The Huntingdon Journal

J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH, The popular estimation of Wide Awake is well summed up in what a distinguished literary gentleman said:—"The other magazines lie on the table fresh and clean, while WIDE AWAKE is read to tatters." That WIDE AWAKE will continue to be "read to tatters" the following announcements for 1878 are good guarantees. PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. MASH, under the firm name of J. B. DURBORROW & Co., at \$2,00 per annum IN ADVANCE, or \$2.00 in no paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$3 if not paid within the No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the pub-ishers, until all arrearages are paid.

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3m 6m 9m 1 yr 3m 6m 9m lyr 1 [n | \$3 50 | 4 50 | 5 50 | 8 00 | 4 col | 9 00 | 18 00 | \$27 | \$38 2 \times 5 03 | 8 00 | 10 00 | 12 00 | 4 col | 18 00 | 36 00 | 50 | 65 3 3 \times 7 00 | 10 00 | 14 00 | 18 00 | 36 00 | 50 | 65 3 4 \times 8 00 | 14 00 | 20 06 | 18 00 | 1 col | 36 00 | 60 00 | 80 | 100 All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEM CENTS per line.

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Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Wil STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E cene, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl28, 78. CEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Stree Huntingdon, Pa. [nov17,75 G. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building. No. 520, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [spi2.71]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntigg-don, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal bull-ness. Office, 229 Penn Street, corner of Court Hease Square. [deci. 72] J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-et-Law, Huntington.
J. Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of an [jan4,7].

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[1655,71]

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erican Weeds and Useful Plants.

ood's Country and Suburban Houses...

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sr's Crack Shot*... mmer's Method of Making Mahures

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eck's New Book of Flowers

jil's Farm-Gardening and Seed-Growing

oom-Corn and Brooms

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uckaer's American Manures

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el's Cider-Maker's Manual*

ucit Sider-Maker's Manual* s Flower-Garden Directory.
s Family Kitchen Gardener...
s' American Kennel and Sporting Fields...
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ooper's Game Fowls*...
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Capper's Universal Stair-Builder*

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iohnson's Elements of Agricultural Carolis Practical Landscape Gardenings. King's Beekespers' Text' Book. Paper 40c. Klippart's Wheat Plants. Lakey's Village and Country Houses. Leavitt's Facts about Peats. Leuchar's How to build Hot-Houses.

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iginal Music by T. Crampton. Parlor Pas

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Nov9-81] D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass

Came to the residence of the subscribe

in Porter township, on or about the lst of ober, 1877, a RED STEER, without marks, posed to be about two and a half years old owner is requested to pay the usual charges remove him, or he will be dealt with accord-

Came to the residence of the subscriber, at
Barree Forge, about the 15th of August last, a
white and red spetted HEIFER, supposed to be
about three years old next spring. The owner is
requested to come forward, prove property, pay
charges and take her away, otherwise she will be
disposed of according to law.
Nov2-31
JOHN F. LOWRY.

The following articles were sold at Sheriff's sale, as the property of John F. Duff, in Jackson township, and purchased by me: One bay mare, 4 hogs, I cow, I set gears, I saddle, I calf. I cupboard and dishes, I set chairs, 5 chairs, I rocking chair, I table, I stand, 2 pairs bedsteads and a lot of pastity furniture. I have left said property in possession of said John F. Duff, and hereby warn and to meddle in any manner with the

Il persons not to meddle in any manner with the JOSEPH DUFF.

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SEWING MACHINE

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TRAY STEER.

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Nov2v3t

The Ballad of Constance.

Vith diamond dew the grass was wet, 'Twas in the spring, and gentlest weather. And all the birds of morning met, And caroled in heart together.

The wind blew softly o'er the land, And softly kissed the joyous ocean; He walked beside her on the sand, And gave and won a heart's devotion.

The thistledown was in the breeze, With birds of passage homeward flying; His fortune called him o'er the seas, And on the shore he left her sighing. She saw his bark glide down the bay— Through tears and fears she could not banish splendid and humorous Serial Story for the Boy She saw his white sails melt away; She saw them fade, she saw them vanish.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE And "Go," she said, "for winds are fair, And love and blessing round you hover; When you sail backward through the air, Then I will trust the word of lover." Still ebbed, still flowed the tide of years, Now chilled with snows, now bright with AUNT DOLLY'S SCHOOL-ROOM STORIES.

roses, And many smiles were turned to tears,

And many ships came gliding by, With many a golden promise freighted; But nevermore from sea or sky Came love to bless her heart that waited. THE CHILD TOILERS OF BOSTON STREETS. Twelve Illustrated Papers. By Emma E. Brown. Yet on, by tender patience led, Her sacred footsteps walked unbidden, Wherever sorrow bows its head, Or want and care and shame are hidden.

And they who saw her snow-white hair, And dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling, Breathed all at once the chancel air, And seemed to hear the organ pealing. by Geo. B. Bartlett. Prize Guess-Work. Illus-rated Short Stories. Full-Page Illustrated Poems. Papers of Foreign Travel, and Natural History. All by the brightest Authors and Artists.

Till once, at shut of Autumn day,
In marble chill she paused and hearkened,
With startled gaze where far away
The waste of sky and ocean darkened. There, for a moment, faint and wan, High up in air and landward striving,

Stern-fore a spectral bark came on, Across the purple sunset driving. Then something out of night she knew, Some whisper heard from heaven descended, And peacefully as falls the dew Her long and louely vigil ended.

The violet and the bramble rose Make glad the grass that dreams above her And freed from time and all its woes, She trusts again the word of lover.

—Wm. Winter, in the Galazy.

Story for the Times. NICK NEVINS' SIN:

-OR, -

SUSPENDED PAYMENT "The last dime is deposited: thank heaven for that," exclaimed Nick Nevins,

knocking the ashes from his pipe and unfolding the evening paper.

"And the mortgage"—began his wife
Sallie. Nick took up the sentence and

"Will be lifted. Before to morrow's sun goes down, the danger that threatened to saved the old place; we've made a home

"Ah, Nick, you always were that gener ous that you'd have a fair word to say for the worst. I never was so good. I haven't forgotten the winter that Ruby died—how the cold crept in, and froze first his limbs to numbness, then turned the darling's heart to stone. I haven't forgotten that there was no bread in our house to eat, that there was no work to do, and that we could only stand by and see our darling die. I have laid this up against the world and the bitterness of that hour is as cruel now as a memory as it then was as a reality. Even now, when I know that the money is safe in the bank, when I know

aside our fortune." "Nonsense, Sallie, what can occur? Look 'a here! Do you see this bit of paper? Receipt of deposit. Five hundred deltars! Is it all cloud and no sunshine when we've been enabled out of our small earnings to lay aside that amount? Time, too, Sallie, that the place was ours. There's a dim-ness in my eyes, a dancing of letters over the pages, as though they were running into one, a kind of unsteadiness creeping into the world about me, a trembling which I suspect is mine more'n the world's. I am growing old, Sallie; from now to the end, with you and me, it must be the down

hill side of the road." Nick Nevins rubbed his glasses vigorously, while his wife Sallie smoothed the cloth of spotless muslin over the well-covered pine table.

There was a moment's stillness, only the clock ticked mournfully, with a sound of ominous sharpness, as though full of prophetic fears of the future. Then came a gust of wind sweeping down the streets, shrieking spasmodically in broken quavers through the cracks and crevices of Nick Nevins' well worn home. The loosened clapboards flew wildly, bits of shingles fluttered to the ground. Truly this was not much of a place, but it was a poor man's home—more to him than was ever a palace to a king; for if the palace be leveled to the ground, well filled coffers replace it with a grander one; but if Nick Nevins' home be shattered, there is nothing left with which to build another. Suddenly the wind died down to a breath

Nick Nevins threw up his hands and fell forward, resting on his face. "Nick! Nick! what is it, Nick?" eried

his wife Sallie, lifting the bowed head and looking down into the care-worn features "It is all gone, all gone!" he gasped. pointing with trembling finger toward the evening paper.
"The good luck 'a gettin' the money,

nurmured Sallie, "has been too much for him. Nick hasn't been over-strong of terrible fasting, blame Nick Nevins if you When the strain that kept him was gone, he's just wilted right dows. I knowed all along how it would be. A cup of tea, Nick, will set you all right."
"It is all gone, Sallie, all gone!

bank is broken!" "No, no. Nick!" cried Sallie, thrusting back the paper, as though refusing to see it printed would make it less a fact. It wasn't much, Sallie, only five hundred dollars, yet it was all. To-morrow I was to have paid over the money, but to-morrow we will be houseless. Out into morrow we will be houseless. the streets, the winter coming on, the

"A rich man's panie, a rich man's failure," is what they call it. From one end Nick walked slowly up and down before righteous."

more forgetful than either."

up the words, and print them, trying to force the people to believe in the fallacy. But the people, grown wise from experience, start back in white-faced horror as they contemplate the fearful ruin this centrali-

zation of wealth is forcing upon them.

There can be no rich man's failure, no more than were the sun shattered to atoms could the planets, indifferent to its ruin, continue its course. Like the fabled Persian bird, Inftak, the male of which had a hook on one side, the female a ring on the other, and only when united could they fly; so may the capitalist and laborer, if working together, ascend heavenward, but if not they will be forced to the depths. Nick Nevins went to the bank on the morrow in order to satisfy himself that his ruin was sure. Oh hope! Oh happiness! it had not failed, only suspended. But to his sudden emotion of joy succeeded as quickly one of despair. If it had not failed,—what then? Was it any better for him? He must have his money today. A week from to-day would be too He met wild, haggard faces hurrying hither, saw little earnest groups of men on the corners, heard the words again and again; "If I can't get the money out,

but by the men of small means who had placed their few hundreds in the bank for safe keeping. A carriage came dashing by. The oc cupant alighted, entered a famous up town confectioner's, and ordered cake for a party. "It must be the grandest affair of the season," he said carelessly, "so do not

I'm ruined." He noted, too, that these

words were not uttered by the millionaires,

spare expense." This was the man whose bank had suspended payment. This was the man who held relentlessly in his well-filled coffers Nick Nevins' hard earned five hundred dollars. This was the man who, presented in himself and his illy-used power, an ex ample of the terrible effect of the centralization of wealth, for he, himself, and all the directors were foreign capitalists, owning immense shares in a wonderful American railroad, charging immense sums for freightage over this same road, grinding able little children will remain in the coundown the farmers into dust, under heels ty house until the bank resumes navment. shod with British gold. This was the man who relentlessly sent Nick Nevins and scores beside him to ruin.

"It might as well be broken," said Nick to his wife Sallie, "for all the good it'll do

As he said, so it was.

The mortgage was closed. Nick and Sallie, and the three little children of their old age, went out into the streets. A few his or her family circle. The lazy grow most carnivorous animals in shape. All them with a shelter. Then sickness fell coax and flatter him; and as almost every buried for an incredibly long period, as the door, but one of the workmen was all upon them, followed quickly by death.— one is timid or lazy, a bad tempered man they crumble rapidly when brought in lowed to go because money to pay him

poor man out of employment! Nick lost ner; and the tastes of all the rest are sub- and the teeth, tusks and structure of the his place. There was no work to be done servient to him. She, (we playfully trans- head and jaws prove unmistakably that it at least \$5,000, and some are known to be —at last nothing wherewith to pay for the doing of it. Therefore great railroad com- sexes) has the place she likes best in the panies said to their employees . "You may drawing-room, nor do her parents, nor her make us homeless will be averted. We've worked hard, Sallie, you and I; we've scrimped along some way, the goodness only knows how, but we've done it. We've is our bounteous, warm hearted mother bow is our bounteous, warm hearted mother box those dreadful soirces, will go up stairs work or let it alone-we can't pay you." brothers and sisters venture to take her is our bounteous, warm hearted mother those dreadful soirees, will go up stairs earth. We can only reconcile ourselves to and put on his poor old white neckcloth, live and die here together. The world's shares, and all of the millions of unprovided human souls are busied in keeping these pretty roughly, but I think, Sallie, with all of its unkindness, we've managed to stow away considerable sunshine."

of the world is divided into a few liou's shares, and must be there early in the morning to do with the change. It has, indeed, sometimes happened in New Eng. have ready pay or go under. People who taking their tour in the summer, it is she shares are not always in the same hands, but they remain of the same bulk. In when they shall stop. If he comes home this fact by remembering that the wealth of the world is divided into a few lion's day, and must be there early in the mornwatching the scramble, the hurry skurry, late, the dinner is kept for him, and no bears, one is reminded of the sand in an hungry. If he is in good humor, every hour glass, each grain wholly unconscious one frisks about and is happy. How the of the ilimitable eternity toward which it servant jumps at his bell, and runs to wait

is tending. So drift on these human grains upon him! How they sit up patiently, f clay or clod.

Nick Nevins and his wife were starving. cabs in the rain! Whereas for you and of clay or clod. Whose fault was it? Not his own surely, me, who have the tempers of angels, and for Nick had always worked willingly. He never was known to be angry or complain, had always been a hewer of stone and a drawer of water, and he might go on now in the same old groove, but somehow Nick send us the bill, and we pay for it; our had grown desperate and unreasonable. John finishes reading the newspaper be-He was so unhappily constituted that he fore he answers our bell, and brings it to had grown desperate and unreasonable: money is safe in the bank, when 1 know that the last day's worry is over, I am expecting that something will occur to turn aside our fortune."

It was so datapped to eat. Nick began to reason with himself. Poverty makes philosophers. If it had been intended, says young men, and smoke in the dining room; Nick, that a few were to have the gold, our tailors fit us badly; our butchers give the grain, in fact, all the bread, that the millions were to be left destitute, why the millions would have been created independent of the necessities of the favored few. But such, Nick saw, was not the case. To like, and openly have their friends to supbe sure he might dispense with wines, with Delmonico dinners, would be content with bread and water, if these last were permitted him; but with no substitute for these, it became a question as to how he was to subsist. To make the situation more trying, Sallie fell ill. Sallie and Nick had jogged along together for more than thirty years. He had seen the bloom fade from her face, had seen the palor creeping over it, had seen the warm, brown-tinted hair grow lustreless and gray, and, poor Nick Nevins held in his heart the faded, the lustreless, and gray image as loyally and tenderly as he had the blooming, golden tinted one of years before. He never dreamed that the world contained a better woman than the one he had been

walking life's journey with. Loving Sallie, then, as he did, it was a terrible thing for Nick to watch the white face shrinking away day by day, to know that it was not disease, but destitution that was sending her down to death. What was the world, what was life itself to him, and Sallie gone? He had lived for Sallie and Sallie's children. He could, if need

be, die for them now.
I am sure I can't blame him, poor harassed, tortured man. If you do, try it once. Sit down, even in imagination,and God forbid it should ever come to you in any other way-and fancy the one or true interests of communities as famine ones you love in all of the world, dying of and pestilence combined would be to their

absolute want.

Watch the loving eyes sink back into the cavernous depths dug by famine; see In this as well as in other resistance of reformation in the lip—you remember it rosy and pouting is great need of reformation—settle away from the white teeth. Note of our whole country.—Ex. the white hand, how like a claw it has become; then, when you have witnessed this can, for that which follows.

The country was in a terrible strait; there was no work to be given, because there was no money to pay for work done. Nick Nevins went out on the street. Something must be done. He was des perate, and a man desperate through hunger is as insane and dangerous as the man

intoxicated with liquor.

The banks were closed, but the saloons were open. The poor were starving, but the rich were feasting. Nick's wife and children were dying, but

world as merciless as the cold, and heaven the banker's wife and daughters were dancing. It was the night of the party, and as

of the country to the other the press takes the rich man's house, uttering smothered imprecations, the banker came out under

Then, says Nick hoarsely, as though try-ing to subdue the devil within him: "You've five hundred dollars of my money. Sallie is dying, pay ten of it out, and I'll go away blessing you,"
"The bank is suspended," says the man

shortly. "Until the proper time comes you must wait. Such a fuss as you felows make. One would think it a mil-"Give me then a little, sir, ever so little. for charity's sake, if not justice."

"Not a dime now, not a dime."

"Then God judge between us," cries Nick Nevins. There is a blow, a fall, a stooping over a prostrate figure, a heavy, staggering form | ed the startling fact that it was the head

crumbs at his feet. Then comes the end.

bakery for a loaf of bread! Two mornings after they gave him his final trial. The State's attorney made short man to have been inside the animal with- care of how the smith is to get along. B

Guilty? Of course he was! Sentenced?

To be sure, as he ought to have been?
The estimable banker recovered. Nick went to the penitentiary. His wife was buried in the Potter's field, and the miser-

Select Miscellany.

A Bad Temper.

nobody cares whether we are pleased or us the voungest mutton; our tradesmen dun us more quickly than other people because they know we are good-natured

per in the kitchen. Bad Language.

and our servants go out whenever they

How perverted, corrupted, debased, degraded, low and coarse must be the tastes, ensibilities and moral feelings of men who allow then selves, without thought, without respect for the sanctities of religion or the requirements of common decency, to intermix their common conversation with horrible, revolting and blasphemous oaths and imprecations.

We write this in the parlor of a hotel n a city renowned for its intelligence, refinement and morality, and just under the window sit a company of men, whose conversation is marked in almost every senence by coarse vulgar oaths. Perhaps they are not conscious of being heard by any other party, and if so, much the worse, as they are now exhibiting themselves as they really are. Their true character is being made manifest. And how sad to witness such debasement of our common nature; such evidence of a total lack of reverence for all that the better portion of our race hold sacred, and lack of common decency as well. Wherever such men have influence, that influence is bad. They breed and spread more poison wherever they go, and are as destructive to the bodies. And yet for the vice there is no

In this as well as in other respects there is great need of reformation in many parts

The Skirt Grab.

There was the land "grab" and the salary "grab," but the most universal "grab" since the day the Children of Israel "grabbed" quails in the wilderness, is the one made nowadays by every man's wife or sweetheart, as she drops her left shoulder, handful of skirts, straightens up and moves off with a face full of holy and calm cantent, and an aureole of serene satisfaction promenade among the hypocrites and Pharisees, the "lower gude and rigidly

A Mammoth Beast.

DISCOVERY OF A MONSTER CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF A HUMAN BEING-LARGEST ANIMAL REMAINS EVER RES-URRECTED.

arthage (Mo.) Patriot.1 this theory is substantiated by the fact trip, and E, perhaps pays a little on the they? that the bones of the right side of the bill and says: "Come in the first of the skeleton were broken and mashed, appa- month." eight by four inches in size. There are on cash down he answered: two large molars and two blunt tusks on tusks the teeth are similar to those of six months."

was of the carnivorous class. Autumnal Tints.

WHY THE LEAVES CHANGE-IT IS NOT JACK FROST'S WORK. It is very curious to observe the reguhich we are told in the au tumn that "the first frost will change the to \$100,000 capital can "carry" a few debtthe struggle and tussle, of rabble, bulls and one dares to say a word, though ever so transformation took place in connection account. with the mercury at a low point, the whole affair is referred to the agency of Jack Frost. But why not refer to this prestid-When you undertake to do anything, be rich crimson of the velvet peach, and the purple of the plum? Many years ago this Fortune and fame are often lost by not error was pointed out by an eminent botanist, who showed that the gorgeous color of world of real work, real success, real conthe autumn leaf came in the regular pro flicts, real failures, real triumphs, real cess of ripening; and though botany is defeats. And let no one be so over configenerally studied in schools, the old notion dent in his own abilities as to look with comes back with the beavers every year indifference upon the difficulties before showing that error, in common with truth, him-the danger and trials that he must especially when supported by the vox pop. pass in order to reach the goal upon which uli, will "rise again," however deservedly his eye is fixed. Full and glorious success crushed to earth.

Leaves find their parallel in man, as already observed, and, like the human species, they may ripen suddenly. If, how ble to the production of bright forest-tones, Every one has noticed the unparalleled est. green of the "Emerald Isle," which becomes a pale sea-green in Scotland, a whiteish-green in the South of England and in France,-only to change to an ashen-green in Germany, and a sombre olive in the Italian States."

But we are remarking upon the variety dred and forty-hence our forests flash like the plane tree that "the Persian adorned with his mantles and jewels."-Appleton's Journal.

What the Microscope Reveals. Lewenbock tells us of an insect seen

with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen the cavities of a grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered openings the perspiration forces itself like better things. water through a seive.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a observing him pick up his tail, tuck it Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing over his left arm and saunter off on a on it, like cows in a meadow.

Our in Chicago gas is down to \$1.65 per 1000 feet.

One of the Causes of Hard Times.

MORAL: LET RICH MEN PAY CASH TO THE POOR MEN WHO DO THEIR WORK.

If the time ever comes when an American pays cash down for what he gets, there is a certain Detroit blacksmith, says the Mr. Henry Woodard owns a stock ranch Free Press, who wants to be alive and see in the Indian Territory, in the Peoria nation, on which is situated the big sulphur spring. The spring is surrounded by a quagmire, which is very deep and 'slushy," and so soft that it will not bear when the phenomenon. His business history is, perhaps, the business history of hundreds of others. He rents the shop. The landlord wants his rent the day it is due. He has to pay eash down for his iron, his coal, any considerable weight. Mr. Woodard and whatever else he uses in the shop. Up lately undertook to curb up the spring in to a day or two ago he ran three forges. order to get water more easily, and while His men have families, and must have working in the mire came upon what appeared to be an enormous bone. He at once began an examination which disclosed the startling fact that it was the head of some mammoth beast. His curiosity any hour in the day, and you will see from grass is to less her in a city like this, and hurrying unsteadily away.

"I've brought you life, Sallie! I've brought you bread! Look up, darling, I'd die for you, that I would. Sallie! Sallie! Oh God! she's dead, dead!"

of some mammoth beast. His curtosity was aroused, and with the assistance of three other men he began the work of excavation. For four days they worked, but did not succeed in bringing the monster to the surface. They threw off the mark, and hour in the day, and you four to a dozen vehicles there to be over-hauled, and the shoeing shop full of horses. The income of the shop is over \$200 per week. Not one patron out of a dozen has to the surface. They threw off the mark, and hour in the day, and you four to a dozen vehicles there to be over-hauled, and the shoeing shop full of horses. The income of the shop is over \$200 per week. Not one patron out of a dozen has paid eash down for his, work. They have sent it there without the least idea of payins bends, but there is no sob in his voice, giant. They found the skeleton well preding anything until the bill was sent in no tears in his eyes. Only God knows and served, and the immense teeth still set in Along about Friday the blacksmith gets understands the bitterness in his soul. The two little children left crawled to his side, dragging themselves along slowly, and decrease the jaws. The jaws were both in place into a buggy and drives around to collect. He has accounts footing up two, three or dragging themselves along slowly, and decrease the jaws. The earth was thrown off from four thousand dollars, some a year old, all voured the bread which had fallen in the body to the length of twenty feet, but against "good mea," as the phrase goes, still the gigantic skeleton remained be and the amounts ranging from 75 cents to neath. Three of the front ribs were fore \$35. He calls on A, and A takes the bill, The government, upon whose shoulders ed out and proved by measurement to be looks it over and says: "Come in again;" rest, as every thinking person knows, the each eight feet in length. The dirt was rewhole culpability of Nick Nevins' sin, steps
moved from the inside of the osseous other excuse. He may have had his hor-human being with 102 flint arrow points and 15 flint knives. The eranium indicated that it was the skeleton of an Indian. It would have been impossible for the man to have been inside the animal without having been swallowed by him, and this theory is substantiated by the fact.

ses shod three months before. He knows that the smith has had to keep up his rent, pay his men and put down cash for stock. The smith is poor, while he is rish, yet he hands the bill back without thought or care of how the smith is to get along. How did that come about? Some one saw, admired, made love and bore her away did there? structure, and there lay the skeleton of a ses shod three months before. He knows man found senseless, roosed: Nick Never and 15 flint knives. The eranium indi-ins breaking a fifty dollar bill at a corner and 15 flint knives. The eranium indi-bakery for a loaf of bread! pay his men and put down cash for stock. The smith is poor, while he is rich, yet he

> rently by force. The monster, therefore, must have been carnivorous, which is also with him last Friday and Saturday over proven by the teeth, which exhibit the marked characteristics of a fish eating beast. A large molar and two incisors, taken from the upper jaw, were exhibited week \$120 for rent, stock and labor, and to us at our office yesterday, the largest was thus \$120 worse off than the week be one weighing eight pounds and measuring fore. When asked why he did not insist

> "Let me make such a rule and my sho each side of each jaw, the teeth between the molars and the tusks are incisors, have would take it as an insult, yet here is a bill ing from two to six points and corresponding prongs to each tooth. In front of the which he has avoided paying for the last

The other day one forge was hauled off. articles left at the pawnbroker's provided tired of contending with him; the timid the bones indicate that they have been Thirteen vehicles needing repairs stood at The baby's burial exhausted their little is sure to have his own way. It is he who contact with the atmosphere. Every cir commands, and all others obey. If he is a gourmand, he has what he likes for dinlargest animal remains ever resurrected, over \$2,000 in cash for labor, stock and so worth \$300,000, but the accounts can be bought for fifty cents on the dollar.

There is a general cry that business is flat, and men are wondering when it will revive. Perhaps the way to revive business is for men to pay their debts. Perhaps a still better way would be to pay cash down. Firms representing from \$10,000 color of the leaves," whereas the frost has ors, but the 500 small concerns who have eye was surprised with the spectacle of the world well nigh on fire; and since this creditor gets discouraged and cancels the

What You Do, Do Well.

When you undertake to do anything, be never yet did crown the languid and indiffent exercises of the powers of mind and body. It acquires effort to push one's craft against the current of rivalry, joalever, any one chooses to make a mystery of the intensity of the autumnal colors, there should be no great difficulty in explaining the account. the variety. Indeed, the apparent superiority over the strength of color in the folioge on the Continent of Europe may be attributed chiefly to this variety. In Great wealth and fame, has lost every promise of Britain the climate is evidently unfavora- success, and is in far more danger of altimate disaster than the tempest tossed marbut in parts of Germany the brilliancy of certain kinds of leaves is quite equal to that of the corresponding varieties in North

Be in earnest; meet the difficulties which America. At the same time the greens of Europe are quite different from those of our own land, where beginning with a versary find you sleeping or dreaming of burnt green in the Sonth, we pass north- an easy conquest. Too much confidence ward along the Atlantic seaboard, reaching in one's power's is fatal to success, and the true green of the greatest of the hayproducing States, the State of Maine. faithful, be true, be kind, be firm, be earn-

American Girls.

Your true American girl is a very charming being. Like all creatures rear ed in freedom, she possesses an untaught grace and vigor of mind as well as of body. of the autumnal tints in our own country.

This is explained by the fact that, while pean prototype, pulled about by hidden in Europe there are only forty trees that attain to a height of thirty feet, in North America there are no less than one hun.

Bred amid the healthful atmosphere of a social system of exceptional purity, res pected, honored, and guarded from baby hood by chivalrous natures that surround her, she learns to think and act for her self, and to think and act aright. It is well nigh impossible to overestimate her influence on our social system. Reared at her side the American youth grows up with an instinctive reverence for and dealy purity. The salons to which she lends the charm of her winning graces and youthful sweetness are more potent for good than were the salons of Recamier or De Stael. The love that she inspires is a young man's best shield against tempts tion. She does not herself understanded the smilling maiden—what good she has done and is doing every day. Yet her white image has waved back many a youth her, she learns to think and act for her with scales like a fish; a single grain of done and is doing every day. Yet her sand would cover one hundred and fifty of white image has waved back many a youth gracefully, swings the upper half of the body around toward the rear, "grabs" a hundred pores. Through these narrow eyes lent light to the comprehension of

LIGHTNING struck a hive of bees in was probably cribbed from the devil, by observing him pick up his tail, tuck it

Market trop of segment with the counterance. The idea world of living creatures, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing came out of that hive quicker than it went in and shot off into space with its tail between its legs. Moral—Never pick a
quarrel when you are not acquainted with
the folks.

" A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE P

Miss Mary Von Blum, mod

Herr Von Blum lives on Hasting's street. He has a little cottage of his own, he ranes a little cooper shop of his own, and up to a day or two ago he had a good looking eighteen year old daughter of his own. But he hasn't any now. As he sadly remarked to the removater vectories sadly remarked to the reporter yesterday:

"Det leedle gal whose name whis Mary,
Hash broken our hearts and left us sad.
She rundt away mit is man named Berry and
Mine frou gries, and I am mad."

He had a little cow of his own in addiso he said to his blue-eyed daughter:

"Go drife det con a mile er niere off off

"Go drife dot cow a mile or mere
Until you find good grass;
And watch her sharp der whole day long
Dill night shall come to pass."

She hied away to her task, wearing a
new pink sun bonnet, the whitest of
aprons and looking as saucy as she could
from her merry blue eyes. Most any day
during July, she might have been seen
along Beaubien and Brandy streets, delving the cow from place to place or braiding a straw hat in the shade as the animal

"And she didn't get bitten by a snake, did she?" asked the reporter.

The old man shock his head sadly and remarked 1

"I tell you now just how it whas,
You see dot fellow, Berry,
He liked dat gal like dunder, and
He wausted her to marry.

He comes around and speaks to me, Und says: "Old Meester Binm, I likes to be your son-in-law— Yea sir, I should by gum."

Vell, I whas mad, for don't you see, He doesn't own a cent; And queek about his pees-i-ness Dis loafer he did went." "And you told Mary that she must smash her love to smithers, forget him and wait till you had time to pick out a model

man, eh? "I took that gal mit the cooper-shop, And told her shust like so: Bef you don't let dot man alone.

Into der grafe you go! Und Mary winhed her eyes shust so, Und said he was a fool— D & she whas only shuking him, Shust like he vhas one mule.

Don I feels better, und Lsaidt:
"To-morrow you shall go
Down to some store on Gratiot street
For a dress of calleo." "And she went, did she?"

He wiped a tear from his eye, he lean-ed mountarly on his shaving horse and them to be honest. We have no : beilger "She took dot cow away next day,

Shust like she always did, Und she also found der seeres blace Vhere my spare cash was hid. Some forty dullar bills she took, Und while dot cow was feeding,

Der cow is lost—our Mary's gone, Und so's my forty dollar, Und when I tinks of all dose things, I cannot help but holler.

Mine from the weeps der whole day long, Und in my cooper-shop, I sit upon dis shaving-horse, Und cannot strike a pop.

If she'll come back I shall forgive, Und take dot Berry in.
Und der cooper peesness it shall grow
Like dunder-blitzen blin.

A Hornet's Nest for a Bustle A correspondent from Zionsville relates the following ludierous incident:

A very funay incident happened at one of the recent pienics near this place. It appears that a certain young lady had the misfortune to lose her bustle. While

wandering through the woods she saw an old hornet's nest and she remarked to her female companion, "What a beautiful bustle that would make," and suggested that it be used for that purpose. The suggestion was acted upon and the horner's nest ad justed in the place that should have been justed in the piace that such a property ornamented with the bustle. The young lady walked off, highly elated with her new patent, but also for human hopes, it seems that the horacts were not all away from home and not exactly understanding the state of affairs they began to investi-

gate the matter. Suddenly a succession of unearthly screams atte-ted the vigor with which the hornets conducted the investigation. A. young man was attracted by the screams of the young lady, and the rapid masser in which that bustle was removed would have done credit to a streak of greated lightning. The young man says that the rapidity with which a pair of striped stockings flow through the air so blended the colors that he imagined he saw all the colors of the rainbow. The young lady, has come to the conclusion that the old kind of bustle is the best, and she intends to discard all the new patents in that line.

An Irishman's Will,

In the name of God, amen! I Timothy Doolan, of Barrydownderry, in the County Clare, farmer, being sick, wake on my legs, but of sound head and heart, Glory be to but of sound head and heart, Glory God!—do make this my first and in and ould and new testament. First, I give my sowl to God, when it places him to take it—shure no thanks to me, for I can't help it then—and my body to be buried in the ground at Barrydownderry chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before I'll lave them to his wife, who ded a week before him; I bequesthe to all mankind the fishes of the sea they can take, and all the birds of the air they can shoot. I lave to them all the sun, moon, and scars. I lave so Peter Rafferty a pint of pothern I can't finish, and may God he moreyful to

In is enough to bring team to the eye