The Huntingdon Journal

J. R. DURBORROW, - - - J. A. NASH. J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH, DUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. Office in new JOURNAL Building, Fifth Street

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Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures. Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectable when the Advertisement is once inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and everything in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards

DR. J. G. CAMP, graduate of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery. Office 228 Peun Street. Teeth extracted without pain. Charges moderate. [Dec? 77-3m] Tacted without pain. Comparing the California of DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional service to the community. Office, No 523 Washington street one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan4,71]

(1EO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Stree [nov17,75

W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the overnment for back-pay, bounty, widows' and invalid ensions attended to with great care and promptness. Of

E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office in Monitor building, Penn Street. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. [aug.,74-6mos WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Hunt don, Pa. Special attention given to collecti

School and Miscellaneous Books GOOD BOOKS FOR THE FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. The following is a list of Valuable Books, which will be supplied from the Office of the Huntingdon Journal. Any one or more of these books will be sent post-paid to any of our readers on receipt of the regular price, which is named against each book.

Allen's (R. L. & L. F.) New American Farm Book... \$2 50 Buel's Cider-Maker's Manual*

Buist's Flower-Oarden Directory.

Buist's Family Kitchen Gardener.

Burges' American Kennel and Sporting Field*.

Burnham's The Chins Fow!*

Burn's Architectural Drawing Book*

Burns' Illustrated Drawing Book*

Burns' Ornamental Drawing Book*

Burns' Ornamental Drawing Book*

Burns' Ornamental Drawing Book*

Burn's Vegetables of Americas*

Caldwell's Agricultural Chemical Analysis.

Lauary Birds. Paper 60 cts Cloth.

Lohortton's Grape-Grower's Childs. 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 Cobbett's American Gardener...
Cole's American Fruit Book...
Cole's American Veterinarian.
Cooked and Cooking Food for Domestic Animals*..
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Corbett's Poultry Yard and Market*pa.50cts., clott Corff's Progressive American Architecture* advertising medium in Central Pennsyl vania. Those who patronize its columns are sure of getting a rich return for

[new ed.] mortsman's Complete Guides.

Dead Shot; or, Sportsman's Complete Guides.

Dead Shot; or, Sportsman's Complete Guides.

Dead Cottage and Constructive Architectures.

De Yoe's Market Assistants.

Dinks, Maybew, and Hutchison, on the Dogs.

Downing's Landscape Gardening.

Dwyler's Horse Books.

Eastwood on Cranberry.

dening*...e..... ott's Lawn and Shade Trees*.

t's Western Fruit-Grower's Grath's School House Architectur, Horse Owner's Cyclopædia*. are. [Seven Prize Essays by practical gro

Yard*
Jennings on Cattle and their Diseases*
Jennings' Horse Training Made Easy*
Jennings on the Horse and his Diseases'
Jennings on Sheep, Swine, and Poultry
Jersey, Alderney, and Gu-rnsey Cow*
John Andross (Robecca Harding Davis)
Johnson's How Crops Feed.
Johnson's How Crops Grow
Johnson's Peat and its Uses:
Johnson's Peat and its Uses:

Johnson's Peat and its Uses:
Johnson's Agricultural Chemistry.
Johnson's Elements of Agricultural Chem
Kern's Practical Landscape Gardening*
King's Beekeepers' Text Book. Paper 40c.
Rlippart's Wheat Plant*
Lakey's Village and Country Houses.
Leavitt's Facts about Peat*
Leuchar's How to build Hot-Houses
Leuchar's How to build Hot-Houses
Lewis' People's Practical Poultry Keeper'
Long's American Wild Fowl Shooting*
Loring's Farm-Yard Club of Jotham*
Lyman's Cotton Culture.

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CLASS OFFICE, a

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CLASS OFFICE, a

such as Posters of any s,

such as P Gould's American Stair-Builder's*
Gould's Carpenter's and Builder's Assistant
Gregory on Cabbages pap
Gregory on Onion Raising*

Gregory on Squashes pap
Guenon on Milch Cows
Guillaume's Interior Architecture*
Gun, Rod, and Saddle*
Hallett's Builders' Specifications*
Hallett's Builders' Specifications*
Hallett's Builders' Contracts*
Harner's Barns, Out-Buildings, and Fences*
Harries' Insects Injurious to Vegetation. Plain
Colored Engravings

pe, Borders, sary for the pared to do ulars, Busis, Program-eipts, Legal leads, Pamprices are mpare favort to employ opple butter aaranteed in we can do.

- COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY.

All business letters should be ad dressed to J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Bower.

Printing.

The Huntingdon Journal,

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

-IN-

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REPUBLICAN PAPER.

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TO ADVERTISERS:

- Circulation 1800. -

FIRST-CLASS

ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

5000

READERS

WEEKLY.

their investment. Advertisements, both

local and foreign, solicited, and inserted

at reasonable rates. Give us an order.

JOB DEPARTMENT:

00000000

Go Ahead.

When your plans of life are clear Go ahead; But no faster than your brains, Haste is always in the rear; If dame Prudence has the reins, Go shead.

Do not ask too broad a test-Go ahead; Lagging never clears the sight. THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING, hen you do your duty best, You will know best what is right— Go ahead.

Never doubt a righteous cause, Go ahead;
Throw yourself completely in;
Conscious shaping all your laws,
Manfully through thick and thin,
Go ahead.

Do not ask who'll go with you, Go ahead Numbers! spurn the coward's plea!

If there be but one or two, Single-handed though it be, Go ahead! Though before you mountains rise, Go ahead, Scale them? Certainly you can, Let them proudly don the skies;

What are mountains to a man! Go ahead. Though fierce waters round you dash, Though nerce waters round you da:
Go ahead.
Let no hardship baffle you,
Though the heavens roar and flash,
Still undaunted, firm, and true,

Go ahead. Heed not Mammon's golden bell, Go ahead. Make no compromise with sin; Tell the serpent he looks well, But you cannot let him in; Go ahead.

Better days are drawing nigh; Go ahead. Making duty all your pride, You must prosper, live or die, For all heaven's on your side, Go ahead.

The Story-Teller.

MY METAMORPHOSE.

BY N. P. DARLING.

Boggs, Moggs and I had partaken of grand supper at Holland's, at Bogg's ex- unearthly light, that seemed to freeze the three, crow!" We had everything to eat, and something to drink. If I remember rightly, there was considerable "flowing bowl" round that night, and if I am not mistaken, "flowing bowl," when taken in large quantities, is "slightually" intoxicating. was not aware before that night, that Boggs was such a superior vocalist. He sang "We won't go home till morning," with such feeling, such pathos, that it fairly brought the tears to Mogg's eyes — Even I felt slightly melted.

review. I am forty years of age now, but I cried. involuntarily my thoughts wandered back to the days of my youth. "I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties," as the song says Yes, I had loved, and alas! I had been false to my vows. I was only twenty-two then. Betsey Jane was eighteen. She was pretty as a pink and I was ditto. We were a handsome couple, everybody said, and I was looking forward anxiously to the day when w should be one; for Betsey Jane bad told me that her heart was all my own.

"Same here, Betsey Jane," said I, pla eing my hand upon my bosom. "Nothing can tear thy dear image from my heart. "Can I trust you. Jonas?" Betsey asked. "Till death, Betsey Jane." (That's what niggs, the tailor, is doing.)

That seemed to restore her confidence nd she laid her head upon my bosom. 'Tis sweet to love and feel that the love returned. Betsey Jane Streeter and 1 luxuriated in the sweetness about three do not come near me.' onths, and then, ah then! the Widow Mayeth came to town. She was two years my senior, but she was bewitchingly beautiful, and what was of more consequence to a poor young man like myself, she was worth ten thousand dollars.

The Widow Mayeth had bought the Badean estate. I was hired to carry on he farm. When Betsey Jane Streeter heard of that, she had a premonition of evil. I tried to restore her confidence, but] could not.

"Widows are dangerous to young me of your organization, Jonas," she said. "Do you think I would forsake you now darling?" I asked.

"All men are false," she replied in mournful tone.

"But I am not. I swear-"Don't swear, Jonas." "Well, if I am false to you, Betsey Jane

hope I may become a Cochin China oster the next minute." (Twenty years have passed since I made that wish, but I trembled as I thought of

"Don't be rash, Jonas. Human nature s weak," Betsey Jane said, with a shudder. She was thinking how I would look if I was taken at my word.

The widow had her eves cast upon me She found that I was comely to look upon. pare She admired my form-she was ravished with the beauty of my face. From that moment my doom was sealed Betsey Jane was right. Widows are dangerous to young men of my organization. They have a peculiar charm about them that other women have not. I felt that charm knew that the pin feathers were starting It was too much for my poor weak human nature. Perhaps, my dear reader, you returned to me, and with a feeling of quiet have a great deal of confidence in yourself, despair, I submitted to my fate. and feel that you could defy a score of I stood directly in front of the mirror, widows—perhaps you could, but I doubt and so had an excellent opportunity to it. The Widow Maveth used to fix her watch the change that was coming over loving eyes upon me. Every glance said, me. Slowly my hair assumed a perpen-

myself at the widow's feet. "Make me happy," I said. "I'll make you miserable," said she. "I love you." "I intended that you should."

"Will you marry me?" "Yes, of course. then I thought of Betsey Jane Streeter "Cut-ty-ca r-r-r ow-ow." Turning to the and the Cochin China rooster, and a sensation of pain thrilled through me, I to a bill nearly a foot and a half long!—
thought I felt the pin-feathers starting! It is impossible for me to describe the feelasked a charming woman, as she and he "Oh horrors!" I looked at the widow.— ing of despair that came over me. My were going up the steepest part of the Mt. That "why don't you?" look came into head fell upon my breast, and looking Washington railway. "Because," he repli ber eyes, and I could not resist it; I bent down, I saw a long spur growing out of ed, with a look that emphasized his words, down and kissed her red ripe lips. Betsey each ankle joint, while my feet were Jane had never kissed like that. It set changed to immense claws. All over my Jane had never kissed like that. It set changed to immense claws. my blood on fire. I clasped her in my body glistened feathers of red, brown and arms, and promised to love her forever. green; and glancing over my shoulder, I

The Widow Maveth and I were married beheld a sight that made me shudderand no one knew where she went. Perhaps she had committed suicide. It was ter them dangling against my spurs. I looked rible to think, that if such was the case, I toward the shadow of Betsey Jane, and was the sole cause for the rash act.

The Widow Maveth when she became my wife, was as good as her word-she made me miserable. I felt that Betsey Jane was avenged. I thought of all these things as I walked home that night, after

leaving Boggs and Moggs.

When I reached home all my family had retired, but the fire was not out in the grate. I put on more coals, and sat down before it, and as it was rather chilly, I "That's very well done," said Betsey threw my son's army overcoat around me get under headway. Better stay here, thought I, than to take a curtain lecture | ready?" from Mrs. Terwilliger, which I was sure

of if I went to bed. It must have been near three o'clock in the morning. The house was still as death. I took up a book and began reading, and was soon lost to everything else. Suddenly I heard a loud rap on the table beside me. I started up, but nothing was to be seen I looked under the table with no better success. What could it be? I am not at you've nothing but a bill to do it with, all superstitious. I had heard of spiritual and so I jingled my gills in a humorous rappings, but believed nothing in such manner, and winked at Betsey Jane. manifestations. Perhaps some departed spirit has returned to convince me, I

said I. "There can be no harm in that." "Is there a spirit present that wishes to communicate with me?" I questioned, my voice trembling terribly.

"Jonas Terwilliger!" in tones that froze day!

thought. "I'll ask the question, anyhow,"

the blood in my veins I looked wildly around, but nothing could I see. The voice sounded familiar to me Where had I heard it before? It can't be my wife trying to frighten me .-No. it was not her voice.

"Jonas Terwilliger, I have come!" the voice said again.

"I don't see it."

"Rehold!" I looked toward the further corner of the room. It was almost dark, so far from and put you in the hen coop," she said, the light; but as I gazed, the shadow of a woman's face, pale and cold, looked out face. "Now take a long breath—expand" Standing by a little cigar case which is a woman's face, pale and cold, looked out face. "Now take a long breath—expand of the gloom Her eyes gleamed with an your chest. That's right. One, two, placed at one side of the room, I devoted tells us that we are absurd—that it is not marrow in my bones. Her long fair hair

fell down over the white shoulders. Her pale blue lips were parted, and I saw her white teeth glistening between them.
"Do you know me?" the same terrible voice asked "Know you!" I cried. "Yes, yes, it is, it is my own Betsey Jane !" and I fell back into the grate; but every one knows that

there is something peculiarly reviving about hot coals when applied to some parts of our person. I instantly regained my

"Revenge!" those pale lips hissed .-Revenge!" "You are avenged, Betsey Jane," I fal tered. 'I have not seen a happy day since

"'Tis not enough! 'tis not enough!" "Pity me, Betsey Jane. By the love on once bore me, I implore you" "You had no pity for me-I will have

none for you!" in a cold sepulchral voice. "I have repented in sack cloth and ashes 'Tis not enough !" Slowly the shadow advanced toward me

As she came out of the gloom, I noticed that she was dressed in the style of twenty It is unnecessary to say that I never stay years ago. In fact, she wore the same calico dress that she had worn when I had last seen her in the flesh. As she advanced, her thin claw like fingers were some pretty Betsey Jane, think of my stretched out toward me.

"Do not touch me!" I shrieked. "I will do anything that you command, only "Jonas Ter-will i-ger," with a terrible accent apon every syllable, "do you re-

member your vow?" "Yes, yes, but do not touch me. I-I beg your pardon, ma'am. I'm sorry, indeed I am, Miss Streeter." "But you never felt the sorrow that I

have felt You never suffered the anguish of soul that I have suffered. If you proved false to me, you hoped-" "Do not come near me!" I cried again.

"I must clasp thee in these arms. Jonas. I must lay this head upon thy bosom, and you must kiss these pale blue lips!" "O horrors! Anything but that," and I sprang upon the table.

"Do you remember your last words to me, Jonas Terwilliger? Do you re member?" "If you proved false to me, you hoped

you might become a Cochin China rooster . Dost thou remember, O mortal?" "I do, but spare me, spare me, Betsey

Jane!" I shrieked, in agony. "Never, never! I have sworn to be re-

venged ! "Remember your love for me.

"It is turned to hate." 'Have you no pity in your heart !" "None, Jonas Terwilliger. You ask for pity-ha! didst thou pity me? Pre-

"For what?" "Thy doom! Thou shalt be a Cochin China rooster, and chicken dough shalt thou eat all the days of thy life!" She waved her thin white hand. I felt a prickly sensation all over my body, and

But strange as it may seem, my calmness

as plain as words, "Why don't you?" Will dicular, slowly it changed from a beautiful any sane man look me in the face, and say brown to a blood red hue. Can it be poshe could stand that? I couldn't. I threw sible? Yes, it was a rooster's comb! raised my hand to my whiskers-alas! they were gills My hand fell with a loud flap to my side, I saw that my arm was covered with long bright feathers of rainbow hues. I attempted to bury my face in my hands, but I could only flap my wing in despair. I attempted to speak to "Bless you, darling!" I cried, but just Betsey Jane, but I could only mutter, are all the "rights" which true women remirror, I saw that my nose had changed

quire

just two weeks from that day. Betsey
Jane Streeter fled from town the same day,

stretched out my wing imploringly; but she laughed in scorn. "Now crow," she said. "Crow, or I'll wring your neck."

I crowed. The poet speaks of the "cock's loud clarion," but you should have heard mine! I think it was the tallest specimen of crowing that ever was heard. As I closed my bill, I flapped my wings in

Jane, with a fiendish chuckle, "but it isn't to keep me comfortable until the fire should quite up to the mark. You must try square, in the cozy boudoirs of the Union again. Now expand your lungs. Are you

"Ca-r row," said I.

"One, two, three-crow." Again my clarion notes filled the room, and again I flapped my beautiful wings.
"Excellent!" exclaimed Betsey Jane
Streeter "With a very little practice you

will excel all your feathered brothers.' Even a rooster likes praise I tried to "You are a very handsome rooster," she

said, looking upon me with admiration.—
"You never looked so well before in your

for your wife and family next Thanksgiving | table near the counter, I noticed in the

Horrid thought! My bill turned trifle paler than usual, and those tall hundred and thirty beers, fifty whiskies feathers at my back trembled with terror. "I'd like a slice off your breast with oyster sauce," Betsey Jane continued, perceiving my agitation; and one of your drumsticks wouldn't be objectionable. I attempted to say "How can you?"-

My knees trembled under me, but I But—well, perhaps you've heard a rooster popped out the first thing that came into say that, and if so, you know how I sue "Well, I must hear you crow once more, and then I shall be obliged to leave you,

> "Cockadoodledoo!" "Wasn't that a stunner?" thought I; but just then I felt some one shake my

wing. I flapped them both and crowed again with all my might, throwing my One company of again with all my might, throwing my One company of six young men drank head back, and opening my bill to its six times in less than fifteen minutes, and widest extent. "Jonas Terwilliger!" I opened my eyes. "Bully!" a childish voice cried.

"The deuce!" said I, rubbing my eyes, and looking around upon my family, from my perch on the table.

"Flap your wings again, papa," said my "Get down from that table," cried my

again, go into the henhouse.' I did get down immediately, and throwhave found it very difficult to preserve the that whisky for? Do you like it?" dignity of the "head of the family" at home; and when I attempt to punish my much, too. Guess I'll pull up." son Bob, he always runs away, and getting upon the table, flaps his arms, and crows.

to hear him crow twice.

The moral of my tale is easily to be

Select Miscellany.

A Meddlesome Nature.

For the credit of human nature, it is to be hoped that the men who descend from their proper sphere to meddle with the domestic duties of the household are few and far between. The male housekeeper carries the common purse, which he holds with an iron grip, pinching every quarter that he grudgingly deals out for family necessaries till the very eagle on it squeak and his wife feels her degradation to the depths of her soul. Such a man's "better half" is an utter nonentity, with far less independence of soul and body than the untutored servant in the kitchen, whose wages supply her humble needs, and who, f she is not satisfied, can at any time change her condition How many wives of male housekeepers have even one dollar a week to spend exactly as they choose "and no questions asked," and who does not know that more genuine satisfaction can be gotten out of ten cents absolutely wasted than from ten dollars used for mere necessaries? The male housekeeper al ways deals with the butcher and grocer by the week and fortnight, to save trouble and so always carries that curse to economy a grocery book. Thus the wife is forced to trade at one or two particular stores and if they have not the articles required she must do without them. How infinitely better to set aside a certain amount, be ever so small according to the salary of the head of the family, for household expenses, and let the wife manage it her own way Ninety nine times out of a hundred she will make it go farther than a man can .-Then no more pinching, contriving and cajoling; no more "books" at butchers and grocers, where one is continually in debt, often purchasing what one cannot afford, sometimes paying for more than one gets, and taking up with an inferior article when better could be bought in the market for less money if one only had cash in hand. A wife bears her full share of the common burden by daily cares and thoughtful management for the comfort of the family, and is entitled to a share of the common fund, which division should be just as cheerfully rendered by the head of

the firm as with any other partner. These

thing to do.

"WHY is this called Jacob's ladder?" "there are angels ascending and descending occasionally." He squeezed her hand.

People Who Drink.

DESERVATIONS IN FIRST CLASS BAR-

"Monsieur X" thus writes to the New York Sun: Physicians say that nearly two thirds of their male patients suffer in one way or another from alcoholic poison. No close observer will be disposed to

doubt this. From the low shops on South and West streets, along the line of more fashionable saleons on and near Broadway, in the vicinity of the old post office, in the gilded retreats that gird the Astor house, in the several places of note on Printing House square, and in the magnificent marble palaces that fringe Madison square, not omitting the frescoed club rooms and the dingy slop shops at the extreme east side
—from the first to the last, and in them all the same story of intemperance may be

I went into the basement of one of Gotham's greatest architectural piles this morning, and stood at the end of the smile, but it is hard work to grin when counter, half an hour, to see what was

There were four bar-tenders, all busily

engaged.
In that brief time they sold to all sorts and conditions of men two hundred beers, thirty-two whiskies, ten lemonades, two plain seltzers, and three gin cocktails.

Again I jingled my gills.

"What a splendid dinner you'll make to be sure; but as I took my seat at a little next half hour, and made a memorandum to guard against mistakes, a sale of one

The men who drank were not "bums." Very many of them were known to the world of politics, several are noted writers, the city hall furnished its quota, some do business in the swamp, and not one seemed New England home, and their permanence in the least degree affected by what they as a part of our mental constitution is an

Leaving this place we went to another saloon, equally well known, whose pro-prietors pay an annual rent of \$60,000 for

and drinkers. There were three barkeepers, and they

had all they could do to attend promptly

each took his whisky straight. In half an hour's time that bar sold ninety-eight whiskies, four ginger ales,

three ciders, and fourteen gin cocktails.

As I went out I said to one of the six young men who drank six times: "What

a friend the one tempts the other. Returning to the saloon I visited first I ordered a lunch, and was soon joined-I wife, "and when you want to play rooster always am-by an acquaintance, who, of course, said, "Wha'll you take?"

Being in a taking mood, I said I would ing off the overcoat, the cape of which had furnished wings for me, I left the room Having said, "How," and emptied the I've felt rather crest-fallen since, and glasses, I said, "Rufe, what did you drink "No, I don't like it. I'm drinking

"Well, tell me, what did you order "Why, for sociability's sake, I suppose.

What did you drink it for ?" "Because I wanted to ask just this question. I've been looking at the fellows

drink there, and I believe eight out of ten drink just because they don't like to say 'Does it make your head ache to drink

"So it does mine. I swore off whisky and took to heer but heer makes me

bilious." "Why drink anything?" "Hanged if I know, but we all drink." We were joined by an actor. Being an ctor, and in company of a newspaper man, there was, he thought, but one thing to do.

Said he, "What'll you take?" We took whisky. So did he. We each said "How," and then said I,

Dan, do you like whisky ?" "I hate it." "Why do you drink it?" "I don't often. I generally take gin; ut they both upset me; give me a fearful

headache. But what are you going to do? Must drink something." In that way I have spoken to not less than twenty men this very day. Of the twenty, fifteen said that drink always gave them a headache; one owned that he farm, and live like a patriarch. But which "loved the taste," one said he drank be- is destined to be the lucky individual ?cause he was "blue," and one confessed he Lucky! There is no luck about it. The was "on a tear and didn't care who knew it."

It stands to reason that this sort of thing must produce some impression on the hu digestion, headache, rheumatism and weak | debt, who gains friends by deserving them, ess of many kinds

Not being a doctor, I don't attempt to endorse their opinion; but this I will say, that among all the hundreds of drinkersregular topers, not drunkards-to be found in the first class saloons of New York having, good fortune, good name, and a to-day, it would be impossible to find a serene old age, all go this road. dozen men who will say that they drink because they are fond of liquor. They drink because it seems to be the

IF you ask a boy to break up a piece of lump coal so as to keep himself from freezhe regards his lot as one of exception al hardship; but let him find an old tor pedo lying around loose, he will hammer at it with a stone until the prespiration stands in great drops upon his forehead, or

cently refused to chop wood on Sunday morning, and when the reason was asked, all same white man. Heap play poker."

fainted away at the wash-tub, and her pretty nose went kerslop into the soapsuds ome said it was overwork; others, how-

The Father to His Motherless Chil-

Come, gather closer to my side, My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock;
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float,

All helpless on the Nile. You're weary, precious ones, your eyes Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide?
Who could to wisdom's sacred love

Your fixed attention claim?
O, never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name. "Tis time you sing your evening bymn,
My youngest infant dove;
Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love.
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor, deserted throng;
Cling, as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Who sings the angel's song. Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain Come, warble loud and clear; Alas! alas! you're weeping all, You're sobbing in my ear. Good-night! go say the prayer she taught Beside your little bed; The lips that used to bless you there, Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide, Amid the thorns of life; His care protect those shrinking plants, That dread the storms of strife: But who upon your infant hearts. Shall like that mother write,

Who touched the springs that rule the soul? Dear, mourning babes, good-night! Early Rising.

There is another class of superstitions borne down to us from the crabbed times of our Puritan ancestry which I fancy we shall also somewhat shamefacedly own. They were the daily maxims which formed a part of the teaching in every genuine encouraging circumstance to educators who sometimes are inclined to think that even line upon line and precept upon precept fail to make their impression upon the way ward mind of youth. To remove this fear, we stand as living monuments, boldly avowing first, that we find it constantly difficult to convince ourselves-though our reason half an hour to a close count of the drinks a moral duty to rise before, or at least, with the sun. Day by day, as we descend to our eight o'clock or nine o'clock breakfast, we are conscious of a certain sense of moral sense, which is only the remnant of an old superstition, that I write. The general axioms on the subject of early rising, which helped to make the New England Primer and the Farmer's Almanac a never-failing source of supposed improvement, and which were afterward re-enunciated by Franklin, do not apply to the present day nor to city true, they take long naps in the afternoon; true, they break down every year by

> assault every autumu, and would feel ashamed and guilty if they did otherwise. So trong is the force of superstition!
>
> In the future more perfect days it will
>
> considered and sterwards, he knew not where himself, but anywhere to escape his crime. He was next heard of strong is the force of superstition ! be considered a sin to awake any one from as Superintendent of bridges on the Valsleep except in cases of life and death, and paraiso and Santiago Railway of Chili; for our grandchildren may perhaps be free from the inherited weakness of believing, because the flowers and the chickens and the birds wake when the sun does, that therefore a human being should do so. By what logic do we select the one action of waking as suitable for our imitation?-ANNA C. BRACKETT, in Harper's Magazine for March.

The Simple Secret. Twenty clerks in a warehouse-twenty hands in a printing office—twenty young men in a village. All want to get along in the world, and all expect to do so. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner, and make a fortune. One of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become a pros-perous and influential citizen. One of the apprentices will become a master builder. One of the villagers will get a handsom thing is almost as certain as a rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business. who preserves his integrity, who lives The doctors say it induces paralysis, in clearly and purely, who never gets in and puts his money in a savings' bank .-There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old, dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth

The Heart.

Throb, throb! Never sleeping but often tired, bleeding with wounds, of ten afflicted by those who do not understand it, or burdened with affection, it must beat on for a lifetime. Nothing finds mind generates steps upon the heart before it wings its way into the outer world. an explosion relieves him from his self-ap- The memories of dead loved ones are A NEVADA man's Chinese laborer resultly refused to chop wood on Sunday morning, and when the reason was asked, he answered. "Heap no work Sunday; fire it with feverish warmth, and make it tience and anger. She held his Sunday the more sensitive; hate, if it hates, heats it to desperation and fills it with conflicts. Still it works on. When slumber closes get them over her head.—Buffalo the eye-lids, the heart is beating beneath all its burdens; it works while we sleep; it aches while we laugh. Do not unne over the back of the fence and called out:
"Hello, there, Bridget, is Miss Alice at home?"

deus. Speak a kind word to cheer it; elegant. Say John always." "Well fathere, I saw you sling that boot-john at a cat it despairs.

Romance in Real Life.

THE WONDERFUL CAREER OF HENRY MEIGGS-A MAN WHO MADE AND SPENT HUGE FORTUNES-HIS GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS IN CHILI AND PERU.

The death of Henry Meiggs, which oc-curred at Lima, Peru, on the 29th of Sep-tember, ended the career of one of the

most remarkable men of his time. Few men have dominated empires as large as he did; few men have owned and controlled so much of the world's wealth as he, and few men have left behind them so glitter ing, and at the same time so demoralizing an example. Before his brilliant meteoric course, which at one time seemed to have the regularity of a planet's orbit, the careers of most modern adventurers are as the fickle gleams of a rush-light. Fisk, with his feeble enterprise of stealing the funds of the Erie Railroad and crossing from one State to another with them in a skiff, becomes a pigmy in comparison with his daring adventures. And even Tweed, who ruled a municipality and had a disputed dominion over a Commonwealth, show-ed himself an imitator of the colossus of fraud and speculation when, as a captive, after his flight and escape, he offered to make restitution and pleaded for mercy that he might go abroad, self exiled, to conduct the great enterprise he meditated in Spain. Ralston, who was a boy when Meiggs had attained the ordinary stature in the speculative world, and who, when his friends were exposed and his schemes came to naught, plunged into the waters of San Francisco Bay, was a drivelling sentimental idiot beside him. Only John I aw, the gambler, drunkard and murderer, who deluded an entire nation at a time it is still proud to look upon as one of the most advanced intellectual epochs of its history, and the shrewd money-lenders of a dozen European capitals; and that wonderful product of our own century, the German-Jew adventurer, Dr. Bethel Hen-

ry Strousberg, who, playing all parts in his time, from the "Converted Jew" in London to the school master in New Or-leans, became the greatest builder of rail-roads the world has ever known, and was finally convicted of swindling in Moscow, threatened with banishment to Siberia, and is now a penniless exile from Russia and Germany—only these two men are large enough in the sphere in which they moved to be named with the dead railroad king of the South American republicated eight o'clock or nine-o'clock breakfast, we are conscious of a certain sense of moral torpitude which we know to be unreasonable. It is in the effort to shake off this sense which is could the shake of this sense which is could the shake of this sense which is could the shake of the shake of this sense which is could the shake of the ability to manage great enterprises. But Boston was not large enough a field for his far-reaching genius, and he removed to New York, where he soon Le mane the largest operator in lumber, a noted patron of art, upon which he lavished large sums, and conspicuous for the readiness with which he would enlist in any new specu-lation or assist a struggling friend. The At least, it was after two o'clock before we left Holland's. I think that Boggs and Moggs were slightly elevated. They went off together, arm in-arm. Methinks "I see them on their winding way." I started for home alone.

All my past life came up before me in review. I am forty vears of age now hat I cried.

At least, it was after two o'clock before we left Holland's. I think that Boggs and Moggs were slightly elevated. They went off together, arm in-arm. Methinks "Yes, I am Betsey Jane Streeter—the bride of Death!"

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"Awake? Ah, then I've been dream ing, have I?"

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"On nothing," the replied; "I didn't bride of Death!"

"On the middle of the day of Other and I went in for an one of Streeter—the b the sleep of the righteous till six, he might possibly rise at six, or even five, though why, even in that case, any sane person should insist cu doing two hours' work before eating, and call such action virtue, I ized a profit of \$50,000. He then emcould never understand. Circumstances barked in the lumber trade on the Pacific alter rules as well as cases, which is what we of Puritan stock find it hard to under thousands of dollars—spending it as free we of Puritan stock find it hard to under stand. I myself know two young women of New England birth and training who.

California was thought to be the richest of New England birth and training who, though they go into much evening society, and are frequently awake at midnight or after, each week during the New York winter, yet persist in being punctual every not so much because of his own losses, it morning at the half-past seven breakfast of the family. True, they have no appetites; liberal, generous nature—and he fell. He forged commercial notes and city warrants to the amount of a million dollars, and March; yet they gallantly return to the suddenly sailed in a vessel he had purchas-ed for his flight, as he said afterwards, he

> twenty years he has been famous as the railroad king of South America and as a conductor of some of the grandest modern enterprises. He built more than 1,500 miles of railroad in Peru and Chili: he reclaimed enormous tracts of land and be came the greatest land owner in South America; he built villas by the score; he purchased Congresses and bribed Presidents; he made \$1,500,000, \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 each in single enterprises, and his riches, or reputed riches, became so vast that they could not be estimated. He was an immense man physically as well as intellectually, and had the biggest hand and brain of any man in South America. He lived like an Emperor-uot like a vulgar prince-and built himself a palace with seventy apartments. There were always thirty or forty guests at his board and the remnants of the feast were daily distributed to the poor. But the end came at last. The gigantic system of fraud, bribery, speculation and extravagant expenditure he had established could not last forever, nor even for his lifetime. One by one his wild schemes came to grief. He built one road one hundred and thirty miles long, with a grade of four and a half feet, which furnishes neither freight nor passengers, and over which only one train runs weekly. end was ruin, and Meiggs died broken and bankrupt, and the gigantic fabric he reared will prove to be but an empty bubble. Of course there is a moral in the career, de cline and death of the man, but it need not be elaborated. It is this, that every violation of law, whether of nature, or physics, or of morals, or even of trade, must inevitably bear retributive justice.

COULDN'T MANAGE THE PANTALOONS -A woman out in Polk county, becoming converted to the doctrines of Dr. Mar Walker, took advantage of her husband's absence to array herself in his clothes. She a lodgement in its chambers that does not put on the coat first, and, ignoring the add to its labors. Every thought that the buttons, pinned it up from the chin down. Then she put on the vest, back in front, and toilesomely buttoned it up behind.
That was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. mountains of weight upon its sensitive- At about half past 6, her husband found pantaloons in her hands, and all those three mortal hours, she had been trying to

mercial. "FATHER, is Jack a better name than ever, whispered that her beau had peeped cessarily wound it; do not add to its bur- John?" "No my son. Jack is very in-