The Huntingdon Journal. J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,

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Professional Cards

DR. J. G. CAMP, graduate of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery. Office 228 Penn Street. Teeth extracted without pain. Charges moderate. [Dec? 77-3m] (TEO. B) ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street J SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Hunting Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of ignored J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim of Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the Government for back-pay, bounty, widows' and invalidensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Penn Street.

S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 230 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [feb5,71 S. F. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office in Monitor building, Penn Street. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

[aug5,74-6mos] WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Hunting VV don, Pa. Special attention given to collection and all other legal business attended to with care as promptness. Office, No. 229, Penn Street. [ap19,71 School and Miscellaneous Books GOOD BOOKS FOR THE FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. The following is a list of Valuable Books, which will be upplied from the Office of the Huntingdon JOURNAL. May one or more of these books will be sent post-paid to my of our readers on receipt of the regular price, which s named against each book.

Itlen's (R. L. & L. F.) New American Farm Book... \$2 50.) Diseases of Domestic Animal ten's (K. L.) Diseases of Domestic Animan nerican Bird Fancler... nerican Gentleman's Stable Guide*... nerican Weeds and Useful Plants... wood's Country and Suburban Houses... wood's Modern American 'iomesteads*... ker's Practical and Scientific Fruit Cultur rber's Crack Shot* Brown's Taxidermist's Manual*
Bruckner's American Manures*
Buchanan's Culture of the Grape and Wine making
Buel's Cider-Maker's Manual*
Buist's Flower-Garden Directory
Buist's Family Kitchen Gardener
Burges' American Kenuel and Sporting Field*
Burnham's The China Fowl*
Burn's Architectural Drawing Book*
Burn's Architectural Drawing Book*
Burn's Pamenental Drawing Book*
Burn's Vegetables of America*
Caldwell's Agricultural Chemical Analysis.
Canary Birds. Paper 50 cts Cloth
Chorlton's Grape-Grower's Guide.
Cloveland's Landscape Achitecture* land's Landscape Achitecture*. r's Game Fowls*

tr's Poultry Yard and Market*pa. 50cts., cloth
Progressive American Architecture*

sings' Architectural Details

sings' A Miller's Architecture*

er's Universal Stair-Builder

s' Modern Horse Doctor, 12 mo.

s American Cattle Boctor, 12 mo.

s American Cattle Boctor, 5vo, cloth*

s American Reformed Horse Boek, 8 vo, cloth*

s Muck Manual. Darwin's Variations of Animals & Plants, 2 vols ston's Circuit Rider*..... ston's End of the World.. gleston's Hoosier School-Master..... gleston's Mystery of Metropolisville... gleston's (Geo. C.) A Man of Honor... liott's Hand Book for Fruit Growers* P. liott's Hand-Book of Practical Land dening*...e... liott's Lawn and Shade Trees*... liott's Western Fruit-Grower's G veleth's School House Architectu Every Horse Owner's Cyclopædia*... Field's Pear Culture. Flax Culture. [Seven Prize Essays by practical grow regory on Squashes...
Guenon on Milch Cows...
Guillaume's Interior Architecture*...
Gun, Rod, and Saddle*...
Hallett's Builders' Specifications*...
Hallett's Builders' Contracts*...
Harney's Barns, Out-Buildings, and Fences*...
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J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH. The Huntingdon Journal, PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

-IN-THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING

No. 212, FIFTH STREET, HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA

TERMS:

\$2.00 per annum, in advance; \$2.50 within six months, and \$3.00 if

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TO ADVERTISERS:

- Circulation 1800. -

FIRST-CLASS

ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

5000

READERS

WEEKLY.

The JOURNAL is one of the best

printed papers in the Juniata Valley,

and is read by the best citizens in the

county. 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 Pennsyl-

vania. 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.

JOB DEPARTMENT:

OFFICE, wosters of any ing Cards, B oks, Segar La Bill Heads, etc., etc., eand our word, We make and will not p looms. Satisfic work, and s

- COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY. -

All business letters should be ad

Huntingdon, Pa.

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"Hark! How the merciless cold winds blow Mamma, come look at the 'beautiful snow.' Mamma, come look at the beautiful show. See how the streets are all mantled in white; I'm looking for papa—he'll come home all right. O! Why are you looking so lonely and sad? I know papa drinks, but can't I make you glad? Come! kiss me, mamma, and don't weep any not paid within the year. "Hush! Come to my arms, there's a wolf at the

"Mamma, don't cry, let me kneel at your feet, We are hungry and cold, and we've nothing to eat. Look up, and be cheerful, in God put your trust, If papa is a drunkard, God will not blame us. Why do you tremble so; wipe off that tear, The fire is out, but we've nothing to fear, Let's lay down together and sleep on the floor"—
"No! no! there's no sleep while the wolf's at the

Falling Asleep.

Golden head so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying

"Now I lay me down to sleep," Tis to God that she is praying,

Praying him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly "If I should die before I wake"-

Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

O the rapture, sweet, unbroken, Of the soul who wrote that prayer! Children's myriad voices floating Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
If I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.

The Wolf at the Door.

BY WILL S. HAYS.

"Oh! Mamma, God bless you! cheer up all you can,
Some day I may be a good son and a man,
To bring to your sorrowful heart hope and joy,
If Papa's a drunkard, just think, I'm your boy.
Though he may desert us, there's One left us still
Who'll never forsake us,—no! God never will."
"Hush! child, there's your father; don't say a word more. Great God! Can't he see there's a wolf at the

Aye! staggering drunk at that bour so late,
The father stood reeling in snow at the gate.
His barefooted boy, dressed so poorly and thin,
Went out in the snow, and he led "Papa" in.
But just as he entered, he fell to the floor,
And there went forth a howl from the wolf at the

door.
The emblem of death to the door-knob was tied,
A husband—A father—A DRUNKARD had died.

The Story-Teller.

ROSAMOND GIFFORD.

of full-blossomed roses.

carefully husbanded fire, "do you feel sorry that Rosa is going to work the sewing ma- of the great lawsuit?" chines at the Exhibition ?" Mrs. Gifford withdrew behind her pocket it," said Mr. Walters, gravely.

handkerchief. "Ah, child, it's well for you that

haven't my sensitive feelings!" "But, mamma, why shouldn't Rosa sew at the Exhibition fair, just the same as in Where's the difference, so long as they pay her for it?"

Mrs. Gifford shook her cap borders hysterically.

"I never thought to see the day when a Gifford should be compelled to work for a

"Mamma, don't!" pleaded poor little

"It would have been a great deal better!" greaned Mrs. Gifford, "I shouldn't have been in the way, with my old-fashioned ideas and notions, then ! I hope Sir Walter Morton sleeps peacefully in his bed-that is all! I know I couldn't, if I cheated my cousin's children out of their inheritance! "But, mamma, how was it Cousin Walter's fault, if the law gave him the estate,

instead of us?" "Law, indeed! Nonsense! When your poor dear papa always brought me up in expectation that some day Morton Place would be ours. And to him step in—a selfish, domineering, heartless-" "But, mamma, darling, you have never

een him." "If he had had a solitary instinct of a gentleman about him, he would have invited us all to make our home at Morton

Place for the rest of our days." Helen lifted her eyebrows shrewdly. "If we had gained the lawsuit, mamma,

don't think you would have invited Cousin Walter to make his home at Mor-

"Go and get your knitting, Helen," said Mrs. Gifford, petulantly. And Helen silently obeyed.

Pretty Rosamond Gifford cried a little under her veil, as she hurried along the streets, because her earnest efforts to gain a Ryelihood were so little appreciated by her mother; but it was nothing more serious than the sparkle of a summer shower, and when she entered the railed off compartment at the Exhibition, where her ewing machines stood, the sweet dimpling always worrying about something, before smile had come back to her lips once again.

Gifford," was the comment of her employer. "Two or three people have inquired about the new patent attachment already." So Rosamond sat down, heart and hands alike occupied with the business of the hour, entirely unconscious that she herself him." was the prettiest object in the place.

"You're a little late this morning, Miss

Suddenly, the sound of a gentleman's voice close to her ear made her start. "See here, Morton; you are interested in this new improvement if you are going to supply the industrial schools at your place with sewing machines. It is really

the best thing out." And Rosamond, glancing up through her long eyelashes, saw a tall, well-made gentleman, with bright brown eyes, chestnut locks and a grave, pleasant mouth, and heard him introduced to her employer as "Sir Walter Morton, of Morton Place,

Staffordshire."

The vertible Cousin Walter-the mysterious wonder of her youth and childhood the lenses right across.

—and Rosamond felt her heart throbbing But she made no object a pulse or two faster, as the brown, clear in human shape," and Miss Rosamond eyes fell upon her face. "Miss Gifford, will you be kind enough habitation and a name !"

to run a strip of cloth through the ma-The Muses' Bower. chine? Then, sir, you will perceive the manifest improvement in this latest attach-

But the stranger was looking, not at the little silver plate and glancing wheel, but at the fair, flushed face which bent over "Gifford!" he repeated slowly. "I have

cousins by the name of Gifford." "And I am one of those cousins," said Rosamond, courageously. "There-you turn this screw a little, and it relieves the tension at once, thereby improving the stitch ; for-"

"Allow me to claim relationship, then;" and Sir Walter Morton frankly held out his hand. Rosamond hesitated an instant. Her mother would have haughtily repulsed

So she put her hand in his.
"I am glad to meet you," said Morton.
"I should have met you before, but a letter. from your mother-' "Yes," said Rosamond, coloring deeply 'I know how my mother feels. Shall I

show you about the machines now?" "Are you exhibiting them?" "Yes, I am earning my own living. Morton's fine face lighted up.

"And I honor you for it. Yes, you may show me, if you please. I am just ordering a few for some schools I have estab-

And when Sir Walter Morton took his leave, the man of sewing machines came gleefully to Rosamond's side "Your cousin has ordered a dozen, Miss Gifford. I wish we had a few more custo-

mers like him." Sir Walter Morton came again the next day, to examine into one or two knotty points respecting the machinery and stayed until Rosamond got up to put on her shawl

and bonnet. "You are going home?" he asked.
"Yes; Miss Morrison takes my place in the evening," she replied. But it is quite dark; you must let me

"Yes; but-my mother?" Morton laughed. "I comprehend. I am no special favorite with her. But I can preserve a prudent incognitio. Let me be

see you home.

the dusk, and who was beginning to like and trust her new-found relative, consent-

Mrs. Gifford received the new comer

with stately dignity.
"I'm sure I'm very happy to meet you sir," she said. "Any friend of Rosamond's

ping November air—a tall, blooming dam on her lace cap quivering with the empha sel, with deep brown eyes, and a lovely sis she used. "If we had our rights, we pink and white complexion whose simple should have been the Giffords of Morton on you and plague you; and you loose will. black alpaca dress set off her fresh beauty, Place, and my daughter Rosamond, instead your temper (or rather get it; for when as an antique vase might relieve a cluster of exhibiting sewing machines, would have men are surcharged with temper they are been sitting in silks and velvets. But we said to have lost it) and you justify your of the inheritance which would be theirs "Mamma," said little Helen Gifford, as have been deprived of our rightful inherishe put another shovelful of coals on the tance by a fiend in human shape, named Walter Morton. Perhaps you have heard

"I think I have a faint recollection of "Mamma," interrupted Rosamond, in voice of distress, "these-these family matters cannot be interesting to a stranger,

and-"Excuse me !" said Mrs. Gifford, drawthe sewing machine room in Oxford street? | ing herself up primly. "Of course, I am in the wrong-I always am-only it isn't

exactly pleasant to be told of it by my own daughter!" "Mamma, you know I didn't mean

that !" But Mrs. Gifford declined to be propi-

living-and to work in public, too! I tiated on any terms, and sat stiff and prim only wish I had been dead and buried the remainder of the evening, full of unspoken reminscences of "the great lawsuit." "He will never come near us again, was Rosamond's regretful thought; as she

laid her flushed cheeks on the pillow that night, with little Helen's fragrant breath mingling with her own. But Rosamond was mistaken. "Mr Walters" did come again, the very next evening but one : and again, and vet again

"You are looking pale, Miss Gifford," he said, the last time "It is one of the misfortunes of our re duced station in life," Mrs. Gifford sighed,

"that Rosamond is obliged to lead a too sedentary life!" "A little walk would bring the rose back to your cheeks," said Mr. Walters .-"It is a lovely moonlight night. Will you

come ?" Mrs. Gifford nodded her sanction : and Rosamond put on the tartan shawl and the little round hat with the redbird's wing in you utter. But while you can stand, be a cations as Steadman, Hell and Damnation.

front, and slipped her arm through that of her cousin. "Rosamond," said Sir Walter Morton after they had walked a little way in silence, "the Exhibition closes to-morrow.

"Yes," said she, regretfully. "And with it closes your work?" "Yes. I wish I could hear of some new

engagement." Morton drew her arm closer to his. "I know of one, Rosamond; but I don't exactly know whether it would suit you.'

"What is it?" "I want to engage you, Rosamond-to be my wife."

* * * * * * Mrs. Gifford had looked up at the clock in the end than overdue usurers' bills. half a dozen times, true to her instinct of Rosamond came back.

"Child!" she croaked, "do you see what time it is? Where is Mr. Walters?" "He would not come in. He is coming to see you to-morrow, mamma.' "To see me! What for?"

"Mamma, he has asked me to marry "He is a most gentlemanly person, my dear," said Mrs. Gifford, smiling and bridling. "I shall consent with the greatest

pleasure. "You like him, then, mamma?" "Certainly I do." "Then, mamma, I may venture to tell

you that he is our cousin, Walter Morton; that I shall be the mistress of Morton Place, and that you will reign, in very truth, in the halls of our ancestors, you have spoken about so often. And she laughed and cried, both in one breath, upon the old lady's neck.

"Bless my soul!" said Mrs. Gifford dropping her spectacle case and cracking But she made no objection to the "fier Gifford soon took to herself another "local

Select Miscellany

The Turk at Prayer.

Twelve o'clock is the hour of prayer .-The call of the Muezzin is heard from every minaret of the hillside and of the valley beyond, and the faithful-most numerous in the laboring class, respond to the summons, leaving their work or business to rub their hands and feet with earth in default of water, according to the injunctions of the Koran. The writer, on one of his tours of observation, came to a hillock covered with fresh blades of grass and tangled wild flowers; it stands back from the pathway, and a poor workman chooses the overtures of friendship; but she and her mother had always held different theo ries on the subject of Sir Walter Morton. pet; he simply turns towards Mecca and begins his devotions. Every change of attitude in the Mussulman prayer has a special meaning, being accompanied by pious phrases and ejaculations; it may therefore be interesting to note his move-ments, although the murmured words are, of course, quite inaudible. He stands at first upright, with his arms hanging down, and his bare feet a little apart; next the hands are raised open, on each side of the face, the thumbs touching the lobe of the ear; this is the introduction. The worshiper begins prayer by placing his hands together, the right uppermost; then bows low from the waist, his hands slightly spread upon his knees, then raises himself for a moment and afterwards kneels down. and, with his hands on the ground before him, touches it with his nose and forehead without rising he then sinks backwards, (this bowing is performed twice,) after which he rises in one movement,-his feet still remaining on the same spot,-and stands again, his right hand clasping his left, and all previous attitudes are repeated four or five times. At one period of his devotions, the worshiper, sitting back, turns has property, to leave his property in trust she had fully discharged her duty in giving her younger sister a piece of her mind. then over the left, with murmured saluta- in which such a course is the dictate of tions, supposed to be addressed to the good prudence, and is indeed essential for the Katherine Merrion turned from the window. and evil angels of his destiny; finally he preservation of the property to the uses of staggered rather than walked to the sofa, and evil angels of his destiny; finally he preservation of the property to the uses of stands holding his hands before his face as stands holding his hands before his face as if reading, then gently strokes face and generally the proceding is adopted without for breath. The oppression around her holiness God delights, and without this no beard, and the namaz is completed; the

lives, and each day has brought all the evil that we wished to endure. But if we level that we wished to endure. But if we level that we wished to endure. But if we level that we wished to endure. But if we level that we wished to endure the full enjoyment of it is put only going back to town to day instead of worked one toucheth him solf and that will always be welcome to me, and I only were asked to recount the sorrows of our off to the next generation.

We have not always be end on a more fitting manner. We have not always been what many that are six months old should we many that are six months old should we can converted knows it, and when asked. Have

self for being thrown off your balance by under the law, and is carried to the extreme down in a little book, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would

see what a fool you were in the matter." The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress, and out- to leave a son his lawful share of the propover them, that we should be glad to drop without leaving behind him a shower of such things and bury them at once in curses, rained down on that son's head,

eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds, and vexations. Let us banish all these, and think whatgentle, and of good report.

Favors.

If you want to be happy, never ask favor. Give as many as you can, and if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them; but never ask for or stand waiting for any. Who ever asked a favor at the right time? To It is even worse than to have a favor Pines, and Malvern Hill, one sees little to granted hesitatingly. We suppose that out remind him of the terrible scenes enacted aching hearts, they had not done so. Don't has been made to cultivate the land, slo ask favors of your nearest friend. Do ping earthworks are still to be seen, but everything for yourself until you drop, and then if any one picks you up, let it be of leveled. Below Petersburg there are a are never repaid. They are more costly has to pay twenty five cents for a glimpse

The Medicine of Sunshine.

The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine, it stimulates better than champagne. It is the very best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveler's gash nore of this than of oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battle fields. Take it into all the alleys, on board the ships, by all the sick beds Not a vialful, not a cupful, not a demijohnful, but a great, big, hearty soulful! It is good for pleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, hysteria, rheumatism, fallen fortunes, "minds diseased" and for melancholy. After all, perhaps heaven itself is mere supshine, as we are told there is "no night there."

"My son, remember that your character

The New Year. BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Silent and white, Thro' the dim night. Fell the soft snow, Now fast, now slow, Making the posts Likesheeted ghosts;

Robing the woods
In finer goods
Than ever were spun by mortal skill, And bleached on the sunny side of the hill. Where fringes are woven by weavers, where The world is dressed like a bride in white, Although the poor old year died last night.

Drop not a tear On the cold bier Of the brave year, Whose corse is here. His work is done, And battles won, And he will be Named with the free. Thro' future time, For deeds sublime. We welcome here The new born year. The snow that falls From the gray walls Of the thick clouds. Is not for shrouds For the days fled. Or the days dead. 'Tis the white fleece, Emblem of peace, Sent down to cheer The softyoung year. May not red vein Make a red stain On the robe white, Woven last night. So, ring the soft, Sweet bells aloft. Ring the true chime Of the good time; Ring loud and clear

Leaving Property in Trust.

For this New Year.

It has become very customary in this country for a father who has children and sufficient cause. It often results from a heart, the terrible suffocating sensation man did or ever shall see God. 1st John Mr. Walters."

And Rosamond, who really was a little timid concerning that long, lonely walk in the dusk, and who was beginning to like

Bar.

Bear, and the make to consider the man feeling—an unwillingness that troubled her so much of late was upon sitting down begins to eat his dinner—a large lump of coarse, dry bread.—Temple be prevented—into the absolute control of the dusk, and who was beginning to like

Bar.

Heart, the terriole sundeating sensation that troubled her so much of late was upon sitting down begins to eat his dinner—a large lump of coarse, dry bread.—Temple be prevented—into the absolute control of buried in the pillow, then rising, she man is converted or born of the disk and was received.—In the terriole sundeating sensation that troubled her so much of late was upon that the wealth which the testator has accumulated should pass—so long as that can be prevented—into the absolute control of buried in the pillow, then rising, she man that troubled her so much of late was upon that troubled her so much of late was upon sitting down begins to eat his dinner—a large lump of coarse, dry bread.—Temple buried in the pillow, then rising, she man is converted or born of the converted or born Transient Troubles.

the giver would fain take with him if he could—but cannot—is given in such a way as to do the least possible good. It is

the giver would fain take with him if he could—but cannot—is given in such a way as to do the least possible good. It is

"Oh, Heaven! this excitement is killing God sinneth not; but that he that is here."

manner. We have not always been what "Good-bye, Rosamond; but, as for my wishes, they can't signify one way or the other. I'm nothing but a forlorn remnant of the olden time."

Rosamond Gifford turned away from the cracked mirror in its frame of stained wood, and went smilingly out in the nip
"No, sir," said Mrs. Gifford, the bows wood, and went smilingly out in the nip
"Good-bye, Rosamond; but, as for my wishes, they can't signify one way or the other. I'm nothing but a forlorn remnant of the olden time."

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"No, sir," said Mrs. Gifford, the bows wood, and went smilingly out in the nip
"No, sir," said Mrs. Gifford, the bows we are think worthy to be remembered or mentionthink worthy to be remembered or mentionthe divine and think worthy to be remembered or mentionthe vereings since, of Martin Van Buren.

I'm nothing but a forlorn remnant of the olden time."

"Indeed!" said Morton, smiling curiousited out of sight.

"If you would keep a book, and every day the think worthy to be remembered or mentionthe vereings since, of Martin Van Buren.

I'm nothing but a forlorn remnant of the olden time."

"Indeed!" said Morton, smiling curiousited out of sight.

"If you would keep a book, and every day to the be him again? Ite knows us are
think worthy to be remembered or mentionthe vereings since, of Martin Van Buren.

I'm the ball to-night were only over. How can
the ball the ball to-night were only over. How can
the ball the ball to-night were only over.

I'm deed!" said Morton, smiling curiousited out of sight.

"If you would keep a book, and every day undown the things that worry you,
and see wheat a dinner party, a
the ball the ball

The meanness toward children some if Louise only knew the truth. Instead the blind man. times extends far beyond depriving them of him, she would pity me." self for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But of placing upon enduring public records a father's displeasure toward his offspring off your balance before breakfast, and put An example of this occurred but a short down in a little book, and follow it out and time ago. A wealthy merchant of this time ago. A wealthy merchant of this city, who died abroad, not content with leaving only a pittance, and that in trust, to his son, was mean enough to incorporate in his will a catalogue of that son's supposed vices. If a rich father is not willing come of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make have the decency to take his departure The memory of such an unnatural father and heartless man deserves to be execrated.

Trustees are apt to turn out incompetent or dishonest. It is seldom they take as soever things are pure, and lovely, and good care of property as would be taken by those for whom they hold it. If you have anything to give it is almost always safer and better to give it directly to the person for whose benefit it is intended.

The Battle Fields of Virginia.

with few signs of the days of "blood and be refused is a woeful stab to one's pride. iron." At Cold Harbor, Fair Oaks, Seven tried to speak. of a hundred who petition for the least there twelve and fifteen years ago. In the thing-if it be even an hour of time- woods and on the hill sides and river ninety nine wish, with burning cheeks and bluffs on the Peninsula, where no attempt soldier. Eat your own crust, rather than The Crater and the fields around it are feast on another's dainty meals; drink cold water rather than another's wine. The close by, and was in Petersburg when the world is full of people asking favors, and mine was fired. He has built a house people tire of granting them. Love or near the Crater, and now has his father's tenderness should never be put aside, when farm under excellent cultivation. The its full hands are stretched towards you; Crater itself has been left almost untouch but as few love, so few are tender, that a ed, and a thick underbrush of peach trees favor asked is apt to be a millstone around and sprouts have sprung up from the pits your neck, even if you gain the thing you thrown away by the soldiers during the want by the asking. As you cast your siege. The ravine where the dead lay in bread on the water, and it returns, so will the favor you ask, if unwillingly granted, been brought under the plough year after come back to you when you least expect or year, until now only a slight depression in desire. Favors conceded upon solicitation the field can be pointed out. The visitor of the Crater and the interior of a shed stocked with battle relics.

Rest for the Mind.

energetic thought, intense feeling or exci-

Caste.

BY HAZEL WOOD.

"From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!" "Harry Arnold is what they call a rising man in this place," said Louise Merrion to her sister Katherine, who was standing in the window watching the October wind

stripping the leaves off the trees. Katherine turned from the window with that proud, disdainful expression of countenance which came naturally to the Mer-

"A rising man, working I presume, or a capital equal to a sum that I should think nothing of spending on a season's dresses," said Katherine Merrion, her voice fairly tinkling with scorn.

"Now, my dear sister, you needn't turn on me so fiercely. I'm not advising you to marry him—far from it. He, perhaps, might do, but our family could never think of recognizing that ignorant old couple, his father and mother, as connections." Katherine turned to the window again as these words fell from her sister's lips.—

There was an expression of acute pain on her face, and she secretly clutched at the casement for support. "But I do feel sorry for the man," continued Louise, rising from the sofa, where

she had been lolling. "He is so wholesouled, so earnest."

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood." stamps the casts of Vere de Vere;" and Louise swept from the room, thinking that fied from sin.

When the door closed behind Louise.

any other person. The property which the giver would fain take with him if he room, with her hand pressed over her the Lord does not sin; or in other words,

not the polish of the men of our set. Ah, child of God." Let us read the story of

Night came, and there was a gathering

eyes shone like diamonds. Little her ad | wilt thou have me to do for thee?" And mirers dreamed that she was laboring under some terrible excitement. Outwardly she appeared the gayest of the gay, inwardly thee whole." And immediately he could she was like one awaiting doom, and it was see and he followed Jesus praising God for

"Miss Merrion, will you walk with me on the veranda? You are going away come. They try our faith and strengthen from us to-morrow. I will not have us. I have a minister in my mind's eye another opportunity to speak with you who will not allow his children to go outalone?"

The speaker was a handsome, reserved be contaminated with the corrupting influman of some five and thirty years -a man ences of other children. I, myself, do not whom you could tell at a glance was out of place amidst all this gaiety and splendor, ciating with whom they please. But list-

An awful change came over Katherine as she listened to these words. The grayness of death o'erspread the face that but The battle-fields around Richmond are a moment ago was flushed with the warm render him unfit for any style of life. quiet meadows now, reclaimed by Nature, blood of life. She looked up at the hand

"Katherine-Miss Merrion, are you ill?" There was a gurgling sound in her throat,

and before he could realize it, Katherine lay stretched upon the floor at his feet. The queen of the evening had fainted. There was a general confusion. Everybody but whose food consists of putrid flesh, corwas running for restoratives, and the ladies ruption and carrion. tendered smelling salts in abundance. But

rine Merrion was dead! And it was well. In her future there was not a ray of hope, and Henry Arnold But this can be done only knew that she had loved him, and he We may travel a bad road without sitonly knew that she had loved him, and he was faithful to her memory.

"All children of the same dear God are equal in the faith at last," and Katherine trials and sufferings. Then submis Merrion with her caste, and pride, and beauty was, in common with earth's poorest God has promised to be with His people in

I can hardly express to you how much

I feel there is to be thought of, arising

"Dumb."

from the word"dumb" as applied to animals. Dumb animals! What an immense exhor- to end." tation that is to pity. It is a remarkable When the daily occupation is monoton- thing that this word dumb should have ous and unengrossing, a full supply of ex- been so largely applied to animals, for in citement for the leisure hours may be de- reality, there are very few dumb animals. sirable; but where the mental powers But, doubtless, the word is often used to conhave been taxed to their utmost through vey a larger idea than that of dumbness, the hours of labor, it is absolutely neces namely, the want of power in animals to sary to health and happiness that they be convey by sound to mankind what they entirely released for at least a portion of feel, or, perhaps, I should rather say the the time that is left. It is not enough want of power in men to understand the that the usual amount of time be spent in meaning of the various sounds uttered by the absolute rest of sleep, if every waking animals. But as regards those animals hour be filled to the brim with eager seri- which are mostly dumb, such as the horse, ous occupation. It is not enough that which, except on rare occasions of extreme certain hours be secured, free from abso-suffering, makes no sound at all, but only lute work, if they are still permeated with expresses pain by certain movements indi cating pain-how tender we ought to be ting pleasures. The mind needs rest from of them, and how observant of these moveeffort in its waking hours, a time when it ments, considering their dumbness. The human baby guides and governs us by its being acted upon by calm and gentle influences.

In fact it will nearly rule a household by these cries, and woe would betide another back of that, and another, poering hold by these cries, and woe would betide "My son, remember that your character ought to shine brighter than your boots."
"Suppose I blacken it, then, father?"

Nothing in this bleak world is easier to start and harder to stand than a boil or a daily paper.

"My son, remember that your character ought to shine brighter than your boots."
"Mother, I saw the Prince of Wales out riding, and he spoke to me."
"What did he say, darling?" He said get to endure from man, is the one which has the start and harder to stand than a boil or a daily paper.

"Mother, I saw the Prince of Wales out riding, and he spoke to me."
"What did he say, darling?" He said get to endure from man, is the one which has the least powers of protesting by noise against any of his evil treatment.—Arthur Helps.

For the JOURNAL.

BY S. E. GREGORY

Purity: Freedom from guilt, or the defilement of sin; innocence: chastity; as, purity of heart or life. Purity is a most noble and excellent trait. There is no slavery so base as that whereby a man becomes a drudge to his own lusts, nor any victory so glorious as that which is obtained over them. All impure delights have a sting in them and produce trouble and pain and leave a burdened mind. Excess and intemperance and all inordinate lusts are enemies to the body as well as to the

life, the love of this world would fast disappear from our sight. Our intentions should be pure. If a man visits his friend and watches at his pillow for charity's sake and because of his old affection, we approve it; but if he does it in hope of a legacy he is a vulture.

soul. If we would occupy the mind more

with the affairs of religion and the future

and only watches for the carcass. Read the story of the good Samaritan and learn the purity of his intentions, and he that does the same for a disciple in the name of a disciple shall have a crown, but if he give water in despite when the disci-ple needs wine or cordial, his reward shall be to want that water to cool his tongue. Holy intentions are to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body, or the sun to the world, or the root to the tree, or the fountain to a river. A pure heart is a heart free from all bad desires and in-But, then, this is a queer world. We clined to conform to the Divine will in all cannot do as we would always; but you things. Any one, in order to become a might have found another heart than his christian, must have his heart purified. How can this be done? Water is an emnot to-day, nor yesterday, you learned that blem of purity, as our flesh can be bathed he was no fitting mate for a Merrion, that with water and cleansed from all impurihis manners had not that repose which ties, so may our souls be washed in the blood of the Lamb, and cleaned or puri-

> The heart is the seat or foundation of all sin, and that being so we must first make the fountain pure so the stream will be pure. They, and they alone, are truly

A blind man named Bartimeus sat by the way-side begging, and when he was fair.

The carnation of her cheeks and lips were deeper than usual to-night, and her stood still and called him and said, "what: he answered, "Lord, that my eyes may be open." And Jesus said, "thy faith hath ma

what he had done for him.

We all have many temptations to overside the house or yard for fear they will believe in children running wild or seeoand were it not for Katherine Merrion we would not find Harry Arnold here.

An awful change came over Katherine could be done, but the thing is impossible. If you attempt to preserve a man from danger by keeping him out of it you will

On the other hand there are parents some grave face of the man before her, and tried to speak. who do not care what kind of company their children keep, nor the kind of books "Katherine—Miss Merrion, are you ill?" they read. Reading bad books has a "No," she faintly gasped, "but I cannot tendency to vitiate the mind as much as go. I know what you would say—I love keeping bad company. And the bey or you, Harry Arnold——" vulgarity, shame and murder, certainly bad thoughts and an impure mind. Such a one recalls to my mind a certain bird that will not eat anything that is clean,

Our religion should be pure. The man restoratives were applied in vaia. Kathe | whose religion is pure must keep himself unspotted from the world. It's hard to live in the world and not be of the world.

ting down in the mud. There are souls who cannot be purified except by severe daughter, "heir but to some six feet of sod."

"Dumb."

daughter, "heir but to some six feet of their afflictions. He has promised to support them under their afflictions, and He has promised to deliver His people out of their afflictions, and after their toiling, suffering and bleeding, there will come an hour in which the purified soul can say, "it is finished." After that, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived the joys that begin never

ALEXANDRIA, PA. Alcohol's Harvest.

There are 140,000 drinking saloons in this country, and 128,000 schools. Manufacturers and sellers of strong drink, 560,000, or about four times the number of teachers. In these saloons there are 5,600,000 daily customers, one in eight of our whole population. Of these 100,000 are annually imprisoned for crime, at an expense of \$90,000,000, and 150,000 go down to drunkards' graves, leaving 200,000 beggared orphans. Grasp these figures A file of men sixty miles in length match ing steadily down to the grave; more than

nual of Flax Culture*....rshall's Farmer's Hand Book