The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No 522 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

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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

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Miscellaneous.

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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.

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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.

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The above class of complaints will be removed by nightly fomenting 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.

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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.

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

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

Original Poetry.

It is Hard to be Poor when it Snows.

BY AL. R. THOMPSON.

The fire burns bright,
In my study to-night,
Yet my thoughts I can scarcely compose;
For memories past,
That cling to me fast,
Say, 'tis hard to be poor when it snows.

As I lighted my lamp,
A way-faring Tramp,
A picture of wants and of woes,
With wearisome feet,
Was plodding the street,
Oh! 'tis hard to be poor when it snows.

Scant clothing he had,
And his face was so sad,
Whilst to his cheek his icy tears froze;
As he passed by my door,
I thought o'er and o'er,
It is hard to be poor when it snows.

When with his bare hands,
He tightened the bands,
That supported his poor tattered clothes,
I could scarcely refrain,
To weep at his pain,
Oh! 'tis hard to be poor when it snows.

As onward he trod,
I turned unto God,
The God who my comfort bestows;
And there from my heart,
Did prayers depart,
In behalf of the poor when it snows.

My sympathy groaned,
No shelter I owned,
Poor enough myself "the dear only knows;"
Or I'd paid for a bed
For his poor aching head,
Oh! 'tis hard to be poor when it snows.

But, such is the lot
Of thousands, I thought,
And my fancy soon began to disclose
Other scenes of the poor,
I could scarcely endure,
Oh! 'tis hard to be poor when it snows.

That poor widow's hut,
Behold it is shut,
As though her suff'ring there to endure;
But hear her deep groans,
As the wind sadly moans:
Oh! 'tis hard to be poor when it snows.

Now, stand back in awe!
On that pallet of straw,
Her poor, starving babe, the dim rays expose,
Poor, innocent, sweet!
Its blue hands and feet
Cry, 'tis hard to be poor when it snows.

Oh, *Dives*, look up!
Drink deep of the cup
Of torment, and your well-deserved woes:
For here it is true,
You never once knew,
That, 'tis hard to be poor when it snows.

Let Laz'rus tramp,
Till death's cold damp,
Sends his poor soul to heaven's repose;
For that pearly gate,
Is kept open late,
To welcome God's poor when it snows.

HUNTINGDON, PA., Dec. 20, 1876.

The Story-Teller.

PINK CORALS.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Janet stood in the glow of the September sunset, and watched the handsome carriage as it rolled away, her brown eyes were like stars, a flush in her cheeks as vivid as the heart in the summer roses that grew along the hedge.

Down the little, winding footpath, leading from the bold spur on which the parish church stood, came her father, the rector of St. Ives. The girl saw him, and the pretty carnation in her cheeks deepened. Tossing aside the dainty bit of embroidery she had in her hands, she opened the wicket, and ran to meet him.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she cried, catching him by both hands, "I am so glad you have come!"

Mr. Arbuthnot bent down and kissed the exciting young face. She was his only daughter of the fair, young wife, who had died in the bloom of her sweet womanhood, and lay buried up there in the little church yard, on the green slope that looked westward to the Blue Ridge; for our story is a story of the Old Dominion.

"Well, my little one, what has happened?" he asked, reading the innocent face at a glance. "There's something wonderful to tell me, I see; what is it?"

Blushing and dimpling, Janet pointed toward the carriage, which was just entering the park gate, at Hardwicke Hall, the great place of the neighborhood.

"They've gone only a few minutes since, papa," she said, her voice tremulous with happy excitement, "Eugine Hardwicke and Lillian. They made me a long visit, and brought me some lovely hot house flowers. And, oh, papa, Mrs. Hardwicke gives a ball on the 10th, and Lillian came to invite me. May I go?"

The old Rector sighed, as he caressed the bright, young head. If only he could see his way clearly! Eugine Hardwicke was a fine, handsome, young fellow, and for some time had been quite devoted to Janet. Every other night found him at the quiet old Rectory, and Janet was growing interested in him, and learned to watch eagerly for his coming. If the young man was sincere in his intentions, it would be a fine match for Janet; but young men, as a rule, were fickle! and the match was really too great a one to hope for, even for Janet.

"Papa, may I go?"

"My little girl, I'm at a loss what to say. Hardwicke Hall's a grand place, and there'll be a great many grand folks at the ball. Hadn't my little brown-eyed wren better stay at home in her secure nest?"

"Oh, papa, only for once! I never was at a ball in my life. But I can dance quite well, for Mrs. Hardwicke said so herself, when I danced at the May party. And papa, I've saved ever so much money from my embroidery. Why, Margery's got the silver punch-bowl almost full of change; and I earned every penny. May I get a nice, white muslin, and trim it with mamma's wonderful old lace? And oh, papa, may I get that set of pink corals we saw at Doffrafield's, in town, the other day?"

Mr. Arbuthnot had never denied his daughter a pleasure in her life, and he could not deny her now.

"Yes, Janet, you may get the pink corals, and you may go to the ball," he said. "You are a good, industrious child, and I can't find it in my heart to spoil your pleasure."

Janet kissed him in rapturous delight, and flew back to the house, to tell Margery the good news, and to count over her precious earnings.

"There's just enough, Miss Janet," said the old woman—who was a faithful servant and tender-foster mother in one—when the contents of the silver bowl had been counted; just enough to buy a nice muslin, and some rose ribbons, and the pink corals.—We'll go down on Wednesday and get them; and I'll get Miss Pettigrew to come and help us with the flounces. And won't my bairne look sweet! There'll not be a grand lady at the Hall one-half so pretty."

Janet could almost have cried in her innocent delight. When the sun was down, and twilight fell over the quaint, old house, she went up the hill to the church-yard, as was her custom. Midway the ascent, a tall figure joined her.

"It is you, Janet?"

"Yes, Mr. Hardwicke, it is I."

He took her hand and drew it under his arm.

"I came down to know what your father said, Janet. Are you to come to the ball?"

"Yes, Mr. Hardwicke, papa says I may."

"Ah, that's delightful! Lillian wants you, and so does my mother; and I'm sure you'll enjoy it, Janet."

"Oh, yes, I know I shall," she answered, simply and frankly.

The young man looked down at the sweet girlish face, her eyes full of tender admiration.

"She is such a simple, unpretending little thing," he thought; "I'd sooner win her for my wife than the grandest lady in the world."

"I'm sure you'll have a nice evening," he said aloud; "and I shall come for you early; so be ready in good time; and, Janet," he added, his voice a trifle unsteady, "one of these days I want you to go to the Hall for good. I love you, dear, and I want you to be my wife. Will you?"

The hand on his arm trembled, the bright head dropped.

"Have you no answer for me Janet?"

"You must ask papa, Mr. Hardwicke."

"And if papa says yes, what then? Oh, Janet, do you care for me at all? Look up, and let me read my answer in your eyes."

The soft brown eyes looked up at him in the autumn moonlight; he read his answer, and was content.

Janet went home, with the first love kiss of her pure life, warm upon her lips.

She was too happy to sleep. She sat on the steps, watching the moon sinking down toward the dim, western hills, and listening to the murmur of the pine trees, long after her father and Margery were in bed. A step on the gravel startled her and she leaped to her feet with a suppressed cry.

"Hush! Janet, hush! It's me—Ralph."

"Oh, Ralph, you?"

The intruder was pale, haggard, and wild eyed, and his garments threadbare. He was Janet's brother, Mr. Arbuthnot's only son; the son who had broken his father's heart, and made himself an alien and an outlaw. Yes, despite his evil ways, Janet's tender heart loved and pitied him. She put her arms around his neck, and kissed his haggard face.

"Poor Ralph, how ill you look! What is the trouble now?"

He laughed a sort of laugh.

"The old trouble. I've had awful ill luck, Janet: The cards have gone against me of late, too. I'm done for. I must get out of the country before the week ends."

"Oh, Ralph! and you will not give up cards? And you want money?"

"That's it, Janet. I'm a scoundrel to come to you in my trouble; but I couldn't see any other way."

"You shall have all I've got, Ralph."

"You're a good girl, Janet; you always were. I shan't forget you. But you won't tell the Governor that I'm in another scrape?"

"No, Ralph; it would break poor papa's heart. Wait here, and I'll get the money."

He sat down under the rose vines; a man whose feet had trod the downward way for years; a son whose name was a forbidden word in his father's house. Janet brought the contents of the silver bowl, and put it in his hands.

"This is every cent I possess, Ralph."

"It won't do; I want at least twenty dollars more."

She looked at him in direct distress.

"I can't ask papa, Ralph, without telling him you were here."

"No, no; you musn't go to him. Can't you get it somehow, Janet? You were always so clever."

Her troubled eyes brightened.

"Can't you come again? On Friday I shall get the money for the altar-cloth I am embroidering."

Yes, I will come on Friday night. You are a good child, and I'm a rascal to take your earnings. Good night, Janet."

She clung to him, her tears falling very fast.

"Oh, Ralph! look up yonder at poor mamma's grave. Ralph, Ralph won't you do better?"

"I'll try, Janet; I will, 'pon honor," he replied, with emotion. "Good night."

Through the rest of the week Janet worked steadily at her altar-cloth, silent and thoughtful.

"I shan't get the pink corals, or go to the ball, papa. Please don't ask me why," was all she said.

And, suspecting her trouble, and perhaps suspecting her secret, her father asked no questions.

The night of the ball came. A glorious night, the sky like sapphire, a full moon hanging over the blue mountains. Janet had finished the altar cloth, and had the money in her pocket. She thought of the pretty pink corals, and thought she was willing to give them up for Ralph's sake, yet her girlish tears fell like rain.

She sat under the rose vines, as the twilight fell, and watched the preparations at Hardwicke Hall. Lights began to flash out amid the shrubbery like fire flies, and the roll of carriage wheels, and the murmur of voices grew incessant. Just as the first sounds of the brass band shook the summer air, Mr. Hardwicke appeared, a bunch of hot house flowers in his hand.

"I told you I should come early; and Lillian says you must wear some of these flowers in your hair;" then he stopped, bewildered and stammered: "But, Janet, you are not dressed."

"No, Mr. Hardwicke, I am not going."

"Not going? Why not?"

"There are reasons which have caused me to change my mind. I am very sorry but—"

She stopped short, unable to keep her voice steady. The young man's color blazed up.

"But you gave me your word that you would go," he cried, indignantly; and you know I had my heart set on it."

"I can't help it," she faltered.

"At the last moment you change your mind, and disappoint me," he went on, angry that she did not explain. "I would not have believed it. There is some mystery here."

She made no answer. His anger increased.

"If you change so easily in one thing, you will in another," he continued, excitedly. "I dont feel safe in trusting you."

"Withdraw your trust, then, Mr. Hardwicke."

The quiet answer cut him like a keen blade. He threw the hot-house blossoms at her feet, and turning on his heel, strode away.

"I was an idiot to act as I did. She looked in trouble, poor little thing! She has some reason she cannot tell, perhaps. I'll go back."

And back he started. On the edge of the thicket, which intervenes between the Hall and the Rectory, the sound of voices arrested him. He turned in the direction of the sound, and, clearly recognizable in the white moonlight, he saw Janet. She was hanging fondly on the arm of a tall, bearded man, and speaking with tearful eagerness.

"Good by, Ralph, darling! Don't forget my last words."

"I won't, Janet."

He clasped her close, kissed her again and again, and was gone.

All the blood in Eugene Hardwicke's body went rushing to his brain. He leaped forward like a madman.

"This is why you changed your mind, is it," he cried, seizing the frightened girl by the arm. "You wanted to meet another lover. But I won't be trifled with. No woman living shall play fast and loose with me. Our engagement had better end at once."

A little flash lit up Janet's usually dove-like eyes. She drew her figure up with dignity.

"You have said quite enough, Mr. Hardwicke. Our engagement ends from this minute. Here is your ring, and I bid you good evening."

The following morning dawned cheerless and stormy; but despite the bad weather, at an early hour Lillian Hardwicke drove down to the Rectory.

"What is it, Janet?" she asked, entering the little room where Janet sat at her embroidery. "What is the trouble between you and Eugene? He has gone off this morning, we don't know where. To India, he says, and forever. But it can't be.—What has happened, dear?"

"Nothing that I can explain, Miss Lillian. Mr. Hardwicke could not trust me, that was all."

And Miss Hardwicke was forced to return as she came, wholly unsatisfied.

After that the slow years drifted by, dull and uneventful. What a flat affair life is, when some cruel blight has swept away all the bloom, and dew sparkle, and left only the dull, bare fields. But Janet did not repine. Like the little brown birds in the hedges, which chirp and flutter, and keep heart, in the midst of the winter frosts, she was always cheerful, and her willing hands never tired of work.—And work is the great panacea for all human ills.

The summer roses bloomed and fell, and winter snows whitened the blue hills, and nothing happened to break the quiet monotony of life at the old Rectory.

One autumn night when it was cold enough to have a blaze in the chimney, Janet sat sewing, while her father wrote out his sermon for the coming Sabbath.—A sharp rap resounded through the quiet house.

"Who can it be that raps so loud and so late?" said the Rector, laying down his pen, and going to the door.

A tall figure pushed forward.

"Father! Father!"

For an instant the old man hesitated, and then he opened his arms, and sobbed out.

"My son!"

Janet flew to join them.

"Oh, Ralph! Have you come?"

"I've come, little one; and I've come all right this time. I couldn't forget your parting words. I've never touched a card since. I've tried to do better, and I'm a good bit on the right rode, I hope. But here's an old friend. Don't you know him? Father, Hardwicke."

Mr. Hardwicke entered. Janet's heart beat wildly, but she met him with a serene face and cool brow.

"He knows all," cried Ralph, impetuously, "and he's come for your pardon. Fate threw us together, out there in India; he caught the fever, and I nursed him; and one night, when he fancied he was dying, he told me the whole story of his trouble."

"Forgive me, Janet," said Eugene, taking her hand, his handsome eyes telling her that his heart was loyal.

"Oh, there's nothing to forgive, Mr. Hardwicke," she faltered, and in another minute she was sobbing on his bosom.

Later there were full explanations.

"You can't tell how it grieved me to give up the ball," she said, all the pent up pain flowing out of her wounds; "but I had nothing to wear. I intended to buy a nice dress, and the loveliest set of pink corals. Oh! Mr. Hardwicke, it grieves me to think of them yet, they were so lovely; but you see I had to let poor Ralph have the money?"

"You are an angel, Janet," was the reply, "and I deserved every bit of the pain I've endured. I should never have doubted you."

"Never doubt me again, dear," she said, softly.

On the morrow, when Eugene came again, bringing his sister with him, he put a pretty, jeweled case in Janet's hand.—She opened it, and saw a set of pink corals.

"The silly boy traveled all last night to obtain them, Janet," laughed Lillian.

Janet said nothing, but her eyes brimmed over; and a month later, when their happy wedding day came, although Mr. Hardwicke insisted that pearls were proper ornaments for a bride, Janet insisted on wearing her Pink corals.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

Select Miscellany.

The Influence of Pictures.

A room without pictures in it and a room with pictures differ by nearly as much as a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to the other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to some persons engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture to other beautiful and perhaps idylic scenes, where the fancy of a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world? perhaps it is summer in the picture. What a charming change and contrast!—*New York School Journal.*

The *Free Patrol* is the name of a newspaper, to be issued semi-weekly at Scranton, the primary object of which appears to be to make war upon "Sam Sloan," the president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad company.

Five prisoners made their escape from the Greensburg jail on Saturday night, by removing a portion of the stone wall, tearing up their bed clothes, etc. Two prisoners, who remained in jail, refused the option of escape which was offered them.

For the JOURNAL.]

Two Christmas Kisses.

BY PEARL HERBERT.

"Please, ma'am, give me just one penny. I'm *so* hungry."

The lady addressed had just alighted from her carriage and was giving an order to the coachman, when the little thin hand touched her dress and the sweet low voice was asking alms.

"No, I've no pennies for beggars," she answered icily, "take your dirty hands off my cloak," and gathering up the long velvet dress train she swept proudly into the theatre with never a thought of the little crushed heart on the curb stone. A beggar she had called him, and the remembrance brought a blush of shame to Willie Ashley's cheek. It was the first time he had asked alms and it shall be the last he thought with a decision born of despair. "I *can* die, but I cannot beg." O how happy everybody seemed to be that merry Christmas night. Ladies passed him clad in velvet and ermine—little children—fortune's favorites—tripped gaily by, their laughter grating harshly upon his poor tortured heart. "Why is it? Why is it?" he repeated. Ah, Willie, it's a question older and wiser heads have tried in vain to solve. This unequal distribution of wealth and happiness, some day we shall know and understand.

"Nobody cares for me, I wish I could die," and tears came into the dear blue eyes as Willie saw the happiness all about him in which he knew he could have no share. Ah, but somebody did care. Louie Vernor, the proud woman's beautiful little daughter, had heard the pleading voice and the mother's rude reply, and stepping up to the ragged stranger she said: "Little boy, I have no pennies but I'll give you a kiss," and putting up a pair of ripe red lips she kissed the poor, friendless child. "Here, take this" she said, "for your Christmas," and she slipped a pretty, though tenantless portemonaie into his hand, before he could reply she was out of hearing. Turning away from the brilliantly lighted entrance he walked slowly down the street. By the light of a street lamp he stopped to examine his first Christmas gift. It was a beautiful portemonaie, one that Louie's uncle had purchased in Europe that summer. There was a card enclosed upon which was written, "To Louie Vernor from her Uncle Hugh." As Willie was about to move away a hand touched his shoulder and a pleasant voice said, "My boy, come with me, and you shall have a Christmas dinner," and taking the outstretched hand of the poor waif he led him into a restaurant near by, while there he learned something of Willie Ashley's history. Richard Hallet had once been a poor friendless orphan and could sympathize with the child seated by his side.—He watched Willie narrowly while conversing and the added minutes with the little stranger served but to increase his already fast growing interest. As they left the saloon, Mr. Hallet said, "well, my boy, now where do you go?" "Oh, sir, I don't know," he answered with a sob in his voice, "I have no home," "No home?" Richard Hallet thought of his own palatial residence, of the great wealth, his own, of a little blue eyed boy whom God called years ago to the Angel's home, of the wife who left him to go to the same home but a few years later, then looking down into the wistful face beside him, he said in husky tones, "Come home with me, child, I cannot leave you in the street all alone." Would that there were more Richard Hallets in this selfish world and fewer Mrs. Vernors.

PART II—IN AFTER YEARS.

"Going down to Sanford's to night, Ashley?" "I had not thought of it," he answered slowly. "But you are invited and you must go. You have seen but very little of Chicago society as yet and the town will be out *en force* at lawyer Sanford's to night, for you know the party is given in honor of a niece, from Boston, who is visiting there. "I'll call for you at nine," and Philip Burton left the office. An hour later the two young men were paying their respects to lawyer Sanford and lady. Philip, who had been introduced to the niece several days previously, now presented his friend to "Miss Vernor," Ashley gave a visible start of surprise at the name. Where had he seen that face? From memory's gallery of art there came upon the canvass a sweet vision of golden curls and bird brown eyes. A beggar on the curb-stone and a haughty woman in rich apparel sweeping by. It was a picture that never grew dim; he could even now almost hear the sweet voice, "Little boy, I've no pennies, but I'll give you a kiss." Louie Vernor! Could it be his Louie, the Christmas angel, who gave him kind words and a loving kiss on that sad Christmas night so many years ago? The following day he called with his friend Burton at lawyer Sandford's. For weeks he has been a welcome caller. Miss Vernor was no adept in the art of disguise, and though she tried to appear indifferent at times it was in every case a failure. To-night she was expecting Mr. Ashley; he had promised to call that evening, and she was impatiently awaiting his arrival. She was standing under the full blaze of the gas light, it fell with a mellow light upon her bright young face; it gave a golden glitter to the auburn hair, and as Ashley entered, unannounced, he stood for a moment, motionless, gazing with unfeigned admiration upon the pretty tableau. A voice in the hall caused her to turn suddenly and as she met Ashley's admiring gaze the faint pink which crept into her cheeks but increased her loveliness, and Ashley taking her hand, said: "Miss Vernor, you gave me a Christmas gift twelve years ago, and to-night I am come to ask for another." She looked up in wondering astonishment as he continued: "You have forgotten the ragged stranger, but he has not forgotten you. O! Louie, may I choose my Christmas gift this time? I want you, the little girl whose memory has been a talisman against evil during all these years. It was the first kiss you gave me, twelve years ago to-night, that has made me what I am." He took from his pocket the little portemonaie and showed her the card enclosed. A light broke over her face and she would have spoken but Ashley continued: "The little boy has no need for the pennies now, but he is just as hungry for the kisses as he was then; he wants the little girl who gladdened his heart that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas night. Could she learn to love him do you think?" With all her old-time childish impulse she put up two white arms and a pair of ripe red lips and gave Willie Ashley his second Christmas Kiss.

A Columbia county tradesman who undertook to vend the carcass of a mule, telling his customers it was buffalo steak, is lamenting over the fastidiousness of the American public in the Bloomsburg jail.

Two Millions Wasted.

SOME FACTS AS TO THE COST OF POLITICAL FIRE WORKS AND PROCESSIONS.

When it is remembered that both of the two great parties hold numerous meetings every week in the large cities during a political canvass, it will not seem strange that very extensive pyrotechnic attractions are needed to attract the thousands of people required to make the gatherings sufficiently large and imposing—imposing often in a double sense. What with Roman candles, sky-rockets, parachute rockets, revolving rockets, "illumination floral bomb shells," "campaign salute shells," "mines of stars and serpents," detonating cannon salutes," "silver fountains," colored fires and the hundred other designs which go to make up a first-class display, the cost of a political meeting nowadays is considerable. These fire works vary in price from $1.00 to $18.00 a dozen, and twelve dozen do not go very far.

The largest outlays on fire-works of course occur in years of Presidential elections. Of late the expenditure, even at those important seasons, has decreased considerably. Very extravagant displays were made in New York city under the Tweed *regime*. In 1868, for example, the Democrats spent $10,000 on fire works for one procession. The largest amount spent this year on a single occasion was $4,000, expended on the great Democratic torch light procession in New York. The Democrats in Pittsburg have not devoted much more than $10,000 to all their parades during this campaign, and the Republicans have expended little more than $5,000.

But the cost of fire works only represents a portion of the total outlay for political processions. Every man in line with a cap, cape and torch, represents an expenditure of $1.25, so that a parade of 30,000 men, will cost about $37,500 for equipments alone. In the 40,000,000 of our population there are probably more than 10,000,000 boys and men capable of marching in these pageants. If, in the course of a Presidential campaign, one individual in every twenty of these 10,000,000—and this is a moderate estimate—takes part in a procession of this kind, the expenditure for torches and uniforms would reach $625,000. And if to this we add the cost of fire works, the total would probably exceed $2,000,000.

Competition has sensibly decreased the once large profit realized on the manufacture of fire-works. The goods are manufactured in the suburbs of New York, Greenville, New Jersey, and by Prof. Samuel Jackson, at Chester. Ordinary fire-crackers, which are produced exclusively in China, are the only fire works imported. The price of these is largely enhanced by the duty ($1.00 in gold) imposed by the custom house on every box brought into this country. There are six large dealers in fire works in New York, with an invested capital of about $200,000, who ship goods to all parts of the country for political clubs and for Fourth of July celebrations.

Great improvements have been made of late in the manufacture of fire works. Most of them are now made by machinery only recently introduced, and many new varieties have been lately put upon the market. America is considered to lead the world, excepting only China, in pyrotechnical science.

Speculation in Sports.

THE METHOD OF GAMBLING IN POOLS.

New York contains many gambling houses, but in the past they have not obtruded themselves on public attention. Recently, however, says the New York *Tribune*, one form of gambling has become more bold and conspicuous, and at the present time there are at least six establishments in this city whose proprietors openly invite speculation on any event in the sporting calendars, through "auction pools," "Paris mutuals" and "combination mutuals." The "Paris mutuals" are recent inventions. Joseph Oller, of Paris, well known for many years at the French race courses, introduced them to notice, and amassed great wealth by the percentage or "commission" of ten per cent. which he charged on them. The Paris mutuals require two operators, an indicator, a crowd of spectators, and an event that may be settled in any of several ways. It may be a boat race, or a ball match, or it may be a race of a dozen horses in which any one of them may come under the wire first. The system is best explained by illustration. Suppose six horses named respectively A, B, C, D, E, and F are entered for a race. The operators set up a black tin box, with round blank spaces like staring eyes cut in the lid, over each of which is placed a card inscribed A, or B, or C, etc. A speculator approaches, hands to the operator $5, and says, "Give me C." He receives a parti-colored ticket with a number printed on it, and simultaneously the operator gives the indicator a turn, "click" goes the machinery, the blank eye apportioned to C gives a wink at the folly of the human race, the figure 1 appears therein, and the young man remarks in a philosophical monotone, "One C." Another speculator pays his money, and by eye and ear the spectator is informed he has "gone twenty on four C."

At length the bell for starting the horses sounds, when the pools close, or should close, the entire number of tickets sold being indicated at the top of the machine, while a glance at the space under the name of each horse reveals the particulars of the pool. Suppose that pools have sold as follows, at $5 a ticket: 100 tickets on A, 80 on B, 60 on C, 40 on D, 20 on E and 10 on F—a total of 310 tickets, representing $1,550. First, the operator takes out his percentage, the amount of which varies. At first Oller charged 10 per cent. but competition in this country has reduced it to 5 and 3. Making the calculation on the 10 per cent. basis, $1,550, less $155, leaves $1,395 to be divided among the holders of tickets on the winning horse. If A wins, each ticket pays $13.95; if B wins, each ticket pays $17.45; if C wins, each ticket pays $23.25; if D wins, each ticket pays $34.87; if E wins, each ticket pays $69.75; if F wins, each ticket pays $139.50. The race is over, one of the horses has won, and his backers receive the returns from their investments. Few notice how much the operator has pocketed, but yet it will be seen from the above calculation that his percentage was more than the amount paid on the most valuable ticket, and that, too, in a pool especially favorable to buyers, such as hardly occurs once in fifty races.

The supreme court has reaffirmed the validity of its first decision in the noted friendship bond case now celebrated in the annals of Pennsylvania law trials. By this decision, mainly on his