The Huntingdon Journal. J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH, J. R. DURBORROW, - - - J. A. NASH PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Huntingdon, Pa.

The Minses' Bower.

Retrospection.

"Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

In the dim vista of the past, my thoughts are Are living pictures of the past, to other eyes un- arms with a continual promise of rest.

where; And soft brown eyes and dimpled hands and rosy We could not love our darling more, we could not love her less, A sunbeam in our home was she in all her love-

ould have shielded her from pain and every earthly care, Surrounded her with love and all things beautiful And yet we were so helpless in her hour of sorest To aid or to relieve her, powerless as a broken

The little face grew pale and cold, and the dear heart was still;
And tearfully we bent in meek submission to His And why? The pitying Saviour had but borne

grey, We knew no pain or death could enter in the home said, And took them in His arms, and placed His hands upon each head.
"In Heaven thine angels always do behold our feeling of friendship and trust. father's face.".

And in the fullness of His love, their sure abiding

can never come, Safe in her Father's house above, our own eternal

Some time, when in the midst of all, a voice will softly say:
"Thou art on the verge of time; I come to summon thee away."
And when about to step in the dark river's silent

to save, Then on this near eternal shore, with unveiled eyes shall see The little, loving, joyous face, waiting there for

The Story-Teller. HIS LIFE FOR HERS.

He had a face of satyr-like ugliness, a form of the most misshaped mould; his hair fell in tangled elf-locks upon one of called the shoulders of a man. Everywhere women grew pale at sight of him, and little shiders fad array in the spiders and away.

The winter passed array and that when the next girl's trembling form to his side. "I could not rest, nor listen to reason; so when the folks were all abed, I stole out and away." approach. Nebody seemed to notice that he had a pleasant smile and beautiful, kindly eyes, blue as gentians in autumn hedge rows.

He knew all the hardships, all the vicisto rest awhile in some farm-house or porch work in some meadow or potato field, but out of a leaden March day. regarded him without distrust, no woman have made Reenie stayed to home.

"Stayed to home! Why, where on earth has she gone?" wandered about the country in this miserable fashion since early May, and now the year was well advanced in the sultry heats

seemed against him-nearly every man's

loor was closed in his face. His body was worn thin with hunger, his feet, well nigh shoeless, were bruised and sore. He had known poverty all his days, but never had utterly lost heart and hope until now.
Still he would not turn back to the great

city whence he came. "Better starve here in the pure air and sunshine, than there in some dismal lane," so he told himself; and with every newrisen dawn he resumed his painful way, taking something of pleasure in the beauty of God's green earth, even though the remorseless wolf of hunger was gnawing at his vitals, and he cared not how soon the

living light of day was shut away from his sight forevermore. He was young in years as yet, being carcely over a score, but his face wore the pathetic weariness of age-was stamped with the unutterable woe of existence. His heart had never known the gleesome ness of childhood-had never been elate

with the buoyancy of youth. One sultry August noon, his aimles wanderings brought him to a pretty, white farmhouse, nestled cosily down amidst the farmhouse, nestled cosily down an fair hills. He paused and looked timidly around. Not a living thing was visible save a great yellow cat, that blinked at him from the shaded porch. He was well nigh fainting with hunger, parched with thirst, ready to drop with exhaustion and the burning heat of the day.

From where he stood, he could see through an open window of the farm house pantry some wheaten loaves of fresh baked bread a row of flaky pies and a pretty round cake, mounted with snow-white frosting, and dainty enough to set before a queen. "Good Heaven!" thought Martin Carruth, "that I should be starving here, and the wherewith to satisfy my hunger only along with the swiftly falling snow.

He gazed upon the tempting food with hand as if to seize it. His eyes were and would not let him rest. alight with the terrible fire of want that consumed him. And while he stood thus. She started a little on first beholding the stranger, but the wretchedness of his appearance touched her womanly heart, the mute misery in his eyes filled her with

the utmost comp

woman stood there before him, her eyes full of sympathy and without fear. "I am very hungry," he faltered. "Will you give me something to eat?"
"Of course," replied the girl, cheerily. "You come in good time, too; dinner is

just ready." The young girl bade him enter the wide porch, where the shadow of thick-woven wont to stray,
the aisle of memory a distant silent vines lay upon the sanded floor, a wooden bench stood against the wall, and a great, splint bottomed chair held out its wooing

"Though many Summer suns have set, a score of after that seemed like a dream. Water And Winter with his frost and snow, has thrown was brought for him to bathe his burning his mantle o'er,
And Time has many silver threads mingled with face; an abundance of substantial food was set before him to eat; a stalwart son of darker hue,

Still, memory sacred to her trust, has kept thee toil came and plied him with some kindly A little darling winseme face, so sweet and questions; there was a little, half whispered consultation just inside the kitchen door. A little curly, golden head, around me every- a murmur of pleasant voices; an arch, girlish face upraised in pretty pleading, two soft, fair mites of hands clasped upon Eager to run, with joyous voice and cooing smile a rough, masculine arm, and then Farmer Lynne went out again to Martin Carruth

"I've got to hire another hand to help along with the work," said he, meditatively, "and my daughter, Reenie, in there has been coaxing me to let you stay, so to night and storm. please the girl I rather think I will. If Suddenly upon your own, and I'll never trust no other was it the wailing wintry blasts amongst instinct tells her that he is honest and

Through all the months of red leafed permitted to remain, not, as his employer expressed it, "that there was anything in blinding veil of snow from before his vis- her own.

His gentle, retiring manner, the tender, guileless expression of his eyes, his very And while I heard the pattering of her feet upon the floor.

And looked to see the sunny head through the half-opened door;

Ere I bethought me she was there where clouds can never come,

The litted his lantern alort, held it at meaning length, peered with terrible eagerings length, peered with terrible eagerings through the whirling gloom, and saw her, Reenie Lynne, the girl whom he loving out of the minds of men, and above all, out of the minds of men, and above all, out of the hearts of those we love. It is numerous girlish confidences, sure that he

wooing to her under the winter stars, and spar which keeps him affoat upon the hunshe had found them sweet to her, he gry and tempest-lashed waves.
turned sorrowfully away, and for hours "Good God! Reenie, how came you turned sorrowfully away, and for hours after that lay up in the old barn loft, hidden among the fragrant hay, and moaning the wild, woeful face that seemed already throbs by deeds of kindness. The echo of over the most helpless love that ever stricken with the pallor of death. possessed a man.

lily of the field; not that he wanted her and when my senses came back again the one whit less beautiful, but he only wished that he, too, had been comely to look upon, and had had a fair chance of winning this the horrible numbness away. I called, girl who had inspired him with a passion but nobody heard; then I gave myself up deathless as his immortal soul. But he to die, only it was hard, and I am so glad kept the pain of it to himself; he suffered you are here to save me, Martin Carruth !' mutely, and made no sign, even when called to congratulate Reenie upon her betrothal, and told that when the next girl's trembling form to his side. "I could of kindness; the very pain its absence

the vicinity. intense cold, holding dominion over the ly home."

Occasionally he was fed and permitted of the great, fire-lighted kitchen at the black again; she threw out her hands, gave us, and forget the sad experiences and remember to have met with more than one close of one dismal blustering afternoon, utterance to a piercing cry of pain, fainted, warnings of by gone years. Pity it is so. clear instance of impersonation. It occurs or kitchen; now and then he got a day's just as the last glimmer of day was fading and lay a dead weight against the should-

"Shouldn't wonder if we were," respondinvariably when night came, he was sent again upon his weary way, but what hurt difference of Mrs. Lynne peering out at the fine. im most was the thought that no man steadily falling snow. "I a'most wish I'd

Hildreth. Delia's got some fine new pat- smote upon by the wanton winds, blinded falls, to lead us upward, how happy would terns and things, and Reenie wanted to by the night and storm, he strove to buffet we be. What is before us? We know year was well advanced in the sultry heats of summer.

He had sought employment diligently, but without avail. Every man's hand things, and theelie wanted to his way back to the road, but instead only wandered farther out you or Marthur wandered farther and yet farther out upon the night and storm, he strove to bunce out out a few by them for herself. I told his way back to the road only wandered farther out upon the night and storm, he strove to bunce out out a few by them for herself. I told his way back to the road, but instead only wandered farther out upon the night and storm, he strove to bunce out out a few by them for herself. I told his way back to the road only wandered farther out upon the same need for courage and labor; the willing for her to go and a labor; the willing for her to go and a labor of whom her should be the same need for faith and prayer; that the same need for faith and prayer is the same need for faith and prayer is the same need for faith and prayer; that the same need for faith and prayer is the same need wouldn't be willing for her to go, and a knowledge of where he was, groping for fathe cardinal points of every year are preony of Rhode Island. He died in Provi storm comin' on, so she hurried away, and miliar landmarks, helplessly astray as if in cisely the same; that the needle always dence in 1683. Many years afterwards had plenty of time to get there before it begun to some. You see, Delia invited chanted forest, where never had echoed the her to-night; she'd her mind set on goin, footstep of man.

"Oh, well, she's all right," said Farmer Lynne, composedly stretching out his brawny hands to the warmth of the blazing pair.

The strength has the demands to make on us that the past has made, and that we shall have no time for idleness; or any less lack of opportunity for the display of ambition.

The strength has the demands to make on us that the past has made, and that we shall have no time for idleness; or any less lack of opportunity for the display of ambition. and I didn't like to say 'no." "As well off at Hildreth's as here only," added he, after a moment of reflec-

tion, "I'd rather have her at home."
The inmates of Lynne farm house retired usually early that night. The master clock was striking eight; the mistress folded away a dainty pair of wool hose she had been mending for her girl; and Martin Carruth arose from his sent by the chimney side, went over to the window, and looked anxiously out into the dreary

"Hadn't I better go over to Mr. Hildreth's and see if Reenie's all right, sir?" he asked presently giving expression to an unaccountable desire that had haunted him since the first storm began.

"What!" exclaimed Farmer Lynne, "in the teeth of all this storm, upon a silly errand like that, and only to be laughed at for your pains? No, no! Go to bed .-I'll bring Reenie home in the mornin', if I have to break the road for it, never you the fury of the winds and drifting snow. fear. It's mighty kind o' lonesome here without the gal, and I don't know how on earth we'll be able to let that Bob St. John have her for a life time."

Up in his little chamber under the eaves, Martin Carruth fancied he heard felt that it yet beat; he changed her head the voice of Reenie Lynne, continually wailing in the long, lamentable blasts with out; that he saw her fair face looking at him through the gloom, her pretty hands beating imploringly at his window pane, could neither sleep nor lie quiet upon his bed. A dread premonition of evil haunted

a young girl came out of the farm house the narrow back entry below. All the deor. She was only a little thing, with a house was still, not a sound audible save fresh flower-fair face, two limpid brown Farmer Lynne's breathing, and the tick-aeyes, and a mouth like a sweet, red rose. | tick-tick of the big old fashioned clock against the kitchen wall.

Groping about in the darkness, Carruth found a lantern, lighted it cautiously, unbelted the back door, and slipped out into the night.

gift from Farmer Lynne, close up to his chin, he strode out on the bleak and drifted down again, the blood in his veins turning "I'll only get laughed at for my pains,

as the master says," he muttered. "No matter, though. When I know that Reenie is safe at Hildreth's I'll go home the storm increased, but after a little Marand rest-never until, never until !" he tin Carruth knew nothing of this. repeated, with unconscious emphasis, battling his way manfully through the pitiless around him, the drowsy hum of insects and storm, the feeble light of his lantern shining the tuneful songs of birds were in his ears, with a wierd glimmer athwart the ghastly, green hills and flower-strewn fields, and white-shrouded night.

HUNTINGDON, PA, FRIDAY, AUGUST, 10 1877.

the roadside fences, and the wild winds darkness, oblivion, death. caught and whirled it aloft, to mingle with the ceaseless downfall from the heavens the sun arose, and a man going to look af-

bars opened upon a path which led across less in the snow. to Hildreth's

Floundering on through the white, edplee at last, and instead of keeping to the road, he lowered the long, snow-covered bars, struggled up out of a huge drift, and took his labored way across the trackless, ble sacrifice had gone out hours sinc wind-swept field, led by that same invisible the storm and darkness of the night. power which had drawn him out into the

moaning in distress and fear.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Martin Carruth, "my fears then are true. Reeexpressed it, "that there was anything in particular to do, but he kind o' liked the poor unfortunate, and hated to turn him out again into the world."

As for daisy-faced Reenie, she had grown to regard the hunchback with a singular feeling of friendship and trust.

His gentle, retiring manner, the tender, guileless expression of his eyes, his very the lifted his lantern aloft, held it at the content of the content of the results of the same of the lantern aloft, held it at the content of the content of the particular the results of the provided with twelfthe agent.

"I fell and twisted my ankle," replied He wondered why he had been thus the girl, with feeble trembling accents. hideously fashioned, and she lovely as a "The pain of it was so great that I fainted,

ers of her friend.

He lifted her in both his arms; the lantern dropped from his grasp and was ex- the past? Does the view of that deviating touch of pathos: tinguished in the snow; the ceaselessly track and the remembrance of the mad falling flakes enveloped him in clouds, of

"Over to spend the night with Delia den, plunging in treacherous unseen drifts, but be induced to make steps of our past

His strength-not great at any time-

He called aloud many times, but no re sponse came; perhaps afterwards, some one would tell how, half-awakening from his dreams, he had fancied cries of distress sounding abroad, but no human ear seemed hour of direst need.

bled and sunk helpless to the earth, still Father's love knowing that his promise clasping his inanimate burden, still shield will be fulfilled. ing it with the tenderest care, even in his fall | We trust we shall mount up with renew-Where he lay, some stunted trees-ev-

but still he thought only of the girl—for her his efforts—for her his prayers.

never gain the supremacy over our love for "one another."—Chicago Western Rural. her his efforts-for her his prayers. He laid his hand against her heart, and

to an easier position upon his arm; he chased her icy fingers—it was all that he could do—and presently she stirred, moan-ed a little, and opened her eyes upon the and filling the whole air with such joy and

"No the wild wind's wrath. The night crept on apace; the fury of

The balmy breath of summer played soft, blue skies were before his vision : all Already the snow was piled high along these for a brief time, and then came utter

The morning dawned, the storm cleared ter some sheep he had missed from their Just a mile from Lynne Farm a set of fold found two human forms lying motion-

From one the soul had fled : the calm face was upturned, with the light of Heavdying gloom, Martin Carruth reached this en frozen thereon; the other, folded in a shaggy great coat, and with warm, winter wraps beneath, was breathing still-still had a frail hold on life, that but for a no ble sacrifice had gone out hours since in

They were carried back to the Lynne farm, both living maid and dead hero. The Suddenly upon his ear there fell a sound one was put reverently away beneath the you turn out bad the worst is likely to be that was not born of imagination, neither pure, white March snow; the other lay your own, and I'll never trust no other was it the wailing wintry blasts amongst for many days in the border-land between again, just because Reenie says he's got innocent-lookin' eyes, and her woman's pathless waste of snow, but a human voice ver engendered by that night of horror had ver engendered by that night of horror had burned itself out, fair-faced Reenie Lynne came swiftly back to health, and in the beautiful month of roses went to the altar autumn Martin Carruth worked faithfully nie is not safe at Hildreth's. Reenie is with Robert St. John, a happy bride sure at Lynne Farm; and the trees were bare here freezing, dying, and helpless in the ly, but in her heart the saddened memory and the harvest fields shorn, he was still storm, and I tarried away so long. Fool!" of one who had been only a wanderer—the He strove frantically to beat away the tender regret for a royal life lost to save

Select Miscellany.

We do not think the thought of death both appreciated and understood.

But when she told him how handsome Robert St. John had whispered words of engraft ourselves upon the hearts and minds of those with whom we mingle. There is scarcely a heart that is so ungratekind words, they fall back upon the heart, like showers that bless the earth from which they came. Ah yes, in after years they return over and over again, when perhaps the lips that breathed them are to us Europeans is naturally suggested by far away or silent in the grave. Has any one felt the pain, too, that a kind word or in kindred and well known tongues—the fix his own price on the estate. tone may contain, when they are felt to be Japanese are almost entirely deprived by undeserved? The power of a reproving, the very different nature of their language depreciating glance, how like an arrow its which does not so much as possess words poisoned fang seems to fester in the heart answering to our "he" and "she" to dis-

The winter passed away amid a round through the storm I should have come if lies between two vast oceans of time. We of rustic festivities at Lynne Farm and in a thousand deaths had threatened. I knew think as we look into the future, we hear tily dressed females supposed to represent you were in danger, and an angel led me the muttered threats of storms unborn, of Commerce and Agriculture, or Philosophy March came in with driving winds and straight to your side. It's an awful night, griefs that are to try us, and of disappoint- and Religion, or some such other abstract wrathful skies, with snow, ice and bitter, Reenie, but never fear -I'll take you safe ments that are to vex us. Through the ideas. It would probably be hard to get cloudy mantle, however, we discern the them at all to understand what was meant situdes of a wanderer's life; knew what it was to go hungry through the days and houseless through the nights, to eat the grudgingly given crust, and find it sweet.

He supported the girl upon his arm; he held his lantern carefully, so that it might be realized; therefore, as we press our feet upon the shores of that future we take degradgingly given crust, and find it sweet.

He supported the girl upon his arm; he held his lantern carefully, so that it might be realized; therefore, as we press our feet upon the shores of that future we take degradgingly given crust, and find it sweet.

Lynne, oracularly, coming into the warmth she attempted to step, all the world grew

What good does it do us even though in a stanza on Old Age, which, though we are able to trace our paths back across seemingly intended to be joking, may per the ocean of days and hours belonging to haps be thought to have in it a certain winds and waves, make us more timid and dense, spectral gloom
Weighed down with his senseless burthan our own? We fear not. If we could

ture has in reverse for us, yet we know it himself and wife, for the purpose of erect

"Let us then be up and doing With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait."

We know not how soon the sands of life drank his last glass of cider just as the to hear, no human aid was nigh in this shall run out; we know that we shall ever stand again upon the verge of another open "For her sake, not mine; help me, oh year. The fancy that now pens these lines God!" cried Martin Carruth; but the ri- may be soaring in some high scene of exotous blast only howled about him yet istence; and many an eye that will read more fiercely than before. He wandered farther and farther from ions than the human imagination can bring the highway and human habitation; an forth, before this time next year. None awful faintness seized upon him; his brain of us can read the closed page of the fureeled, his limbs trembled; all the white ture, therefore we must do our best now, maze of endless snow seemed dancing in and leave all the rest with God; hanging sparks of fire before his vision; he stum- with the faith of a little child upon our

ed strength to do battle to our enemies ergreens mostly-stretched out their these passions of ours that so clog at every branches and sheltered him a little from step we take. The world tries to teach us the fury of the winds and drifting snow. a very injurious lesson. It is to be ho-His strength was utterly gone, his brain ped none of us will learn to be selfish, utterbenumbed, his limbs cramped and chilled, ly lost in self. We hope self-interest may

Sometime.

It is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and

blinding horror of the night and storm. | gladness, as the songs of birds do when the "I am so cold," she gasped, shivering, summer morning comes out of darkness, "Are we almost home, Martin Carruth?" and day is born on the mountains. We Are we almost home, Martin Carruth?" and day is born on the mountains. We long neck and presented the tip of his big have all possessions in the future, which nose triumphantly close to his tormentor: we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers "I'm a little slow," he said, "and can't sell nich as halles as harely in the sometime." famished eagerness. He stretched out his him; a vague but horrible fear tortured the thrust of a knife, when he lay there, we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers hand as if to seize it. His eyes were and would not let him rest. He arose, slipped on his clothes, and crept stealthily down the stairs that led to only fell to babbling wildly, and he knew other. But, O reader! be of good cheer, the narrow back entry below. All the anguish her mind was wandering in the time;" when the hills and valleys of time land of delirium and dreams.

He was aware that death waited not far the disappointment and sorrow of life are away for one or both of them. Perhaps, over; then there is the place and the rest wrapped in his warm coat, and able to appointed of God. O homestead! over creep about a little, he might survive until the morning came and showed him where and over whose threshold the voice of sorplied, whereup he was; but Reenie would surely perish, row is never heard; built upon the eternal "What do you wish?" she asked gently, looking at him with a pitying gaze that he thought divine.

He defied his ragged cap; his lip trembled; the tears came. He could scarce believe what he saw—scarce believe that a

Jananese Miniature Odes.

Of all the excellencies of the ancient Japanese poets, none can have a greater charm for the modern English reader than their passionate love of nature, and their tender interpretation of her mysteriesqualities which are inherited by their otherwise strictly practical descendants at the present day. Take, for instance, the fol lowing stanza:

"Softly the dews upon my forehead light:— From off the oars, perchance, as feather'd spray, They fall, white some fair junk bends on her way Across the Heavn'ly Stream on starlit night." The "Heavenly Stream" is the Japa-

ese name for that which we call the Mil ky Way. Or, again, listen to the following, one of the odes on the snow:

"When from the skies that wintry gloom enshrouds."
The blossoms fall and finter round my heal,
Methinks the Spring e'en now his light must shed.
O'er heav nly lands that lie beyond the clouds."
The flowers to which the snow is her

mpared are those of the splendid double cherry tree, the king of trees, whose praises these far Eastern bards are never tired of singing. One of the most celebrated of them, Narihira, even goes so far, by an extreme of rapture, as almost to curse these too lovely flowers. He exclaims:

"If earth out ceased to offer my sight.
The beauteous cherry trees when flowering,
Ah i then, indeed, with peaceful, pure delight.
Mine heart might revel in the joys of Spring!"

Rather far-fetched, perhaps. But then we should remember that to one nation alone, in all the annals of literature, was it given to know exactly the limits of true taste; and that if the Japanese sometimes sin against Greek ideas of moderation, we has never never cost the government one later Europeans could scarcely venture to cent. It is supported by a contribution of throw at them the first stone. Possibly, too, a tendency to exaggeration was, in soldier in the army. Besides this all for-Narihira's case, but a family failing. At least, we find a half brother of his-also ! a grandee of the then Mikado's courtgiving vent to very ridiculous sentiments at the aspect of a celebrated cascade. He

"The roaring tor ant scatters far and near Its silv'ry drops. Oh! let re pick them up. For when of grief I drain some day the cup, Each will do service as a bitter tear!"

From this to avowed caricature is but a step; and the poet Tadamine is himself laughing when he writes of another water-

"Iong years, methinks, of sorrow and of care Must have pass'd over the old fount. n-head Of the cascade; for like a silv'ry thread It rells adown, "ar shows one jet-black hair!"

It would be impossible to accuse the Japanese of want of imagination when we find them capable of so bold an idea as is contained in the following "miniature ode" on the wild geese :

"What junk, impell'd by Autumn's fresh'ning gale, Comes speeding 't ward me? "Tis the wild geese dris'n Across the fathomiess expanse of heav'n, And lifting up their voices for a sail." Yet it is certain that some of the most powerful aids to imagination are wanting among them, and one of these aids in particular, the use of impersonation-which his sickle, or Flora leading back the May, of kindness; the very pain its absence would appear to these simple minded Orientals as queer and far-fetched a notion as would that of stationing upon bridges and having been made fashionable, is now all the go

> "Old Age is not a friend I wish to me -The Cornhill Magazine.

Who Ate Roger Williams?

AN OLD TRADITION REVIVED.

Roger Williams was a native of Wales, was a Puritan, and the founder of the col-The rusted hinges and nails and a round wooden knot alone remained in one grave, while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the graves stood an apple tree, the larger root of which pushed its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, and turning passed around it and followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, when the roots turned upwards to the toes, the whole bearing a striking resemblance to the human form. These roots are now deposited in the museum of Brown university. It was thus found that the organic matter-the flesh, the bones, of Roger Williams-had passed into an appletree, transmuted into woody fibre, bloomed into fragrant blossoms and bore luscious fruit, which from year to year has been gathered and eaten. Those, therefore, who ate the appples from this tree ate Roger Williams.

The "slow fighter" was a tall, raw boned specimen of the Pike County breed, the boys began to have fun with him-to "mill him" as they all call it in the parlance of the mines.

fight unless I'm well riled; just paste me

one-a good 'un-right on the end of that His request was complied with. "That was a good 'un," he said calmly, "but I don't feel quite riled yit"—(turning the side of his head to the adversary) -"please chug me another lively one un-

The astonished adversary again co plied, whereupon Pike County, remarked that he was "not quite as well riled as he would like to be, but would do the best he could," sailed into the crowd, and for the next ten days the "boys" were engaged in way. Whoopee!" plied, whereupon Pike County, remarked that he was "not quite as well riled as he would like to be, but would do the best he

The President's Retreat.

NEWSPAPER MAN VISITS THE OLD SOLDIER'S HOME AND RELATES SOME READABLE FACTS ABOUT IT.

Washington Cor. Harford Times. Buchanan was the first President who

summered here. Lincoln found it the most pleasant place he could find and he gladly moved there. . The attractions a Long Branch were too much for Grant, and he could not be induced to forego them, notwithstanding that the soldiers' home furnished a more delightful and a cooler home than could be secured at the Branch. The origin of the soldiers' home is interesting. When Gen. Winfield Scott captured the city of Mexico, instead of sacking the city he levied a sum of \$300,000 persons its articles with the soldiers. 000 upon its residents, which was gladly contributed. A portion of this money was used to relieve the temporary wants of the soldiers, and the remainder, over \$100,000 was turned over to the Treasury Department, where, afterwards, in 1851, is taken out, in accordance with an act of Congress, passed at the request of Scott, to establish the "military asylum," as it was first called. The soldiers did not like the idea of the name of military asylum; it sounded too much, they said, like army poor house, and at their request, in 1859 Congress passed an act changing the name to "soldiers' home." The "home" is in no sense a public charity. With the exception of the \$100,000 first appropriated, it

feitures by court martail and money due dead soldiers remaining unclaimed for three years is added to the fund, which now is very large. The whole credit of this home and refuge for veterans (who without it would be thrown out on the cold charity of the world) belongs to Gen. Scott, who for many years before he finally succeeded worked hard to have the home instituted. At present there are about instituted. At present there are should five hundred immates. They are their own bosses, and are required to do nothing but behave themselves. They are always free to go or come as they please, and, without being required to do any work, each one of them picks out some little duty to perform which gives him occupation for an hour or so every day. The buildings and grounds are kept in the best condition, and it is a source of general remark these and it is a source of general remark that everything looks admirably. The home building was formerly the summer rest-dence of Mr. Geo. W. Riggs, the Washington banker Two hundred acres of land were attached to it. Since then the grounds have been enlarged by the pur-chace of the Howard estate, containing three hundred acres more, from Mr. W W. Corcoran, who sold it at a very low fix his own price on the estate. The five hundred acres are now finely impre and contain over twelve miles of some carriage drives, which too are thron tinguish a man from a woman. Death with by nany of the stylish turnouts from the city every pleasant afternoon. A drive or ride to the Soldiers' Home is recognised

A Bad Fire.

"Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up that man's house and lot?"

"No, Smith, where was it?" "Here in the city." What a misfortune. Was it a house ?"

"Yes, a nice house and lot—a good ome for any family."
What a pity? How did the fire take?" "The man played with fire, and thought-ssly set it himself."

"How silly! Did you say the lot was burned too?"

"Yes, lot and all. All gone slick and clean. "That's singular. It must have been a terrible hot fire-and then I don't well see how it could burn the lot."

"No, it was not a large fire, nor a very hot fire; indeed, it was so small that it at-tracted but little attention." "But how could such a little fire burn a house and lot? You haven't told me. "It burned a long time-more than twenty years-and though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it were away

about \$150 worth every year until it was all gone. "I can't understand you yet. Tell me all about it." "Well, it was kindled in the end of cigar. The cigar cost him, he h told me, \$12.50 a month, or \$150 a year; and that in twenty-one years would amount to \$3,150 besides all the interest. Now

the whole sum wouldn't be far from \$10. 000. That would buy a fine house and lot. It would pay for a large farm in the country." Whew! I guess now you mean mo, for I have smoked more than twenty years; but I didn't know it cost as much as that. I havn't any house of my own; have al-ways rented—thought I was too poor to own a house—and all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

The boys had better never set a fire

which cost so much, and which, though is

might be so easily put out, is yet so likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives. Can Women Keep a Secret?

as follows: Men say women can't secret. It is just the reverse—work men can't. Women carry with them to their graves secrets that would kill any and when he arrived in the mining camp the hors began to have fun with him to and lives. Man cannot keep a sec woman cannot make it known. What is He stood it for a long time with perfect equanimity, until finally one of the party dared him out of doors to fight.

He went. When they all got ready and squared off, Pike County stretched out his long neak and are the stood off, Pike County stretched out his long neak and are the stood of the stood off, Pike County stretched out his long neak and are the stood of the stood off, Pike County stretched out his long neak and are the stood of the stood off, Pike County stretched out his long neak and are the stood of the stood of the party dark the stood of the stood heard a man gossip. Man delights in telling of his elicit conquests; woman would out her tongue first. Men are on in their club room talk; women refined in their parlor conversation. Whoever heard of a woman telling of her lovers? Who has not listened to the dissipation of the men? Men boast; women don't. Women never tell tales out of school : men are always blabbing. So down with the old adage, Women can keep a secret.