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

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & CO., at \$2.00 per annum IN ADVANCE, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$3 if not paid within the year.

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DR. J. G. CAMP, graduate of Pernsylvania College of Dental Surgery. Office 228 Pena Street. Teeth extracted without pain. Charges moderate. [Dec? 77-3m] DR. A.B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional servic to the community. Office, No 523 Washington stree one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan4,71 STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. 1 ene, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl28, 76. (1EO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Stree [nov17,75] G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building No. 520, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl2.71 H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No. -, Pent Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19,77] J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. [jan4,71

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers'claims against the Government for back-pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Of-fice on Penn Street. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 230 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [feb5,71] S. E. 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 W don, Pa. Special attention given to collection and all other legal business attended to with care an promptness. Office, No. 229, Penn Street. [ap19,71 School and Miscellaneous Books

GOOD BOOKS

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 pest-paid to American Bird Fancier
American Gentleman's Stable Guide*
American Rose Culturist
American Weeds and Useful Plants
Atwood's Country and Suburban Houses
Atwood's Modern American ionesteads*
Baker's Practical and Scientific Fruit Culturiants of the Country of the Country States

Baker's Practical and Scientific Fruit Culturiants of the States

American States

Ame Brown's Taxidermist's Manual*
Bruckuer's American Manures*
Buchanan's Caiture of the Grapeand Wine making*
Bucl's Cider-Maker's Manual*
Buist's Flower-Garden Directory
Buist's Family Kitchen Gardener
Burges' American Kennel and Sporting Field*
Burnham's The China Fow!*

Canary Birds. Paper 50 cts Cloth. Choriton's Grape-Grower's Guide. Cloveland's Landscape Achitecture*. Clok's Diseases of Sheep*

Troff's Progressive American Archite
Jummings' Architectural Details.....
Jummings & Miller's Architecturae
Lupper's Universal Stair-Builder.....
Dadd's Modern Horse Doctor, 12 mo.

Cobbett's American Gardener...
Cole's American Fruit Book...
Cole's American Veterinarian...
Cooked and Cooking Food for Domestic Animals*...
Cooper's Game Fowls*
Corbett's Poultry Yard and Market*pa. 50cts., cloth

dening"..e. Trees and Shade Trees Eliott's Lawn and Shade Trees Eliott's Lawn and Shade Trees Guide.

Evelth's School House Architecture Every Horse Owner's Cyclopadia Field's Pear Culture.

Flax Culture. [Seven Prize Essays by practical growers]

Fiax Culture. [Seven Prize Essays by practical growers.]

Flint (Charles L.) on Grasses*
Flint (Charles L.) on Grasses*
Flint (Charles L.) on Grasses*
Frank Forester's Merican Game in its Season*
Frank Forester's Field Sports, 8 vo., 2 vols*
Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing, 8 vo., 100 Engs*.
Frank Forester's Manual for Young Sportsmen, 8 vo. Frank Forester's Manual for Young Sportsmen, 8 vo. Frank Forester's Manual for Young Sportsmen, 8 vo. Franch Farm Drainage.

Fuller's Farm Drainage.

Fuller's Grape Culturist.

Fuller's Manual Fried Victorial Culturist.

Gardner's Carriage Painters' Manual Gardner's How to Paints. Geyelin's Poultry-Broads

ould's American Stair-Builder's*

Gould's Carpenter's and Builder's Assis Gregory on Cabbages Gregory on Onion Raising*....

Guenon os 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*

Harris's Insects Injurious to Vegetation. Plain \$4;

Colored Engravings.

Harris on the Pig...

Hedges' on Sorgh or the Northern Sugar Plants*

Hedges' on Sorgh or the Northern Sugar Plants*

Helmsley's Hardy Trees, Shrubs, and Plants*

Henderson & Gardening for Profit...

Henderson & Gardening for Profit...

Henderson & Practical Fioriculture.

Henderson & Practical Fioriculture.

Herbett's Hints to Horse-Keepers.

Holden's Book of Forgrees.

Yard*...

Yard*...

Jennings on Cattle and their Diseases*.

Jennings Horse Training Made Easy*.

Jennings on the Horse and his Diseases

Jennings on the Horse and his Diseases

Jennings on Sheep, Swine, and Poultry

Jersey, Alderney, and Guerney Cow.

John Andross (Reblects Harding Davis).

Johnson's How Crops Feed.

Johnson's How Crops Feed.

Johnson's How Crops Grow

Johnson's Peat and its Uses:

Johnson's Agricultural Chemistry.

Johnson's Agricultural Chemistry.

Kern's Practical Landscape Gardening*.

Korn's Practical Landscape Gardening*... King's Beekeepers' Text Book.Paper 40c... Kilppart's Wheat Plant*... Lakey's Village and Country Houses... Leavitt's Facts about Peat*...

Loudar's How to build Hot-Houses.
Lowis' People's Practical Poutry Keepe
Lowis' People's Practical Poutry Keepe
Loring's Tarm-Yard Club's Grothame.
Loring's Tarm-Yard Club's Grothame.
Lyman's Cotton Culture.
Manual of Flax Cultures
Marwhall's Farmer's Hand Booke.

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 Pennsylvania. Those who patronize its columns are sure of getting a rich return for their investment. Advertisements, both local and foreign, solicited, and inserted at reasonable rates. Give us an order.

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With Fast Presses, all the latest styles of New Type, Borders, buts, and a full supply of all kinds of material necessary for the quipment of a FIRST-CLASS OFFICE, we are prepared to do ll kinds of Jobbing, such as Posters of any size, Circulars, Business Cards, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Ball Tickets, Programas, Concert Tickets, Order Books, Segar Labels, Receipts, Legal Blanks, Photographer's Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Pamhlets, Paper Books, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., our prices are slow as those of Philadelphia, and our work will compare favorably with any done in the State. We make it a point to employ none but the best of workmen, and will not permit an apple butter laub to be done in our Job Rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed in very instance. Send along your work, and see what we can do.

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Huntingdon, Pa.

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A soul that watched and wept, Then folded up its weary wings, Lay down in peace, and slept. Far better thus a nameless throb Cast on the shoreless sea Of human hearts, to circle on

The Old Song.

BY MARY IRVING

That lip has crumbled back to dust,

With stony clasp the chords that woke Æolian breathings under!

And centuries worn asunder!

A simple song, a nameless song, Sweet, tremulous and slow! It blossomed on a human lip

Two hundred years ago!

Yet tell me not that long ago

The nameless ceased to be

Death never won a human heart Embalmed in melody!

This soul embodied in the thrill

Of one heart-touching tone, Goes waking on a thousand lips,

That sweet and broken lay

A soul that lived, a soul that loved,

The echo of his own!

It tells its own sad story in

A soul that in life's labyrinth

Went wandering astray.

In ceaseless sympathy. Than heartless trump hung idly on The brazen tower of fame, Sending down deafened centuries

Than babbled mystery; Better to live in humble love Than human memory! Oh, sing that tuneful song again, But soft, and sad, and slow; Sweet as the spirit sighed it forth Two hundred years ago!

Better to sing a cradle hymn

The Story-Teller.

Daniel Webster's Religious Character.

From the "Reminiscences of Daniel Webster," by his friend Peter Harvey, a volume of great interest, just from the press of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, we make the following extract:

The year before Mr. Webster died, in the autumn of 1851, I was spending a few weeks with him at his place in Franklin. One pleasant morning he said to me:— "I am going to take a drive up to Andover, and I want you to go with me." Andover was about ten miles from hi place in Franklin. He added :--

"We can start after breakfest, and will take us an hour and a half or two hours to go. We shall only want to stay there an hour or so, and we will return in time for dinner. When we get into the wagon I will tell you who I am going to

The horse was harnessed, and we started off. As we rode along, Mr. Webster had a great many reminiscences called to mind Colby; "who are you?" by different objects that we passed. Such man used to live here, he would say, and house; and here he used himself to live when a boy, and there he used to pitch quoits, and in another place he used to play with John Holden's boys.

pleasing reminiscences of this kind, he

esid :-"Now I will tell you the object of this trip to day. I am going to see a man by the name of Colby. John Colby is a brother-in-law of mine. He married my about him. When I was a lad at home, on the farm, John Colby was a smart, driving, trading, swearing yeoman, money ror and shudder. He would pick me up a great man; are you a good man? and I had to hold on to his mane to keep Are you a Christian? You know, Daniel, from being nitched into the river. Colby from being pitched into the river. Colby married my oldest half-sister. She was a spirit of Christ and of Almighty God has good enough, laying aside his recklessness; he was not a drinking man, and he was, as the world goes, a thrifty man. Any of away to college, and lost sight of him .-Finally, he went up to Andover and bought Christian, if you are not repentant. If a farm; and the only recollection I have you do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, in

about him after that is, that he was called, sincerity and truth, all your worldly honors I think, the wickedest man in the neighborhood, so far as swearing and implety a Christian? Do you love Christ? You went. I used to wonder how my sister could marry so profane a man as John Colby. I think she herself was very much and even vehement manner. shocked, and I know her father was, who was a religious man. And still Colby was considered "a good catch" I came home from college during vacation, and used to answered lightly. I intend to give you an hear from him occasionally; but after a answer, and one that is truthful, or I won't few years—perhape five or six—my sister give you any. I hope that I am a Christian. died, and then, of course, all the interest I profess to be a Christian. But while I that any of us had in John Colby pretty say that, I wish to add,-I say it with much ceased. I believe she left a child,

was married, and also left a child. Now I will give you the reason why I honors and its temptations; and I am afraid, am to day going up to see this John Colby John Colby, that I am not so good a I have been told by persons who know, Christian as I ought to be. I am afraid I that, within a few years, he has become a convert to the Christian religion, and has still, I hope and trust that I am a Christian, met with that mysterious change which we and that the same grace that has converted call a change of heart; in other words, he you, and made you an heir of salvation, has become a constant, praying Christian. | will do the same for me. I trust it; and | against Sherman's political character.—
This has given me a very strong desire to | I also trust, John Colby,—and it won't be | Sherman rose and very composedly rehave a personal interview with him, and long before our summons will come,-that to hear with my own ears his account of we shall meet in a better world, and meet his change. For, humanly speaking, I those who have gone before us, whom we should have said that his was about as knew, and who trusted in the same divine, hopeless a case for conversion as I could free grace. It won't be long. You canwell conceive. He won't know me, and I not tell, John Colby, how much delight it

We drove on, reached the village, -a I came here to see with my own eyes, and over towards Sherman. little, quiet place, one street running hear with my own ears the story from a through it, a few houses scattered along man that I know and remember well. here and there, with a country store, a midday, with hardly a sign of life notice-able, Mr. Webster accosted a lad in the was! I never thought of God; I never of ashes on the back stairs.

street, and asked where John Colby lived. cared for God; I was worse than a heathen. "That is John Colby's house," said he Living in a Christian land, with the light pointing to a very comfortable two-story shining all round me, and the blessings of house, with a green lawn running down to Sabbath teachings everywhere about me, I the road. We drove along towards it, and was worse than a heathen until I was ar I am aboard of a great ship; I do not a little before we reached it, making our rested by the grace of Christ, and made to know what port she left, or whither she is horse secure, we left the wagon and proceeded to the house on foot. Instead of steps leading to it, there were little flag go home to Him, and to meet your sainted go home to Him, and Livish Daniel stones laid in front of the door; and you sister, my poor wife And I wish, Daniel, she may reach some sunny port. I do not could pass right into the house without having to step up. The door was open.—
There was no occasion to knock, because, with deep earnestness of voice, "will you lived."

Stored and I trust you are Daniel," he added, should live again than that they have lived. as we approached the door, the inmates of pray with me?" the room could see us. Sitting in the middle of that room was a striking figure fered a most touching and eloquent prayer who proved to be John Colby. He sat As soon as he had pronounced the "Amen,"

facing the door, in a very comfortably furnished farm house room, with a little table, or what would perhaps be called a light stand, before him. Upon it was a large, old fashioned Scott's Family Bible, in very large print, and of course a very heavy spirit with that of Mr Webster in prayer. volume. It lay open, and he had "Now," said he, "what can we give you? evidently been reading it attentively. As I don't think we have anything that we we entered, he took off his spectacles and laid them upon the page of the book, and "Yes you can," replied Mr. Webster; looked up at us as we approached. Mr. Webster in front. He was a man, I should think, over six feet in height, and he real."

"Yes you can," replied Mr. Webster; not everything, but enough for practical purposes. If I have a Father in heaven, want to eat." tained in a wonderful degree his erect and

manly form, although he was eighty five or six years. His frame was that of a milk for myself and my friend."

Once powerful, athletic man. His head

Very soon the table was set, and a white was covered with very heavy, thick, bushy | cloth spread over it; some nice bread was hair, and it was white as wool, which set upon it and some milk brought, and we added very much to the picturesqueness of sat down to the table and ate. Mr. Webhis appearance. As I looked in at the ster exclaimed afterward: door, I thought I never saw a more striking figure. He straightened himself up,

but said nothing until just as we appeared at the door, when he greeted us with,-"Walk in, gentlemen." He then spoke to his grandchild to give us some chairs. The meeting was, I saw, a little awkward, and he locked very sharply at us, as much as to say, "You are here, but for what I don't know; make Colby's conversion. There was a man as

first salutation was,—
"This is Mr. Colby, Mr John Colby, is it not?" "That is my name, sir," was the reply

Mr. Webster. "No, sir, I don't know you; and I should like to know how you know me." "I have seen you before, Mr. Colby,"

eplied Mr. Webster. and where?" "Have you any recollection of me?" asked Mr. Webster.

"No, sir, not the slightest;" and he looked by Mr. Webster toward me, as if as I, with my own eyes, have witnessed in what province of God's great kingdom trying to remember if he had seen me .- | the life of John Colby." Mr. Webster remarked,-

"I think you never saw this gentleman before; but you have seen me." Colby put the question, when and where?

Mr. Webster, calling her by name. (I old." think it was Susannah.) "I married your oldest sister!" exclaimed

"I am 'little Dan,'" was the reply. It certainly would be impossible to such a man lived in such a house, and there scribe the expression of wonder, astonish-I remember such a man lived in such a ment, and half-incredulity that came over Colby's face. "You Daniel Webster!" said he; and

he started to rise from his chair. As he

did so, he stammered out some words of After Mr. Webster had recounted various surprise. "Is it possible that this is the little black lad that used to ride the horse to water? Well. I cannot realize it!" Mr. Webster approached him. They embraced each other; and both wept. "Is it possible," said Mr. Colby, when the embarrassment of the first shock of oldest half-sister, and was, of course, a good recognition was past, "that you have come many years older than myself,—as she was. up to see me? Is this Daniel? Why, I have not seen him for forty-five years, as nearly as I can recollect. My sister, his Now, sit down. I am glad, oh I am so wife, has been dead many, many years; and any interest I may have had in John Colby has all died out; but I have learned some particulars about his recent life that life has been spared that I might see you interests me very much, and I am going Why, Daniel, I read about you, and hear to see him. I will tell you something about you in all ways; sometimes some members of the family come and tell us about you; and the newspapers tell us a great deal about you, too Your name loving and money getting. In that rather seems to be constantly in the newspapers. rude perid, when there were not many They say that you are a great man, that distinctions in society, when one man was about as good as another, and when there how delighted I am when I hear such

were very few educated persons, he was things. But, Daniel, the time is short, considered a very smart active man. I re you won't stay here long,-I want to ask member him, however, with a sort of ter. you one important question. You may be when I was a little fellow, throw me astride of a horse bare-back, and send the horse Lord Jesus Christ? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? to the brook. The horse would gallop, question that is worth asking or answering was a reckless, wild, harum-scarum, dare- wickedest of men Your poor sister, who devil sort of a fellow. Well, John Colby is now in heaven, knows that. But the religious, good woman; but beaux were come down and plucked me as a brand not plenty, and John Colby was a fine from the everlasting burning. I am here looking man. His personal habits were now, a monument to his grace. Oh, Daniel. the girls in town would have married John the creation of the world until now. For Colby. After he married my sister, I went what good would it do. It is all nothing, and less than nothing, if you are not a

> will sink to utter nothingness Are you have not answered me." All this was said in the most earnest

"John Colby," replied Mr. Webster, "you have asked me a very important question, and one which should not be shame and confusion of face,—that I am -I think a daughter-who grew up and not such a Christian as I wish I were. I have lived in the world, surrounded by its shall know him; and I don't intend to gave me to hear of your conversion. The make myself known at first."

What a wicked man you used to be!"

We knelt down, and Mr. Webster of-

"What is that?" asked Colby.
"It is some bread and milk," said Mr

Webster. "I want a bowl of bread and

"D'dn't it taste good? Didn't it taste like old times?" The brothers-in-law took an affectionate

leave of each other, and we left. Mr. that feels it. The Creator keeps his word Webster could hardly restrain his tears.— with us. * * * All I have seen teaches When we got into the wagon he began to me to trust the Creator for what I have moralize.

known your business." Mr. Webster's unlikely, humanly speaking, to become a Christian as any man I ever saw. He was reckless, heedless, impious; never attended church, never experienced the good influence of associating with religious people. "I suppose you don't know me," said And here he has been living on in that reckless way until he has got to be an old man; until a period of life when you naturally would not expect his habits to change, and yet he has been brought into the condition in which we have seen him "Seen me before!" said he; "pray, when d where?" to day,—a penitent, trusting, humble believer. Whatever people may say, nothing," added Mr. Webster, "can convince me that any thing short of the grace of

When we got back to Franklin, in the evening, we met John Taylor at the door. Mr. Webster called out to him:

"Well, John Taylor, miracles happen in ly the lessons now set before us, and by-Mr. Webster called out to him:

Select Miscellany.

Unbelieved Slander.

It is doubtless a stimulant to some minds to repeat scandal, not for the purpose of injury, but for the titillation of the nerves produced by dealing freely with names intrinsically respectable. There is a consciousness and even a common understanding that it is not true, but it is none the everlasting ages. less repeated with pungent effect. It is also a method of expressing momentary dislike or opposition. A man irritated with his friend exclaims, "Who would would have thought that he would do such a thing?" when he does not believe that he did it, and expects to have the trouble wholly cleared up. Party spirit especially is full of this perfunctory indignation and this unbelieved slander. It is not to be supposed that any American credited what the Aurora said of Washington, or that Fisher Ames really supposed that Jeffer-

son's party were as bad as the French terrorists; and the Spectator says very well: be renewed night and morning. "Every Democrat in America used to read every day that General Grant was a drunkard lieve a cough. Most people feel poorly in and a horse jockey and a plunderer, and the Spring, but if they would eat a lemon worse, but the Democrat who would not before breakfast every day for a weekdine with General Grant, or who judged with or without sugar, as they like-they him differently on account of all these would find it better than any medicine. stories, might be sought in vain. He read Lemon juice used according to this recipe in them expressions of an opinion that the will sometimes cure consumption: Put a general should not be re-elected, and that

was all." good humored statement, and a striking drink. In this way use one-dozen lemons llustration of it was the speech of Colonel Ingersoll delivered in New York soon after bowels too much lessen the quantity and the election of last year, in which he acknowledged that he had done his full share of feeding the angry fires of the campaign. The fact is that as a "campaign" proceeds, the audience and the orator de mand stronger and stronger stimulants, for several weeks more. Another use for until at last brandy and cayenne are in- lemons is for a refreshing drink in summer, dispensable. There is perhaps an uncon or in sickness at any time. Prepare as di scious and even half-amused conviction all the while that the "other man" is not quite so black as he is painted, and in the high paroxysm of eloquence in which he is prophesying the overthrow of the Con stitution and the wreck of liberty which stir a few minutes more until the sugar is are to follow the defeat of his own side, dissolved, skim carefully and bottle You

the orator perhaps recalls with a smile, will get more juice from the lemons by Timothy Pickering's views of Jefferson and his Jacobites, or Jefferson's grave remark that it would not be advisable to resort to arms against the tendencies of John Quincy Adam's administration "until much longer and greater sufferings" This is one of the most ludicrous outbursts of party spirit in our political history, but it meant only that the Federalists must be defeated in the election, "and that was all."-EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in Harper's Magazine for March

"I DIDN'T SAY BRISTLES."-The Louis ville Journal relates the following anecdote: We remember that some years ago, Roger M. Sherman and Perry Smith were opposed to each other as advocates in an important case before a court of justice.-Smith opened the case with a violent tirade | dropped the subject. marked:

"I shall not discuss politics with Mr. Smith before the Court, but I am perfectly "Yis that's moine-U for Patrick and S for McCarthy. But this larnin's a foine alone unless you are Invited to interfere. Split that then," said Smith, at the specific or even to split hairs with him."

"Split that then," said Smith, at the specific or even to split hairs with him."

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"Split that then," said Smith, at the specific or even to split hairs with him."

"Split that then," said Smith, at the specific or even to split hairs with him."

"Split that then," said Smith, at the specific or even to split hairs with him." willing to argue questions of law, to chop logic; or even to split hairs with him." same time pulling a short, rough looking afther findin' me blanket."—College Tran- the world think themselves called upon to hair from his own head, and handing it script.

tank.

"May it please the honorable court." re torted Sherman, "I didn't say bristles." tavern, and a post office. As we drove into this quiet, peaceable little hamlet, at "you don't remember how wicked I was; ways, but we believe nobody ever heard a bumps his head against a post. kicks a fairs. Get your own affairs in good shape PLEASURE is manifested in different

Voices of To-Day.

FIRST VOICE-INGERSOLL.

Believe in hereafter? I do not know .-

SECOND VOICE-JOSEPH COOK. Our age has many in it who wander a lost babes in the woods, not asking whether there is any way out of uncertainties or the highest of all themes, and is suppressed sadness beyond that of tears. Small philosophers are great characters in democratic centuries, when every man thinks for himself, but lost babes are greater. There is "Now," said he, "what can we give you? a feeling that we can know nothing what we most desire to know. I hold first of all, to the truth that man may know ask the way out of these woods. I will not be a questionless lost babe, for I be lieve there is a way, and that, although we may not know the map of all the forest, we can find the path home.

THIRD VOICE-EMERSON. Everything is prospective, and man is to live hereafter. That the world is for his education is the only solution of the enigma. * * * The implanting of a desire is in the constitution of the creature not seen. Will you, with vast cost and "I should like," said he, "to know what pains, educate your children to produce a the enemies of religion would say to John masterpiece, and then shoot them down !

FOURTH VOICE-DANIEL WEBSTER. That there is a God all must acknowl edge. I see Himself how wondrous !-What would be the condition of any of us if we had no hopes of immortality. Amongst the Jews it is a tradition that communication was made to the Jews by God himself through Moses. The Romans never reached it. But, thank God! the Gospe of Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to light; rescued it, brought it to light!

FIFTH VOICE-MARSH. And where shall our immortal selves find a home when the wind of death has passed over this mortal frame and blown shall we make our habitation when the places which now know us on earth shall know us no more forever? * * * We "You married my oldest sister," replied these later days as well as in the days of and by the veil will be lifted, the doors of the city of Deadwood without once having nature, and offered to buy it, but Mrs. Jaour Father's house will be thrown open, drawn a sober breath. In Chicago he paid our Father's house will be thrown open, and we shall be free to range through all its million fold mansions. Wings of light shall be given us to fly with, angels shall they lead us on and show us the way they shall tell us all they have learned in thouse will be thrown open, and we shall be free to range through all its million fold mansions. Wings of light won \$1,200. He left the tiger's den about through two intervening pairs of hands be was passing down in the pebble, which afterward passed carelessly through two intervening pairs of hands be midnight, and as he was passing down Dearborn street to his hotel he was attacked by two ruffians, who succeeded in hurling him to the ground, and were about to shall tell us all they have learned in thouse will be thrown open, and we shall be free to range through all its million fold mansions. Wings of light won \$1,200. He left the tiger's den about midnight, and as he was passing down Dearborn street to his hotel he was attacked by two ruffians, who succeeded in hurling him to the ground, and were about to shall tell us all they have learned in thouse will be thrown open, and we shall be free to range through all its million fold mansions. Wings of light won \$1,200. He left the tiger's den about midnight, and as he was passing down Dearborn street to his hotel he was attacked by two ruffians, who succeeded in hurling him to the ground, and were about to shall tell us all they have learned in thouse will be free to range through all its million fold mansions. Wings of light as with to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling hell, where he a visit to a noted gambling he shall tell us all they have learned in thousands of years' study. With a wing that ing, and the robbers hastily decamped. In never tires and a curiosity that is never satisfied, we shall sweep on with the blaze of suns upon our path and the rush of planets around us. * * * We shall pass over immeasurable reaches of space, where towering constellations scale the heights of eternity, where infinite abysses of star worlds are swallowed up in depts unfathomable; and before us shall be the life of

SIXTH VOICE-J. R. LOWELL. God of our fathers, thou who wast And shall be, when the eye-wise who flout Thy secret presence shall be lost In the great light that dazzles them to doubt, Beyond the probe of chemic test, Shall, like our fathers, feel thee near.

The Uses of the Lemon.

As a writer in the London Lancet remarks few people know the value of lemon juice. A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will cure it in a few days; it should A free use of lemon juice and sugar will also redozen lemons into cold water and slowly bring to a boil, boil slowly till all the juice There was a great deal of truth in this is extracted; and sugar to your taste and a day. If they cause pain, or loosen the use five or six till you are better, and then begin again with a dozen a day. After using five or six dozen the patient will begin to gain flesh and enjoy food. Hold on to the lemons, and still use them very freely rected above and add water and sugar. But in order to have this keep well, after boiling the lemons squeeze and drain carefully; then to every half pint of juice add one-half pound of crushed sugar, boil and boiling them, and the preparation keeps hetter

HER WATERING-PLACE HOME .- It is a strange thing to see a city chap at a country party, but he was there, and in He laid down his cards and staggered up his conversation with one of the prettiest lasses, ventured to inquire:

"Were you ever at a watering place?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "I live right at derson.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed growing interested, "where might it be?" "Oh, just out here a little way," wa her reply, "my father keeps the railroad

The city chap, wondering whether she

under his arm and walked off, saying: gether better, however, as a rule, to attend

their language. After seventeen futile any one who has mind enough to attract to jail.

The President's Little Speech.

BY ONE OF THE OLD TWENTY SECOND IOWA.

Well, neighbor, I've read your paper, And the speech the President made, And something slipped through my teeth-'Twas an ugly oath, I'm afraid. And I looked for my good right arm, And saw but an empty sleeve; I thought I'd walk over awhile,

My burdened mind to relieve. When the rebels fired on Sumter, And the bloody fight begun, Was it "no special credit,"
That each loyal man seized his gun,
And swore to keep the freedom That our fathers died to win?

That no other flag should ever float
Where the stars and stripes had been? We met them bravely and fairly, We fought them long and well; We stormed their pits and earthworks, We faced their shot and shell; We carried the dear old banner That the traitors had pulled down,

And set it proudly floating Above each Southern town And now the President tells us, Twas no disgrace to them That they starved our loyal boys

In many a prison pen.
My God, and they were the traitors! 'Twas they began the 'uss; But I've not heard a word about Conciliating us. I'm sorry the President said it,

For I think he is good and true, And means to do as an honest man And a Christian ought to do. And a Christian ought to do.

But it's like offering merit for treason,
And to me it seems too plain,
That there's nothing to hinder these fellows
From trying the same thing again.

The graves on the Southern hill-sides May cover the mouldering forms, But women's hearts are aching yet, In our quiet Northern homes. The cannon smoke is lifted From fields where our heroes lay

For the light died out of many a life, And the shadows came to stay. Well, I'll just go home now, neighbor, And let this matter rest; Wiser heads than mine are running this, And I reckon they know best.

But I'll take this old army overcoat, And hide it from sight away, For loval blue is at a discount And the premium on the gray.

His Last Game of Poker.

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS BET AND LOST ON A SINGLE HAND.

The Dakota Herald says: James B. Anderson, born in the State of Maine, constantly." Æson thus improbed upon reared in affluence, a graduate of Yale in fullness of time we find Sinbad parodied. College, and destined for the bar, arrived in the great city of New York on the 19th day of July, 1876, and entered upon a career of dissipation, which culminated in a banks of the neighboring river, and picked determination to seek excitement and ad venture in the Black Hills. He started rob him, when steps were heard approach. this adventure he had his arm broken. He was taken to his hotel, where the injured limb was set.

ciently well to proceed on his way to the Hills, to which his companion had preceded him. He arrived at El Dorado in September, and began anew his career of dis sipation. Strange to say, he was a most fortunate gambler. Drunk or sober, he invariably arose a winner, and one time, it is said. he actually broke a faro bank, cal details charming touches of anecdote cleaning the place out of nearly \$7,000
Twice he was waylaid and robbed—but he selves, from the gravel and the quartz the appears to have made a point of carrying but a small amount of money. The professional gamblers grew to fear and hate ces in history with the Saney, the Pitt, the him for his extraordinary good luck. It is Great Mogul, the Hope Brilliant, and many said that while he was in the Hills he won another bright bauble, blood and tearover \$15,000, and spent his money as reck- stained.

lessly as he acquired it. But fortune deserted the reckless youth. One night he entered a gambling hell, and encountered a man named Broy. They were introduced, had some wine together, him \$500 better. The silence of death reigned in the gambling house. Anderson looked at his hand, and cooly raised his opponent \$1,000. The money was deposited as fast as called for. Without hesitation Broy saw the \$1,000, and went \$2,000 better. The excitement became intense. A pin might be heard to drop while the two men looked at the cards they held. The face of Anderson was very pale, while ed into the hand upon which so much depended, and in a low voice said: "What will you do, Broy ?" The latter looked at ed wallet from his pocket: "I see you market went down, and down, and has and go you \$5,000 better." He deposited never recovered itself. the money. Anderson looked at the pile with a shiver. He covered the money, however, and then in a low, cool voice, said : "And I call you?" "Four kings!" cried Broy, throwing down his cards. They were good. Anderson held four queens. from the table, and walked uneasily out of the room. From that day to this nothing has been seen or heard of James B. An

Giving Advice.

Advice is a first-rate thing when the person giving it knows what he or she is talking about. But there are volumes of advice and counsel which are utterly usewas in earnest or making fun of him, less, because it is simply the result of an uncontrollable desire to say somethingwhat, makes no difference. Advice, to be An Irishman found a government worth anything, needs to be matured in blanket recently, and, rolling it up, put it the mind before it is uttered. It is altoto your business and let other people's give a man who happens to be in public life a sort of advice, seeming entirely to "THE Japanese have no cuss word in lose sight of the very importrat fact that hairless dog twenty seven times around the yard, and then—feels better."

fairs. Get your own affairs in good shape and keep them in it, and do not waste so much of life in looking after other people.

Derrick,

The Precious Stones of Brazil.

OME REMARKABLE PACTS CONNECTED WITH THEIR DISCOVERY-A FORTH-NATE SLAVE-SNATCHES OF SOUTH AMERICAN HISTORY NOT GENERALLY

Some remarkable stories are connected

with the discovery of diamonds in Brazil, so much regretted by the Marquis de Pom-

bal, who vainly endeavored to arrest the evil by forbidding search in the Province

of Bahia (Brazilian diamonds were known

first as "Bahias") on the plea that agri-

culture would suffer from the diversion of

industry. We find these stories in Mr.

Streeter's valuable work on "Precious Stones," in which every branch of his fas-cinating subject is made interesting. The discovery of diamonds in Bahia was in this wise: "A cunning slave from Minas Geraes, keeping his master's flocks in Bahia, observed a similarity between the soil of his native place and that of Bahia. He sought therefore in the sand, and soon found 700 carats of diamonds. Fleeing from his master, he carried these with him, and offered them for sale in a distant city. Such wealth in the hands of a slave caused him to be arrested, but he would not betray himself. The master, to whom he was given up, tried to get at his secret by cunning but without avail, until he thought of restoring him to his former occupation in Bahia, and watching him." A year afterward 25,000 people were digging diamonds there (eighty miles long by forty broad,) and at the rate of 1,450 carats a day. Dreadful misery ensued on the discovery of the "Diamond River." The government wanted to secure the monopoly of the new found wealth to the crown, and so the dwellers on the river's banks were driven from their homes to distant wilds and despoiled of all they possessed. "Nature seemed to take part against them; a dreadful drought, succeeded by a violent earthquake, increased their distress. Many of of them perished, but those who lived to return, on May 18, 1865, were benevolently reinstated in their rightful possessions. Strange to say, on their return the earth seemed strewn with diamonds. After a shower the children used to find gold in the streets and in the brooks which tra versed them. Often the little ones would bring in three or four carats of diamonds. A negro found a diamond at the root of a vegetable in his garden, and the poultry in picking up their food took up diamonds In 1868 the child of a Dutch farmer namup a specimen which attracted his mother's attention, so that she showed it to one from New York with a companion, having Schlack Van Viekerk, who was curious in in his possession \$2,200, and arrived in such matters. He was puzzled about its copus laughed at his offer and gave him the

jected to optical tests by means of polarized light, pronounced it to be a diamond. This is the stone which was examined At the end of three weeks he was suffi- by savants of all nations during the Paris exhibition in 1867, and purchased at the close of it by Sir Philip Wodehouse for £500. In 1870, Mr. Streeter's diamond expedition party were exploring the Transvaal far and wide, and ascertaining facts which complete our knowledge of the new selves, from the gravel and the quartz; the and "Dudley," emerge and take their places in history with the Sancy, the Pitt, the

character and tested its degree of hardness

The Transvaal, our new territory, is Sinbad's Valley in prospect, and the origin of the most celebrated group of dry diggina -that called Du Toit's Pan, which does not sound poetical-is as fantastic as a fanand sat down to have a game of poker. cy of Hans Christian Andersen's. "A They played with varying fortunes for two Dutch Boor named Van Wyk, who occuhours, at last Anderson proposed to make the "ante" \$500. Broy assented, the cards were dealt, and Broy offered \$100 on his monds embedded in the walls of his house, hand. Anderson saw him, and went him which had been built of mud from a neigh-\$200 better. A crowd had gathered about bor's pond. This led to an examination of the table. Broy saw the \$200 and went the soil, which was found to contain diamonds. On continuing to dig lower and lower diamonds were still brought to light, nor did they cease when the bed of rock

was at length reached." It was natural that the discovery of diamonds at the Cape should excite only moderate enthusiasm in Brazil, but the Portuguese trick was long past, and the merchants would have been wiser had they been less angry, and especially incredulous; great drops of perspiration stood out on the brow of the gambler Broy. It was an agonizing moment to Anderson whose ed to receive the warnings sent in good 'say" it was. He looked at the pile of faith, and in stolid unbelief beheld the bills upon the table, saw it, and then gaz attention of the trade divert to the Cape stones, which were brought to market by all kinds of holders, and so fascinated the Amsterdam lapidaries that for a long time the stake, and cried, pulling a heavily load- they would cut no other. The Brazilian

The New Tax-Bill.

For kissing a pretty girl, \$1. For kissing a homely one \$2. The tax is levied in order to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded as a piece of inexcusable absurdity. For every flirtation, ten cents.

For every young man who has more than one girl, five dollars. Courting in the kitchen, 25 cents. Courting in romantic places, five dollars, and fifty cents each time thereafter. For a girl giving a young man the mit-

ten, five dollars and costs of suit. Seeing a young lady home from church, twenty cents. Failing to see her home, \$5 and cost. For ladies who paint, two dollars. Proceeds to be devoted to the relief of discon-

solate husbands who have been deceived by outside appearances. Bachelors over thirty years old, ten dollars and banished to Utah.

Each boy baby, fifty cents. Each girl baby, ten cents. Twins, one hundred dollars premium to be paid out of the fund accruing from the tax on old bachelors. Head of families of more than thirteen

children, fined a hundred dotlars and sent

BEFORE accepting Mr. Beecher's theory