New Advertisements.

War, War, and Rumors of War!

JOSEPH R. CARMON TO THE FRONT WITH AN ELEGANT STOCK OF

SPRING AND SUMMER DRY-GOODS.

We offer a nice line of Black and Drab, Gros Grain and Striped Silks, at 75 cents per yard, All-Wool Cashmeres from 50 cents to 90 cents, for at 75 cents per yard, All-Wool Cashmeres from 50 cents to 90 cents, for goods 48 inches wide. We offer also 100 pieces new styles Dress Goods, Melange, Debege, Armures, Alpacas, (all colors), Coburg Poplin, &c., from 15 cents to 25 cents. We call attention to our nice stock of Plaids, from 6 cents to 12½ cents, have just opened 4000 yards of best Prints, which we will sell at 5 cents, Appleton A Muslin, 7½ cents, Fruit of Loom, 4-4 10 cents, Chapman, 4-4 8 cents.

Notions! Notions! Our stock of Hosiery for Ladies, Gents. and Misses is complete; we have the cheapest Hose from 5 cents a pair to 75 cents for the finest lisle thread. A large stock opening of Silk Sun Umbrellas, Counterpanes, Jacquard Quilts, Silk Handkerchiefs, Hamburg Edgings, Cheap, Cheap.

Ladies' and Gents.' Shoes! We keep constantly on hand a full line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers. For Men, we have Brogans at \$1.25, and \$1.75, for Plough Shoes, Ties and Congress Gaiters. Call and be convinced that we sell the cheapest.

Groceries! Groceries! Groceries! The Best Syrup at 70 cts., Choice Syrup at 50 cts., 10 pounds A Sugar for \$1.00, best Green Coffee, 20 cts., best Brown, 23 cts. A liberal discount allowed persons buying a large quantity. Goods delivered free of charge to all parts of the town.

Fish and Salt a Specialty! J. R. CARMON. 420 Washington Street

CARPETS. CARPETS. CARPETS OIL CLOTHS,

OIL CLOTHS,

OIL CLOTHS.

Another tumble in the Price of Carpets and Oil Cloths. We are just in receipt of another invoice of Three-Ply, Extra Super-Super-Ingrain, Hemp and Rag Carpets, and the Prices are lower than ever.

We have just received a full line of samples, of the latest designs in

Body Brussel and Tapestry Brussels,

at greatly reduced prices. We have just received a beautiful line of

FLOOR OIL CLOTH

1 yard wide, 1 1-4 yard wide, 1 1-2 yard wide and 2 yards wide, at Prices that defy competition. If you need a Carpet or Oil Cloth, come and examine our stock before you purchase. It will pay.

We are the sole agents in the county for the celebrated EIMEIG WHITE SHIRT-can't wrinkle.

HENRY & CO

March22-3mos.

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GRAND OPENING -AT-MARCHS' OLD STAND. NO. 615 PENN STREET, HUNTINGDON, PA. ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF Spring Goods

Great Bargains Offered for Cash or Trade. We respectfully invite the public generally to call and examine the large and entire new stock just received and ready for inspection.

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, QUEENSWARE, WILLOWWARE, TINWARE,

OIL CLOTHS, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, GENTS.' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

and a great variety of other goods, which were purchased for CASH, at bottom figures and will be offered at small profits for CASH. If you desire to buy GOOD GOODS and at prices lower than any other place, come and see our stock and learn our prices. We mean to do a business of

SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES. We guarantee our goods to be A No. 1, and at prices cheaper than the cheapest. In conductions our hadress we shall be governed as follows:

Justice and one price to all.
Goods sold at small profits.
Produce taken at market prices
Cash or Trade only taken for go
All mistakes willingly corrected.
No extra profits on produce.

7. No misrepresentation of goods.
8. Due attention and respect to all.
9. No trouble to show goods.
10. To accommodate the trade, doors will be open

LUMBER.

All kinds of Lumber on hands, such as Hemlock Boards, Scantling, Plastering and Roofing Laths, Shingles, Etc. Any

kind of BUILDING MATERIAL furnished at short notice, at prices to suit purchasers. A Share of the Trade of Huntingdon and Vicinity Solicited

Mrs. J. MARCH.

Tiolessional Cards	MISCELIA.
LDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3rd street. ffice formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Wil- [ap12,71	
B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services he community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, east of the Catholic Parsonage. [fan4,71]	
STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister's uilding, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. ie, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl23, '76.	

ity, amount, rate per it shall be reimbursadecree of the said Court. THOS. S. JOHNSTON. ALEX. ELLIOTT, CHEVINGTON COAL.

Old "Langdon Yard," in quantities to suit purchasers by the ton or car load. Kindling wood cut to order, Pine Oak or Hickory. Orders left at Judge Miller's store, at my residence, 609 Mifflin st., or Guss Kaymonds may 3, "78-1y.] J. H. DAV IDSON.

NOTICE OF AI)MINISTRATION [Estate of GEORGE WELLS, dec'd.]
Letters of Administration having been granted to the undersigned, living in Huntingdon, on the estate of my late husband. George Wells, late of said borough deceased, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will make payment without delay and there, having claims against said borough deceased, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will make payment without delay, and those having claims against the had rolled himself for protection. He sits up, drinking in that strange expressions with the same, will present the maproperly authenticated for set thement.

ELLA WELLS, apr.26-6t1

"It's not my fault, sir. They don't go proudly.

"Oh, Dick, he how improved!"

"It's not my fault, sir. They don't go proudly.

"Oh, Dick, he how improved!"

"It's not my fault, sir. They don't go proudly.

"Oh, Dick, he how improved!"

The Muses' Bower.

And young grass shines along he way; When April willows meet the breeze Like softest dawn among the trees; When smell of Spring fills the air, And meadows bloom, and blue-birds pair; When Love first bares her sunny head Over the brook and lily-bed; Nothing of sound or sight to grieve From choiring morn to quiet eve,— My heart will not, for all its ease, Forget the days to follow these. This loveliness shall be betrayed, This happiest of music played From field to field, by stream and bough, Shall silent be as tuneful now, The silver launch of thistles sai Adown the solitary vale; That blue solitude of sky

The light fades out from the purple hills, The woodlands are turning brown, On rock, and river, and musical rills The shadows are coming down. A faint blush lingers along the sky,

And over the mountain's height—
Oh! speed dark hours, like swift birds by,
For he must be home to-night! See nestled soft in their snowy beds O'er which the fire-light glows,

Peer out three golden, curly heads,
And cheeks of richest rose.
The board is spread with dainty cheer—
The tapers are all alight—
My flowers in bloom—but—can this be fear Oh! will he come to-night?

My eyes are bright-it's because they see The stars of love thou wilt bring with thee In those soft dark eyes of thine? And the golden gleams, like the sun or

My cheek's aglow—it's because I'm drest
In his fancy 'o favorite hue?
Come, tell me, Elsie, do I "look my best"
In this robe of richest blue?
Is my hair in the way he loves, you know— Is the fall of the ringlets right?
Do you think me vain? Ah! it is not so-But—he will be home to-night.

"Look well," you say? I am glad the while,
And I hope he will note the glow,
And the lighted eye, and the stany smile,
Which charmed him—"long ago."
I know that my summers are passing away, That I'm not as beautiful—quite— But I know what he'll say, with his smile so

If he should come home to-night.

Yes-I think he'll come; over the crims keys
Of my heart doth a music swell,
Like the soft, sweet chiming of distant seas
Through the folds of a lonely shell;
And something that's neither of earth nor air, But endowed with an angel's might, Has met my spirit, and whispered there, "Rest! he will be home to-night!"

Oh! God be thanked-who hath kept | In his wandering wild and wide,

And guided him back, like a precious waif Adrift on a stormy tide, Ho! there's the train—with his signal shrill Oh! dark hours speed your flight!
Oh! soul rejoice—oh! heart be still—
He has come—he has come to night!

The Story-Teller. A WHARFRAT.

was Dick. As a child he managed somehow to escape the massacres of want, neglect, and disease in great cities; and we
find him a small boy twelve years old,
living where he may, eating what he can

"I say," says the Rat, "do you like
him?" with a chuck of the thumb toward
the steamer. living where he may, eating what he can get, his hand against every thing (that will "Captain (sell at a junk store), and every one's against him. A human rat—a thing to hide itself in dark places, and to be chased and wor-

RC ried when it ventures into the light. The levee which Dick inferts is that of New Orleans : down at the foot of Jack son street, where the English steamers lie, is his happy hunting ground, and on the day when we make his acquaintance, it is not very productive. The hunting has all been on one side, and how Dick is discovered hiding between two bales of cotton is the query. He is kicked, pushed, dragged, jostled backward and forward by

the stevedore's man, like a ragged shuttlecock, every one has a curse and blow for the "Rat," with whom things are going hard, when-"Oh, how shameful to beat that poor boy so !" exclaimed a soft voice, with a

ring of genuine indignation in it. The speaker is a lady, clad in crisp, cool muslin-a lady, beautiful in face and form. "Oh," she exclaimed, "how shameful to treat that poor child so! Do, please, Cap-

tain Gilbert, make them let him alone.' Captain Gilbert, whose guest she is, and tho leads her up to the stage, shouts: "Halloa ! quit that! Let the boy go, and on on with your work."

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Dick—who, unable to dodge his tor mentors, had emulated the position of a hedge-hog, and made himself as nearly spherical as possible against a cotton bale—does not rise. The foe has not sufficiently retreated, but he keeps a bright lookout from the corner of one eye, so as to be ready for a jump.
"They have hurt him," said the lady.

"He can't get up, poor little fellow!" and before any one can interfere, she trips down smile He has been kicked into a coal heap, and is black. He has been cuffed against a lot of oil cake, and is russet brown. He is fluffy all over with cotton His mouth is open and his eyes waste. are wild with astonishment. He had

never been so near to a lady, and don't know what will be done with him. "Come, get up," says the Captain, "there's nothing the matter with you." "Can you rise?" asks the lady, and she touches him with the most wonderful thing Dick ever saw-her hand! The creamy glove upon it, the shimmer of lace and the glitter of gold at the wrist, and the soft, white flesh beyond; never had he felt such

a touch, or been spoken to in such a tone.
"Oh, ain't I in for it now?" he muses, and then he looks up into the lady's face. There was no chance for a bolt now .-The lady, the gentleman who came with her, the captain of the steamer, and its chief

ing makes him close his eyes.

crew, bearing squat heavy boxes, which named Phil Woods in your crowd?" jingle as they are lowered through a trapdoor in the deck, partly under the lunch

"Mexican dollars," explains the captain.
"What a lot of money!" the lady remarked.

"Not so much as you suppose, but a tidy sum. Each box contains \$2,000, and there are fourteen of them-eh, Mr. Mansfield?" This to the officer in charge, who confirms the count.

They have got to their first glass of champagne, when the doctor joins them.
"Well, how's your patient?" asks the it away, he did, and locked me up," ex-

"All right, and clean for once in his life, but rather weak," is the medical report upon the Rat. "Poor child," sighs the lady, "what ought he to take?"

"I should prescribe something to eat," the doctor replies, helping himself to a slice of tongue.

"Captain, I should like to give him some | Then he darts out on deek. It is unnecessary to say who speaks, and

the skipper would indeed have been a stern man if he could have resisted the pleading of those kind brown eyes. The quartermaster is summoned again, and appears, leading Dick. It has begun to dawn upon him that he is not going to be abused. "What is your name, little boy?" asks the lady. "Dick."

"Are you hungry, Dick?"

"Only rather?" in a tone of disappoint-"Rather," explains the Captain, "in

that tone, means 'very.' " The lady takes the plate and fills it with what not; adds a knife and fork, and gives it to Dick.

"I should keep some of that for to-mor."

"What's that in the wheel-house?" says "I should keep some of that for to-mor-

To morrow ain't here, but the grub is, and Rat that the lady-" so I'm going to get outside it while I can " There was a general laugh at this philogot all about him! Is he hurt?"
sophy. Dick "gets outside" his graph "Shot right through the hody an

without saying, thank you?"

"Thank ye." "No not me. Thank the lady." "Thank ye kindly, ma'am," says Dick.

It was the first polite speech he had ever "Is the police gone

it up.

The party remained on board till about 6 o'clock, and by the time it had broke up

"Captain Gilbert?" "Yes-is he your feller?" "Get out, you scamp," cries the gentle nan, indignantly. "Let him speak, Fred," the lady pleads.

"No, Dick, I am married, and this is my husband; but Captain Gilbert is our kind friend. I crossed with him once, and he was very good to me when I was sick.' face full of wonder.

"Often. So I can answer your question and say that I like the captain very much. "You'd hate for anything bad to happen "Why, of course-to him or any one

"Yes."

elastic to bear such a marvel as a boy about his size who had chickens every day. own room, where the promised things were produced, and tried on over his rags. Here as a cat. He has lost more blood than he about him bewildered, and same dim sense When the lady comes early in the morn-of shame stole over him as he saw his own ing, the Rat is sinking slowly. His face reflection in the looking-glass.

kerchief and fifty cents in his pocket. As his jelly-bag hat over his eyes and send him off at a run.

Captain Gilbert spends the evening with his agent, and then returns to the ship about 11 o'clock. "Sorry to say, sir" begins the chief offier, "that most of the men are on shore." "Without leave ?"

·Whose watch is it?" "Mr. Andrews." "Send him here." "How's this, Mr. Andrews?" asks the

sits up, drinking in that strange expression which at once scares, puzzles, and

It's impossible to stop them."

"There was plenty of The Captain knows New Orleans, and, laughs the quondam Rat.

pleases him, till a sort of sleepy, faint feel- being a just man, had no more to say. It explains. "He's been at school ever since is very provoking. He is going to sail to-"He's going to faint," says the lady.—
morrow, and these men will come on beard he got well, and has learned more than either drunk or stapid from the effects of other boys in double the time. Oh, he's morrow, and these men will come on beard he got well, and has learned more than Dot voman of mine! dot voman of mine!

Dick has no power to resist. He is carried on board, muttering, "Come, I ain't done nothing to you."

A cold lunch is served under the awning on the main deck. Two other ladies, with their escorts arrive, but the meal is delayed by the appearance of some of the light a match. Hush! Is there a man and ruin; and two bells (1 o'clock) is striking. Then, he then then had his restored to two bells (1 o'clock) is striking. Then, he then had his restored to two bells (1 o'clock) is striking. Then, he the tender touch of a woman's hand saved a boy's life.

Dot voman of mine! dot voman of mine! She vakes me up in der midnight time, but the tender touch of a woman's hand saved a boy's life.

Select Tricking a match in the second match and the tender touch of a woman's hand saved a boy's life.

Select Tricking a match in the second match and the tender touch of a woman's hand saved a boy's life.

Select Tricking a match in the second match and the tender touch of a woman's hand saved a boy's life.

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Select Tricking a match in the second match and the tender touch of a woman's hand saved a boy's life.

Select Tricking a match in the second match and the tender touch of a woman's hand saved a boy's life.

Select Tricking in the stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got, und tells me a pain in her stomoch she's got,

week," the Captain whispers back. "Have you got any specious aboard?"
"Specious? Oh, specie, you mean." "Wot's that ?"

and five more are after that there specious, and they are aboard now.'

"P'liceman cheved me, cos I'd blessed mother spins around the sun as gayly as she did in her first year. She rises from her winter sleep fresh and young as ever. Every new violet is as exquisitely claimed Dick, "but I got out." "On board now, do you say?" asks the

"Yes, and at work, too. Listen!" What the Captain hears sends him out of his berth with a spring.

"Fire that," he says, thrusting a pistol into Dick's hand, "and run forward shouting for help as loud as you can scream.'

And no time to spare! The thieves have overpowered and gagged the man on watch, have cut round the fastenings on the hatch leading to the specie room, and already two boxes are out and ready for spiriting away. It is a brisk affair while it lasts; which is until the chief officer, doctor, steward, and some others aroused by Dick's shouts and firing, come upon the scene. Then such of the thieves as can do so jump overboard—for their re-treat forward is cut off. Three remain; one, the leader, dead; another with his thigh splintered, and a third with several you suppose our great grandchildren will

Mr. Andrews, whom they find still insensible from a blow on the head. By this of course, their own customs and festivals, cold chicken, stuffing, sallad, bread, and time the police have come, and are search-

"I should keep some of that for to-morrow, if I were you," observed the doctor.

"Then you'd be a fool," Dick replied with a scoff. "The big fellows on the levee would take it 'fore you'd gone two blocks.

"What's that in the wheel house! "says the chief officer; "bring a light here.—

Ah! it's another of them. Turn him over. Oh, Lord! captain, look here.—

Here's gratitude! If it isn't that d—d

"Shot right through the body, and osophy. Dick "gets outside" his grub "Shot right through the body, and serves without further comment, and is walking him right," is Mansfield's reply. It struck and martyrs for heathen gods and goldless him right," is Mansfield's reply. It struck es. Thus the Floralia became May-day celebration, and lost none of its popularity off, when the Captain calls him back with the speaker "silly," as he afterward said, beside the "Rat," lift his head upon his by the change. On the contrary, it was to see the skipper fall down on his knees shoulder, and ia a voice hoarse with emo-

"Is the police gone?" he moans.

"They shan't hurt you, Dick—no one shall. Oh, doctor, come and attend this poor, brave little fellow. Any drop of his blood is worth more than all the lives of those scoundrels. Do your best for him, He was a levee "Rat," and his name was Dick. As a child he managed some was Dick. not only ordinary people, but lords and ladies, and even king and queen, laid aside their state and went "a-Maying" early in

in his bed. The ship's doctor does his very best for him. The most famous sur-

"Say?" Dick's voice was very low and tremulous-"was that there money yourn?" "No; but it was in my charge. "You'd a got it if you'd lost it, eh?" "I should have been ruined."

"She? Who do you mean, my boy?"
"The lady—her as you was good to."
The Captain turned aside, and tried hard to swallow something which had never

nassed his lips. you did this?"

the cap'n. There was to ha' bin one put tiest arrangements for plants we have ever at the cap'n's door to knock him on the seen, was a window with two narrow head if he came out. 1 didn't know for shelves placed one above the other, on sartin it war your ship, and I was a coming to ask if you had specious, when the p'lice-

So they bade him follow them, and more crawled away to where you found me. I longed to the other crowd.

The Rat is skin and bone, and nervous he stood lost in admiration. He gazed can spare from that slight wound on his arm brightens up as he sees her.

wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle or the central man, is shaking to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the person Encouraged by such immunity, he ventures He submits and goes down very re luctantly, with two whole suits of Charley's which he is watching intently is lit up who indulges therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different imleft-off clothes bundled in a large hand- with a smile through its tears. Into his pression to all the organs of the body, as unloved life-into his half-savage mind it visits them on that particular, mystic soon as the hall door closes after him the dawns the first idea of a caress. He clasps journey when the man is laughing, from brute instincts of secrecy and evasion pull the lady's hand and draws it down and what it does at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which presses it there with both his little brown paws. Then he leans back with a longperson indulges, tends to lengthen his drawn sigh, and shuts his eyes. life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubt-

Three years have passed, and Captain Gilbert's steamer is again at her wharf at the foot of Jackson street; and again Mr. and Mrs. Austen are to lunch on board. As the lady is stepping down from the gang way, a well-grown, handsome boy, in a blue flannel kuickerbocker suit, and straw hat with ship's ribbon, came slyly forward.
"Why, that is never Dick?" she ex-

effect upon the patient. "Dick all over," says the Captain, "Oh, Dick, how you have grown, and "There was plenty of room for that,"

Dot Voman of Mine

Then the Captain takes her aside and

The Story of May Day.

Alas, children! the world is growing

old. Not that dear old Mother Earth be-

gins to show her six thousand (more or

less) years, by stiff joints and clumsy move-

her warm coverlet of snow, forgetting to

push up the blue eyed violets in the spring,

or neglecting to unpack the fresh green

robes of the trees. No, indeed! The

tinted, as sweetly scented, as its predeces-sors of a thousand years ago. Each new

maple leaf opens as delicate and lovely as

the first one that ever came out of its tight-

But the human race changes in the same

the morning, to wash their faces in May

dew, and bring home fresh boughs and flowers to deck the May-pole, which reared

Flower Pots.

Save the tin fruit cans and convert them

into tasteful flower pots in the following

manner: With a can opener cut off any

rough or projecting portions of the cover

leaving a narrow rim to project inward

once a fortnight with lukewarm water

The Benefit of Laughing.

watered sparingly every second day.

its flowery crown in every village.

ure never grows old.

Olive Thorne, in St. Nicholas for May.]

Dot voman of mine! dot voman of mine!
Ven I goes to der tavern in der evening dime
I sits me down in my easy chair
To smoke mine pipe und drink mine beer,—
Ven in she comes mit an old broom-stick,
Und hurries me off on der double quick.
She follows behind, vile der peoples stare
Und vonders who wears the britches dare— Me or dot voman of mir

Characters never change; opinions alter; characters are only developed. Character gives splendors to youth awe to wrinkle l skin and gray hairs. Ennui is a malady for which the only

laughs at, and his culture by the way he

Look well into thyself; there is a source hich will always spring up if thou wilt ways search there.

When we are alone we have our thoughts whom he had risked so much. But they, which will always spring up if thou wilt always search there.

modern sash, feels are altogether too young for her. Well, well! What do in society, our tongues. Dare to change your mind, confess your error, and alter your conduct, when you are convinced you are wrong. When the Romans came to Britain to

If you wish to know whether anybody s superior to the prejudices of the world, ask him to carry a parcel for you. As time passes memory silently records

The three most difficult things arekeep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of one's leisure.

games, by substituting the names of saints.

impressed with his own greatness, but, here looking upward, feel his own littleness. The atheist, vainly seeking good through nature, is like the shadow denying the ex-

There is no union between the thoughts, the words and actions of the wicked; but The Floralia we care nothing for, but the thoughts, words and actions of the

> The vicious, notwithstanding the sweetness of their words and the honey of their tongues, have a whole storehouse of poison vithin their hearts.

set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever!

It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake and pretend everything everything; but to undertake and pretend everything to do what you are not made for is not

after a few months was placed in care of hundred per cent. in this country, while her sister, at Springfield, from whence she farmers have increased but twenty-five per the shaft of death which fell upon her loved child Thaddeus, or "Thad," as "everybody's pet" was affectionately called. There is but little hope of her recovery. Robert, the only son now living, is en-gaged in the practice of law at Chicago, and holds high rank in his profession.

He shuddered.

Little Martin Craghan's Sacrifice.

About six years ago, in one of the Penn-sylvania mines, several chambers in the upper tier or vein were discovered to be on fire. It was feared that the flames, which were raging fiercely, would reach the shaft before they could be extinguish-ed. Word was hastily sent to the men in the workings beneath to come up before

all means of escape was cut off.

Martin Craghan, a boy of twelve years, had been promoted to the position of mule-driver the day before. He had just taken his mule to her dark stable, 900 feet under ground, when a comrade called to him and told him of their danger, urging him to hurry to the shaft, for all the men were

With a sorrowful look at his mule, which he knew he could not save, Martin ran with his companion, till they stood on a carriage waiting to be hoisted up. Then suddenly it flashed upon him that a number of men were working in a distant part of the mine, and had not been warned of

their peril.

"O, Johnny," he exclaimed, "we must go tell them 'ere men in No. 4, or they'll never get out!"

on fire in a minute, and then all the smoke and gas will rush down here and suffocate "But it will kill those men, too, and

"You may go if you are such a fool, but I'll not risk it," replied his compan-

Almost before he had finished speaking, Martin had rushed away through the dark galleries and chambers of the mine, till he reached the imperiled miners, and in frightened, breathless tones told his story. Then instantly turning, he fled back to the shaft, hoping the elevator had not yet ascended. But it had gone and his com-panion with it. Martin looked up, saw the glare of the fire and that the wire rope had melted, and he knew all hope of escape in

that way was cut off.

lessness of escape by that one imperied shaft, had rapidly employed the time in building a barricade of rock and coal as a temporary protection from the noxious gases and smoke that were already beginning to fill the mine. By the time little Martin reached the barrier it was solidly constructed, for on that depended their only chance to live till

the burning shaft was extinguished. Coming close to the wall, he begged piteously for admission, but the men persistently refused him. "Bill! Bill Craghan!' he cried, "won't

Every one looking downward becomes ed. Now you are going to let me die out The men inside trembled as they listened to the poor boy's sobs, and many a rough, black hand was drawn across their eyes; and at last tender, hearted Bill rushed to

> little fellow. But strong arms pulled him away, while in hoarse, broken voices they said: "No, no, man. He's but one. We are many. To make a hole big enough to pull him thro' would be death to all."

"But he risked his life to save us. Will "Train up a child in the way he should Bill. But think of our wives and child-

> putting his lips close to the wall, said, quietly: "Never mind, Bill. I know you would all have saved me if you could.

Then, turning away, he went to the staonly shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.

Mrs. Lincoln in France.

Then, turning away, he went to the starble where his mule was peacefully feeding at her stall, unconscious of any danger.

Martin's lamp was still burning, and the smoke had not yet penetrated the wooden

barriers between.

At first he felt in hopes he would be safe there. But gradually the noxious vapors forced their entrance. As he saw that of those that were dear to him.

and shouted whenever Martin appeared sacrificed his life to save others? It was alone in the dark.

But creeping back to his dear old Rosa he lay down beside her, as he feltsick and faint with the stifling air; and God mer-cifully looked down on the little hero, and soon ended his sufferings. The others es caped when the fire was extinguished But there, close beside the dead animal, his body was found, and the memory of his noble deed is still charished in those regions .- Youth's Companion.

Cause of Hard Times.

sought a quiet retreat in France. The loss of her husband bore heavily upon her, but the blow which wrecked her mind was Thousands of able-bodied men enter the tramp class, simply because they are demoralized and too lazy to come down to "honest toil." A large class of men go at once into the whisky business if they can scrape together a few hundred dollars. Sons of farmers turn their backs on the paternal acres and go to the cities where they enter stores at pitful salaries, and spending their spare hours at gambling hells and houses of shame, soon drift into the gutter. Repugnance to toil is the basis of the tramp system, the basis of the current outlawry, both of which are dis-tinguished features of the Northern States. The large cities are overrun with workshirkers who would not take the slightest "Well, I don't know," was the reply of his fair companion: "I don't think the trimming matches very well, and it doesn't fit her a bit."

shirkers who would not take the salgance interest in offers to work on farms at \$20 howling about the streets complaining of hard times and talking of the "rights of the poor man." - Courier Journal.

Sr. Lucien, supposed to have been a natertainment for your friends, not to exceed tive of Syria, was martyred on the rack in

whisky saloon keepers have increased fou

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY. When beeches brighten early May,

Notions!

Beat over beauty doomed to die,
With nightly mist shall witness here
The yielded glory of the year. Will He be Home To-Night?

BY L. V. FRENCH.

streams,
And the floating fancies light,
That will glance o'er my beart in its gladsome dreams,
If thou wilt come home to-night?

uttered, and heaven knows where he picked

"Was you ever sick?" asks Dick, with

"Wot, to me?" "Indeed I would, my poor boy, O, bad to come to you," replies the Rat, "cos Fred, see how wistful he looks! Mayn't you was good to her when she was sick. give him some of Charley's cast-off things? I have a little boy at home," she goes on, seeing astonishment in her

Rat. "Every day ?" "No, not every day," she answers, smi-ling; it is well she does qualify her reply, for Dick's credulity was not yet sufficiently wonders were in store for him. He sees was skear'd, for fear they'd think I be-Charlie. He was taken up to the lady's

do with you."

He submits and goes down very re

A shrug of the shoulders is his only an-

Captain, angrily.
"It's not my fault, sir. They don't go

either drunk or stupid from the effects of other boys in double the time. Oh, he's drink. Some of them, perhaps, will not smart! I'm educating him now for my

"I knew he was hurt. On, bleeding."

He is bleeding badly. Big drops are trinkling fast down his ragged sleeve, which will soak no more. These come from an ugly tear (caused by a nail in the been oppressively hot, and now there is hope of rain. The sky is dark and low, and the faint evening breeze has gone down. The Captain has gone down to his cabin, and tries to read, but the mosquitoes won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him so he gets into won't let him so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him so he gets into bed, tucks the sleep of a tired won't let him so he gets into won't won't let him so he gets into

"Yes, a fireman; but he deserted last

"Money." "I thought so. Well, Cap'n, Phil Wood

"Good God! why didn't you tell me before?" gasps the Captain.

Captain.

ly packed bud in the spring. Mother Naway that each one of us does. The race had its childhood when men and women played the games that are now left to you youngsters. We can even see the change in our own day. Some of us, who are not grandmothers, either, can remember when youths of fourteen and fifteen played very many games which, now-a-days, an unfort-unate damsel of six years, ruffled, embroidered, and white gowned, with delicate shoes, and hips in the vice-like grasp of a

balls in his body.

The first thing they do is to release poor live, many hundred years ago, they brought, among which was one in memory of Flora, the Goddess of Flowers. The heathen—

and when, some years later, a good priest, Gregory, came, (from Rome also) to con-"My God!" cries the Captain, "I for-

till its origin would have been lost but for tion say, "Are you hurt bad, my boy! Don't start. I'm your friend, the captain, a few pains-taking old writers, who "made notes" of everything. "Is the police gone?" he moans.

geon in the city comes and looks grave.— Captain Gilbert never leaves him.

"She wouldn't ha' liked that."

"Was it for her sake," he asked, "that ored with lamp black and a little yellow "She said she'd hate to have anything ochre to give a dark brown color. bad to come to you," replies the Rat, "cos Two nights ago I heard Phil Woods and them little medallion figures or pictures. his crowd talking about robbing a ship of They are handsomer than the flower pots, specious. They said they were going to 'tice all the men ashore with drink, and husband's eye, "about your size."

'tice all the men ashore with drink, and the free from all insects, owing to the presence of iron rust in the can. One of the pret there'd be only one man forward beside

> man chevied me." "Who was it that shot you?" "Don't know. When I see the p'lice I

says that there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels the stage and is stooping over the "Rat," who is so taken aback by the apparition that he forgets to jump, and rolls over straight. His plight—when it appears that no bones are broken—makes the lady that no bones are broken—makes the lady the stage and is stooping over the "Rat," "Mayn't I put 'em on now?" he asks, as the things are selected. "Better not," says the lady. "Put them on it has bones are broken—makes the lady that no bones are broken—makes the lady that no bones are broken—makes the lady the looking-glass. "I say—don't you cry like that," says he. Childlike he puts up his hand to withdraw hers from her eyes. He touches it with awe. It does not break or fly off, and nothing is done to him for his daring. of the human body that does not feel some

THE Home Mutual Insurance Company, of Boston, has been enjoined and will close up its affairs. Assets \$741,880; liabilities, Outstanding risks at present

less the time will come when physicians,

prescriptions more with reference to the

mind, and less to drugs for the body; and

will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required

Dot voman of mine! dot voman of mine!

ments, by clinging to her winter's rest and Venever will come der habby dime Ven on this earth her mortal breath Ven on this earth her mortal oreact.

Forever shall be stopped mit death—

Ven in der day no more I'll see

Der leetle sthars she makes for me!

Ven dose dime gomes I'll sing mit glee,

For I shall be so habby, so free

From dot voman of m

> Thoughtful Thoughts. What ever is, is right, excepting man's

emedy is work; pleasure is only a pallia-

to watch; in our families, our temper, and

our ancestors, you know,—adopted them with delight, being in the childhood of their race. They became very popular; your deeds, which conscience will impressively read to you in after life.

vert the natives, he wisely took advantage Virtue and reason reciprocate; for whatof their fondness for festivals, and not trying to suppress them, he simply altered them from heathen feasts to Christain rational is also virtuous.

carried on all over England for centuries, istence of the sun because it never sees it.

> Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each

With a pair of pliers or a small hammer, There are two women across the water bend this rim down. This gives firmness the melancholy of whom is well calculated to the top of the can. Punch three or four small holes through the bottom of the to excite the deepest commiseration. Carlotta, the widow of Maximillian, hopelesscan. Then paint it with varnish made of ly insane in her castle, and Mrs. Abraham gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, and col-Lincoln, the widow of the assassinated President, living secluded in an interior The town of France, declining to return to ence before him—his tender mother, who America, lest she may again be placed in had kissed him such a loving good bye in cans may be ornamented by pasting on a lunatic asylum. It is said that she still the morning, and had looked so proudly as him when he told of his promotion, and the better wages he would be able to sarn. Then little baby Eddie, how he crowed a lunatic asylum. It is said that she still her mild lunacy first assumed. It will be remembered that in 1875, Robert, Mrs. Would his ather ever know that he had Lincoln's oldest son, commenced proceedings in the Chicago courts to have his hard to die so young, so full of hope, al which there were these home-made flower mother adjudged insane, in view of her pots, containing heliotropes, geraniums, pinks, bignonias, petunias, fuschias, and other plants, all as thrifty as if grown in a reckless expenditures and her many acts inconsistent with sanity, and to have a person appointed to care for her property. The Court, after hearing the evidence, greenhouse. They should be showered pronounced her insane, and appointed a trustee to manage her estate. About \$50,using a whisk broom for the purpose, and 000 in Government bonds were found on her person. After the decision of the Court she left her room at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago, and tried to pro-In his "Problem of Health," Dr. Green cure laudanum at a neighboring drug store, but received only a harmless drug, and was prevented from committing sui-cide. The next day she was conveyed to a private asylum in Northern Illinois, and

THEY were walking arm in arm up the street, and just ahead of them was a wo-man in a new princess dress. The setting conceding more importance than they now do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make their sun was gilding the western sky, and throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said in a subdued

HAVE the courage in providing an en-

"There isn't time. The shaft will be

they've families to support. There's poor Bill Craghan, my cousin, with an old meth-er and seven little children. If we run fast, we can get back before they hoist the

taught by experience of the utter hope

you make them let me in? I would have been safe at home now but for you! Tom ever is virtue is rational, and whatever is Reese, your brother Johnny would'nt come to tell you of the danger, and he was sav-

the barricade to make an entrance for the

we let him die but a step away from us? "Not if we could help it, you well know, go," says the proverb; but it is well if you want to do the thing properly, to travel, in the first instance, by that train yourself.

But think of our wives and children at home. Would ye have us all perish?"

Martin heard this conversation, and.

suffocation must soon come he found a piece of hoard, and wrote with chalk the names As he wrote memory brought their pres

and 9 D. CAL liamson. D. A. to ti one door E. C. S (TEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Stree G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building. No. 529, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl2.71] H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No. -, Penn [ap19,71] J SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon J. Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. [Jan4,71 W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim. Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the overnment for back-pay, bonnty, widows' and invalid ensions attanded to with great care and promptness. Ofce on Penn Street. 8. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Hunningdon, Pa. Office, No. 230 Penn Street, oppo-site Court House. [feb5, 71] E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office in Monitor building, Penn Street. Prompt and eareful exention given to all legal business. [aug5,74-6mos WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-st-Law, Hunting-don, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Penn Street. [apl9,71]