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. 411, 3rd street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,71

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No 533 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan4,71

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GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [nov17,75

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 524, 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

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

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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. [aug3,'74-6mos

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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 (L. L.) Diseases of Domestic Animals	1 00
American Bird Fancier	30
American Gentleman's Stable Guide*	1 00
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Baker's Practical and Scientific Fruit Culture*	2 00
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Bement's Rabbit Fancier	30
Bickmore's Village Builder and Supplement. 1 Vol*	12 00
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Bommer's Method of Making Manures	1 25
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Buel's Cider-Maker's Manual*	1 50
Buist's Flower-garden Directory	1 50
Buist's Family Kitchen Gardener	1 00
Burgess' American Kennel and Sporting Field*	4 00
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Burns' 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 50cts. Cloth	75
Chorlton's Grape-Grower's Guide	75
Cleveland's Landscape Architecture*	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 Illustrated Poultry*	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 Stock-Builder*	2 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
Dadd's Stock Manual	1 25
Darwin's Variations of Animals & Plants. 2 vols* [new ed.]	5 00
Dead Shot; or, Sportsman's Complete Guide	1 75
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De Voe's Market Assistant*	2 50
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Downing's Landscape Gardening	6 50
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Eastwood on Cranberry	75
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Elliott's Lawn and Shade Trees*	1 50
Elliott's Western Fruit-Grower's Guide	1 50
Everitt's School House Architecture*	6 00
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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, 8 vo., 100 Engs*	3 50
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Frank Forester's Manual for Young Sportsman, 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 50
Fulton's Peach Culture	2 00
Gardner's Carriage Painters' Manual*	1 00
Gardner's How to Paint*	1 00
Gayelin's Poultry-Breeding	1 25
Gould's American Stable-Builder*	4 00
Gould's Carpenter's and Builder's Assistant*	3 00
Gregory on Cabbages .....paper	50
Gregory on Onion Raising* .....paper	50
Gregory on Squashes .....paper	20
Gunson 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*	6 00
Harris's Insects Injurious to Vegetation...Plain $4; Colored Engravings	6 50
Harris on the Pig	1 50
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Henderson Gardening for Profit	1 50

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

The Huntingdon Journal,

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EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

—IN—

THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,

No. 212, FIFTH STREET,

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

—:o:—

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—:o:—

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J. R. DURBORROW & CO.,
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The Muses' Bower.

O, City of the Jasper Wall.

O, city of the jasper wall,
And of the pearly gate!
For thee amid the storms of life,
Our weary spirits wait.
We long to walk the streets of gold
No mortal feet have trod;
We long to worship at the shrine,
The temple of our God!
O, home of bliss! O, land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight!
Of every land the brightest, best,
When shall we there find peace and rest?

O, city where they need no light
Of sun, or moon, or star,
Could we with eye of faith but see
How bright thy mansions are,
How soon our doubts would flee away,
How strong our trust would grow,
Until our hearts would lean no more
On trifles here below.
O, home of bliss! O, land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight!
Of every land the brightest, best,
When shall we there find peace and rest?

O, city where the shining gates
Shut out all grief and sin,
Well may we yearn amid earth's strife
The holy peace to win.
Yet must we meekly bear the cross,
Nor seek to lay it down
Until our Father brings us home
And gives the promised crown.
O, home of bliss! O land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight!
Of every land the brightest, best,
Soon will we there find peace and rest.

The Story-Teller.

REST.

BY B. M. NEILL.

As I write there are traces of tears upon my cheek. Memory has been busy with me to-day.

I am in a country village, no matter where. I have been standing by a grave in the churchyard—a grave with a white stone upon which is carved, "John Holmes, aged 30"—nothing more. Poor human words would be as dull and lifeless as the stone.

I am not the only one who journeys to this country village to strew flowers over that grave. Strong men—men who had seen him die—men who had despised him in life and loved him in his death—turn toward that spot and tearfully offer their tributes to his memory.

I had loved him from the time when he was the first to welcome me on joining the regiment and company to which he belonged.

I hardly know how to describe John Holmes. He was a kind of contradiction—an unfortunate paradox. He lacked, I think, what is called personal magnetism. There was not a man living who craved affection more than he did—there was not a man living more deserving of it. There could be no one more kind-hearted, more tender, more generous.

I had seen the nobility of his nature shine forth in deeds of kindness and self-sacrifice that elevated my ideas of humanity, as it made stronger my friendship for him. He had, too, that gentle forbearance for which we only look in women.

Strange humanity, ever trampling what is best among you in the dust!

Upon this noble soul there hung the cloud of men's dislike; undeserved—ever turning darker the cloud upon his life.

The first time I met him he said to me, half-smilingly, but quite seriously:

"You will not like me. None of the boys do. Why should you be an exception."

At the time I remember thinking it his fancy; but I found his words too true—the men of our company did not like him. His was a sensitive nature—the pale face, quick eye, and a nervous movement of the hand to the lip, showed that.

It may have been that the coarse jests and rude manner of the men jarred upon his refined nature. It may have been impossible for him, while mingling with them to be fully of them. I never heard a complaining word from him that would have led me to think so.

If the men had been asked why they disliked him, they would have answered that they thought him proud, or as they put it, "stuck up." But nothing could have been more unjust. He would have given his right arm for their love.

As he told me more than once, after he had come to know I understood him, their contempt was cruelest pain to him.

I remember even now, with some of the old aching sympathy at my heart, how at times he would come to me, his lips trembling and his cheeks burning from some new slight or fresh insult.

We had become firmest friends. I pitied and loved him. He clung to me in his loneliness, in a strangely pathetic way. We were upon the march together, weary and foot-sore. We fought side by side in battle, men falling dead about us. I saw but ever the same grand soul.

As I recall now the instances where his suffering was greatest, I remember vividly one particularly.

He came, flushed and excited, into the tent where I was writing. He sat down without, for a little while, saying a word. At length he said, with that nervous movement of the hand to the lip:

"Fred, have I not borne slight and insult patiently? Have I been ill-tempered, uncharitable, toward these men?"

"No, John," I answered. "Your forbearance has been wonderful. But why do you ask? I never saw you even on such occasions as I see this has been, so much disturbed."

"Fred, I have tried to be patient. I know my unfortunate nature is to blame, not they. To day, for the first time, I lost control of myself. You know Longstreet has been more insulting than any of the others. A few minutes ago he said something to me that even I could not bear.—I forgot my resolution to be patient—forgot all else but the sting of the coarse insult. In a frenzy, I sprang toward him—in my fury, my clenched fist descended upon his face with such force that he fell to the ground.

He ceased. Quickly I exclaimed:

"John, give me your hand! You did right—you have been patient too long.—This act will teach those heartless boors a lesson, and can have no worse consequences to you than a night in the guard-house."

"Perhaps you are right," he replied—"perhaps you are right, but for all that I am sorry—very sorry—I forgot myself.—If I may ask, to whom are you writing?"

Glad to change the subject, I said, jokingly:

"My dear John, I suppose you know what a sweetheart is?"

John Holmes blushed like a girl, then a pallor overspread his face that startled me. Mechanically, as though talking to himself, he murmured:

"A sweetheart! Yes, yes! a sweetheart!"

Had I touched upon some chord that vibrated discordantly? Had those light words, jestingly uttered, swept this man's heart with memories of which I did not know?

"Fred," he said, quietly, "I have something to show you."

And drawing from his bosom a miniature, that I saw he wore next his heart, he went on:

"The romance of my life faded when I lost her."

Oh, the sadness in his voice! Oh, the bleeding of that wounded heart!

Looking upon the picture, I saw a beautiful face—such a one as an artist would give to a glorified spirit with a star upon the forehead.

"Tell me, John," I said; "for your own sake tell me!"

He looked at me as if half in doubt, making that same nervous action of his hand to his lips, hesitated, then said:

"I considered for a moment, Fred—not because I feared to give you my confidence, but because I am so foolishly weak when I think or speak of her. But you won't think the less of me for that, will you, old fellow?"

"No, John—indeed, no!"

"Oh, Fred, she was an angel! I knew her, a sweet, pensive child, when I was a boy, and I loved her, a true-hearted woman, when I became a man."

For a moment he was overcome. He raised the picture toward his lips, as if to kiss it; then, as if fearing I might construe the action as unmanly, laid it down again.

"I had not dared," he went on, "to whisper to her one word of my secret. I was as painfully conscious then as now of my unlovable nature, which seems to keep affection from me as though I were a pestilence. But fate had no pity for me, I must be led on to that happiness that makes my misery the harder to bear this hour."

Again that nervous movement of the hand—again that lifting of the picture almost to the lips.

Commanding himself, he continued.

"One day we were out boating with a pleasure party. By some mischance, while she was standing, the boat leaned to one side, and she stumbled and fell into the lake. In a moment I was in the water; in another, I had my arm around her.

"When we were together, that night, her gratitude was so untiringly expressed that it gave me courage. I took advantage of it—a mean advantage, I think now, though I afterwards made what atonement I could. I told her of my love, and she promised to be my wife.

"How foolishly happy I was for a time! My soul had been reaching out for human love so long, for some heart that should cling to my heart, that in that ecstatic dream I forgot all else.

"Blind fool that I was, I did not see that the girl's gratitude, not love, was mine—that she was nobly crushing her woman's nature that I might dream on.

"But my dream was not to last. The bitter truth dawned upon me soon. Oh, Fred, Fred!" he exclaimed, shaking with his terrible grief, "as I look back upon that heaven lost, my heart is growing darker with despair!"

I said nothing. I could say nothing to him then.

When he had controlled himself, he went on:

"I cannot tell you the agony that was mine—enough that, although the struggle between love and duty was long, duty triumphed. I did what, as a man of honor, I could only do—I released her. Fred this is my story. Do you wonder my pain, great enough already, God knows, has been added to by the life you see me lead this day?"

Without another word, without giving me time to reply he was gone.

As I feared it would be, John Holmes spent that night in the guard-house.

From that time I felt for him more than ever. He was no longer in my eyes merely a suffering friend—he was a martyr. I knew the man's life was wearing away.—The man's content, their insults stinging an already broken heart, were hurrying him toward the end. What would that end be?

He never uttered a word of reproach against those who made his life what it was. He seemed rather to blame his own unfortunate nature.

The men of the company knew he was no coward—he had proved that again and again upon the battle-field. I wondered that his patient forbearance did not win them.

Oh, sensitive souls! oh, true hearts, unloved! what incense, perfumed with your patient suffering, do your martyrdoms send up to God!

The end I knew was coming, was drawing very near. It was near the close of the campaign of '64. Our company has been sent out as skirmishers Two patches of woods were opposite each other, an open space between. We occupied the northern wood, the enemy the southern.

They could sweep that space with bullets, but the command came to cross it. In the face of the awful fire they opened on us, we advanced.

John Holmes was walking by my side. His face, for him was strangely free from sadness.

I did not understand then—I do now.

Into the darkness of our lives God sometimes permits the light of the future to shine. Death, the only brightness John Holmes hoped for, was to meet him that day.

I need not describe that short march, with so much death in it. Enough that the men fell so fast, and further advance was helpless, that the command came to retire back to the woods.

Among those who had fell wounded, was a drummer boy—a blue-eyed, fair-haired lad, whom camp life had not contaminated.

We all loved him, for his pure spirit had been like a blessing among so much that was evil.

When we reached our patch of woods our number sadly lessened, John Holmes was not by my side. For a moment I thought he had been shot; but looking across the field, I saw him standing erect by the side of the wounded drummer-boy. Shame!

All saw him, and understood his purpose, for he stooped and raised the boy in his arms. I looked around upon the men who saw that sight—faces grown red with shame.

Gazing upon that hero, contempt was gone. Deep repentance burned in every face. Not a man among them but would have fallen on his knees now, before John Holmes, for pardon.

How eagerly we watched him, as with that weight upon him he struggled toward us. The silence amongst us was like that of dead men. What would be the issue? The enemy were still firing. Great heaven! a bullet had struck him, and we saw him fall, face downward, on the ground.

Slowly, painfully, he rose again, his pale face grown whiter. Again in his arms he bore the wounded boy. Slowly, feebly, with terrible effort he struggled on. The men were not steel-hearted toward him now; it was with difficulty they were restrained from flying to help him.

In his weakness, at almost every step—for now blood was flowing from his side he stumbled.

How those watching men groaned as he fell again, for he lay quite still for a time. But we saw him rise, and with death upon his face, stagger on.

At last it was over. In our midst he laid the boy whose life he had saved, for the sake of the love he might win. Upon the ground he fell, the ghastly pallor of death upon his face.

In a moment my arms were round him, his head upon my shoulder.

He motioned to his breast. I understood and took from it the miniature.

He kissed it now, but with something of that old fear of being misunderstood upon him, and whispered to me:

"I know it is weak, Fred, before all these men, but I loved her so! Fred," he continued, in that same whisper, "you will remember and think of me sometimes when I am gone?"

"Oh, John! noble soul! grand heart! could I ever forget you?"

"Fred, dear Fred, I am dying fast! Keep this picture in remembrance of me."

"I will John. Sacred to your memory. (I wear it now upon my heart.)

He was silent for a time, then brightening somewhat, in a clear voice, asked:

"Is Longstreet here?"

He was. I called him forward, and he knelt by the dying man.

"Longstreet," he said, "I struck you once when passion was my master. Do you forgive that blow?"

"Forgive you! said the weeping soldier. What have I to forgive, brute that I was? It is I that, on my knees, beg your forgiveness!"

"Fred," John whispered to me, are all those that came back safe from that dreadful field around me now?"

"Yes, John—yes."

"I cannot see, Fred. Close enough to hear me—very close, Fred?"

"Yes, my dear friend."

"Boys," he said, his voice clear and bell-like for a dying man—boys, "I know you never liked me. I do not blame you—I never did. It was my misfortune. But, boys, you see this stream of blood is bearing my life away. You don't think so hard of me now that I am dying, do you boys." Tell me that you don't think so hardly of me!"

The last sentence was uttered feebly, and with great effort.

No word, the repentant, sorrowing man uttered, but he heard the answer in their sobs, and knew, although he could not see, their tears were falling fast.

Upon his face there came a smile, as though an angel's wing had touched it.

He tried to answer them, but in vain.—Death was very, very near. Upon his features the light of eternal life shone. He lifted the picture of his lost love, pressing it to his lips, as he waited for the coming of a new found love. The light upon his face went out. In that last kiss the noble heart had ceased to beat—the martyr had flown to his glorification.

Select Miscellany.

A Wife's Power.

The power of a wife, for good or evil, is irresistible. Without one, home must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage: a bad one *is confusion, weakness and despair.* No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enteaprise and action but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs a moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth in fresh vigor to meet the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, *jealousy* and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many who might seem to have no conflict or trials of life.

Laying for Him.

It having come to the United States officials at this point that Big English, the boot-black had a handful of lead nickles in his possession, the boy was recently interviewed on the subject:

"Yes; I've got nineteen bad nickles in my trowsers pocket," was the prompt reply.

"And what are you doing with them?"

"Holding right on to 'em. You needn't think you've got a case against me, for you havn't."

"How did you get those bad pieces?"

"Rich man who shall be nameless—black his boots every morning—hands me out a lead nickle—thinks he's got a soft thing on me, but I'm layn' for him."

"How?"

"Why, he's got a daughter about my age I'll be thinking of marrying in two or three years more, and I'll shoulder a bag of nickles, walk into the parler and gently say: Mister man I love thy fair daughter and I demand her hand in marriage—behold the proofs of your vile perfidity, and come up to the rack or go to the jug? You just keep still and let him shower out his bogus coins. I ain't handsome, but I'm a terror to plan!"

Frankness in Love.

One of the most essential things in all love affairs is entire and perfect frankness, Both parties should be frank—true to themselves and truthful to each other. How many uneasy, troubled, and anxious minds, how many breaking and broken hearts there are to day, in which content and happiness might have reigned supreme but for want of frankness! Repentance inevitably comes for all these things, but it often comes too late, and only when the evil produced is incurable. In love as in everthing else truth is the strongest of all things, and frankness is bnt another name for truth. Then always be frank. Avoid misunderstandings; give no reason or occasion for them. There are more easily shunned than cured; they leave scars upon the heart. You are less likely to be deceived yourself when you never deceive others. Frankness is like the light of a clear day in which everything may be plainly perceived.

Tracks and Trails.

One of the remarkable features of uncivilized life is the power savages show of tracing men and beasts over immense distances. Many travelers have spoken of this as something almost miraculous, yet it is only the result of careful observation of certain well-known signs; and we have here before us a collection of very common sense hints on the subject. In countries like ours every trace of foot-print or wheel track on roads and paths is soon obliterated or hopelessly confused; but it is otherwise in the wilderness, where neither man nor beast can conceal his track. In Kaffirland, when cattle are stolen, if their foot-prints are traced to a village, the headman is held responsible for them, unless he can show the same track going out. A wagon-track in a new country is practically indellible. "More especially," say our authors, "is this the case if a fire sweeps over the plain immediately after, or if the wagon passes during or after a prairie fire. We have known a fellow-traveller recognize in this manner the tracks his wagon had made seven years before, the lines of charred stumps crushed short down, remaining to indicate the passage of the wheels, though all other impressions had been obliterated by the rank annual growth of grass fully twelve feet high." Sometimes the original soil being disturbed, a new vegetation will spring up along the wagon-track, and thus mark out the road for miles. Even on hard rock a man's bare foot will leave the dust caked together by prespiration, so that a practiced eye will see it; and even if there is no track, a stone will be disturbed here and there, the side of the pebble which has long lain next the ground, being turned up. If it is still damp, the man or beast that turned it has passed very recently. If a shower of rain has fallen, the track will tell whether it was made before, during, or after the shower; similar indications can be obtained from the dew; and another indication of the time that has elapsed since a man passed by, is furnished by the state of the crushed grass, which will be more or less withered as the time is longer or shorter. Other indications are drawn from the direction in which the grass lies; this tells how the wind was blowing at the time the grass was crushed; and by noting previous changes of the wind, one learns the time at which each part of the track was made. Much, too, can be learned from the form of the foot-print. Savages generally turn their toes in, in walking; white men turn theirs out. A moccasin print with the toes turned out would indicate that a white man in Indian walking-gear had gone by; and almost every foot has a print of its own, which enable an experienced tracker to follow a single track among a dozen others. Similarly the character of the print will tell whether the man who made it walked freely or was led by others; whether he was in a hurry or travelling slowly; whether he carried a burden, and if he were sober or tipsy. A horse-track is equally well marked. It tells when the horse galloped, where he walked, when he stopped to feed or drink; and a scattering of sand and gravel will tell when he was startled by any strange sight. In all this, two things are needed—sharp sight and careful training. The elephant often makes a very curious track as he walks; if he suspects danger, he scents the ground with the tip of his trunk, and this makes a well-marked serpentine line in the dust. Elephants have changed their tactics since rifle-pits were introduced. Formerly, when their chief danger was a pitfall, the leader of the herd felt the ground inch by inch; and if he detected the covering of a trap, tore it off and left it open. Now they rely much more on scent, and in this way, often from a greater distance, detect the hunter lurking near their drinking places. If so, they will sometimes travel fifty or a hundred miles to another stream or pool.

Health and Godliness.

The truth that man is half animal has too often been ignored by divines and moralists. The health which is dependent upon a good digestion has much more to do with a man's piety than has generally been supposed. Every minister of the Gospel has to grapple with cases of conscience which baffle all ordinary spiritual treatment, and which turn out at last to be simply cases of physical disorder whose remedy is in the pharmacopeia, or more frequently in the larder or cook-book.—Constitutional, hereditary, and occasional diseases are constantly at work, modifying men's opinions, feelings, and practices.—Dr. Mason, used to say that the grace that would make John look like an angel would be only just enough to keep Peter from knocking a man down. If the house of this tabernacle be shattered, and in constant need of props and repairs, its sympathetic tenant is apt to be like its crazy dwelling-place. There are only two bad things in this world, said Hannah Moore—sin and bile. Was she ignorant that a large part of the sin springs from bile?—The doctrine that health has a great deal to do with godliness may not be very flattering to our pride; but we must accept our natures, as the transcendtalist did "the universe," and, accepting them, we must bow to the plain fact that a ladder reaching to Heaven must, if we are to climb it, have its feet upon the ground, and that to reach to the highest degree of spiritual excellence we must begin with physical and mental soundness. It is an indubitable truth that a man not only reasons better, but loves more warmly, gives more generously, and prays more fervently when well than when ill. A man of unquestionable piety once said that he could not worship God until he had eaten his breakfast. It is equally true that a man who is well fed, clothed and housed is a more amiable being than one who lacks the comforts of life. A man before dinner may talk scandal or write scething criticism; may crawl like a horse-fly over the character or the writings of a neighbor; but after he has well eaten and drunken the thing is an impossibility.—There is something in a generous meal that exercises the devils of disparagement and calumny, and substitutes therefor the spirits of good fellowship and philanthropy. It may be doubted whether half of the suicides, murders, heresies, false philosophies and apostasies that have stained the annals of our race have not had their origin remotely in a disordered stomach. Voltaire affirms that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was primarily due to the utter incapacity of the King to digest his food. Had Josephine been a good cook, perhaps history might have been spared one of its saddest scandals. It is not the "fat, sleek-headed man," but the "lean and hungry Cassius" that is dangerous.—*Hours with Men and Books.*

A blonde shouldn't wear yellow, except in the faintest tints.

The Treasure of Islam.

A PRODIGIOUS FUND WHICH TURKEY HAS TO DRAW UPON FOR WAR EXPENSES.

Mr. Delaplaine, the Charge d'Affaires of the United States at Vienna, furnishes to the Department of State the following interesting information concerning a certain remarkable war resource of Turkey, the so-called "Treasure of Islam."

The Sheik of Islam has recently sent a delegation of doctors of the law to the Sherif of Mecca, a direct descendent of the Prophet, for the purpose of demanding funds to be applied in defense of the Islam faith. It is customary, on these solemn occasions, for the Sherif to assemble the College of the Elders, charged with the guard of the Prophet's tomb, which will decide upon the appropriate sum to be furnished to the Sultan from the treasure of Islam in order to aid him in the war against Russia. This treasure is formed from those annual offerings of the pilgrims which are accumulated in the Kasban of Mecca. These sepulchres, which serve as offertory chests, are placed within the court of the Mosque. Each pilgrim daily casts into one of these a coin as offering, which constitutes the alms prescribed by the Koran as one of the essential elements of the merit of the pilgrimage which every Mussulman should make at least once in his lifetime to the tomb of the prophet.

Accordingly every year about one hundred thousand pilgrims come to Mecca, who sojourn there a month, consequently a sum of three million francs are annually received in these offertory chests. Every pilgrim deposits in fact an offering, varying in amount according to his means, but which on the average may be estimated as equivalent to five francs at least for every day. Considering that there are rich Mussulmans, whose offerings attain even the amount of 100,000 francs during their pilgrimage, it results hereby that the Sherif of Mecca received on the average the value of 15,000,000 of francs in annual offering.

One of the offertory chests was opened during the period of the Russo-Turkish war in 1828. Several large sums were withdrawn, but it was afterward again closed. A second chest was opened in 1854, during the Crimean war, but the third has not been opened since 1415, during a period of now 462 years. Inasmuch as the annual concourse of pilgrims has rarely fallen below one hundred thousand, it is conjectured that, with most liberal allowance, the accumulations of money in the last named offertory chest cannot be less that $250,000,000, and it is fully believed that the total amount of the treasure of Islam will exceed $500,000,000 francs, and even attain a much higher sum.

Child Whipping.

WHAT BOB INGERSOLL SAID IN HIS LECTURE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The children of poverty! My heart bleeds when I think of them; the children simply covered by a rag; the children of famine and of starvation; the children of drunkenness and the children of crime; flotsam and jetsam upon the wild, rude sea of life; the children in alleys; the children that crouch in the corners when they hear the unsteady step of a drunken brute of a father; the children, little babes with drinking mothers; the children, too, of the rich, that have no liberty—these little children that are crushed, that are trampled upon, that are frightened! I pity them all from the bottom of my heart. What right have you to tyrannize over a child? I have very little respect for the man who cannot govern a child without brute force. Think of whipping children! Why they say the children tell lies. Yes, cowardice is the mother of lies—tyranny is the father of lies. Suppose a man who is as much larger than you are larger than a five year old child should come at you with a plate in his hands: "Who broke that plate?" You would tremble; your knees would knock together; and you would swear you never saw the plate, or it was cracked when you got it.

Think of a member of the Exchange whipping one of the children for prevaricating. Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood for evading the truth. Think of a dealer in stocks punishing his child for setting afloat false reports. What an inconsistency! Think of it! If you should hereafter whip your child I wish you would have a photograph taken when you are doing it, with brows corrugated with anger, cheeks red with wrath, and the little child shrinking, trembling, begging, crouching. If this child should happen to die, wouldn't it be sweet in the Autumn, when the maple leaves are turning to gold, and when the scarlet vine runs like a sad regret out of the earth—wouldn't it be delightful to go and sit on the mound that covered the flesh you had beaten, and look at the photograph of yourself in the act of beating that child?

Now think of it; and if all I say to-night will save one blow from the tender flesh of infancy, I am more than paid.

I have known men to drive their own children from their doors, and then get down on their knees and ask God to watch over them. I will never ask God to do a favor to a child of mine while I can do it, never. Another thing: There is nothing in this world like being honest with these children. Do not pretend you are perfection; you are not; and if any of them happens to tell a story, do not let on as if the whole world was going to burst. Tell them honestly you have told thousands of them.

A Bulldozing Bull-Dog.

An Omaha livery stable keeper owned a fine lot of coach-dogs. The dogs are white, with black spots all over them, and are noted for their docile, not to say cowardly, dispositions. The dogs belonging to the livery-stable keeper were beset on all occasions by other dogs in the street, and, as they were meek in spirit, were as easily overcome as a lot of sheep. The livery-stable keeper stood it as long as he could, when, one day, he found a large white bull-dog, and it immediately occurred to him what to do. He bought that dog, took him to the stable, and there kept him until he got thoroughly acquainted with the coach-dogs