The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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Burn's Architectural Drawing Book*
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Dead Shot; or, Sportsman's Complete Guide*...
Dead Shot; or, Sportsman's Complete Guide*...
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rdner's Carriage Painters' Manual.rdner's How to Paint*.yelin's Poultry-Breeding.uld's American Stair-Builder's*...

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per's Dog and Gun.....paper 30c.;; cloth.....
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Loring's Farm-Yard Club of Jotham'
Loth's Practical Stair Builders'
Lyman's Cotton Culture.
Manual of Flax Cultures'
Marshall's Farmer's Hand Books'
Merrick's Strawberry Cultures'
Miles on the Horse's Foot.
Miles on the Horse's Foot.

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

Printing.

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

The Huntingdon Journal,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, -IN-

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

TERMS:

\$2.00 per annum, in advance; \$2.50 within six months, and \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

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7, such as Posters of and Visiting Caro.

Cards, Bill Heads

etc., etc. ssary for the epared to do culars, Busits, Program-ceipts, Legal Heads, Pamr prices are compare favorate to employ apple butter part to employ

- COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY.

All business letters should be ad

The Muses' Bower.

Under the Violets.

BY OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES. Her hands are cold; her face is white; No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone, To plead for tears with alien eyes; slender cross of wood alone Shall say that here a maiden lies In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim,
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drops the dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run. And ripening in the Autumn sun, The acorns and the chestnuts fall, Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir will sing And every minstrel voice of Spring That thrills beneath the April sky, Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When turning round their dial-track, Eastward the lengthening shadows pass Her little mourners clad in black, The cricket sliding through the grass, Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees Shall find the prison where she lies, And bear the buried dust they seize In leaves and blossoms in the skies, So may the soul that warmed it rise

If any, born of kindlier blood, Should ask "What maiden lies below!" Say only this: "A tender bud, That tried to blossom in the snow, Lies wither'd where the violets blow."

That Clock.

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD. I have listened to the clock That hangs above my head; It's ticked away the livelong day,

And curious words it's said. It whispered first, "You love him;" Then softly sighed, "Take care! It called his name out clear and loud, Then murmured low, "Beware!"

It said, "He thinks not of you;" And then it said, "He dotes;" Then came a merry interlude Of crowing, chuckling notes. O wicked, wicked clock,

To tell my secrets so! I still my heart for very shame That you these things should know. I'll take you from the wall;

I'll tie your naughty hands; I'll draw a veil across your face, And doom to garret lands,

Unless you quick repent, And tick back every word, You never more shall see the light Where you such scandals heard.

-N. Y. Evening Post A Temperance Story.

"What is it Ruthie? Are you angry tall, gentlemanly and kind, said in a low, that you won't kiss me good night?" a fine old mansion and looked into the but whisky won't help you." black eyes of Ruth Ward, to whom he was engaged to be married, who stood a little at the man wildly; "it has already been back in the shadow of the hall and refused my ruin; but what can I do? to kiss him good night.

cannot kiss a man whose breath is contam- said the man, in a soft fatherly tone. inated with liquor." The young man dropped his eyes, and a was a gleam of hope in his face.

blush stole up his brown cheek, and then he offered the same excuse that all men in his own. offer when they first commence to tamper with strong drink.

rom taking a glass of wine, and I made a heart cheered me, and a kind hand led me vow, when I saw him in his coffin, that I into a better path, and it is my greatest your breath, scented with wine, calls to my and uncommon ability, soon raised him to emory, you would understand better my a high position in society. irmness and determination."

"and I think you will for my sake be ab- and the position of head book-keeper was stemious in the future, and I wish you given him. Months passed on, and he bewould sign the pledge. You have drank came the handsome, elegant gentleman he wine often of late, though I did not fully was before the wine cup maddened him, realize it until to day, and if you do not and many a young girl felt the blood rushabstain from it now, I must refuse your at- ing to her face when she heard his step or tentions in the future."

stand by me and try to keep me from highest ambition and hope was to make temptation; but, instead, you are driving himself worthy of her love, and then seek me to destruction."

"Listen to me, Henry," said Ruth, her eye glistening, and her voice trembling. - temperance convention called him to his You say I do not love you, because I native city. will not sacrifice my happiness and welfare, and that of others, for you when you will discovered, and he had often addressed not make the slight sacrifice for me of meetings on the subject of temperance, signing the pledge. Reason is as necessary hoping thereby to save some soul from dedestruction when you are determined not to address the meeting was very fair and drunkard's grave?"

continually, I cannot well refuse it."

this request ?"

anguish: He walked slowly down the steps and along smile. the graveled walk. More and more his feelings softened, and before he had reached | night, he received the good-night kiss, and | his "castle in the air," built at so great a

"A glass of wine shall not separate me from my darling Ruth. I can much easier dispense with that than with her love, and

I will sign the pledge to morrow, and we will be happy again." He entered the house and was passing

to his room, but a young man opened a door and stepping into the hall, said pleasantly: "That you, Harland? walk in a moment, want to speak with you."

"It is too late," said Henry, passing on but the young man urged, and finally grasping his arm, he half dragged him into the apartment. "You shall have a taste of this wine."

a glass ready for you."
"No, I thank you," said Henry looking, as he said this, longingly at the wine.—
"No, Darte, I don't wish for any wine tonight"

"Well, but taste of this," said Darte; he may be a tru atraid of death. give me your opinion of it. I say it is the best wine ever made " Henry drank, not only the first, but nore and more, until his good resolve was

forgotten and he staggered to his room .--The next morning he awoke with a ball headache and a guilty conscience.
"I cannot see Ruth to day," he said,
"nor sign the pledge, while last night's indulgence is so near, but in a few days,

when this has passed by, we will be good

friends once more and I will not drink again." Had he gone at that moment, confessed his fault, and pledged himself to abstain thereafter, he might have been saved; but he listened again to the voice of the tempter and fell, and the drunkard's seal was upon him. A few months after he had heard Ruth Ward's farewell, he fled from his native city, determined to change his course and be again a man. A thousand times he thought of her warning, and a thousand times resolved to drink no more; but every time his resolution was broken, and at last,

disgraced and despised, he fled, no one knew whither but himself. The twenty thousand dollars which were his six months before, were all gone; his dress was shabby, his eyes bloodshot and his form emaciated. From the car window he looked anxiously at every station, not

knowing when or where to stop.

At last he spied in a distance a beautiful village, made up of snow-white cottages, shaded with huge elms and poplars. It looked so quiet, and peaceful, and inviting, that when the train stopped at the station he alighted and gazed with a wistful, hungry look at the shady streets and quiet

How happy he might have been now, if he had listened to the words of Ruth Ward. It was the month appointed for their mar riage, and with how much anticipated hap piness had he looked forward to it. He was weak, and hungry, and heartsick, and he leaned against a pile of boxes near him and groaned in agony of spirit. A man

touched him on the arm.

'Look here, stranger," he said, "you look faint. Come around the corner, here, and get a glass of whisky." Ruth and Her Lover. He started at those words; his thirst was maddened, and he was about to follow man's direc ng when enother man

earnest tone : Henry Harland stood at the threshold of "Stranger, I see that you are unhappy

tempted on every side. I have no work, "I cannot kiss you, Harry," she said, no home and no friends." because you have been drinking; and I "I am the friend of just such as you," Henry looked up in surprise, and there

The kind gentleman drew his arm with-"Come with me," he said, away from these dens of murder and destruction, and "Is that it, Ruthie?" he said. I have I will give you every inducement to reonly been drinking a glass of wine that form. I read your history in your face, Mrs. Gleason offered me. You don't obect to that, for you know I don't drink." experience, for once I was a drunkard, and "Henry, my only brother was ruined | was tempted alike as you are; but a kind

yould never receive the attention of any desire to help all those who have fallen inyoung man who would trust himself to to temptation."

drink even wine, and feel that he was safe Henry had indeed found a friend. He in doing so. In the beginning is the time was soon at work and had joined a lodge to speak. The first glass is the one to of Good Ten.plars, in the village, and his avoid. If you knew what terrible anguish superior education, and refined manners

Mr. Ives, the gentleman who had be-"Then you are going to break our en- friended him was a merchant, and Henry gagement because I have drank a glass of was employed as clerk in the store. He wine?" said Henry disdainfully. kept this position but a short time, how"No, Henry, I love you," said Ruth; ever, for his abilities were soon discovered, kept this position but a short time, howfelt the clasp of his hand, but Henry had "You profess to love me," said he; "but not forgotten the black-eyed girl who had you do not, for love would induce you to so firmly refused his attentions, and his

> her out and make her his wife. . Several years passed away, and a great

His eloquence as a speaker had been as love, and how could I keep you from struction. The evening appointed for him to listen to me, but to go on in the very the attendance was large. Tall, graceful path which, I am sure, leads to ruin and a and manly, he bowed before the audience, and proceeded with his lecture! but he "You are too hasty, Ruth; your expe- had spoken but a few moments before he rience with your brother blinds you. Wine discovered a pair of black eyes fixed upon doesn't harm me, and as it is offered me him, the expressive black eyes of Ruth Ward. He hesitated a moment, embar-"Change your boarding place," said rassed and confused, then regaining his Ruth; Mrs. Gleason is doing more harm self-possession, he broke the thread of his

> At the threshold of the old mansion that find them man and wife.

Select Miscellany.

Words of Wisdom,

He that has no friend and no enemy is one of the vulgar, and without talents, power or energy.

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm

while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on our death bed.

find stomach for meat." by modesty, is amply compensated by the four gun ship ready for a two year's cruise he said, "the best you ever drank; here's prepossession it creates in our favor.

He who has guineas for his subjects, is,

unfortunately, the king of most men. A man may start at impending danger or wince at the sensation of pain; and yet he may be a true philosopher and not be under the furniture for the other (all of A passionate man should be regarded which comes from his having undressed the child the night before) he at length

with the same caution as a loaded blunderbuss, which may unexpectedly go off and do us an injury.

Too much sensibility creates unhappi-

He who surpasses or subdues mankind, must look down on the fate of those be-

The pitying tears and fond smiles of wo men are like the showers and sunshine of Knowledge is proud that he has learned

so much-Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any. The epicure, the drunkard, and the man of loose morals are equally contemptible; though the brutes obey instinct, they nev-er exceed the bounds of moderation; and besides, it is beneath the dignity of man wrench plumps solidly down on the top of

to place felicity in the service of his senses. He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it. .The beginning of anger is foolishnes and its end is repentance.

He who pretends to be everybody's friend is nobody's. If you do what you should not, you must bear what you would not.

The imagination is of so delicate a texture that even words wound it. If we lack the sagacity to discriminate nicely between our acquaintances and our friends, our misfortune will readily do it

to lay aside our prejudices; more volition cannot enable us to divest ourselves of long established feelings, and records the mostly made up of decision cannot enable us to divest ourselves of long established feelings, and records the mostly made up of decisions. established feelings, and reason is averse to laying aside theories it has once been

taught to admire. Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely avenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive, and it's finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little; a great deal may rouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure. The great man should retire occasionally from the stage to avoid wearying admira tion; for however brilliant the sun may

be, it would be wrong for it never to set. Distress Under the Confederacy.

In the course of a spirited and interesting paper on "Home Life in the Confed which appears in the Philadelphia Times, Mrs. M. P. Handy says, regarding the cost of existence in those days "If the Confederates 'did not die in the last ditch,' at all events they went nearer to it than most of them will ever care to go again. In the spring of 1865 a barrel of flour sold in Richmond at \$1,200, while a pound of bacon was worth \$15 and sugar \$75 a pound; turkeys were \$25 a pound; butter, \$50; eggs, \$30 a dozen, and apple five dollars a piece, while all the necessa ries of life were dear in proportion. There were those favored children of fortune whom want did not come near, but by far the greater number of Confederates learned from experience what actual hunger meant. Sherman's march to the sea, Sher idan's desolating tramp through the Valley of the Shenandoah, after which he boasted that, if a crow should fly across ing on with your foot in that shape ?" the fertile country from Staunton to Winchester, he must carry his rations with him or starve; these were the death wounds of the Lost Cause-want and hunger, the that pin in that way?" deadliest foes with which its armies had to grapple; and Jeff Davis himself virtually ended the conflict when he sent the provision train, which should have waited for exasperating sort of way. "I'd be ashamed Lee at Amelia Court House, on to Dan of myself," she continued, "to go on in air till thoroughly cooled if not slightly written the credentials of nobility. ville. Fitz Lee and his staff did not surrender at Appointation with the rest of the little bit of a baby. You've been making they are again chilled, and so on until in army, but made a daring and hopeless effort to find their way across the country to clothes look as if they'd been thrown on join Johnston. The next day they stopped for an hour at the house of the writer day's march on the journey to North Carolina. A hasty lunch was prepared the house after the liniment bottle, and for them, to which the staff did justice; but the General sat apart, his head bowed upon his hands, scarcely tasting the cup a state of meanness and mortification that, of 'real coffee' which had been made to do to spite himself, he goes off down town him special honor. Only once, except without his breakfast. when asking as to his route, &c., did he rouse himself; then a lady present spoke bitterly of the number of stragglers who had poured through the country, and past our gates. 'Madam,' he said, 'the men were not to blame; they fought like devils as long and longer than their rations held out; they never straggled until the officers told them to go and get something to eat. The rations from Amelia to Ap pomattex Court House were an ear of corn apiece for the men, nothing for the horses. Could men do more?

What is a Good Education. Edward Everett, the gifted orator, never spoke more truthfully than when utter than she dreams of in treating her boarders | discourse and related his experience. There | ing the following words: "To read the to wine. Go to Mrs. Andrews' to board. was a dead silence in the room, as the English language well, to write with des-She is a strong temperance woman. If handsome man told his past degredation, patch a neat, legible hand, and be master you love me, why will you not grant me his temptations, his broken resolves, and of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as his meeting with the good man who had to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every "You know I love you, Ruth, but you are befriended him. Not an eye in that great question of figures which comes up in prac unreasonable. I am in no danger and can assembly was free from tears, and when he tree-I call this a good education. And govern my appetite. You talk as though | had closed with an eloquent peroration of | if you add the ability to write pure gramwas very near a drunkard's grave." warning to young men, there was a momentum matrical English, I regard this as an ex-It was all in vain that careful, black-ment's silence, then cheer after cheer rent cellent education. These are the tools. eved Ruth pleaded with her lover, and the air, and men and women crowded You can do much with them. They are when she saw that pleadings were all in around the platform to clasp the hand of the foundation, and unless you begin with vain, she said, in a voice firm but full of the young orator. In vain he looked for these, all your flashy attainments, a little those black eyes which had inspired him geology, and all other ologies and osophies "Then dear Henry, farewell; I cannot to speak with such eloquence, they were are ostentatious rubbish." It is generally break my vow. My brother's dead face would come to haunt me. I pray that you may see the error of your ways—farewell." not there to greet him. Disappointed, he was about to depart, for the hall was nearnesses the error of your ways—farewell." ly empty, when he felt a touch on his arm, es." They omit the foundation, and build She was gone, and though Henry Har and turning beheld the black eyes full of up a vast and imposing structure of showy land called after her, she did not return. tears, but the red lips wreathed with a accomplishments. No sooner does a pupil of one of these schools attempt to enter upon the busy scenes of life, than he finds

down upon his ears.

Dressing the Baby.

MAN'S MEANS AND WOMAN'S WAYS-YOU KNOW HOW 'TIS VOURSELP

When a woman goes to work to dress a two-year old child she does it in a systematic, business-like manner, and without any noise or fuss; and before you know it the youngster is slid out of her hands with his face washed and hair combed, his clothon our death bed.

Franklin says, "A poor man must work to find meat for his stomach, a rich one to find stomach for most" find stomach for meat."

The unpleasant sensation that is produced the air of one who is getting an eighty-He collects the youngster's duds together in a heap, gathering them up from pretty much all over the house, and after a great deal of bawling for this, and sharp snapping inquires for that, and an unlimited amount of getting down on his knees and looking

sits resignedly down in a chair and with a feeble attempt at good-nature says:
"Come, Freddie, come to papa, and ness; and too much insensibility creates have your coses on.' The child, who is just then traveling around in his night-dress, and playing with a damp towel and a stove wrench, makes a

bee line for the door, full of a desire to escape into the next room.

"Come, Freddie, come to papa, like a good boy," says the father, with a brave

effort at patience. The child keeps on his course.

"Fred!" This sounds so much like business that the youngster stops, turns and tracking slowly up to the now stern browed parent, gradually gets within reach, when a sudden grab of his arm brings him into position where the damp towel slaps around on the father's clean shirt front, and the stove

his foot "Immortal Julius!" he screams in agony nursing his foot with one hand and sha king the poor innocent with the other; whereupon the innocent sets up an accompanying yell.

A voice from below, where the wife and

mother is busied in getting breakfast, joins in the chorus. "Olmstead Molleson, what on earth are

you doing to that child?"
"Ch, you be darned!" goes back the quick reply, in a short, ugly, desperate growl that silences all further inquiry.

Then the father, after rubbing his foot smooth porcelain buttons, a general misplacing of garments hind-side before, up-

side down, searches after the missing articles, and talk like the following: "Turn around !" "Stand still!" "Hold your arm up!" "Thunder and lightning! Can't you let

"Stop reaching!" "Up, I say !" "Can't you keep still ?"

"Where's that other skirt?" "Let go ! "Blast that button !" "Now, where the blazes is that pin?"

"Stand up!" "There, by thunder!" "Why don't you fall down and be done

with it?" "Stop your howling!" Stop

"Ouch! Devil take that pin!" "Let that be !" "Behave!" "Great scat !"

"Say, why don't you have four or five housand more buttons on your clothes?" "Now, where's that stocking?" "Keep your foot still !" "Say, keep-your-foot-still !" "By jove in Jerusalem!"

'Gimme the other foot!" "No, the other !" "Can't you see?" "Sanctified Solomon! what do you want to spread your toes all out for? How do the heavy dews consequent upon this ren- made to blossom, the seas have been covvou suppose I'm going to put your stock-

"Stop it !" "Stop it, I say !"

"Prow, wow! e-e-u! Who stuck "You of course," says a cold, thin cutting voice; and he glances up and sees his wife looking down on him in a taunting, that way and get so out of patience with a chilled. At the same hour on the next day noise enough to raise the dead, and the

with a pitchfork. Gimme him!" And he gets up sheepishly and sullenly, and after slamming and stamping around banging the doors and making as big a noise as he can, he works himself into such

"Please Charge This."

These three words are of immense importance to every head of the family. These three words are like three links in a chain which we forge for ourselves,

and every time they are repeated this chain becomes stronger and stronger. These three words add fifty per cent. to the cost of any article we purchase, for the and he can turn his money over several times before we can liquidate his claim he charges, in addition to the cash price, a profit for each time he might have used his money had we paid cash on the spot.

These three words, easily and pleasantly

make a man the object slave of the creditor. These three words should be blotted from every farmer's vocabulary. He cannot afford, of all men, to pay enormous in-terests, nor can be allow debts to accumulate when future and uncertain gains can only be relied upon. These three words need never be spoken

the daily routine of labor. MAN: "Do you think it would be safe for me to cross this pasture?" Maid: Well, the old bull don't like red very much, but if you chalk your nose I guess he won't attack you."

"THE funeral was all that could be exected," says an aged lady who looks upon these events with an artistic eye. "The his boarding house he said softly to him- the promise that the early spring should cost of time and money, come tumbling display of flowers was grand, and the wid- len down on the pavement. ow wept like a born angel.'

Toothache.

Gracious! Godfrey! how it pains me! Lordy! don't that old tooth jump! Seems as though ten thousand devils Pried with crowbars round its stump.

Whew! can't some one give me something Just to stop this blasted pain— Hot-drops, laudanum, cloves, or hop-bag? Quick! or I shall be insane!

Stop that 'tarnal baby's squalling! Jehew! don't my tooth ache sweet! Darn that cat! I'd like to kill it! Always under some one's feet. Jove! I'd like to fight with some one,

Just to get my jaw stove in— Fire! murder! Godfrey! Gunther! Oh! it's aching now like sin! Howling, am I? Well, I know it!
And I guess that you'd howl, too,
If you had a blasted toothache—
Same as this one—troubling you! Curse! I know it don't relieve me;

But I'm crazy with the pain! Ain't there any thing to ease it? Let me try the hops again. There, now, gently-place them easy! Phew! They're hot! Just let 'em cool! Well, put 'em on, You're bound to burn m

There you've done it! Darn a fool! To Young Men.

almost unconsciously and securely fasten themselves to us! What tremendous efforts under the reproducer he may be heard to churches of Naples I looked upon a form and transmitted simultaneously, and indefiof marble that I shall never forget. The nite repetition is possible. statue is called "Vice Convinced," and represents, in life size, a man struggling with tremendous effort to break loose from | ple affair of vibrating plates, thrown into the network of evil habits with which they vibration by the human voice. It is crude have completely enveloped him. The net | yet, but the principle has been found, and is represented by a cordon of open work modifications and improvements are only a marble about him. A master hand has matter of time. So also are its possibiliwrought out this wonderful piece of statu- ties other than those already noted. Will ary. A strong man in the prime of life finds himself completely encircled, bound hand and foot by bad habits. The net work is complete. There seems to be no and our correspondent can by the same possible escape from its meshes. But un- paper hear us speak. Are we to have a der the inspirations of a new purpose, that new kind of books? There is no reason seems to have come to the man from the why the orations of our modern Ciceros face of a beautiful angel, with a mighty should not be recorded and detachably effort he has succeeded in breaking asun bound so that we can run the indented der the coils that are about him. Every slips through the machine, and in the muscle is at a tenison, every part of the quiet of our own apartments listen again, entire form seems convulsed in the fearful and as often as we will, to the cloquent struggle. But he has been successful, and a radiant smile of joy and relief light up his face. Never before had I so fully realized the power and tyranny of a habit, how utterly impossible it is to break loose from a bad one. Every day I meet, on The credit of the invention belongs to Mc. these streets men, who, though rich, would | Thomas A. Edison. give all their treasures in a moment could they rise above the power of an evil habit.

about with you the conscious dignity of metries. There are millions of noble have not got. Don't discount the future, humble worship of its sublimity and genit may not be yours.

Evening Damps.

One more fruitful cause of disease re- liant legacy to the world and no legacy mains to be noted, and that is, excessive worth commemcrating was ever left the diurnal changes of temperature. The range world, which was not baptized in the of the thermometer from noonday to morn sweat of honest toil. From mental ing is not only greater in the country, but and physical exercion the earth has been der the changes more perceptible and less ered with life. Civilization has shot its easily resisted by the human system. Du-sunshine into the gloom of ruddiness, and ring the day the heat is fe't more severely science has rained its softness on the world. than in the city, where shelter during ex- On every field that bears a tempting harvercise is obtainable for most of the day, and vest on its breast, on every brick in every when evening comes on with its cool bree- building that was ever reared, on every zes, incantious persons expose themselves with little or no additional clothing. They ery thought that turns to light the world came into the country to be comfortable they say, and they ride or sit in the open and factory -wherever labor sweats, are termittent fever or some one of its kindred diseases so cordially invited, steps in and takes full possession. We by no means repudiate the malarial origin of these diseases, but we do say that such a course of

the influence of that dread unknown de-Such checks of perspiration are also frequent causes of intestinal diseases, more frequent than any other; as is notoriously and when she did it the blessing of sanctifiseen in the great prevalence of dysentery and kindred disorders when the contrast she stood in the audience relating the between the temperature of night and day change that had come over her, she dis-

is most marked .- Dr. Searle.

In a recent letter to an Indiana paper Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll says that the neath a half-cast off shawl, a corseted waist only "temperance speech" he ever made | which was reduced to such diminutive prowas in what was known as the Munn trial | portions as to appear painfully abnormal seller wants, and very likely needs, cash, in Chicago, when he made the following supported padding, puffins, pannier, and remarks on intemperance:

it, those who sell it, and those who drink down after her testimony and an exhortait. I believe that from the time it issues | tion to erring sisters to renounce all pomp from the coiled and poisoned worm of the and glory of the world, she plied her fau spoken, and as pleasantly responded to distillery until it empties into the hell of and panted very like a ball-room belle who crime, dishonor and death, it demoralizes had waltzed too long and was dressed too everybody that touches it from its source tightly to breathe with ease. When at the to its end. I do not believe that anybody close of the meeting the woman walked can contemplate the subject without be- away, she had a parasol, a fan and a hymn coming prejudiced against that liquid crime. All we have to do, is to think of the wrecks was employed in gathering and holding upon either bank of this stream of death- the front breadth of her skirte high enough of the suicides-of the insanity-of the if a thorough self-denial be practiced for a poverty-of the ignorance-of the destituyear or two. Pay as you go, involves no accumulating burdens, but lightens instead faded dresses of weeping and despairing And away she went a sanctified woman. wives asking for bread—of the men of —Philadelphia Day. genius it has wrecked-of the millions struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devlish thing; and of the asylums, of the prisons, and of scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against that

> WHERE are you going asked one little fellow of another who had slipped and fal- is a wet nurse I want." "Oh, plase ma'am, get up!" was the reply.

damned stuff called alcohol.

Wonderful Invention

It has been said that Science is never ensational, remarks the Scientific American; that it is intellectual not emotional: but certainly nothing that can be conceived would be more likely to create the profoundest of sensations, to arouse the liveliest of human emotions, than once more to hear the familiar voices of the dead. Yet Science now announces that this is possible, and can be done. That the voices of those who departed before the invention of the wonderful apparatus are forever stilled is too obvious a truth; but whoever has spoken or whoever may speak into the mouthpiece of the phonograph, and whose words are recorded by it, has the assurance that his speech may be reproduced audibly in his own tones long after he himself has turned to death. The possibility is simply startling. A strip of indented paper travels through a little machine, the sounds of the latter are mag-nified, and our great grandchildren or posterity centuries hence hear us as plainly as if we were present. Speech has become,

as it were, immortal. The possibilities of the future are not much more wonderful than those of the present. . It has been said, and truly, that a man is a bundle of habits, It may be said, with equal truth, that bad habits are our connect with the telephone. Not only is worst enemies. How they steal on us the speaker heard now in San Francisco it takes to rid ourselves of them when once morrow, or next year, or next century we have vielded. In one of the great His speech in the first instance is recorded

> The new invention is purely mechanical -no electricity is involved. It is a sim-

The Nobility of Labor.

Only the other day a citizen fled away Blood never makes a nobleman. The from our city to a distant part of the country, hoping, as he said, to get rid of the temptations that were about him.

The formation of correct habits in early autocrat, whose whisper shakes a kingdom life is comparatively easy. In a word; if and whose nod awes a continent, is no would become model characters you more crimson or of greater virtue than the must discard all bad habits, all odd habits, serf's, which the autocrat despises. Birth all that is ungracious or ungrateful in word never endows nobility. The magnificence or deed, or manner. In order to do this of the cradle nor the tinted freecoing and you must study constantly yourselves, and, gorgeous drapery of the palace never creaif possible, be under the influence and ted rank. He alone is a nobleman who has shadow of good men and women. Read made the world better and happier for havin hours of recreation, good books. Shun, ing lived, who has fringed the clouds with as you would a deadly poison, the impure silvery beauty, planted the rose and waterliterature that is more or less abroad. Pass ed it into bloom upon the desert waste, by on the other side, always, when invited | beautified the forest wilds or gathered the to take a social glass with a friend. Bear splendors of the valley into charming symmanhood, not in a vain, but a modest, yet graves over which a tear was never shed, positive way. Never sacrifice principle and which time has leveled to the even for place. Embark in no business scheme surface of the prairie, but from which that has not a fair premise of moderate streams back through centuries the glow returns. Never spend that which you of a nobility which charms a world into

> uine worth. Many a man has died unhonored and unsung who left in every footprint from his childhood to the tomb a rich and beilbook of value that was ever written, on ev in every workshop, and mine, and furnace

Camp Meeting Experience. In a camp meeting in this State a woman

related her experience in giving up certain articles of ornament and gay attire that she had loved. She said that at first she reconduct strongly predisposes the system to solved to wear no more artificial flowers. gay colored ribbons, handsome silks, ear ornaments, nor brooches; but one idol remained. It was her wedding ring. At last she resolved to throw this away, too, played an immense mass of false hair Bob Ingersoll's Temperance Speech. wound up on the back of her head, upon which was mounted a top knot of a hat, neither protection from sun or cold, nor ornamental to behold. She disclosed hepinback, and a dress skirt sadly bedrabbled "I believe, gentlemen, that alcohol to a to a depth of the several inches which it cortain degree demoralizes those who make dragged upon the ground. As she sat book to hold in one hand, and the other to enable her to step, while the her mineing gait was determined by her of the little children tugging at the | contracted pinback and stilted boot heels.

> "AISY TO TEACH."-A metropolitan housekeeper advertised recently for a wet nurse. A young Irish girl offered herself. "How old are you, Bridget?" said the dame. "Sixteen, plase, ma'am." "Have you ever had a baby?" "No ma'am, but I am very fond of them." "Then I am afraid, Bridget, you will not do for me; it "Going to I know I'll do; I'm very aisy to teach."-New York Herald.