The Huntingdon Journal

J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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for all subsequent insertions.

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Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap128, 76.] CEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street I Huntingdon, Pa. G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building G. No. 520, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12.7] J FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney at Law, Hunting J. don, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office, 229 Penn Street, corner of Court House Square.

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Harney's Barns, Out-Buildings, and Feno

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

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such as Pos and Visiting, Order Booker's Cards, It, etc., etc., hiladelphia, a in the State.

workmen, an our Job Ro est styles of New Type, Borders, inds of material necessary for the OFFICE, we are prepared to do sters of any size, Circulars, Busing Cards, Ball Tickets, Programsks, Segar Labels, Receipts, Legal Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Pameto., etc., Cur prices are and our work will compare favore. We make it a point to employ and will not permit an apple butter Rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed in treatments.

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All business letters should be

Printing.

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EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

--IN--THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING

No. 212, FIFTH STREET, HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA

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TO ADVERTISERS:

CUNNING SCHEMES A CRUSOE FOR LOVE

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD. The clocks of a great American city were striking the hour of six one cold No-

vember night, when two men alighted from a carriage and entered a cosy office room, on the second floor of a pretentious building. One might have been dubbed a sailor

by his tell-tale gait, the other, richly clad, looked like "a man of the world." He He was his companion's junior by ten years. The gas was burning faintly in the office which they invaded, and a hand, incased in an elegant glove, turned the full blaze

"Take a seat, captain," he said to the dropped awkwardly into an arm-chair, near of the calls. a green baize table.

secrecy and dispatch."

"Certainly; I have taken the proper bearings. Only insure my cargo. That is bearings. Only insure my cargo. That is considered to the state of the s all I ask, Mr. Hollam." James Hollam, the wealthy young law-

yer, smiled, and looked pleased at the speaker. "The cargo can be on board the Princeton by twelve to night," he said.

"That will do. Have you any amend ments to the instructions which you gave "None; I still consider them perfect.

The success of the scheme devolves upon yourself, captain." "Then rest easy concerning it. I ask but a good voyage, and I will make a Robinson

Crusoe of him.' The Island? Where is it, captain? Or have you decided upon a sketch of main-

The captain of the Princeton did not reply, but drew a dingy-looking roll from his pocket and spread it out upon the ta-

It was a chart drawn by some clumsy hand, but forcible and distinct. "There!" said the captain, almost covring a crochety island with his finger, there is his prison. A man could live there for forty years without seeing a hu-

man face." James Hollam's face lit up with exulta-

"What do you call it?" he asked, glancng up at the weather-beaten man. 'It has a name, I believe. The natives on the mainland have dubbed it Ququeech, which means, as well as I can translate their gibberish, "The Land of the Bad Spirits." They never visit it, and a prisoner within its confines cannot escape by

swimming." "What does it produce?" Fruits of many kinds. Wild goats inhabit the hills, serpents whose bite is death, crawl through its little jungles, and a fierce species of the puma roam from shore to

"A terrible place !" said James Hollam with a shudder. "But it seems to suit my purpose."

"The very place for him," said the sailor with a smile. "He may be a Crusoe until he dies, and no man will ever find his

island? "I am quite sure! for very many years it has had the reputation of being haunted. If you are fearful, I will drop him on the

"Are you sure that no ships touch the

mainland.' "No, no! The island by all means!" said

Hollam quickly. "I am quite willing to risk him there." The captain folded the chart and return-

ver had placed on the table. "I have been wondering about this affair of ours," said the sanor, seeming at into the luxurious chair, and looking at wealthy house. "So fair of ours," said the sailor, settling back you know that I am going to sail at daybreak with the strange passengers, and I not far from the coast of Madagascar. The trust you will overlook my inquisitiveness. vessel bore the American colors from the Shiver my timbers if I can penetrate the

velope, which you are not to open until you are at sea," said the lawyer. bound to tell you anything about him; but | with eyes fastened upon the ship. He was since we have got along so well together, I dressed like and carried the manners of a might venture upon the grounds of my se- gentleman, but did not speak except in re-

ask you something about this man, this

Mainsail, the ship's captain, bowed obsequiously, and crossing his brown hands on

"This man is my enemy," James Hollam said lowering his voice. "He stands between me and position, wealth, and, what a good-sized tent. He watched these prois more valuable, captain, the heart and ceedings without a word, and steppe hand of the faiaest woman in this great ashore at a sign from the boatswain. city."
"A love affair after all," grinned the old extending his hand.

salt. "I could have wagered my anchor that a pair of bright eyes were at the bottom of the matter. He stands between you name."

"Mr. Victor is dead now. That is not my and the eyes, Mr. Hollam?"

care that for eyes !" and the speaker snap- anxious to part with their late passenger ped his fingers. "I cannot rise without possessing her, and I swear to you that, laying all my ambition aside, I still love her passionately. I would do anything to gain her heart. No! I would not commit shall not murmur; but I would that I The time of departure has come;
And the eyes of fond watchers shall see me no more,
Till they gaze into mine, on you far away shore,
When we meet in our beautiful home. murder.'

"But you would send your rival to Ququeech island!" laughed the sailor. "Just so-no more than that," was the "I do not think that he knows that I love that one woman-therefore, he will not know from whence the blow comes. With him beyond my path, victory is as-

In your night time of pain I shall stand
By your couch, as you stand by me now,
And in dreams, when you feel the soft touch of my sured.' "Then you can rejoice, for I will see that hand, You will think the cool breezes of heaven have he never returns."

"Mark you, captain," said Hollam, touching the sailor's arm. "No violence

sir. I do not want a drop of his blood "I understand. From this night his name with us must be linked with that of

Ququeech."

James Hollam did not reply. He seemed to sound the depths of the sea captain's sentence, and for a moment they paled his cheek. But wine brought the color back again; and when the pair went down the steps, and out into the cold wind, each had

an unsteady gait, and the city clocks were striking nine.

They walked together until they reached a street which extended to the dock. Then

Hollam held out his hand. "I won't see you till you return," he said as Mainsail swallowed the hand in his broad palm. "Good-bye, captain. Do your duty. 'Tis all I ask."

"I never do less; I cannot do more." was the reply, and the next minute they turned their backs upon each other.

Buttoning the uppermost button of his chinchilla coat so as to keep the cold wind from his throat, James Hollam walked rapidly down the almost deserted street. He had drawn his heavy hat over his face until little of it was visible, and his actions seemed to indicate that he did not court cognition.

He was well-known throughout the city as a young man of means, one of the favor-ite beaux of society, and a lawyer of brilliant promise. Few among his intimate acquaintances were aware that he had fallen blindly in love with Agatha Gorham, the belle of the wealthy and fashionable circles of society. The young lawyer kept his passion to himself, until he discovered that a rival steed boldly in the path that led to the beauty's heart. He had learned at the club rooms that Ford Wingfold was a frequent visitor at the Gorham house; but man of the sea, and the party addressed he did not open his eyes to the importance

He lived on, worshiping the radiant wo a green baize table.

"Did I understand you to say you sail at daybreak?" the young man asked anxiously. "You know, captain, that this is an affair that must be carried on with much secrecy and dispatch."

"And, after all, you have rejection. Through her he could step into fame without long study at the bar. Thus You know where my heart is."

> But the discovery came at last, as it it were, from the rapturous bliss of his dreams, and found Ford Wingfold, the proaway. At first the anger of a moment got with Wingfold," the old man said making the best of his manhood, and he resolved his words keen by emphasis. that his rival should not live to win the going to become of you?"

> battle; but he listened to calmer, but cunning reason. He could meet the world-his own giddy, fashionable world-with calm exterior; for to it he had never confessed his adoration of the voluptuous beauty. He would strike Ford Wingfold secretly, but none the father said, rising in his anger and

and win the prize. In the person of Captain Mainsail, the reader has just seen, he found an apt tool. He would not spill a drop of his blood; but he would consign him to an island which was never touched by a white man's foot. And there the hapless tourist might end his days, Crusce-like, among the goats, dreaming dreams that maddened him in the night, and thinking

till he raved through the day. We left James Hollam walking rapidly down the street, while Captain Mainsail was hurrying towards the dock where his gig rocked on the waves.

All at once the lawyer halted and gazed at the vehicle that was approaching. Its wheels were revolving with great rapidity, for the horses were galloping fast. The curtains were closely drawn, and no sight of the inmates could be obtained. But was the man on the seat that attracted the lawyer's attention. His face was muffled; but a flash of recognition lit up Hollam's eyes, and when he saw the coachman's hand lifted as if to deliver a preconcerted signal, an exclamation of triumph unheard

by any ears save his own, parted his ended at the foot of the dock, and James Hollam watched it until it receded from

"So far, good!" he said, as he started on again. "Good-bye, Ford Wingfold. I will think of you in your distant home. Bon voyage, my dear friend." He knew that his rival was in that close

curtained carriage, for the coachman had signaled him to that effect. Flushed with anticipated success, the plotting attorney pursued his way, planning

for the future, and at last he reached the elegant apartments which he inhabited. He toasted his feet before the ruddy fire, quaffed a glass of his favorite night wine and retired to dream of the victim of ed it to his pocket, after which he helped his wifes, who was being conveyed on board himself to some choice wine which the law. the brig Princeton in a state of stupefac

Captain Mainsal fulfilled his contract to

the letter. One day a ship came to anchor near little island which lay like a tropical gem mizzen peak, and was a stately and beautifog which lies dead before me. May I ful craft. After awhile a boat put off from her side and pulled for the island.

With the exception of a single individual the occupants of the boat were sailors .-The exception was a handsome but care "I am not worn man who sat in the stern of the craft ply to the boatswain, who occasionally addressed him.

The boat at last touched the shore, and the strange man rose. He stood erect with folded arms, while the men unloaded several small chests, a gun, some ammunition and "Good-bye, Mr. Victor," said that worthy

"Victor?" said the other, with a smile.

The sailors exchanged looks of wonder-"Between me and her heart. I do not ment which made the boatswain very could stretch my hand across the waste of water that lies between this place and my

> work this is ?" "I don't know anything," was the reply, and the boatswain stepped into the boat. "I am simply doing my duty, as I learn it from the captain."

home. Mr. Arthur, do you know whose

"I do not blame you, Mr. Arthur," the exile said. "But I want you to know that I know who sends me to this tropical prison. James Hollam !"

Mr. Arthur, the boatswain, did not answer, but gave commands for the boat to in the manner described?" Dismissing as return to the ship, and waved the exile— an irrelevant and impossible idea that of Ford Wingfold—good-bye.

The little craft gradually receded from

the lone watcher's sight, and at last reached the vessel. Night speedily came down upon the island, and the victim of man's wiles, longed, with biting eagerness, for the dawn.

When it came he cast his eyes heavenward, but no ship met his vision. The Princeton was gone!

Days and weeks passed wearily to Ford
Wingfold, the Cruso for love. By degrees

he became reconciled to his fate, and at the end of a year wore garments fashioned from the skins of the wild goats which he had brought down with his gun. But a strange adventure occurred to him

one day. It gave a new shape to his destiny.
Whilst cooking his morning meal, he was suddenly thrown to the ground by some one from behind, and almost before he could recover from his confusion was lashed to a tree. Then he discovered that he had fallen into the company of a number of dark skinned and hideous looking men, who carried war clubs, shields and spears,

and were almost naked. They uttered words entirely unintelligible to the exile, would approach him in a threatening manner, and laugh demoniacally at his white face.

Ford Wingfold did not stop to wonder where the dreadful fellows had come from. He felt that his life was in jeopardy, and expected to be brained by the knotty war-clubs, or transfixed by the long spears. But he was suddenly torn from the tree, lragged to a boat and carried from the island amid the exultant shouts of his

The captivity of Ququeech land had ended at last; but the exile did not know that he was not to die at the hands of the superstitious tenants of the coast of Madagascar

"And, after all, you have rejected him "I have, father, I could not love him

"Your heart? I do not think that you possess one."

The proud and beautiful Agatha Gor "I thought you would marry Mr. Hol-

fessional tourist, about to snatch the prize lam, and blot out your unfortunate affair

"If he comes back I am going to marry him!" Agatha answered firmly. "If he comes back ?" echoed Mark Gorham. "Suppose he never comes back?" "Then I'll never wed. There!" "You're a stubborn daughter, Agatha

the less surely, and then he would go on scratching his scrawny hands as he gazed into his child's face. "For a dollar I would cut you off and throw you into the and enabled him to gain his remarkable street. But no! I am your father. Listen to reason, and-"

"And marry James Hollam?" "That is not asking too much." "I have told him that I would not. never will."

For a moment longer Mark Gorham continued to regard his daughter, then he turned suddenly on his heel, and, muttering incoherent words, strode madly from

Many months had passed since Ford Wingfold's forcible abduction, and his whereabouts had not been discovered. His absence was unaccountable to the belles and beaux of the circles in which he moved, and not a few thought that he had left of his own accord, to get rid of Agatha.

This was a cruel suspicion, harbored by some to whom Agatha's belledom had become distasteful. But the beauty herself clung to the love she had borne him, and, hoping for his return, saw the long days roll drearily away.

James Hollam entered his office one orning in no good humor. Rumors of world, which he has not seen for twenty rejection by Agatha had already reached | years. The carriage turned into the street that the ears of his friends, and he found himself placed in an unenviable light.

"Curse the busy bodies! They'll have it all over the city before they stop!" he exclaimed, as he picked up the Herald, and flung himself into an arm chair.

Then his eyes ran over the page before

him until he suddenly sprang to his feet "Coming home! coming back to send cable dispatch! It must be correct!"

task, the schemer read the following brief dispatch from Liverpool: "The steamer Rutland sailed for New York to day, carrying as passenger Mr.

ham, you were a prize worth contending for, and I was a fool to think that I could is only mothers that form men."

put an ocean between himself and the man | do for him. - Home Journal. he had so deeply wronged. But he did not remain unscathed. Cap

the lion of the day, and wedded the beautiful belle whose love had not deserted him a single moment during his terrible exile. know.

Select Miscellany.

Rise and Fall of the Land.

Occasionally the fluctuations of land may be exemplified to an extent which 'could hardly be expected, a fact well illustrated by the case of the Temple of Jupiter Ser-apis at Puzzuoli, on the Bay of Naples. This temple, now in ruins, dates from a very ancient period, three marble pillars remaining to mark the extent of what was once a magnificent pile of buildings. Half way up these pillars the marks of boring shell fish are seen; some burrows formed by these mollusks still containing the shells by means of which they were excavated. At the present time the sea level is at the very base of the pillars, or exists even be low that site. Hence arises the natural question-"How did the shell fish gain access to the pillars, to burrow into them the mollusks being able to ascend the dry pillars' two suppositions remain. Either full duty in this world when you pull your-the pillars and temple must have gone self into your shell and waddle around like down to the sea through the subsidence of the land, or the sea must have come up to the pillars. If the latter theory be entertained, the sea level must be regarded as isn't one good enough to be your wife.

historic period, we would expect not only to have had some record preserved to us of the calamity, but we should also have been able to point to distinct and ineffaceable traces of sea-action on the adjoining coasts. There is however, no basis whatever for this supposition. No evidence is forth-coming that any such rise of the sea ever took place; and hence we are forced to conclude that the subsidence or sinking of the land contains the only rational explanuch of the phenomena. We had thus went to work went to work the land contains the only rational explanuch of the subsidence or sinking of the macried, settled down and wives—the divorce court. nation of the phenomena. We had thus went to work. a local sinking of land taking place at

oldness and daring which have since distinguished him as one of the chief agents' and workers of the Vigilance Committee. He soon became a ferror of evil-doers, and

ing cold of a Utah winter up the Bear riv. | ward for the sake of wearing your name er valley to the encampment of the Snakes, and what little property you may have. Gibbon last year to the Yellowstone, and Horn mountains up to the scene of the Ellis, through a country swarming with Sioux, and Gibbon was about to order his nephew upon the hopeless errand, Beidler offered his services, and succeeded in his task. He is a man of forty, stout and prophecies in the books of Daniel and Zachgrizzled, but with a tender mouth, a voice as sweet as a woman's, a delicate hand and other romantic accessories to heroes of western adventure. When not on duty as a scout he can generally be found around Helena; at night invariably in newspaper offices reading the exchanges and listening eagerly to the news of the great outside

Mothers.

old age, "that it was my mother who caus- to surround Jerusalem and then will ensue ed to fructify the good which is in my soul." Cuvier, it is said, attributes to his seven menths to clear away the mountains mother all the pleasure of his studies and of dead bodies that will be heaped up in the glory of his discoveries. "I used to the conflict. Armageddon will be the Scwith the whitest face ever seen in the room. draw under her superintendence, and read dan of Antichrist. It is quite possible that aloud books of history and general literame to the penitentiary!" he cried. "What ture. It is thus that she developed in me The young Prince at Chiselhurst is to leap" into matrimouy. in the name of fate can this mean? A that love of reading and that curiosity for come to the French throne under Ultraall things which were the spring of my montane influences and he will restore the Calming himself, which was no easy life." Byron's mother, a woman "full of Napoleonic dynasty. Out of the present caprice and pride, whose narrow mind was war and a coming war between France and only expanded by vanity, hatred and revenge, who pitilessly made a jest of the natural infirmity of her child," engrafted venge, who pitilessly made a jest of the natural infirmity of her child," engrafted Empire. It is then that the great Anti-Ford Wingfold, the well-known American in his heart her corrosive passions, and tourist, whose mysterious disappearance made his life a curse to himself and to Ford Wingfold, the well-known American tourist, whose mysterious disappearance from American society created much complete his genius. Lamartine, tourist, I types out that he was sheet was sheet the light of a lamartine, and the light of a lamartine, the light of a lamartine, and the light of a lamartine, the light of a lamartine, the light of a lamartine, and the light of a lamartine, the lamartine lamartine and the lamartine lamartine lamartine and the lamartine lamarti ment at the time. It turns out that he over whose cradle was shed the light of a Bonaparte becomes the next Pope, (which had been abducted by an enemy. His ad- tender m ther's love, under her tuition Rev. Mr. Baxter believes is settled.) that ventures have been strange and thrilling."

James Hollam crushed the paper ia his hand when he finished the paragraph.

"Wall Pro lest I transport a protection of the service of the serv "Well, I've lost! It was a pretty game, but somebody has spoiled it. Agatha Gorburns only for heaven." It has been said when 144,000 christians will be translated, "Good teachers make good scholars, but it and there will be more conversions to the for, and I was a fool to think that I could win you from Ford Wingfold. I wonder if he has any evidence against me. Captain Mainsail threatened to expose me because I refuse to listen to his exorbitant demands for money. Taking everything into consideration I think my safety lies beyond the limits of this city.

The plotter saved himself by flight, and the limits of this city.

The plotter saved himself by flight, and should; for this is a work that no one can A CONTEMPORARY tells of a young man

tain Mainsail, his tool, met him in Paris, who woke up the other night and saw a and administered a castigation with his ghost in his room. Seizing his six-shooter, brawny hands which the villain remembers he appaoached it and found it was his collar which was standing on the floor. He to this day.

Ford Wingfold returned to New York, calls it a case of collar in phantom.

RATHER ligneous weather-sticky, you

Wonder Who The're For?

My ma's been working very hard; And also very sly,
And keeps her sewing out of sight
Whenever I am nigh.
I asked her once what made her stop

She said she only stopped to get A needle, thread or pin. The bureau drawer next to mine Is locked both night and day, And when ma wants to open it She send me off to play.

Her work when I came in ;

I stole a peep one afternoon, Although it was not right; But, oh! the little things I saw Were such a pretty sight!

The cutest, nicest little clothes-Just big enough for doll; But then I know they're not for her-She needs them not at all. I know they're not for ma nor pa, Nor me nor brother "Hor," For we can't wear such little clothes; I wonder who they're for?

Dont's for the Bachelors.

Don's think you are performing your

a mud-turtle. Den't think that out of the millions of

having of necessity altered its level all along the Bay of Naples and along the Mediterranean coasts. And as this inundation would have occurred within the gouging down in the muck for you. Don't think you escape the greatest ills to have had some record preserved to us of of life by "going it alone." Just think of

Don't think because he had a little Puzzuoli. The old temple was gradually trouble in his family and raised a bad boy submerged; its pillars were buried beneath that you run the same risk. They didn't have any houses of reformation to put boys lusks of the adjacent sea bed fixed on the pillars as a habitation, and bored their way into the stone. Then a second geological change supervened. The action of subsite the substitution of subsite the waters of the sea, and the boring more have any nouses of reformation by put boys into then, or pen there any nouses of reformation by put boys into then, or pen there have any nouses of reformation by put boys into then, or pen to the put boys into the put boys into then, or pen to the put boys into the put boys in the put boys in the put boys into the put boys in the put bo change supervened. The action of subsidence was exchanged for one of elevation; and the temple and its pillars gradually rose from the sea, and attained their present level, while the stone boring shell fish were left to die in their homes. The surrounding neighborhood—that of Vesuvius—is the seene of constant change and alteration in land level; and the incident is

for his jovial disposition. From there he penses quite sufficient therefor, provided went to Montana and soon evinced the you marry a woman who has more sense

Don't think you will necessarily bave to "take care" of the wife you marry. In eight cases out of ten if wives didn't, by laugh and a joke for every one, and rather their better sense, "take care" of their fond of practical joking too. Still, he is a

as the most daring scout in the mountains. and then expect some gushing girl to open It was he who piloted Conners in the freez. a hospital and take you in as her special

Don't fool. Come down to business victory over the savages. It was he who Take you full part in life. Take some sis tracked the Piegans into the Teton moun- ter in out of the cold. Wash your face, tains and marked out the route which Ba- brush your teeth, pare your finger nails, ker's column pursued when he surprised dust up your wardrobe, set your eye on Long-horse's band in the gray dawn of a some girl with a level head and go straight winter's morning and literally swept them for her. If you mean business, and are a from the face of the earth. He followed clever fellow, she'll meet you about half way.

tracked for him a pathway across the Big Prophecy Respecting the End of the World.

riah, refers, he said, to the coming of riah, refers, he said, to the coming of Christ, who will shortly appear bodily ou killer? Bless his heart, who has the lates the Mount of Olivet and commence his styles in coats, hats, vests, is very particular thousand years' reign upon earth. Antithousand years' reign upon earth. Antithousand years' reign upon earth. Antichrist would be a man like Jerome Naphleon, who on promises of peace will rise upfrom a nobody into a greatking, the monarch referred to in Daniel ii, 36. The abomination of this rule will only last three years and a half. In that time he will conquer the world and make a seven years covenant with the Jews. When half that covenant with the Jews. When half that ion (of his dress) and considers he confers a period is at an end, the great Antichrist is great favor if he condescends to be the escort to surround Jerusalem and then will ensue of some lovely girl, who, for genuine good the battle of Armageddon, and it will take Rather truth in one generation than have been Whatever we may think of this preaching and prophesying, it is quite phenominal taken in connection with the wars and rumors of wars, the wonders in the heavens,

> ALL sects are different, because they the same, because it comes from God.

days in which we live.

the marvelous inventions of men, the

strange discoveries, and all the extraordin

ary awakenings, wonders and horrors of the

For the JOURNAL.]

HOW TO CHOOSE A PARTNER FOR LIFE-

Marriage,

BACHELORS OLD AND ROUE. We wonder what would have become of the world had it taken the advice of Hamlet to Ophelia, "We will have no more marriages," and also that other command of the Danish Prince to his forlorn and forsaken affianced, "Get thee to a nunnery." Well it is not saying too much to assert, without fear of contradiction, that had both these injunctions hear strictly adhered to the world would have tradiction, that had both these injunctions been strictly adhered to, the world would have ceased to exist, or rather the people in it, and this majestic globe of our would only be inhabited, humanely speaking, by the apes and monkeys, of which, according to Darwin's theory, we are only a more elevated species.

This theory, to be sure, may shock the nerves of our "swells" and "belles," and they would no doubt feel anything but complimented by Mr. Darwin's apeish ideas; but our purpose to-day is not to discuss the origin of the human family, but rather to dilate, for a short time, on the all important topic of

time, on the all important topic of MARRIAGE. There can be no doubt of the enormous im-There can be no doubt of the enormous importance of this subject to society in general, and candidates for matrimony in particular, "Who shall I marry.?" is the vital question to those, who in the bright lexicon of youth can find no such word as fall; and yet, alas! how many sad failures do we see every day of those who are married, but not mated. The failure to find happiness appears of the second of the women who perambulate this globe there isn't one good enough to be your wife.

Don't think if you resolve to lead your of wisdom and foresight in the selection of a

life partner.
We can no more expect the most discordant elements in nature to amalgamate, as to ex-pect that two human beings, not only of oppo-site sexes—but totally opposite tastes and ideas, can, by miracle of the marriage ceremony, be fused into one, and made to forget those

OUR BACHELORS

are a varied and numerous class in society and we believe those of them that possess the qualities requisite to make good husbands would be much better married than single; but what are these qualifications? They do not consist in low vulgarity, fast living, passion for gaming, slang talk, saloon frequenting, and other abominable habits which totally unfit

rounding neighborhood—that of Vesuvius
—is the seene of constant change and alteration in land level; and the incident is worth recording, if only to show how the observation of the apparently trifline labors of shell fish serves to substantiate a grave and important chapter in the history of the earth.—Chamber's Journal.

A Daring Scout.

The hero of the following article is native of Middletown, Dauphin county, this State. He kept a hotel in Chambers burg many years ago, and was then noted for his jovial disposition. From there he

THE JOLLY BACHELOR. There is another gent of this species. Bachelor," he who sets the table in a roar, "hail fellow well met" with everybody, has a that region, published a few years ago, and of whom he was a guest when he visited Philadelphia in 1875.

Among the wounded in Gibbon's fight with the Nez Perces was the General's famous scout, Beidler, known far and wide as the most daring scout in the scout daring scou

"An unmitigated bore" is your bachelor who is eternally boring you with the latest news of his conquests at the last ball or party among the ladies—of course they are all "dying" about him—and there was so many grand, rich and beautiful girls who danced with him, laughed with him, and to hear him talk of himself is one of the greatest inflictions one can be subjected to. Then he knows everything, and everybody—and has been every where. Talk of Paris, and he quotes Rome! of Venice, and he boasts of his intimate knowledge of Milan, and the Milanese ! of the White Mountains, and he bursts forth about the majestic grandeur of the Alps l or if you venture to speak of some distinguished acquaintance he leads off by claiming close friendship with everybody from Gen. Grant to Garibaldi; from

only that the "dress oft proclaims the man," but also that the "tailor makes the man." refinement and culture—is his superior in every respect? Well, we fear that neither the old bachelor, nor the jolly bachelor, nor the bore bachelor, nor still less the fashionable bachelor is the one in our opinion to make a good husband. Girls, beware of them all

and "look well" before you make the "fatal Corporations Without a Heart.

lization had come mainly through its rulers and employers, we should be met with pretty universal incredulity, if not with indignant protest.

The example which directors and managers

have set to those in their employ has not here a good one. The men who have done the hard work of the railroad have looked on and

seen others get rich by illegitimate means.
They have seen whole boards of directors drop lies. They have seen roads in ruingus competition with each other, while they are compelled to do their work at small wages. They have been made to work upon the Sabbath, and have been practically shut away from all religious instruction by those who, with sanctimonious faces and convenients others con-

timonious faces and conveniently obta sciences, have "taken sweet counsel to and walked to the House of God in company."
The railroad corporations are very few that have manifested the slightest interest in their

All sects are different, because they come from men; morality is everywhere the same, because it comes from God. employes beyond getting out of them what it was possible to get for the consideration agreed upon.—Scrioner.

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

Huntingdon, Pa.

The Muses' Bower.

By the River. Oh, how can you ask me to stay In a valley of weeping like this? There is rest even now for the suffering clay; I can see from the brink of the river, to-day, The regions of infinite bliss.

And yet I shall often be near,
Though my form you shall never descry;
My footsteps so noiseless, no mortal may, hear,
Not the rustling of wings shall disturb any ear,

And off in your loneliest hours
I shall come in low whispers of love,
To turn your sad thoughts to thevergreen bowers,
The roses and lilies, and sweet-scented flowers
That bloom in the Eden above.

With angels are walking in white, In the land afar off, rich with glories unteld, Where the ransomed the "King in His beauty" be

How strange that we mortals so cling
To earth life, and dread so to die!
The monster is vanquished and robbed of his sting,
And death is a solemnly glorious thing,
A gateway to mansions on high.

Then ask me no longer to stay
In a country of sorrow l ke this;
I am ready to cross the deep Jordan to day;
The immortal is longing to break from its clay,
And mount to the dwellings of bliss.

The Story-Teller.

To tell that a spirit is nigh.

fanned Your aching and feverish brow.

Where friends and companions of old

hold— Immortality shrouded in light!