The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. A. NASH, 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.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

	3m	6m	9m	1 yr		3m	6m	9m	1yr
1 in	$3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ col	18 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ col	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	18 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

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

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.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3rd street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [apl2,'71

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan4,'71

DR. HYSKILL has permanently located in Alexandria to practice his profession. [jan.4 '78-1y.

E. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. J Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl28, '76.

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [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. —, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl9,'71

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. Office on Penn Street. [jan4,'71

L. 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, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Penn Street. [apl9,'71

Miscellaneous.

NOTICE TO CONSUMERS. —OF— LORILLARD TOBACCO

The great celebrity of our TIN TAG TOBACCO has caused many imitations thereof to be placed on the market, we therefore caution all Chewers against purchasing such imitations.

All dealers buying or selling other plug tobacco bearing a hard or metallic label, render themselves liable to the penalty of the Law, and all persons violating our trade marks are punishable by fine and imprisonment. SEE ACT OF CONGRESS, AUG. 14, 1876.

The genuine LORILLARD TIN TAG TOBACCO can be distinguished by a TIN TAG on each lump with the word LORILLARD stamped thereon.

Over 7,088 tons tobacco sold in 1877, and nearly 3,000 persons employed in factories.

Taxes paid Government in 1877 about $3,500,000, and during the past 12 years, over $20,000,000.

These goods sold by all jobbers at manufacturers rates. [mch8-3m

The Tin Tag Smoking Tob'o is "second to none" in aroma, mildness, purity & quality.

AVERILL BARLOW, *45 South Second Street,* (BELOW MARKET,) PHILADELPHIA, PA. Has a great variety of the new styles **Queen Anne and Eastlake FURNITURE,** IN ASH OR WALNUT, together with a large Stock of all the Latest Designs of Chamber, Parlor, Library, Dining Room, Church, Office and *COTTAGE FURNITURE.* Also, WOVEN WIRE BEDS, Springs of various patterns. BEDDING, MATTRESSES, of every quality. Folding and Oriental Chairs, Piano Stools, &c., at VERY LOW PRICES. [jan25'78-1y

FOR SALE. CHOICE FARMING LANDS IN MINNESOTA AND DAKOTA, BY THE Winona & St. Peter Railroad Co.

The WINONA & ST. PETER R. R. Co., is now offering for sale, at VERY LOW prices, its land grant lands along the line of its Railroad in Southern Minnesota and Eastern Dakota, and will receive in payment therefor, at par, any of the Mortgage Bonds of said Company.

These lands lie in the great wheat belt of the Northwest, in a climate unsurpassed for healthfulness, and in a country which is being rapidly settled by a thriving and industrious people, composed to a large extent of farmers, from the Eastern and the older portions of the Northwestern States.

H. M. BURCHARD, Land Agent, for sale of Lands of said Company, at MARSHALL, LYON COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

GEO. P. GOODWIN, Land Commissioner.

General Office of Chicago & North-western Railway Co., Chicago, Ill.

To all persons requesting information, by mail or otherwise, Circulars and Maps will be sent free of cost by said Land Commissioner or said Land Agent. [mch1-6m

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, &c.

Price, in sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in his Admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically.*

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the publishers:

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., *41 Ann St., N. Y; Post Office Box, 4586.* April 12-1878-1y.

CHEVINGTON COAL AT THE **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 Raymonds may 3, '78-1y.] J. H. DAVIDSON.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE TERRITORY FOR DR. EGLE'S GREAT WORK, *THE NEW ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF* PENNSYLVANIA. The grandest selling book for the Pennsylvania field. Liberal terms to Agents. Send $2.00 at once for complete outfit, or 10 cents for our 64 page sample, and name territory wanted. Address D. C. Goodrich, Publisher, HARRISBURG, PA. *Don't fail to say what paper you saw this in.* [m8-3m.

Mercantile Appraiser's List.

APPRAISER'S RETURN OF MERCANTILE AND OTHER LICENSE TAX for Huntingdon County. I Samuel G. Isett, duly appointed appraiser of Mercantile and other License Tax in and for Huntingdon county, do hereby certify that the following is a correct list for the year 1878, of every person or firm, who is actually subject to pay a License Tax, under existing laws of this Commonwealth, in Huntingdon county, with the names of all persons exonerated on appeal stricken off.

	Class.	License.
Alexandria Borough.		
Hatfield & Co	12	$12 50
Phillips Wm., & Son	12	12 50
Walker E. P.	14	7 00
Birmingham Borough.		
Thompson John	13	10 00
Barree Township.		
Crownover H.	14	7 00
Crownover & Bro.	14	7 00
Crownover A.	14	7 00
Brady Township.		
Burnham A. P.	13	10 00
Fouse B. R.	11	15 00
Broad Top City.		
Houck Amon	13	10 00
Carbon Township.		
Fisher & Miller	13	10 00
Eckert & Co.	13	10 00
Reed J. J.	13	10 00
Toole Felix	14	7 00
Lewis Royer	6	50 00
Cassville Borough.		
Green J. B. F.	14	7 00
Heaton J. O.	14	7 00
Cromwell Township.		
Dewees & Co.	9	25 00
Coalmont Borough.		
Flanigan L. W.	14	7 00
Dudley Borough.		
Brown Wm	14	7 00
Franklin Township.		
Bathurst H. A.	14	7 00
Ewing A. G.	13	10 00
Keitly M. G.	14	7 00
Huntingdon Borough.		
Africa D. S.	14	7 00
Brown, James A.	14	7 00
Buchanan & Son	14	7 00
Beyer A.	14	7 00
Black T. W.	14	7 00
Black T. W.	14	7 00
Black J. H. & Co.	14	7 00
Brown, Philip	14	7 00
Bricker Wm	14	7 00
Beck & Fleming	14	7 00
Cunningham J. O.	11	15 00
Garmon J. R.	14	7 00
Crites W. K.	14	7 00
Durborrow J. R & Co	12	12 50
Denny & McMurtrie	13	10 00
Decker David	14	7 00
Fisher W. H.	14	7 00
Greenburg H.	14	7 00
Gwin D. P.	12	12 50
Glatter & Bro.	12	12 50
Holtzworth H. E.	12	12 50
Henry & Co.	8	30 00
Hagey John	14	7 00
Hanlight Mrs. M.	14	7 00
Johnston, George W.	13	10 00
Jacobs B.	14	7 00
Jacobs & Co.	13	10 00
Kennedy Wm.	14	7 00
Leister John	14	7 00
Lewis T. J.	12	12 50
Lewis Wm.	11	15 00
McCullough, Samuel	12	12 50
McCullough J. H.	14	7 00
Montgomery T. W.	13	10 00
March Mrs. J.	13	10 00
Neal & Long	14	7 00
Port & Warfel, Billiards		50 00
Roman H.	14	7 00
Robinson H. C.	13	10 00
Read John & Sons	14	7 00
Read John & Sons, Patent Medicines	4	5 00
Smith S. S. & Son	14	7 00
Smith S. S. & Son, Patent Medicines	4	5 00
Stewart & Fleener	13	10 00
Shafer George	14	7 00
Siminson E. M.	14	7 00
Thomas J. H.	14	7 00
Wolf S.	13	10 00
Westbrook R. S.	14	7 00
Warfel, George	14	7 00
York C. F. & Co.	13	10 00
Yenter J.	13	10 00
Juniata Township.		
Grube Martin, Distiller	8	25 00
Jackson Township.		
Green & Gregory	14	7 00
Huston, Green & Co.	14	7 00
Huston, Green & Co.	14	7 00
Harper A. W.	14	7 00
Little, George E.	14	7 00
Logan Co. No. 2	10	20 00
McBurney & Nephew	13	10 00
Lincoln Township.		
Cohn Simon	14	7 00
Hess J. & Co.	14	7 00
Morris Township.		
Davis Wm	14	7 00
Graffius E. W.	13	10 00
Law John H.	12	12 50
Wait T. G.	13	10 00
Isett & Thompson	12	12 50
Mapleton Borough.		
Rex M. L.	11	15 00
Marklesburg Borough.		
McMurtrie E. D.	14	7 00
Mt. Union Borough.		
Adams T. H	12	12 50
German A. E.	14	7 00
Ewing A. G.	12	12 50
Stevens F. D.	12	12 50
Wolf B.	10	20 00
Orbisonia Borough.		
Krugh A. & Bro.	12	12 50
Orbison T. F.	12	12 50
Porter Quinn, Patent Medicines	4	5 00
Reed C. H.	12	12 50
Royer, Downing & Co.	12	12 50
Pheasant A. M.	13	10 00
Oneida Township.		
Green Barton	14	7 00
Porter Township.		
Lowery & Eichelberger	13	10 00
Penn Township.		
Grove J. A.	14	7 00
Grove A. F.	13	10 00
Shirley Township.		
Johnston A.	13	10 00
Shirleysburg Borough.		
Brewster W. H.	13	10 00
Retz W. H.	14	7 00
Saltillo Borough.		
Brewster J. G.	14	7 00
Shope & Hudson	13	10 00
Springfield Township.		
Brewster, J. C.	14	7 00
Lock D.	14	7 00
Shade Gap Borough.		
Montgomery & Co.	13	10 00
Swan W. C.	14	7 00
Tell Township.		
Blair J. M.	14	7 00
Jones & Burdge	14	7 00
Three Springs Borough.		
Covert & Stevens	13	10 00
Heck B. G.	12	12 50
Stevens F. D. & Co.	14	7 00
Walker Township.		
Dougass, Joseph	14	7 00
Lagle George, Brewer	7	25 00
States George	13	10 00
Warriorsmark Township.		
Funk David	14	7 00
Funk David, Patent Medicines	4	5 00
Houck S. H.	14	7 00
Mattern J. H. & Bro.	12	12 50
Robinson W. H.	14	7 00
West Township.		
Cresswell & Porter	14	7 00
Confer & Co.	13	10 00
Hewitt & Bell	13	10 00
March M. Patent Medicines	4	5 00
Oburn Joseph	13	10 00
Rumberger & Bro.	13	10 00
Troutwine Samuel	14	7 00
Petersburg Co-operative store	13	10 00

SAMUEL G. ISETT, Mercantile Appraiser.

LIST OF HOTELS.

	Class.	License.
Brady Township.		
Metcalf, H. Z.	5	$50 00
Dudley Borough.		
Gould, E. F.	5	50 00
Horton, D. F.	5	50 00
Huntingdon Borough.		
Free, John	5	50 00
Hough, J. W.	5	50 00
Hallman, W. S.	5	50 00
Leister, Henry	5	50 00
Miller, John S.	5	50 00
Moebus, Frederick	5	50 00
Thomas, George	5	50 00
Morris Township.		
Haslett, R. F.	5	50 00
Shade Gap Borough.		
McGowan, Wm	5	50 00
Welsh Wm	5	50 00
Warriorsmark Township.		
Chamberlain, James	5	50 00
West Township.		
Chamberlain, Henry	5	50 00
Graffius, Abraham	5	50 00

SAMUEL G. ISETT, Mercantile Appraiser.

All license not lifted on or before the 1st of July, 1878, will be left in the hands of a Justice of the Peace for collection.

G. ASHMAN MILLER, County Treasurer. May17-4t]

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION [*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 those having claims against the same, will present them properly authenticated for settlement. ELLA WELLS, apr26-6t] Administratrix.

TOYS AND GAMES OF ALL KINDS Just received at the JOURNAL Store.

The Muses' Bower.

The Backbiter.

BY KATE CLARK.

There's some one living in this town
(Maybe you know her name,
And maybe, should I write it down,
Your own might prove the same).
Who, when you say, "He's good," will cry,
"Indeed! You think that's true,
But," very confidentially,
"You wouldn't—if you knew."

One says, "What pretty girls go by!"
"Oh, horrors! you don't think
So!—Since we're you and I,
I'll say, her parents drink,
And she—well, I won't tell it out,
Though I've no doubt 'tis true.
You think she's nice and pretty—but
You wouldn't, if you knew!"

If one sings sweetly, "How she flats!"
If dressed in taste, "What style!"
Supremely "vulgar" all her hats,
Her dresses simply "vile."
And when good Deacon Busby failed
(A noble man and true),
She said, when we his lot bewailed,
"You wouldn't, if you knew!"

Let those who admire and love who can
This malice-breathing dame
Who seems to think a prosperous man
Must surely be to blame;
That beauty is a mark of sin;
That goodness must be crime;
She sees but thieves and rascals in
The heroes of the time.

Sometimes she doesn't hesitate
To tell us what she knows.
And in nine cases out of eight
A lie is all she shows.
For virtue's sake, I hope to find
One good old doctrine true.
Some heat for such I should not mind,
You wouldn't—if you knew.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Story-Teller.

A LOVER'S VENGEANCE.

BY JOHN G. HOCH.

There was a great party given at the house of Mrs. C——in Lexington Avenue, and, moving majestically as a queen among the "goodlie companie" was Emily Fulton. She was as beautiful as a poet's dream.—Her rich olive complexion was faintly tinged on either cheek by a soft, peach-like bloom; her eyes were as dark as midnight, and her hair fell almost to her waist in luxuriant curls, their jetty hue relieved by a crimson rose fastened near her temple. Her features rivaled in the beauty of their classic outline the finest work of an ancient sculptor. Acknowledged as the belle of the evening by all present, she received the many compliments which were paid her with the greatest coldness and a slight air of weariness.

"How beautiful she is!" said one of a group of three gentlemen who were standing near her. "Yes, magnificent, but utterly heartless," replied another. "As arrant a coquette as ever breathed," said the third. "Poor Martin fell in her snares and worshipped at her shrine with the greatest adoration for nearly two years, and at the very moment when he fancied he had attained the summit of his hopes she cast him off as a wayward child would a broken plaything." "I heard she had rejected him," said the first speaker, "yet they seem to be very firm friends."

"Heaven preserve me from such friendship!" replied the other.

"Martin is as hot-headed and passionate as any child of the sunny South, although outwardly he appears as cool and collected as any of us. He knows he has been played with, and he will yet make yon fair lady rue the day she first trifled with his affections. See, he is making the way through the crowd towards us. Who is that foreign-looking gentlemen in company with him?"

"I do not know him."

"Nor I."

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Martin, as he reached the group. "Allow me to introduce my friend, Senor Rojas, of Venezuela."

The usual salutations were exchanged, and after a few moment's conversation Martin remarked: "We must leave you gentlemen, as my friend is exceedingly anxious to know *la belle* Fulton. By all appearances she has already made a fresh conquest in the person of the Senor." A slight smile flickered around the mouth of the Venezuelian, as he allowed himself to be led immediately to the presence of Miss Fulton. The introduction being over, the lady made room on the sofa beside her for her new acquaintance and they became engaged in an animated conversation. He was tall and slim, and as straight as an arrow. His face was very dark, and he wore a heavy black mustache. His eyes were grey, and looked as if they could become as cold as marble, or at times scintillate gleams of fire. His dress showed him to be possessed of the most faultless taste.

Emily Fulton had at last found a foeman worthy of her steel. She listened to his stories of his country, with the most intense interest, her face glowing with admition as she listened to him.

The social party broke up at last, and Senor Rojas handed Emily to her luxurious carriage, which was driven rapidly home. "He shall be mine!" articulated the beauty to herself, as she rolled quickly along. As the South American turned after the carriage was driven away, he met Martin face to face. For a moment the two men gazed in each other's eyes. The face of Martin was deathly pale from excitement, while that of the Venezuelian wore a cold, sneering smile. "I shall succeed," said Rojas. "Are you certain?" "Perfectly; I seldom fail. I am somewhat fatigued, so I must bid you good night. I will call upon you to-morrow." "Good night," replied Martin.

After the night of the party in Lexington Avenue, Senor Rojas was a welcome visitor at the residence of Emily Fulton. He was her constant companion to parties, balls, and the opera. Go where they would, Martin always followed them. He seemed to haunt their steps like a spirit. People who knew Emily, said that she had found a new victim. Months rolled on, and still the Venezuelian paid his *devoirs* to the fair Emily, much to the disgust of her matter-of-fact uncle, with whom she was residing, and who incessantly grunted out—"I can't see what you can find in this cold, yellow faced fellow to admire.—I want to see my brother Tom's orphan child married to an American." But Emily had a will of her own, and, what was better, a large fortune in her own right, and therefore she regarded her uncle's comment with the supremest indifference.

One bright spring afternoon, Emily was seated in the magnificent parlor, arrayed in all the beauty of a splendid toilet, when the Senor Rojas was announced, and in a moment after the South American entered the room. Soon there was a pause, and then Rojas said very abruptly, "At last, Emily, I am able to return to my own country." Emily Fulton gave a sudden start and involuntarily laid her hand upon his arm. The old, mocking smile played around the lips of Rojas, but it was unperceived by the startled girl who sat beside him. "Why not remain here!" exclaimed Emily. "Remain here! Is it possible that Miss Fulton can feel an interest in one like me, so unworthy of you? Oh, Emily, Emily, I loved you from the first night I saw you—loved you with my whole heart and soul. Can you, will you return my love?" There was no answer, but a lovely face rested upon his breast, while his arm stole around a yielding form. "But why should I talk of love? I, who am as poor as man can be!" "Dear Rojas, I have riches. I have enough for both." "And would you leave home, kind friends, all that you hold most dear, to share the fortunes of a poor exile like myself?"

"All, dear Rojas, all!" The coquette was conquered. His face was flushed and his eyes shone with their wonted fire, as he said, "Then be it so. Together we will reach our far off home. Once there our future life shall be one long dream of love."

A week after this conversation they were married, and then took their departure for Caracas, where they arrived in due time.

Time sped on its winged flight, and Emily became conscious of a change in the manner of Rojas. His demands for money became more and more pressing. Soon his absence from home began to grow longer and longer.

One day while Rojas was lying on a sofa in his chamber, smoking a cigar and enjoying himself, the door of his room was suddenly thrown open, and his wife rushed in with the air of an enraged tigress. All the fire of her passionate nature was aroused within her. In her hand she carried an open letter. The senor smoked on unmoved, although he surmised something terrible had happened. His coolness maddened her. "Rojas!" she cried in a voice almost choked with passion, "Rojas, you are a villain! You have ruined me! I received this letter a moment or two ago," she cried. "Tell me, sir, are its statements true or false?" and she placed the letter in his hands.

Rojas removed the cigar, and read the letter without moving a muscle of his countenance while so doing It read as follows:

NEW YORK, January 6th, 1875.

DEAR MADAM: Allow me to congratulate you on your choice of a husband. In accepting him you not only pleased your own fancy but mine also. I chose him for you. Know you that your husband, Senor Enrico Rojas, is no Venezuelian but a New York adventurer, his real name being Joseph Parker, his profession, gambling. You spurned my love and I am now revenged for the slight you put upon me. I wish you every happiness with your dear husband. Your old friend,

HARRY MARTIN.

"Well, sir, is that letter true or false," said Emily.

"Madam, it is true," was the cold reply.

"True! My God!" groaned the wretched woman sinking into a chair.

"Every word," replied Rojas.

"Villain, Villain! you have despoiled me of fortune, robbed me of my virtue, but you shall rue this yet! I have a home yet!"

"Then seek it at once. I have no desire to detain you. I have no claim upon you, *you are not my wife.*"

"Not your wife? Liar!"

"Not so, for when I married you my first wife was living. I never loved or cared for you. You were rich, I was poor; your fortune was a stake worth playing for; I played for it and won it."

While he was speaking the eyes of Emily rested on a small dagger which was lying on a table near her. Possessing herself of this weapon, and as the last words passed his lips, she sprang madly forward and plunged the dagger in his bosom.—Rojas uttered a loud cry and then fell forward on his face, a corpse. Emily stood for a moment viewing the body, with eyes that gleamed with the wild fire of insanity, and then plunged the dagger into her own body, dying instantly.

Harry Martin was terribly avenged.

Select Miscellany.

Locomotives Without Steam.

The London papers publish an account of what is known as the Walker substitute for coal in the generation of steam for locomotives or marine engines. This plan, it appears, covers an arrangement by which air is converted into hydrocarbon gas of great heating power, and is then stored in a chamber subjected to considerable pressure. From this it is forced out again, through a pipe to the perforated tubes, from which combustion takes place in the furnace and by burning hydrocarbons—with the gas—in a gaseous or much divided state without the adjunct of external heat to gasify or divide them. The heavy oils, in this divided or gasified state burn over the grate in conjunction with the hydrocarbon gas. The principle, as thus explained, is regarded as of extreme simplicity, and the practical arrangements are said to be equally so, insuring a certainty of operation, and, in fact, reducing the question of preference to one of cost and convenience merely. The comparison for storage room and economy in this case, is shown in the following data, namely: That if the calorific power of coal per pound be estimated at 8,000 calorific units, then that of liquid hydrocarbon per pound must be taken at 18,000 units which gives an advantage, weight for weight, of 63½ in heating power, to a liquid hydrocarbon, compared with coal. Again, in the combustion of coal, as carried out in the usual construction of boilers and fire grates, only a very small proportion of the heat theoretically developed can be made use of, while by the use of burning gas and hydrocarbon, in a gaseous form, close home to the heating surfaces, it is claimed that a much greater percentage of useful evaporation is secured.

A Good Wife.

A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage. A bad one confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence Man is stong, but his heart is not iron. He needs a tranquil home, and if he is an intelligent man, he needs its moral force in the conflict of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, jealously and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes and he sinks to despair.

BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

Services in Memoriam of the Murdered Chisholm Family.

A STRONG SERMON FROM THE EMINENT METHODIST DIVINE—POLITICAL TRUTHS FROM THE PULPIT—THE NATION'S EXISTENCE DEPENDENT UPON AN INCREASE IN THE STRENGTH OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT—THE MASSACRE PROVES UNIVERSAL NATIONALWEAKNESS.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Services in memoriam of the late Judge William Wallace Chisholm, daughter, and son, whose murder in Kemper County, Mississippi, one year ago, has been recorded in history, were held on Sunday May 19, in the Metropolitan M. E. Church, in Washington, D. C. Every pew in the church was filled, and a large number of extra seats had to be provided for the large assembly. The congregation included many distinguished persons, and also Mrs. Chisholm and her son. The feature of the service was the eulogy pronounced by Bishop Gilbert Haven, of Georgia. At some points during the delivery his utterances agreed so well with the sentiments of his hearers that the latter, forgetting for the moment, the day and place, interrupted the speaker with bursts of applause.

Rev. H. R. Naylor, pastor of the church, delivered a short sermon. He made mention of the fact, that the remains of the murdered members of the Chisholm family, over which no funeral services had ever been said, were now being removed to their final resting place at Lockhaven, Clinton County, Pa. He selected as his text St. John xiii, 7.—"What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know beyond." His theme was the mystery of the present dispensation, and upon it he preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon. Upon concluding, he presented to the congregation Bishop Haven, who proceeded at once to speak.

In accordance with the race-honored custom of sepulture, he said, they had come together that day to engage in the solemn duties demanded by the dead no less than by the living. We come to bury, not to praise. We come to satisfy the just longings of a widowed and child-reft heart, of a fatherless and sisterless family, that their dead may be decently buried. After giving a short history of the tragedy which gave occasion for the services of that day, and paying a touching tribute to the brave and devoted daughter, Cornelia Josephine, and the martyred father, he observed that had this violence happened at the hands of the red man, how the whole land would have rung with indignation.

"We shall not enter," he said, "in the field that lies before your every thought. Why was this deed done, and what shall be the end of these things if allowed to go unrebuked of the Nations ye need not that I should teach you. Your hearts are inditing no pleasant, though, perhaps, it may prove a profitable matter. The sodden lamb, the unleavened cake, and the bitter herbs, made a useful meal to the thoughtful Israelite. He reflected on the hour when death reigned in every Egyptian household, and his own, by miracle, escaped. So we may sup on lenten food this hour and find it nutritious to soul and spirit. The angel of death, not God-sent, but devil-driven, hovers over much of our land, smiting with blood-strokes the victims of his cruel wrath. He has left your homes free, yet only for a season. If we allow

MURDER FOR OPINION'S SAKE

to be the law in one part of our land, it will soon be of all parts. Can one member suffer and not all suffer with it? Can a leading citizen and his family be set on and slain in Massachusetts for political causes and peace and safety attend the ballot in Mississippi? No more can the reverse be true. The present honeycombing of Pennsylvania with murder, which stern and unrelenting justice cannot abate; the communistic threatenings in Chicago and California; the bloody strikes along the Ohio; the tramp wandering murderously over one half of our Union, is the natural, the inevitable outcome of the unwillingness of the National Government to protect its citizens in the other half. The theory that State governments have such absolute control of life and death within their territories that the nation cannot cross their boundaries to protect its citizens and punish their murderers, has brought us to this weak and miserable pass We are affrighted at the shadow glowering at our own hearth-stone. In secluded Vermont in crowded Cincinnati; in remote Maine; in Central Indiana, the same terror besets us by night, the same deadly danger by day.

One Indian massacre arouses every part of the land, be it the Modocs of Oregon, or the Sioux of Minnesota, or the Utes of Colorado, or the Comanches of Arizona, indignation and wrath leaps from end to end of the continent, and that, too, when no one dreams that the dread foe is to steal again into Eastern homes and renew his horrors at Wyoming, or Schenectady.—But this deed has universal national application. It proves universal national weakness; it breeds universal national disaster. A people that cannot protect itself is no people. It falls to pieces when it allows its members to be cut to pieces. [Applause.]

Said a gentleman to me but yesterday, who had just returned from abroad: 'The old world is over-governed; we, under-governed.' Nothing strikes one more forcibly on re entering his land than

THE LACK OF NATIONAL POWER

over its own citizens. Unless a stronger government arises we shall dissolve and disappear as a nation. We sigh for the verification of the seal of Massachusetts, an uplifted arm holding a sword which alone gives placid quiet under liberty. We have taken the first step in verifying our right to exist as a nation on gigantic fields of strife by bloody and costly valor. We must carry forward and complete this work in the national protection of every citizen in his every right. [Applause.] We must defend freedom of speech and freedom of ballot, or we perish from the earth. To this coming perfection of national peace and power this sad event will contribute. This family group are martyrs to American equality of right, to the Declaration of Independence, and to the preamble of the Constitution. It was for the cause of equal rights the father fought and the family fell. It was for the protection of every citizen at the polls; for true Democracy; the government of the majority of the voters, legally and fearlessly expressed; for the American nation; for the rights of mankind that this citizen of America, with his brave son and braver daughter, laid down their lives.

Their cries of agony and death shall never be forgotten, never below, never above;

"Their moans
The vales redouble to the hills, and they
To Heaven."

Their forms will be wrought into marble, painted upon canvas, honored in prose and verse, held in high and higher remembrance as years and ages go by. The children of the fathers who so ignorantly slew them will build their sumptuous sepulchres.—That lone and dread procession that thrice threaded the dismal path a score of miles—a feeble few, without minister, or even sexton to assist them—bearing the bloody dead, in jeopardy of life, as they pursued their mournful journey, will yet be changed into a solemn, penitential, but glad multitude of the citizens of the same county, with their wives and daughters and sons, gathering about that green spot, where they were thus buried, to make confession of their fathers' transgression by such deeds of atonement as marble, and eulogy, and prayer, and sermon are able to give. May those remains, now on their way to a safer resting-place, be recalled, as were those of Dantes, by the city of his birth, by those still hostile fellow-citizens to the place of their birth and death, and the name of that country, so dishonored now, by this act of penitence be restored to its former esteem.

To the future then, poor stricken wife and mother, poor fatherless and sisterless youth, to the future cast your wet but hopeful eyes, wet with joyful tears, tears for the dead beloved, joy that they died so gloriously and won in one short hour immortal fame. Had they not thus died the world had never know them. Had they not thus died liberty, equality, fraternity for all our land and all its people, perhaps had never been attained. There may be

MANY ANOTHER BLOODY STEP

ere that high table-land, humanity and America, is reached.

It may be that others who now speak and hear may be required also to make for their nation like holy sacrifice. In this city, where our greatest citizen gave his life for the life of the land, we can properly note the slow and bleeding feet of the martyrs to Christ and our country. May we, if called, be as willing and ready to follow the Christ and these his disciples for the protection of the work of human regeneration. It may be that the whole nation will yet be compelled to wrestle in the sweat of this great agony for equal rights of all men, as it has had to wrestle for independence and for existence. It may be that Enceladus will yet arise from under this mountain of permitted prejudice and hate in a manner at which all the world shall stand aghast—a Kemper County massacre in every hamlet of the land. It may be that we shall yet be compelled to cry out in bitterness of spirit:

Ah, me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown,
Enceladus, fill the air!

God forbid that such a horror shall light upon our land. God will not forbid it if we let His children's blood cry to Him from the ground. God did not forbid, could not forbid, Cain's deluge for washing out Cain's sin.

Yet if the deluge shall come; if the waters of death shall prevail even above the tops of the highest mountains; if the nation shall be wrapped in the flames of civil strife more dire than any we have yet felt, and our indifference to the fate of our brothers shall doom us to a worse suffering, out of it all shall the new earth come. The deluge shall pass away, the land of righteousness, of brotherliness, of Christ, without caste or violence, or hatred, or disloyalty, or murder, shall appear above the flood. And then will still gleam forth, nay will more brightly blaze, the fame of this just father, this brave lad, this Cornelean jewel of filial maidenhood.

Hope, then, sad hearts; "hope and endure, and be patient." Pray for those who have despoiled your home of its home, its head, its heart. Pray for them by name, pray for them with all the heart. So will you be still one household, for thus prays your family in heaven. In Christ they lived, for Christ they died, with Christ they dwell. Live ye in Christ in petition for the forgiveness of your enemies, so that if spared the martyr's fate, you may still rejoice in the martyr's crown, for then you shall win like honor from God, with those of your own flesh and blood that have gone up, yes, blessed be the Lord, gone up, up, up, up, in human love and reverence, in earthly fame, into heavenly seats, through great tribulation, and have washed their robes of blood, and made them white in the bloodier blood of the Lamb, who died for them as they died for Him, and will make them to reign with Him in peace and bliss for ever and forever.

Causes of Sudden Death.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really ar