, affectionate, tender-hearted, liberal to a fault, filled with noble impulses, and yet, though endowed with all these gifts, he is a very spendthrift of these blessings, frittering them all away for present pleasure and mere worldly amusement.

"When such a young man gives himself up to his social companions, gives time to this idle fellow and money to that spendthrift, passes one evening in the billiard-room, another at a card table, is the 'hail fellow well met' at a drinking saloon, he will go from bad to worse, wasting and scattering the riches of God's blessings, and before he reaches middle life will be a mere nonentity in the society of which he might have been an ornament, a frequenter of drinking-saloons and gambling dens, and may at last become a drivelling idiot or fill a pauper's grave. Is not this selling his God-inherited birthright, and where is the place for repentance here? It is not an overdrawn picture. I have watched this downward progress, rapid and fatal as it is, in many a young man; misdirect, misguided, ultimately and irretrieveably lost."

How many of our young men, and women too, are daily and hourly bartering away their birthright, most of them for less than Esau's mess of pottage. Some for wealth, some for worldly emolument, but, Oh! how many just for present pleasure.

And when at last, with physicial frame enfeebled by excesses, opportunities for improvement utterly thrown away, mind weakened and imbecile, nothing but a wreck of all the noble manhood with which God has endowed them; then, yet Oh, how seldom even then! do they try to "find a place for repentnace." We leave them in the hands of Him whose mercies cannot be numbered, but yet Who has said:—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." There may be for them "no place for repentance, though they seek it carefully and with tears."

TWENTY-FIVE Chicago drunkards accepted Moody's invitation to be talked to in a room by themselves, and twenty four of them subsequently announced that they had been converted.

A Generation on the March.

A generation on the march from the cradle to the grave is an instructive spectacle, and we have it carefully presented in the report by Dr. Farr, an English physician. Let us trace the physical fortune which any million of us may reasonably expect. The number to begin with is made up of 511,745 boys and 488,255 girls, a disproportion which, by and by, will be reduced by the undue mortality of the boys, and will be reversed before the close of the strange, eventful history. More than a quarter of these children will die before they are five years old—in exact numbers, 141,387 boys, and 121,795 girls. The two sexes are now nearly on a level. The next five years will be much less fatal. In the succeeding five years—from ten to fifteen—the mortality will be still further reduced. Indeed, for both sexes, this is the most healthy period of life; the death rate, however, is lower for boys than for girls. There will be some advance in deaths the next five years, and still more in the five which follow, but 634,045 will certainly enter on their twenty sixth year. Before the next ten years are at an end, two-thirds of the women will have married. The deaths during that period will be 62,052, and of these no fewer than 57,134 will be caused by consumption. Between thirty-five and forty five a still larger "death toll" will be paid, and little more than half the original band—in exact numbers, 502,915—will enter on their forty-sixth year. Each succeeding decade up to seventy-five will now become more fatal, and the numbers will shrink terribly. At seventy-five only 161,124 will remain to be struck down, and of these 122,559 will have perished by the eighty-fifth year of the march. The 38,565 that remain will soon lay down their burdens; but 2,153 of them will struggle on to be ninety-five, and 223 to be 100 years old. Finally, in the 108th year of the course, the last solitary life will flicker out. Such, then, is the average lot of a million men and women.

A Sharp Boy.

From the Portland, Oregon, Bee.]

The fate of two girls hangs upon the result of this election. Both are said to be residents of a sister city. One is poor and the other is estimated at about forty thousand dollars in the matrimonial market. A gallant young Democrat has been paying attentions to both. Both are in love with him. The parents of both have got tired of the young man's inability to decide for himself. Each in turn called upon the "hopeful's" father and desired a settlement of the affair or the discontinuance of the visits. The old gentleman called his son into "the office" and told him that matters had come to such a crisis that he must decide which of the two girls he would marry.

"I can not decide till after the election."

"Why? What has the election to do with your marriage?" asked "paterfam."

"All to do with it, sir; I am going to marry the richest one."

"Then why don't you marry Miss——; she's worth $40,000, and Miss—— ain't worth a red."

"Hold on, old man; I know Miss —— is worth $40,000, but then you see Miss ——'s mother lived in the South during the war, and the soldiers stole her hens."

"Well, what the d—l has that to do with this case?"

"Well, you see each of those twelve hens laid an egg a day; that's 4,380 eggs the first year. The next year there are 4,380 chickens; say half of them are roosters, she would have had 2,202 hens, who would have laid an egg a day; there's 208,000 eggs the next year. Another year she would have had almost four million dozen eggs; and I tell you, dad, eggs are money. Just think of what the old woman would have been worth if the soldier's hadn't stole her hens. If Tilden's elected, the old woman is going to put in a claim for $4,837,121,321 87½, and that claim is good. I tell you, dad, I wouldn't marry any girl with $40,000 against such splendid chances as that.

Climate and Clothes.

Owing to the sudden changes of our climate, it is of the greatest importance for Americans to protect the entire surface of the body and limbs nine months of the year. How we dress the remaining three is of less importance than how we work and eat; but unless the skin is well and closely covered during the fall, winter and spring we cannot be free from the influence of sudden changes. This can be done by thick or light underclothing, in silk, flannel, or woven wear; but in some form it is necessary. This important precaution ought particularly to be remembered in dressing little children. Their clothing ought to meet in such a way as to leave no chance of bare skin, for sacques and over-shoes are mockeries if the knees are uncovered. As for the short stockings they are simply traps for disease. They may be safe in July, but the chilly nights of autumn ought to warn all mothers to put them away. After the skin is covered the clothing may be light or heavy, as the wearer needs; but as a simple matter of comfort a complete suit of warm underwear and long stockings do more for women and children in the way of protection from coughs and colds than all furs, flannels and wraps they can possibly put on.

A Jealous Dutchman.

A rather good natured German became jealous of the warm friendship his sweetheart manifested for one of his male friends, and one evening reproached her for her conduct. She said she had only been polite to the man who had aroused his jealousy, and politeness was nothing to get angry at.

He replied: "Ish vishpering nodding? Ish shlamming noses to noses and shmelling sourkrout mit onions—ish dot nodding? Kissing mit de inside auf de lip! shtopping de burst of laughter mit a shmack! (a sound like an exploded vatermellon!) playing tag mit foot and foot under the table, and hiding behint window curtains—ish dot nodding? Vishing for clocks to go more slow, and counting der minutes mit der most shlobbery shmacks until lateness auf der midnight arrifes, ven all odder eyes are glued together mit sleep! Den on der door step, youst previously before he tooks his last final farewell, he squozes your waist yust like arms vis a ingine rubber ban vot grows shmaller mit every squeese, und he tries mit his front teeth to take a leetle bit oud auf your lip! If all dese ish nodding, vot is someding? Vould you answer dot conundrum?"

A LITTLE three-year-old, down East, recently said: "There's two things I do spise—Sunday and dyin'."

Advice to Girls.

An exchange says: "Why do girls run away to get married?" We give it up, answers the Louisville *Courier Journal*. But we know a lot here that would be glad enough to stay at home or jump at the chance to walk off and get married. The boys ain't around asking them like they did—takes more money to run one of them nowadays than it does to run a steamboat. Ah! girls, it's your own fault. Swap off your silks and satins for lawns and calicoes; shut up the piano and dive into a wash-tub; throw away your fancy needle work and tackle a red hot stove in the kitchen. Instead of receiving Brown, the banker's son, in the parlor, keep your eye skinned for Bill Burns, the blacksmith's son, as he gets home from work, kiss his dirty face through a broken pane of glass in the kitchen window, and after awhile, when he learns his trade, and you know your business, get married, go to housekeeping by yourselves, help each other, live happy, raise a family that will be an honor to your names and credit to themselves, die happy, and the angels will not turn their backs on you up there.

Deferred Matter.

Nebraska as a Live Stock Country.

Beeves, sheep, hogs and horses—one or all there is "millions in them". At the base of all there is the illimitable market, wide as the world. Then comes the low down cost of production to supply this market—the low cost because the climate favors health and vigor in animal life, experience proving that there is no virulent form of disease among stock in Nebraska, and because, even on the wild prairie, the pasturage afforded by the native grasses being abundant, and all the hay that is required obtainable at the cost of cutting. Grain feed, of course, is cheap; and sufficient shelter for the winter months is obtained by building the rough prairie stable of posts and boards, covered and wrapped as with a blanket by piled up straw and hay. No one has commenced as flock master, and not found the avocation profitable. In 1875, a flock of Cotswolds shepherded on the plains, yielded Messrs. Creighton of Omaha, an average fleece of 10lbs per head, the price they realized being 40 cents per pound in the dirt. The Hon. Moses Stocking, of Wahoo, in Saunders county, had on July 1st, 1874, a flock of 1652 Merinos, which he valued at $3 per head, amounting to $4,956; and from these on June 20th, 1875, his profit was $3,495.28. Mr. A. D. Ritchie, an experienced flock master, of Orton, Seward county, states that his profits for the sheep year, 1875-6, exceed his most sanguine expectations, and he believes he can get his money back each year, and have the flock on which he starts besides. Instances of this kind could be accumulated. Let it be said, however, that there are now 15,000 sheep in Gage county; and at a sheep shearing festival held at Beatrice, the county seat, on May 12, 1876, Mr. S. C. Carey exhibited a Merino fleece weighing 20 lbs. 11oz., and a second fleece from a three year old Merino ram weighing sixteen pounds and five ounces; Messrs. Paddock & Long, fleeces weighing 12 to 14½lbs. each, and Mr. Moses Stocking, a fleece of 16lbs. 1½oz., from a two-year old Infantado ram. The business is rapidly increasing, and soon textile manufacturers will look to the Nebraska prairie for a large annual supply of wool. Mr. Cornelius Jansen, (one of the leaders of the Russian Mennonites, who are making Nebraska their home,) on 960 acres of Land purchased from the B. & M. Company, has established a flock of 1,620 grade Merino sheep, and a herd of 100 blooded cattle choosing Nebraska for his enterprise after he had carefully examined the country from Southern Kansas to the Red River of the north; and Mr. M. S. Maloney, a capitalist of New York, (a practical flock master,) who has large landed interests in Illinois, has purchased two sections of land, and leased one section from the State in the Republican river country. To this ranch he is bringing 3,000 Merino ewes from New Mexico, and thorough-bred Merino rams from Vermont, anticipating from the cross a large sheep and heavy fleece in Nebraska, which in matter of sheep, he considers destined to be the Scotland of the States. In cattle the prairie herdmen are accumulating fortunes.—[COMMUNICATED.]

Miscellaneous News Items.

Pecans are a good crop in Texas.

New York has a blind news-man.

Cold is the great enemy of old age.

The most barren grounds are nearest to the richest mines.

Southern cotton factories are having more work than they can do.

They are making a crusade against physicians in Manchester, England.

The monument to Horace Greeley will be unveiled on the 4th of December.

In the purchase of printed books for the British Museum $50,000 is yearly spent.

In Providence, R. I., a woman drinks a coffee cup full of laudanum without harm.

The Carson-river country, in Nevada, is proving an excellent grape-growing section.

There are this year 1300 names on the roll of students in the school of Fine Arts in Paris.

Minister Pierrepont has been made an honorary member of the Reform Club in London.

A man in High Valley, Sonoma county, Cal. killed thirteen deer in one day, last week, and ate all his meals at home.

A Rockdale (Texas) man, after carrying a bullet in his brain one year died suddenly from the effects a few days ago.

A Zurich printer has started a printing office in which the compositors are all women—a great innovation for Switzerland.

Great preparations are making to proclaim Queen Victoria Empress of India. The cost is only to be $1,250,000 instead of $2,500,000, as first arranged.

"Did you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" was recently asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest. "Yes sir; we searched the pockets," was the reply.

A cow was taken up on the cow-catcher of a train on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad last week, in South Carolina, and carried fifteen miles unhurt.

Squirrels are so plenty up in Crawford county, that, according to a local paper, if a marksman misses his aim he will certainly bring down half a dozen bright eyed nutcrackers.

A Texas cattle drover has just bought in the southwestern section of that State 40,000 head of cattle and 2000 horses for $140,000 in silver, which is at the rate of $3.50 per head.

A wag tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him if the fatted calf was male or female. "Female, to be sure," was the reply, "for I see the male in the flesh before me."

The cost of sending a soldier to Cuba is officially stated in a Spanish journal to be 186 pesetas or franc. Each soldier receives a cash bounty of $50; a substitute receives $100 extra.

During the last forty years, says the Archbishop of Canterbury, $20,000,000 has been spent by members of the Church of England in the restoration of old churches, and on the building of new ones.

Eccentric Father Moody used to be the delight and guide of York, Maine, the old seaport town which disputes with St. Augustine the honor of having been the first city in America. In its ancient meeting house he administered his celebrated rebuke to his tardy parishioner, a stately Englishman, who walked up the broad aisle in prayer time. "And, O good Lord," prayed the worthy parson, "among Thy other kind dispensations, cure Thy servant who has just entered Thy house of that ungodly strut."