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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D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3rd street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 425 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan5,'71

E. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. J. Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap18, '75.

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 406 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [nov17,'75

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71

H. W. BUCHANAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 223, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [mch17,'75

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No. —, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19,'71

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J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. [jan5,'71

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J. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 220 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [feb5,'71

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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. 226, Penn Street. [ap19,'71

Miscellaneous.

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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 swelting, 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.

FILES, FISTULAS, STRICTURES.

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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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 Joints,	Sore throats,
Burns,	Elephantiasis,	Skin Diseases,
Bunions,	Fistulas,	Scurvy,
Bite of Moschetoes and Sandflies,	Gout,	Sore Heads,
Coco-bay,	Glandular Swellings,	Tumors,
Chiego-foot,	Lumbago,	Ulcers,
Chilblains,	Piles,	Wounds,
Chapped Hands,	Rheumatism,	Yaws.
Corns (Soft)	Scalds,	

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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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JOB DEPARTMENT:

With Fast Presses, all the latest styles of New Type, Borders, Cuts, and a full supply 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 job* to be done in our Job Rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Send along your work, and see what we can do.

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

The Muses' Bower.

The Two Mysteries.

"In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he, adding, 'We don't either.'"

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep
And still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so
pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may
call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles
over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate
heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it
again:
We know not to what other sphere the loved who
leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we
do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they
should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "what is life?" not one
of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be:
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and
see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and
blessed is the thought!
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may
tell you naught;
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of
death—
We may not tell it, if we would, the mystery of
breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent.
So those who enter death must go as little children
sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is
enthroned.
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Scribner's Monthly.

The Story-Teller.

ZILLAH.

"And you positively refuse?"

"Positively—absolutely."

A peculiar sound, such as might issue from the lips of a woman who tries to express an exclamation of pain, came from the room beyond; but the two men were so absorbed by their conversation that they did not heed it.

There was a singular contrast between the pair, and no observer, looking at them as they stood together, could possibly have guessed that there was but ten years difference in their ages. The first was bent and broken in form, cheek and forehead were deeply lined, and in hair and beard the silver threads had long predominated over the gold. Yet the man was not more than fifty years old. His companion, aged forty, appeared simply to have reached that time in life when a creature to whom was given "dominion over all things" seems worthy of his great commission. The latter was handsome—the former had been.

"I could scarcely have expected this, Hastings," said the younger.

"And I could scarcely have expected that you would fall in love with the girl. We were boys together."

"Yes."

"And now I am an old man, decayed and worn, while you are in the prime of life, with all the world before you. After some such fashion runs your thought, does it not?"

An answer would have involved prevarication or a lie, consequently none was made; and when the man thus questioned spoke again, it was to attack the subject from another quarter.

"Will you give me a reason?"

"Certainly I will, Dalton. My reason for refusing to accept you as a son-in-law is—selfishness, pure and simple."

"You intend that Zillah shall remain unmarried all her life?"

"I intend nothing. She is happy. Let her alone."

"But supposing that upon that point you are mistaken? If her happiness were already involved? Hastings, be reasonable. I am not a vain man, but I think she loves me."

"For God sake, spare me that."

"I will not. Why should I? It is natural, suitable. When ever yet did a man hesitate to claim the woman he loved, knowing, feeling that she loved him?—What has your own experience been?—Did you never love some fair, fragile girl better than your own life?"

"I loved her mother, Dalton. Look at my bent head and withered frame, and ask me if I never loved a woman?"

"I never met her, you know." There was a half apologetic tone in the words.—The speaker had fallen unawares on a bitter theme.

"No, you never met her, and probably, like a thousand others who have looked upon Zillah's swarthy cheeks, you have desired but never dared to ask 'Who was she?'"

"Aye! who was she?"

The question made its way through the nearly-closed door, and into the room beyond, where a girl with the lustrous black eyes and full crimson lips that belonged to only one race on earth listened with an intentness that longs for and yet dreads a coming revelation.

"I wonder, Dalton," continued the older man, "if the miserable story of my life and love would make you any less intent upon robbing me of my child?"

"I do not call it robbery."

"Aye, but I do. Not robbery to take her from my heart to dwell beneath your roof, to love and serve you, to become the mistress of your house, to cradle your children upon her breast, until she has neither time nor strength nor inclination to give a thought to me! Call it what you like; the name matters little."

"You were about to tell me of her mother."

"And naturally you are interested in the parentage of the girl you propose to marry. Proper solicitude for the unblemished Dalton name is not, of course, unbecoming in the last scion of that noble race."

"Have done with sneers, Hastings.—Tell your story or not, as you please. I defy you to keep me from my wife, if I can win her."

"Then have your tale, and if you do not yield to pity, perhaps you will to shame. First of all, there is half an ounce of lead in the region of my lungs that year by year makes long-continued talking more painful. Will you grudge the service done an invalid by bringing me a glass of wine? After that I shall offer you a chair."

"It seems an impertinence, my friend," began the elder, when they were both seated, "to ask a man so young-looking as yourself to go back into the past for such a distance as twenty years. However, it must be done, and out of the mists and obscurity I make no doubt you will remember Harry Hastings as he was."

"I do remember him—a handsome youth, proud, talented, and the pride of the whole village where he lived."

"Yes; and just in the same ratio that the whole village was found of me, I hated the village."

"But not the village lasses."

"No, Dalton, there are men in the world to whom the influence of women matters little. They have little taste for or interests in anything feminine. When they love or marry, they manage the business in a commonplace manner. If their wives are congenial, very well; if not, they have other interests or occupations. And should their whole *menage* be overturned by infidelity and crime, they look upon the business as 'spilled milk.' The *esclandre* annoys them, but they go on. They succeed in their profession, reach the top of the ladder, and write their names on the roll of fame. They decline to be victimized by circumstances, and hold their lives out of reach of the disturbances caused by domestic infelicities. There are other men—a weaker class—whom women have it in their power to ruin—I am one."

"You say most truly," he continued, after a moment's pause, "that I was not unlike rest to the girls of our village, and yet I do not think that you can accuse me of having made love to any of them. I never did. Only a coarse nature, I think, ever counterfeits an emotion upon which the happiness of a whole life may depend. The fair Yankee girls of our native town did not suit me. I objected to their peremptory manners, the strength of their religious prejudices, and the awful prudentity of their learning. Peasant as a companion, any one of them would have been intolerable as a sweetheart. In vain I looked among them for the sweet young life that, absorbed into my own, should give it a purpose and an inspiration, and lift me above the enervating influence of the fortune I had chanced to inherit.—Finally, absolute weariness drove me abroad. It is considered the proper thing *for jeunesse dore* to travel, and cordially as I detested the business of rushing over the face of the earth in a rail-car and steamboat, I did make my way to England, but no further. That agitated mass of liquid iniquity, known as the English channel, was too much for me. I declined to cross it. Not to behold the land of Claud Lorraine would I trust my stomach to the mercy of the waves. But I had not told you that it was my intention to become an artist. Nevertheless, such was the case. The fancy, so natural to a dreamy youth with a delicate constitution, had full possession of me. I loved fair mother nature, and I longed to reproduce something of her beauty on canvas. So I sketched many a beautiful spot on the shores of 'perfidious Albion,' determined not to leave her until a bridge should be built to somewhere to protect me from the 'perils of the sea.' Occasionally I went into society, but the prim English maidens I found on acquaintance even more intolerable than the Yankee girls."

"One morning I wandered through a small forest and ensconsed myself under a glorious old oak tree, bent upon sketching one of those strange relics of a lost faith, a heap of rocks supposed to have been in times past a Druid altar. The Druids did not inspire me, however, for I went to sleep, leaving my canvas to retain its pristine purity. Suddenly I was awakened by a violent altercation just behind my luxurious leafy couch. The contestants might have been Jews, Turks, heretics, or any other species of heathen, so far as their language is concerned, for not a single word of it could I understand; but a man must need have very dull ears who does not comprehend the cry of a woman who is being hurt. I sprang up and plunged in among the trees. Before me stood a man and girl, startled into silence by my unexpected appearance. In later years, Dalton, I have traveled in many climes and among many people, but never have I seen two more beautiful specimens of our race than the two that confronted me.—The man did not give me much time to study his swarthy, handsome face, for on catching sight of me he suddenly turned and strode in among the thicket. The girl, however, remained gazing at me with her great lustrous eyes not in the least disposed to look upon me as a rescuer, but apparently doubtful whether the man just arrived were not more dangerous than the man just departed. I addressed her in English and saw at a glance that however ignorant I might be of her language, she at least was partially familiar with mine. Reassured by my quiet voice, her face lost its expression of terror, and we glided insensibly into a conversation, I exerting myself to the utmost to detain her. So bewildered was I by her extraordinary beauty that I felt the light would go out of the heavens if she left me. When at last she did go, I had won from her a promise to meet me there again."

"By this time you have probably divined who my wild bird of the forest was, a stray little waif from one of those wandering tribes of Ishmaelites that civilization is so rapidly exterminating; a dusky little fairy, if fairies ever have jet black hair, delicate and graceful as a sapling, wonderfully, exquisitely beautiful. The quarrel which I had interrupted was nothing more, it appeared, than the violent arguments of a gypsy lover, who endeavored to forward his suit by crushing the hand he desired to possess.

"Of course I fell in love with her. For this, it appears, I had passed by some of the fairest women in England and America. All my hopes of happiness and every longing of my soul centered by the little wood land nymph I had found in the old Druid stone. And I had no doubt that I had won her to love me. In my besotted, idiotic infatuation I could not remember that a great impulse had been given to our acquaintance by the surrender on my part of a large sapphire that hung from my watch chain. That cursed cotton mill in Massachusetts furnished such things too liberally for me to value them, and I could not suppose that she did. It took some time for my imagination to grasp the fact that the little hand that passed caressingly over my bosom was attracted thither by my shirt studs. And yet I dare say that I am misrepresenting her. She was so young and childish, and the passion for ornament was but the instinct of her race.

"In my case the course of true love ran, or appeared to run, with remarkable smoothness. The sight of the golden circle that was to be her wedding ring did not alarm her, as a similar suggestion had done on the part of her last lover; and one day a romantic curate of a neighboring parish, whose acquaintance I had made, pronounced us man and wife in the very shadow of the old Druid oak. Then, in a shooting-box, amidst the Scottish heather, whither I took my bride for three short months, I indulged in the luxury of love's young dream. And she, too, was happy. It takes fully three months for a woman to explore all the miracle of finery and furniture with which the fashion of the present day surrounds a bride; for, although I had married her in her wild gypsy garb, London milliners and upholsterers had prepared her home.

"It was knowledge that broke the charm in Eden. Well, the first cloud gathered over us upon the day I gave up wandering over the hills with my gypsy bride, and having unpacked a case of books ventured to appear before her in the character of a pedagogue. I was just explaining to her the awful meaning and significance of the letter A as it appeared on the first page of a primer, when she broke away from me and rushed away through the garden and into the woods. Smiling at the result of the first lesson, I lit a cigar and fell to dreaming of the pleasure I should yet have in guiding my dainty little wife along the rough road that leads to knowledge. It would be a labor of love, and however painful, the result would surely repay us both. And surely her ignorance was sweeter than all the accomplishments of another woman.

"That very night, as I was closing the shutters of my room previous to retiring, I was startled by the figure of a man upon the lawn. Something in his gait reminded me of the lithe form that strode away from us on the first day I met my love. I attached no importance to it, however; and yet, during the months that followed I met him three times, always apparently on his road to or from my house.

"But a great anxiety was upon me. The checks of my gypsy maiden were losing their roses; she could no longer roam thro' the heather with her hand in mine, and I shuddered as I thought of the consummation of the trial in store for her. At last I ordered the servants to pack up our belongings, and I hurried away with my bride to one of the suburbs of London, where she might have the most skillful physicians to attend her. I will spare you the long weeks during which I had no other care in life than to watch over, wait upon, and care for the frail form of a woman whose heart had long since passed out of my keeping, if I had ever possessed it. For what I mistook for disease was nothing more than the longing of Zangari blood for the freedom of native forests. Like a bird in a cage, I was killing her by my very care for her. I cannot tell you how well I loved her; still less could I give you an idea of the rapture of thanksgiving that possessed my soul on the night they put her baby in my arms, and told me her life was safe. Yet mindful of my duties as a host, I quickly surrendered the infantile wonder, and hastened to accompany the weary physician to the door of our house. I lingered a moment, watching him as he passed the gate, when suddenly there darted from among the trees the same figure that had grown so familiar in the Scottish Highlands. The moonlight fell on the handsome face, and showed the same anxious expression my own had worn during the past weeks. The man seized the doctor by the arm, apparently asked some eager question, to which he received an affirmative answer, and then disappeared.

"I never saw him but once more. A month later—I had nursed my darling back to health—when, coming back from a short journey to London, I saw a carriage driving rapidly away from my gate. There were only two occupants—my wife and her gypsy lover. Instinctively I rushed toward them and seized the horses by the bridle. Then a sudden flash, followed by a report, and the bullet intended for my heart buried itself in my lungs.

"I cannot tell you what followed. All I know is that when I saw my child again it was over three months old. After that I went mad. They tell me I wandered about from place to place all over Europe, while people wondered at the silent man, ever in motion, and always accompanied by a nurse and an infant child. At last a circumstance roused me. The news came that the executors of my father's will had contrived to lose my fortune, and I was poor. Then we came to New York—my little Zillah, whom I named after my mother, and I. Here we have lived, Dalton; here have I dragged out the miserable existence of an invalid; here I have brought up my child from infancy to womanhood, until she has become to be something of what her mother might have been; here we have been together, through better, through worse, and much of it has been worse. Now you propose to take her from me, knowing that she is all I have in the world—that whatever she may be to you, I cannot live without her. It is an awkward thing to wind all one's heart about a woman, be she wife or child. I have done it, and mine is a claim no man should dispute. Will you withdraw your demand, Dalton? Methinks there is a parallel to it in the story of David and Uriah."

"Did you ever hear of the mother again, Hastings?"

"Only that she died. The habits of her people, where marriage bonds are quickly shaken loose when love fails, made it seem no crime to leave me; but when the wild desire to be free was gratified, they say she pined and died. But you have not answered my question. Will you leave my child?"

"Will you let her decide?"

In the silence that followed, Zillah stood in the doorway. Slender and beautiful, with the longing of love in the soft, dark eyes, and the stern rigor of determination around her mouth, the clear voice answered, "I have decided."

"To become Dalton's wife?" queried the bitter voice of the invalid.

A single word, sharp with pain, cut the air—"Never!"

"Yet you love me, Zillah?" pleaded the lover.

This time the girl spoke with less effort. "No, I do not."

Angry and sullen, Dalton went his way. Yet she did love him, and both he and Hastings knew it.

Now the glories of self-sacrifice are not for the weak. When the human heart becomes the scene of fierce struggle the body that contains it must needs be strong. Zillah's passionate prayer for strength to endure her trial was answered by increasing weakness, and once more Hastings watched a woman he loved better than his life, fading before his eyes. From afar off he saw the end approaching, and knew that he must let her go. No word was needed between the two; but each understood all the other would have said, when the father finally announced, "I have written to Dalton," and the girl bowed her head upon his head and answered, "I tried, indeed I tried." Then the roses bloomed again in the gypsy cheeks; but the step of the invalid grew slower and slower, and that fatal burden of lead pressed even more heavily into the weakened lungs.

White and cold were the camelias that graced the wedding, and white and cold gleamed the same flowers within a coffin ere the year was out. Exhausted by her bitter sorrow, Dalton left his wife to follow the sad procession winding toward a grave. As he turned away from the freshly-heaped mound, he murmured:

"It is the story of Jean Valjean and Cosette over again;" and translated into bungling English, he repeated the lines that close the history of that sorrowful life:

"He sleeps, though living he was sorely tried:
He suffered, when his angel left him, died
As peacefully and gently as the day
When the sun leaves it, into evening fades away."

Select Miscellany.

How to Push Business.

One of our exchanges very pertinently remarks that there are a great many old fogies—notably too many—who entertain unsound ideas of how to push business. Rather than invest a few dollars in making their business known through the public prints, they sit on their haunches and wait for people to find them out. When approached upon the subject of advertising, they will reply that it does not pay to advertise, and yet this very declaration is disproved by every article that is placed in their show windows or that is hung up in front of their stores. The man who says it don't pay to advertise is doing it in some way all the time. If a merchant hangs a few of his goods outside the door—what is that but advertising? If a cabinet maker hangs a chair or other article of furniture at his shop door, he is advertising. If a man loses a horse or cow and tells everybody he meets, he is advertising his loss. The doctor who has a boy run into church and call him out in haste is advertising. The minister who announces next Sunday's text from his pulpit, is advertising. The street parades of circus establishments are nothing but advertisements. The truth is a man cannot do business without advertising, and the only question should be, the way to do it. If you have a lot of personal property to sell, which is best, to write out a few notices that not one in fifty will stop to read or to go to the printer and have a lot of well displayed posters in addition to an advertisement in the papers? If you are in need of help, don't ask your neighbor's wife if she knows of a girl, but make your want known through the newspapers, and you will have plenty of customers next morning to fill the place. If you are in business of any kind, is it not better to keep yourself before the public eye in your own paper by an advertisement that will stare your friends and customers in the face every day, rather than trust to the old fogy idea of 'Oh, they all know me?' But Mr. Closefist says advertising costs money. Very true, and so does everything else; and it is a good thing for you that advertising does cost something. If it did not, every little worthless concern would stand as good a chance of being known as the very best and most useful. If you want the people to know that you have anything to sell, advertise in your home paper first, then in your neighboring papers. The man who has a reputable business and spends the most in a liberal system of advertising, is the one who makes the most money. This is truth well verified by those who have tried it. Those who don't believe it have just to cast about in their own town, and they will find that the most prosperous business men are they who advertise liberally and judiciously. We are now in the commencement of an important year and the business public should not close its eyes to a well known fact that the approach of winter is always the best season for trade. People have wants now just as they have in prosperous times. They will buy, and be sure to go to those who offer the best bargains. And the way to make those most widely known is frequent announcements through the papers. Try the experiment.

Remedy for Trouble.

Work is a true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want sleep—calm, sound sleep—and eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work.—If you say you don't feel like work, and go loafing all day to tell Tom, Dick, and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake, and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day. There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that never can be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as well, leaving no disagreeable *sequelae*, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the *materia medica*, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar coated.

Wonders of an Alabama Lake.

At the Dickson place, on Bullard Creek, near six-mile station, is a ten acre field which is nothing more nor less than a subterranean lake, covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which will produce thirty or forty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade handle, he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line, fish four or five inches long can be caught. These fish are different from others in not having either scales or eyes, and are perch like in shape. The ground is black marl, alluvial in its nature, and in all probability at one time it was an open body of water on which was accumulated vegetable matter which has been measured from time to time, until it has a crust sufficiently thick to bear the weight of a horse. While nooning the field hands catch great strings of delicate fish by merely punching a hole through the earth. The whole section of country surrounding this field gives evidence of marshiness, and the least shower of rain produces an abundance of mud. But the question comes up, has not this body an outlet? Although blackish the water tastes as if fresh, and we have no doubt that it is anything else but stagnant. Yet these fish are eyeless—similar to those found in caves.

Blue Lights.

GENERAL PLEASONTON RELATES SOME MORE WONDERFUL CURES AND PARTS WITH GRAVITATION WITH REGRET.

From the Philadelphia *Times*.]

I have read with much satisfaction your article in to-day's *Times* on "Blue Glass," and, although it is tinctured with a spice of ridicule, I accept it as an indication that the press of our city is being awakened from its long torpor to the consideration of a subject that has aroused the interest and excited the hopes of innumerable invalids throughout the length and breadth of our land. In order that you may have some definite and reliable information on this subject I communicate herewith a copy of each of two letters that I have received on this subject. They are as follows:

NEW YORK, January 23.—*Gen. A. J. Pleasonton*—MY DEAR SIR: A week ago last Sunday I sat in the "associated lights" in my room for two hours for rheumatism, which I have had in my left shoulder ever since I can remember. In a few minutes I could feel a tingling sensation in my finger ends and the pain in my shoulder disappeared. I have not had them since, although the weather has been stormy, and I have had no opportunity to try the blue glass a second time. Never before that I can remember have I been free from pain in my shoulder in bad weather. While in the army I suffered severely, owing to the fact that the pell being the bridle arm, the whole weight of the arm was a constant pull on the rheumatic shoulder. I shall try the associated lights further, and I hope to report a permanent cure. I had no idea my letter would excite so much interest in Chicago. I shall respond to its call by next mail. Respectfully yours,

CLIFFORD THOMSON.

P. S.—My wife continues to improve. Her cloudy days she says she cannot see the blue glass as an old paper would the dews. C. T.

The writer of the foregoing letter was a distinguished officer in the United States cavalry during the rebellion. His wife had been very ill with hemorrhages from the lungs, and has had her health greatly restored by the use of blue and sunlight baths. Colonel Clifford Thomson is one of the editors of the New York *Economy Mail*. In a subsequent letter of January 31, he wrote:

Gen. A. J. Pleasonton—My Dear Sir: I send you by to-night's mail a copy of the *Weekly Mail*, containing both your letter to the Chicago *Tribune* and mine. The republication of these letters created an unprecedented demand for papers, while the glass dealers are overrun with orders for blue glass. Two wholesale establishments have been entirely exhausted. The two letters have made a wonderful sensation, and are being copied by the press in all sections. I presume I have called down upon your head an avalanche of letters. Will I hope the sensation may result to your benefit. My wife continues to improve, and now walks out in pleasant weather. I think it has also cured me of rheumatism, but will wait awhile before being too sure. I am, yours truly,

CLIFFORD THOMSON.

The next letter is from J. W. Bridgman, esq., of the Comptroller's Office, Department of Finance, in Chicago, Illinois, and is as follows:

CHICAGO, February 9.—*Gen. A. J. Pleasonton*—DEAR SIR: I was very much interested in an article on blue glass published in the Chicago *Tribune* from its correspondent "Dutious," and a subsequent letter from yourself on the same subject. Having tried it in my family I am pleased to report success as a result. My wife had the inflammatory rheumatism so badly she could not arise without help. Doctors' prescriptions failed to do any good, so "blue glass" was resorted to and the result was truly wonderful. In four days she could walk about the house with comparative ease. But this is not all it did for her. When she was a child the scarlet fever left her with an enlargement of the throat, so much enlarged that the dress had to be made considerable larger, and then it was always tight. The "blue glass" has now been used only ten days (half an hour each day), yet in addition to curing the rheumatism this enlargement of the throat is almost wholly removed. Hoping many more will find equal relief and be as truly thankful and grateful as my wife is to you, I am yours very respectfully,

J. W. BRIDGMAN.

The wonderful curative powers of the associated blue and sunlights may well excite the utmost amazement in scientific as well as in less informed circles. They are not explicable upon any of the accepted theories of physics. I have been forced, therefore, in the investigation of these subjects, to disregard all those theories which would not explain these phenomena, and after much study and reflection to announce theories which do explain these facts that none other can do. We may regret to part with the theory of gravitation; the undulatory theory of light, and of the incandescence of the sun, *et hoc omnia*, but the truth is mighty and must prevail.

Respectfully yours,

A. J. PLEASONTON.

CREMATION is to be suspended, and instead of destroying the corpse by fire, as the ancients did, or making gas of the same, as had been suggested, an inventor of Grenoble, France, proposes the opposite method, and preserves them forever. "As the decease of an individual the body is plunged into a liquid invented by him, and in about five years the individual is turned into stone. The secret of the petrification is known only to the discoverer. But he goes further. He says that in a thousand years time, if persons will only preserve their relatives and friends, they will be able to build a house with them and thus live in a residence surrounded by their ancestors." Another application of this process has been suggested, to have the petrified corpse nickel plated with bronze, and if a statue of an individual is desired to place the corpse on a proper pedestal, so as to fulfill the functions of being the statue of the party deceased.

TO CURE A SORE THROAT.—A correspondent of a New York paper, who says he has often tried it, furnishes the following remedy for a sore throat:

Let each one of your half million readers buy at any drug store one ounce of camphorate oil, and five cents worth of chlorate of potash. Whenever any soreness appears in the throat put the potash in half a tumbler of water, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly, then rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a small strip of woolen flannel. This is a simple, cheap and sure remedy.

THE sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its numbers sleep without monuments.—All other grave yards, in other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor, but in the great ocean cemetery the king and clown, the prince and peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same requiem by minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storms beat, and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on forever.

A WESTERN paper describes a man who "started for" another but stumbled before he got there as the Fell destroyer.

State News.

A party is organizing in Shamokin to go to the Black Hills.

That early Cumberland county farmer has suspended his plowing for the present.

Steel rails are now selling at $40@50 per ton at the mills, and iron rails at $30@38.50.

Six students at the Edinboro Normal School were expelled last week for surreptitious dancing and drinking.

In the fruit house of Nathan Hellings, near Bristol, are stored over 42,000 barrels of apples, in addition to other fruit.

The Clinton *Democrat* says a two foot vein of hard coal has been found on the farm of David Boyer, of Sugar Valley.

The Carlisle *Volunteer* says: "It is rumored that Carlisle barracks is to be occupied by a battery of light artillery at no distant day."

The Pittsburg *Telegraph* says the mill manufacturers have large stocks and the dealers small stocks. The inference is a fair business.

Francis Murphy has been sent away from Pittsburg crowned with praise and blessings, and with his pockets well filled with verily.

The notorious burglar Rolland has a faithful wife. She is now in Chambersburg doubtless intent on getting her husband out of jail again.

The Pine Grove i