The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

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

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at $2.00 per annum IN ADVANCE, or $2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and $3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

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	3m	6m	9m	1 yr		3m	6m	9m	1yr
1 In	$3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 36
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Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

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

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

Professional Cards

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

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan4,71

E. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. J. Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12, 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. [ap12.71

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

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office, 229 Penn Street, corner of Court House Square. [dec6,72

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. [jan4,71

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the Government for back-pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Penn Street. [jan4,71

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in the JOURNAL building.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 230 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [feb5,71

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Patents Obtained. Office, 321 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [my31,71

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office in *Monitor* building, Penn Street. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. [aug5,'74-6mos

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Penn Street. [ap19,71

School and Miscellaneous Books.

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FOR THE
FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The following is a list of Valuable Books, which will be supplied from the Office of the Huntingdon JOURNAL. Any one or more of these books will be sent *post-paid* to any of our readers on receipt of the regular price, which is named against each book.

Allen's (R. L. & L. F.) New American Farm Book	$2 50
Allen's (L. F.) American Cattle*	2 50
Allen's (R. L.) American Farm Book	1 50
Allen's (L. F.) Rural Architecture	1 50
Allen's (R. L.) Diseases of Domestic Animals	1 00
American Bird Fancier	30
American Gentleman's Stable Guide*	1 00
American Rose Culturist	30
American Weeds and Useful Plants	1 75
Atwood's Country and Suburban Houses	1 50
Atwood's Modern American Homesteads*	3 50
Baker's Practical and Scientific Fruit Culture*	2 50
Barber's Crack Shot*	1 75
Barry's Fruit Garden	2 50
Bell's Carpentry Made Easy*	5 00
Bement's Rabbit Fancier	30
Bicknell's Village Builder and Supplement, 1 Vol*	12 00
Bicknell's Supplement to Village Builder*	5 00
Bogardus' Field Cover, and Trap Shooting*	2 00
Bommer's Method of Making Manures	25
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1 60
Brackett's Farm Talk*.....paper, 50cts.; cloth	75
Breck's New Book of Flowers	1 75
Brill's Farm-Gardening and Seed-Growing	1 00
Broom-Corn and Brooms.....paper, 50cts.; cloth	75
Brown's Taxidermist's Manual*	1 00
Bruckner's American Manures*	1 50
Buchanan's Culture of the Grapevand Wine making*	75
Buel's Cider-Maker's Manual*	1 50
Buist's Flower-Garden Directory	1 00
Buist's Family Kitchen Gardener	1 00
Burges' American Kennel and Sporting Field*	4 00
Burnham's The China Fowl*	1 00
Burn's Architectural Drawing Book*	1 00
Burns' Illustrated Drawing Book*	1 00
Burns' Ornamental Drawing Book*	1 00
Burr's Vegetables of America*	3 00
Caldwell's Agricultural Chemical Analysis	2 00
Canary Birds. Paper 50 cts Cloth	75
Chorlton's Grape-Grower's Guide	75
Cleveland's Landscape Achitecture*	1 50
Clok's Diseases of Sheep*	1 25
Cobbett's American Gardener	75
Cole's American Fruit Book	75
Cole's American Veterinarian	75
Cooked and Cooking Food for Domestic Animals*	20
Cooper's Game Fowls*	5 00
Corbett's Poultry Yard and Market*pa. 50cts., cloth	75
Croff's Progressive American Architecture*	10 00
Cummings' Architectural Details	10 00
Cummings & Miller's Architecture*	10 00
Cupper's Universal Stair-Builder	3 50
Dadd's Modern Horse Doctor, 12 mo	1 50
Dadd's American Cattle Doctor, 12 mo	1 50
Dadd's American Cattle Doctor, 8vo, cloth*	2 50
Dadd's American Reformed Horse Book, 8vo, cloth*	2 50
Dade's Muck Manual	1 25
Darwin's Variations of Animals & Plants. 2 vols* [new ed.]	5 00
Dead Shot; or, Sportsman's Complete Guide*	1 75
Detail Cottage and Constructive Architecture*	10 00
De Voe's Market Assistant*	2 50
Dinks, Mayhew, and Hutchison, on the Dog*	3 00
Downing's Landscape Gardening	6 50
Dwyer's Horse Book*	2 00
Eastwood on Cranberry	75
Eggleston's Circuit Rider*	1 75
Eggleston's End of the World	1 50
Eggleston's Hoosier School-Master	1 25
Eggleston's Mystery of Metropoliville	1 50
Eggleston's (Geo. C.) A Man of Honor	1 25
Elliott's Hand Book for Fruit Growers* Pa., 60c.; clo.	1 00
Elliott's Hand-Book of Practical Landscape Gardening*	1 50
Elliott's Lawn and Shade Trees*	1 50
Elliott's Western Fruit-Grower's Guide	1 50
Eveleth's School House Architecture*	6 00
Every Horse Owner's Cyclopædia*	3 75
Field's Pear Culture	1 25
Flax Culture. [Seven Prize Essays by practical growers.]	30
Flint (Charles L.) on Grasses*	2 50
Flint's Milch Cows and Dairy Farming*	2 50
Frank Forester's American Game in its Season*	3 00
Frank Forester's Field Sports, 8 vo., 2 vols*	6 00
Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing, 8vo., 100 Engs*	3 50
Frank Forester's Horse of America, 8 vo., 2 vols*	10 00
Frank Forester's Manual for Young Sportsmen, 8 vo.	3 00
French's Farm Drainage	1 50
Fuller's Forest-Tree Culturist	1 50
Fuller's Grape Culturist	1 50
Fuller's Illustrated Strawberry Culturist	20
Fuller's Small Fruit Culturist	1 5
Fulton's Peach Culture	1 50
Gardner's Carriage Painters' Manual	1 00
Gardner's How to Paint*	1 00
Geyelin's Poultry-Breeding	1 25
Gould's American Stair-Builder's*	4 00
Gould's Carpenter's and Builder's Assistant*	3 00
Gregory on Cabbages*.....paper	30
Gregory on Onion Raising*.....paper	30
Gregory on Squashes.....paper	30
Guenon on Milch Cows	75
Guillaume's Interior Architecture*	3 00
Gun, Rod, and Saddle*	1 00
Hallett's Builders' Specifications*	1 75
Hallett's Builders' Contracts*	10
Harney's Barns, Out-Buildings, and Fences*	60 00
Harris's Insects Injurious to Vegetation....Plain $4; Colored Engravings	6 50
Harris on the Pig	1 50
Hedges' on Sorgho or the Northern Sugar Plant*	1 50
Helmsley's Hardy Trees, Shrubs, and Plants*	7 50
Henderson's Gardening for Pleasure	1 50
Henderson Gardening for Profit	1 50

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The Huntingdon Journal,

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

—IN—

THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,

No. 212, FIFTH STREET,

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

—:o:—

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5000 READERS WEEKLY.

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

—:o:—

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With Fast Presses, all the latest styles of New Type, Borders, Cuts, and a full supply of all kinds of material necessary for the equipment of a FIRST-CLASS OFFICE, we are prepared to do all kinds of Jobbing, such as Posters of any size, Circulars, Business Cards, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Ball Tickets, Programmes, Concert Tickets, Order Books, Segar Labels, Receipts, Legal Blanks, Photographer's Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Pamphlets, Paper Books, etc., etc., etc., etc. Our prices are as low as those of Philadelphia, and our work will compare favorably with any done in the State. We make it a point to employ none but the best of workmen, and will not permit an *apple butter 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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—:o:—

☞ All business letters should be addressed to

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

The Muses' Bower.

He Holds the Fort of Heaven.

Words by Mrs. D. M. Jordon; music by Charlie Baker, in honor of P. P. Bliss, who was killed in the Ashtabula bridge horror.

1. Thro' clouds of storm and darkness,
   And the crash of fearful doom,
   When the shroud of flame enwrapt him
   For a chill and watery tomb,
   His soul above all anguish
   Its song of triumph bore,
   And shining angels meet him
   Beyond the shadowy shore.

CHORUS—Shining angels meet him
Beyond the shadowy shore,
He "holds the fort of heaven,"
A conq'ror evermore.

2. Among the hosts of heaven
   A glad new voice is known,
   And sadly from our songs we miss
   A dear familiar tone,
   We sing with trembling voices
   The songs we loved of yore,
   The voice that thrill'd us sweetly
   Will sing to us no more.
3. Oh faith that thro' all trials
   Can lift the soul on high,
   And light the martyr's pathway
   To realms beyond the sky,
   Beyond the flame of terror
   Triumphant sounds the song,
   He "holds the fort of heaven"
   And waits the coming throng.

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The Story-Teller.

WINNIE'S FORTUNE.

The handsome dining-room in the Mayberry mansion was all a glitter with floods of gaslight and the genial glow of the fire—for Mr. Josiah Mayberry was a very "queer man," according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have nasty, ashy fires all over the splendid mansion before the weather became cold enough was one of his "eccentric freaks," Mrs. Mayberry called it, with a curl of her lip, a toss of the head and a smile, almost contempt, directed at the hale, hearty, honest-faced old gentleman who had married her for her pretty face, ten years ago, when he was an immensely rich widower with his handsome half grown son for a not undesirable encumbrance.

They were sitting around the handsome table, discussing their 7 o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler and his subordinate, in silent, obsequious attention—these three Mayberry's, father, son and the haughty, well-dressed lady who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to restrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger, while the servants were in waiting, and which, as the door finally closed on them, leaving the little party alone over the wine and nuts, burst forth impetuously:

"I declare, Mr. Mayberry, it is too bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think there is not one—no not one—of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people as you have named!"

Mr. Mayberry sipped his wine contentedly.

"I told you, didn't I, Marguerite, that it was my intention to give an old-fashioned dinner? And by that I meant, and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be cause for thankfulness. As to making a grand fuss, and seeing around our table only the people to whom a luxurious dinner is an every-day occurrence—I shall not do it. As to the guests on my list being 'horrid' and 'common,' you are mistaken, my dear. None of them have a worse failing than poverty. There is not a 'common,' vulgar person among the ten names on that paper."

Mr. Mayberry's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Ernest Mayberry's handsome face reflected the satisfaction and pride he felt in his father's views.

Mrs. Mayberry flushed, but said nothing.

She knew from experience that, kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when he suffered no appeal from his decision; and this was one of those times.

"We will have dinner ordered for 12 o'clock, as it used to be when I was a boy. We will have roast turkey, with cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes and turnips, boiled onions and celery, all on the table at once. For desert, pie, cheese and cider, and nothing more. Marguerite, shall I give the order to Lorton, or will you attend to it?"

Mrs. Mayberry twisted her diamond rings almost roughly.

"Oh, don't ask me to give such an insane order to him! I have no wish to appear as a laughing stock before my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will be as severe a strain on my endurance as I am capable of, to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hurds and the Masons, and that Thyrza Green and her lame brother, and that little old Wilmington and his granddaughter, and"—

Mr. Mayberry interrupted her gently:

"Old Mr. Wilmington was a friend of mine before he went to India. Since he came home with his son's orphan daughter and lived in such obscurity—comfortable although plain, for Winnie earns enough as daily governess to support them both cheaply—I regard him as more worthy than ever. Ernest, my boy, I shall depend upon you to help entertain our guests, and especially at the table, for I shall have no servants about to scare them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Mayberry dismissed the subject by arising from the table.

* * * * * * *

"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I should! Will we go, do you think?"

The little, wizened old man looked fondly at her over his steel-rimmed glasses.

"So you'd like to accept Mr. Mayberry's invitation to dinner, eh, Winnie? You wouldn't be ashamed of your old-fashioned grandfather, eh, among the fine folk of the family? Remarkably fine folk I hear, for all I can remember when Joe was a boy together with myself. Fine folk, Winnie, and you think we'd better go?"

I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have many recreations—I don't want many, for I think contented, honest labor is the grandest thing in the world, and the best discipline—but, somehow, I can't tell why, but I do want to go. I can wear my black cashmere, and you'll be so proud of me."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no matter what you wear. Yes, we'll go."

And thus it happened that among the ten guests that sat down at Josiah Mayberry's hospitable, overflowing board that cold, blue-skied day, Winnie Wilmington and the old man were two—and two to whom Ernest Mayberry paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked and expected.

Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that was a failure, because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mr. Mayberry's and Ernest's courteous, gentlemanly attentions.

"I only hope you are satisfied," Mrs. Josiah said, with what was meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood a moment before the fire; "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention Ernest paid to that young woman—very unnecessary attention, indeed."

Mr. Mayberry rubbed his hands together briskly.

"Satisfied? Yes, thankful to God I had it in my power to make them forget their poverty, if for only one little hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hurd's eyes glisten when Ernest gave him the second triangle of pie? Bless the youngster's hearts, they won't want anything to eat for a week."

"I was speaking of the young woman who"—Mrs Mayberry was icily severe, but her husband cut it short.

"So you were—pretty little thing as ever I saw. A ladylike, graceful little girl, with beautiful eyes enough to excuse the boy from admiring her."

"The boy. You seem to have forgotten your son is twenty-three—old enough to fall in love with, and marry—even a poor, unknown girl you were quixotic enough to invite to your table."

"Twenty-three? So he is. And if he wants to marry a beggar, and she is a good, virtuous girl—why not?"

A little gasp of horror and dismay was the only answer of which Mrs. Mayberry was capable.

* * * * * * *

"Grandpa!"

Winnie's voice was so low that Mr. Wilmington only just heard it, and when he looked up he saw the girl's crimson cheeks and her lovely, drooping face.

"Yes, Winnie. You want to tell me something?"

She went up behind him, and leaned her hot cheek caressingly against his, her sweet, low voice whispering her answer: "Grandpa, I want to tell you something. I—Mr. May—we—Ernest has asked—he wants me to—oh, grandpa, can't you tell what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against his.

He reached up his hand and caressed the other one.

"Yes, I can tell dear. Ernest has shown his uncommon good sense by wanting you for his wife. So that is what comes of that dinner, eh, Winnie?"

"And may I tell him you are willing, perfectly willing, grandpa? Because I do love him, you know."

"Are you sure it isn't his money you are after, eh?"

She did not take umbrage at the sharp question.

"I am at least sure it isn't my money he is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes, you are at least sure of that; there, I hear the young man coming himself.—Shall I go, Winnie?"

It was the "young man himself," Ernest Mayberry, with a shadow of deep trouble and distress on his face as he came straight up to Winnie and took her hand, then turned to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, Sir, for I should have asked you to give me Winnie for my wife. Instead, I must content to only tell you how dearly I love her, and how patiently and hard I will work for her to give her the home which she deserves—because, Mr. Wilmington, this morning the house of Mayberry & Thurston failed, and both families are beggars."

His handsome face was pale, but his eyes were bright with a determination and braveness nothing could daunt.

Winnie smiled back upon him, her own cheeks paling.

"Never mind, Ernest, on my account; I can wait, too."

Old Mr. Wilmington's eyes were almost shut beneath the heavy frowning forehead, and a quizzical look was on his shrewd old face as he listened.

"Gone up, eh? We'll, that's too bad. You stay here and tell Winnie. I am just as willing she should be your wife when you want her, as if nothing had happened, because I believe you can earn bread and butter for both of you, and my Winnie is a contented little girl. I'll hobble up to the office and see your father; he and I were boys together; a word of sympathy won't come amiss from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers alone, getting over the distance in a remarkable hurry, and presenting his wrinkled weather-beaten old face in Mayberry & Thurston's private office, where Mr. Mayberry sat alone, with rigid face and keen, troubled eyes, that, nevertheless, lighted at the sight of his old friend.

"I am glad to see you, Wilmington.—Sit down. The sight of a man who has not come to reproach me is a comfort"

But Mr. Wilmington did not sit down.

He crossed the room to the table at which Mr. Mayberry sat among a hopeless array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words, Mayberry, at a time like this. Did you know your son has asked my Winnie to marry him?"

Mr. Mayberry's face lighted a second, then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at his command, as I thought he had yesterday at this time, I would say: 'God speed you in your wooing of Winnie Wilmington.' As it is—for the girl's sake, I disapprove."

"So you haven't a pound over and above, eh, Mayberry?"

"There will be nothing—less than nothing. I don't know that I really care so much for myself, but Ernest—it is a terrible thing to happen to him at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully.

"Good. Neither do I care for myself, but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell you what, Mayberry, perhaps you will wonder if I am crazy, but I'll agree to settle a quarter of a million on Winnie the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more if it'll be of any use, and I'll start the boy for himself if you say so. Eh?"

Mr. Mayberry looked at him in speech less bewilderment.

Wilmington went on: "I made a fortune out in India, and it's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands—a couple of millions. I determined to bring my girl up to depend on herself, and to learn the value of money before she had the handling of her fortune. She has no idea she's an heiress—my heiress. Sounds like a story out of a book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you shake hands on it, and call it a bargain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried-up hand almost reverentially, his voice hoarse and thick with emotion.

"Wilmington, God will reward you for this. May He, a thousandfold!"

Wilmington winked away a suspicious moisture on his eyelashes.

"You see it all comes of that dinner, old fellow. You acted like a charitable christain gentleman, and between us we'll make the boy and Winnie as happy as they deserve, eh?"

* * * * * * *

And even Mrs. Mayberry admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave that dinner, and, when she expects to see Mrs. Ernest Mayberry an honored guest at her board, she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the violet-eyed, charming girl who wears her own honors with such sweet grace.

Select Miscellany.

Industrial Items.

The "block system" in use on the Pennsylvania Railroad is of English origin.

Glamorgan Furnace, which had been working rather badly for a week or two, was blown out on Saturday evening.

The Hadley Company, Mass., have begun working their hands on a new time table, giving them 10½ hours' work each day, except Saturday, when they have 6½ hours, thus giving them all Saturday afternoon to themselves.

The Amoskeag, (N. H.) Manufacturing Co., which have heretofore manufactured fire engines, have sold their entire interest to the Manchester Locomotive Works, and are preparing to turn their attention to the manufacturing and repair of cotton machinery.

In Pike township, about 14 miles from Reading, Pa., an experiment is to be tried, which, if it proves successful, will result in the establishment of an industry entirely new in the United States. The attempt will be made to manufacture pure China porcelain, something never attempted in America.

American pottery at the centennial astonished those who had not given attention to the development of this interest in this country. The surprise was greatest among the foreign visitors and judges, and it culminated when the jury of judges and the English Board of Arbitration both pronounced them superior to any in the world.

State News.

A bear was shot in Cumberland county recently.

The liabilities of the Allentown bankers who failed recently are about $900,000.

Sheriff Guffey of Westmoreland county, is the president of a base ball club.

In three days last week the Bethlehem iron company shipped 155 cars of steel rails.

The Oil City *Derrick* wants the drill stopped before oil gets down to a dollar a barrel.

The residence of Judge Wilson M'Candless, of Pittsburgh, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday of last week.

Hon. Charles M'Candless, a well known lawyer at the Butler county bar, is being pressed for the chief justiceship of Washington territory.

Joseph Doan and Thomas H. Windle, experienced cotton manufacturers, are about to form a stock company at Coatsville, to start a cotton factory there.

During last month the Columbia conduit company ran out 85,163 barrels of oil. Its stock on hand the first of this month consisted of 301,733 barrels.

Mr. Finkly, of Newville, recently killed a full grown black bear at the foot of the mountain near that borough. The animal apparently was a tame one making no effort to elude the hunter's rifle.

Elizabeth J. Blond, of Allegheny county, has recovered a verdict of $5,000 damages for the death of her husband, who was killed on the railroad while intoxicated. The defendant, George W. Boyd, had sold him liquor after he had been notified not to do so.

A gunner in Westmoreland county climbed a tree to get a shot at fish in the stream below. While changing his position to get a good view of the fish, the limb on which he sat broke, and he was precipitated to the earth headforemost, a distance of fifteen feet. He was saved from death by plunging into a sandbank.

Samuel Keisinger was arrested a few days ago in Luzerne county for furnishing tavern keepers with illicit whisky. The United States officers found Keisinger hiding in a loft, where he had drawn a revolver. He at first swore he would defend himself to the death but soon surrendered to superior force.

Personal.

A. Graham Bell, inventor of the speaking telephone, is a Scotchman by birth.

Bastiate's "Sophisms of Protection" does not contain a single citation of fact or reference to history.

The Agent of the Allegheny Valley Railroad, at Spartansburg, Mr. W. H. Crawford, has died of paralysis.

Bob Ingersoll has carried his heathen lecture to the Rocky Mountains. When last heard from he was at Denver.

Senator Christiancy's son was one of the unsuccessful candidates examined recently for a position in the Pension Office.

Mr. Edward H. House, formerly connected with the Boston *Courier* and New York *Tribune*, is now editor of the Tokio *Times*, Japan.

Walt Whitman and Fred. Douglass sat side by side at the opening of the permanent Exhibition at Philadelphia, and made a picturesque pair.

Ex-Governor Hendricks has returned from California, and will go to Europe in June. After his return he will practice law at Indianapolis.

Fifteen students of Princeton college are preparing to start for the Black Hills. The leaders of the expedition are Professor Cyrus F. Brackett and General Karge.

The Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch* claims that Mr. Randall is a friend to the Texas Pacific Railroad scheme, and, believing thus wants him re-elected Speaker.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, with a fortune estimated at $15,000,000 is doomed to spend his time in an Eastern insane asylum. Counsel on both sides have agreed to his retention there for an indefinite period.

At a special election in Chester county, S. C., on Monday, Gen. W. A. Walker, Democrat, was elected Senator by 1,000 majority. Hayes had 500 majority, and Chamberlain 400 in that county last November. Colored men did not go to the polls.

It is stated that Minister Pierrepont, at England, has actually petitioned Earl Manvers, the head of the so-called Pierreponts, of England, for permission to use the family crest on his carriage, and has availed himself of the Earl's gracious reply to his request. Snob!

Thomas Belton, clerk for Claffin & Co., who was arrested, had been stealing from his employers daily for six years, and had over $10,000 deposited in different savings banks. When arrested, thirty-five packages of thread and 85,000 needles were fastened about his legs and body.

William B. Waugh, Chief of Civilization Division of the Indian Office, and son of the late Bishop Waugh, of Maryland, died yesterday. He was the oldest and one of the most faithful clerks in the bureau. He entered it in 1846, resigned in 1857, and re-entering the service in 1865 has been continuously in the bureau ever since.

Most of Gail Hamilton's victims squirm, but Medill seems to suffer the most. The day after he had formally replied, his paper contained one leading editorial over a column long, and four editorial paragraphs amounting to half a column more, all devoted to the offending lady, and each of them crushing her with the argument, more or less directly put, that she is an old maid.

His Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro wore a black cravat at an Imperial reception in Berlin. The chamberlains, ushers, doorkeepers, lords-in-waiting, and masters of ceremonies were struck aghast at this democratic innovation, but H. I. M. did not appear to care two straws for their consternation nor for the leading articles upon the subject which appeared in the court newspapers.

A Handsome Step-Mother.

GOETHE'S THEORY OF THE SEXUAL AFFINITIES—AN EARLY MARRIAGE AND A DREADFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.

In the spring of 1839, the Wessels family was the richest and most respectable in Staunton, Virginia. It consisted of Mrs. Adelia Wessels, the second wife of the lamented Jackson Wessels, who had made a fortune in the grain trade, when there were but a dozen houses in Staunton. When he died in 1837, he left an estate worth $300,000. It is said that the deceased had made a will, constituting his three sons-in-law, Arnold Baker, Edward Jeffries and Barnard Burkhalter, husbands of his three daughters, Anna, Emma and Jenny, his sole heirs, leaving his second wife, Adelia, only a few hundred dollars a year. The document, however, could not be found among Mr. Wessels' papers, and the notary public, John Andrews, who was reported to have drawn up the will, having died a few days after Mr. Wessels' death, there was no possibility of ascertaining whether such a paper was in existence or not. There was, as a matter of course, considerable hard feeling between the step-children and their husbands on the one hand and Mrs. Adelia Wessels on the other. Mrs. Wessels was a handsome, amiable woman, not more than thirty years of age. She was a strict member of the Methodist Church, and generally beloved. In her quarrels with her step-children, public sentiment was entirely on her side. Her sweetness of temper was almost proverbial, and the spiteful comments which her step-children made upon her were most unfavorably received by the people of Staunton.

On the 2nd of September 1839, a young lawyer, Charles Fredericks, a native of Baltimore, came to settle in Staunton. He had a letter of introduction to Mrs. Adelia Wessels, and on the day after his arrival in the place he called upon her, and the handsome young man instantly fell in love with her. If Goethe's theory of the sexual affinities was verified, it was between these two persons, who, five minutes after being brought face to face, had become declared lovers.

The mystic bonds of passion captivated both him and her, although she was at least eight years older than he.

Next day the people of Staunton were startled by the utterly unexpected news that Mr. Charles Fredericks had married the Widow Wessels.

The latter was evidently supremely happy.

"I have never felt as contented as I do now," she said to many persons. "My husband is the best of men."

Alas! Alas! Four days later, during the temporary absence of her husband, she was found dead in bed.

There was at that time but one physician in Staunton. He was an ignorant old man, and said that Mrs. Fredericks died of heart disease. Upon his certificate, the coroner of the county issued a burial permit.

The remains were about to be removed when the young husband of the deceased arrived. He had not heard of her death until he had reached Staunton.

Upon seeing her, dead, stiff and stark, he stood for a minute as if spell-bound.

Then he threw himself upon the corpse, wildly lamenting, and covering her cold cheeks with the burning kisses of despairing love.

His burst of passion almost awed the persons present in the room.

When he arose at last, he passed his hand over his forehead, and asked, as if dazed: "Who killed her?" The Coroner replied: "Dr. Barnes says she died of heart disease." "He must be a fool!" cried the young widower, indignantly. "Look at this!"

He pointed at several black spots upon the neck of his dead wife.

The Coroner and the other people in the room looked at the spots. Her mouth was opened, and her tongue was found to be almost black.

"Heart disease?" said the Coroner scornfully, to the old doctor. "Death by suffocation, I suppose." The Coroner's jury gave the following verdict:

"We the jury, find that Mrs. Adelia Fredericks came to her death by being strangled by some person unknown." No more heartrending scene could be imagined than when the young widower was gently removed from the remains of her whom he had loved so well. "It will kill him," said the people of Staunton, as on the next day he stood at his wife's gaping grave. But who killed her? All efforts were made to ascertain who had been with Mrs. Fredericks while her husband was away from Staunton. Not the slightest clue, however, was elicited. The husbands of the three step-daughters claimed the estate left by her, and the courts awarded it to them. The young widower left Staunton a few weeks later. In 1842 a quarrel broke out among the three sisters, and in their fury one of them charged Edward Jeffries with having strangled her step mother.—This statement created a profound sensation in Staunton, and the three daughters and their husbands were arrested. Fredericks then reappeared in Staunton. He followed up the case in every particular, and, having promised the women perfect immunity from criminal prosecution learned that Jeffries had gone to Mrs. Fredericks' house, when he knew her to be in bed; that he had made dishonorable proposals to her which she indignantly rejected; and that he thereupon encircled her neck with his hands, and choked her till she was dead. Jeffries did not deny his crime, but he meanly attributed it to his amorous passion for his wife's step-mother. The strangest thing of the whole affair was that Mrs. Jeffries testified, under oath, that her husband had always been secretly in love with her step-mother. As a matter of course, the wife's evidence was not admitted, and Edward Jeffries was found guilty of murder in the first degree. He was hanged on January 5, 1846.

A Drunkard Takes Fire.

An inveterate drinker, named Harley in San Francisco, is said to have taken fire and burnt to death. He drank three hours steadily and went to the gas jet to light a cigar. The bar-keeper heard a low moan and noticed a flash of fire, and, turning around, he saw Harley falling to the floor, his head enveloped in black, thick smoke, while flames issued from his mouth and ears. A horrible smell of burned flesh filled the air. Not a moment was lost in attending to the sufferer. He was beyond relief, however. His face was perfectly black, partly charred and perfectly covered with moist soot. His eyes were open. His mouth was completely roasted on the inside; but, with the exceptions of his head and hands, no part of his body bore marks of his horrible death.

A BAD BREATH—The breath of calumny.

A Prehistoric City.

THE REMARKABLE RUINS DISCOVERED IN THE VALLEY OF THE ANIMAS, IN COLORADO.

Prof. Hayden has given southwestern Colorado a new interest by discovering and describing the ancient ruins in that section, and in southeastern Utah. The stories told about these ruins are very interesting. The fertile valley of the Animas was densely inhabited and highly cultivated by an enlightened race of people centuries ago. The ruins of the houses, corrals, towns, fortifications, ditches, pottery ware, drawings, non-interpretable writings, &c., show that many arts were cultivated by these prehistoric people which are now entirely lost. Their houses were built of most every kind of stone, from small boulders to the finest sandstone.

The finest of these ruins, and the nearest perfect, are situated about thirty-five miles below Animas City, in a large valley fifteen miles long by seven wide, on the west side of the river. This valley has been covered with buildings of every size, the two largest being 300 by 6,000 feet, and about three hundred feet apart. They are built of small blocks of sandstone, laid in adobe mud, the outside walls being four feet, and the inside walls from a foot and a half to three feet thick. In the lower story are found portholes a foot square. There are rooms now left and walls for about four stories high still standing. About the second story, on the west side, there was once a balcony along the length of the building. No signs of a door are visible in the outer walls, and the ingress must have been from the top, in the inside their being passages from room to room. Most of them are small—from 8 by 10 to 12 by 14 feet the doors being two by four feet. The arches over the doors and portholes are made of small cedar poles two inches wide, placed across on which the masonry is placed. The sleepers supporting the floors are of cedar, about eight inches thick, and from 20 to 50 feet long, and about three feet apart. A layer of small round poles was then placed across the sleepers, then a layer of thinly-split cedar sticks, then about three inches of earth, then a layer of cedar bark, then another layer of dirt, then a carpet of some kind of coarse grass. The rooms that have been protected from exposure are whitewashed, and the walls are ornamented with drawings and writings. In one of these rooms the impression of a hand dipped in whitewash, on a joist is as plain as if it had been done yesterday. In another room there are drawings of tarantulas, centipedes, horses and mules.

In some of the rooms have been found human bones, bones of sheep, corn cobs, goods