The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 43. HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1879. NO. 41.

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	¼col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	⅓col	18 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	½col	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

LORAINE ASHMAN, Attorney-at Law. Office: No. 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. July 18, 1879.

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

WM. P. & R. A. ORBISON, Attorneys-at-Law, No. 321 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. All kinds of legal business promptly attended to. Sept.12,'78.

New Advertisements.

S. WOLF'S.

HERE WE ARE!

At Gwin's Old Stand,

505 PENN STREET.

Not much on the blow, but always ready for work. The largest and finest line of

Clothing, Hats and Caps,

—AND—

GENTS.' FURNISHING GOODS,

In town and at great sacrifice. Winter Goods

20 PER CENT. UNDER COST.

Call and be convinced at S. WOLF'S, 505 Penn st.

RENT AND EXPENSES REDUCED,

At S. WOLF'S. I am better able to sell Clothing, Hats and Caps, Gents.' Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Valises, CHEAPER than any other store in town. Call at Gwin's old stand. S. MARCH, Agt.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED

The Cheapest Place in Huntingdon to buy Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Gents.' Furnishing Goods is at S. WOLF'S, 505 Penn street, one door west from Express Office. S. MARCH, Agent.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I have removed my Clothing and Gents.' Furnishing Goods store to D. P. Gwin's old stand. Expenses reduced and better bargains than ever can be got at

S. Wolf's 505 Penn Street.

March 28, 1879.

BEAUTIFY YOUR

HOMES!

The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Calcimining, Glazing,

Paper Hanging,

and any and all work belonging to the business. Having had several years' experience, he guarantees satisfaction to those who may employ him.

PRICES MODERATE.

Orders may be left at the JOURNAL Book Store.

JOHN L. ROHLAND.

March 14th, 1879-tf.

New Advertisements.

Wm. Reed

IS RECEIVING THIS WEEK

a very fine assortment of

SHAWLS,

COATS & COATINGS,

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

UNDERWEAR,

ALL-WOOL

Colored Cashmeres,

to which he asks special attention.

I cannot enumerate but will ask one and all to call and see the large stock I have and you will be convinced the

STOCK and PRICES are Right.

We will guarantee to sell at

City Prices.

Is pleased to state that the first month's sales are ahead of his expectations.

Respectfully Yours,

Huntingdon, Oct. 3, 79. WM. REED.

OLD AND RELIABLE.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR is a Standard Family Remedy for diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It never Debilitates—It is Cathartic and Tonic. TRY IT

SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order; its healthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Sea-sickness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of malaria, diseases. The Liver Invigorator expels the system from Miasmatic Influences. It purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System.

The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public, for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

C. T. W. SANFORD, M.D., 162 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

July11-1y.

3 Valuable Farms 3

—AT—

Private Sale!

The undersigned offers at private sale his three Farms, together with THREE HUNDRED ACRES OF TIMBER LAND adjoining said Farms, situate in Juniata township, Huntingdon county. These Farms are valuable. The quality of land is river bottom and red shale.

NO. ONE contains NINETY ACRES of cleared land and FORTY ACRES OF TIMBER LAND, near thereto. This farm is well improved—GOOD BUILDINGS—a never-failing SPRING OF WATER, and a GOOD ORCHARD.

NO. TWO contains NINETY ACRES of cleared land and FORTY ACRES OF TIMBER LAND, near thereto. This farm is well improved—GOOD BUILDINGS—a never-failing SPRING OF WATER, and a GOOD ORCHARD.

NO. THREE contains TWO HUNDRED ACRES—150 cleared and the balance in TIMBER. On this farm there are ten never-failing springs of the best water—good orchard, and is equal to, if not the best stock raising farm in the county.

The clands all lie together in a body, well located and six miles from Huntingdon. Any person wishing a good home, will do well to call and see for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

A. B. SHENEFELT,

Aug. 29, 2m. Huntingdon, P. O.

GRANT'S TOUR AROUND the WORLD.

A complete record of the journey of General U. S. GRANT through England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, Egypt, India, China and Japan, and a full account of his arrival and reception at San Francisco, with a graphic description of the places visited, manners and customs of the countries, interesting incidents, enthusiastic orations by Emperors, Kings, and the people of all climes, richly embellished with several hundred artistic illustrations; also, a fine handsome steel engraved portrait of General Grant. Sure success to all who take hold; will positively outsell all books. Lose no time.

AGENTS WANTED to sell this the cheapest, the best, and the only authentic low-priced book on the subject. 900 pages. Price, $3 25. The sale of this book is immense.

Address H. W. KELLEY & CO.,

711 SANSOM STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Oct.3-4t.

Iron City College

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Exclusively devoted to practical education of young and middle aged men, for active business life. School always in session. Students can enter at any time. Send for circular.

J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal.

Sept.26-3m.

JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!! Young and Old!! A NEW INVENTION just patented for them, for Home use! Fret and Scroll Sawing, Turning, Boring, Drilling, Grinding, Polishing, Screw Cutting. Price $5 to $50. Send 6 cents for 100 pages. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

Sept. 5, 1879-eow-1yr.

FOR FINE AND FANCY PRINTING Go to the JOURNAL Office.

New Advertisements.

SQUARE DEALING!

I rise to inform you that MONTGOMERY'S SQUARE-DEALING CLOTHING HOUSE is now opening up the

LARGEST AND FINEST LINE OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING

For Men, Youths, Boys and Children

that has ever been brought to Huntingdon. If you would save money and wear fine clothes, buy your Clothing at the Square-Dealing Clothing House, Nearly opposite the Postoffice. "The nimble sixpence is better than the slow shilling," and my goods have been bought at bottom prices and will be sold cheap for cash. The Square-Dealing Clothing House can show the finest line of

OVERCOATS

for Men, Youths, and Boys of any Clothing House in the County, and I will say right here that I can touch the prices of any Clothing House in the county. I have also the famous CELLULOID SHIRT COLLARS; one will last for six months; need no washing, price 30 cents. Also, a full line of

Overalls, best make, Working Shirts, various prices, Navy Blue Shirts, Cassimere Shirts, and a splendid line of

Underclothing, Collars, Cuffs, Suspenders, Neckwear, Umbrellas,

and a splendid line of HATS, GLOVES, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, Shawlstraps

And the Genuine Pearl Shirts.

Also, the finest line of Samples for Suits made to order, that is to be found outside the city of Philadelphia. Measures taken and Suits made to order a specialty. Good fits guaranteed.

Don't fail to Examine my Goods and Prices before purchasing. It will be to your interest to do so.

Sept26-3mos. T. W. MONTGOMERY.

There is no "Powder in the Cellar,"

BUT THERE ARE

TONS OF IT IN OUR MAGAZINE.

DuPont's Powder.

WE ARE THE AGENTS FOR THE

CELEBRATED DuPONT POWDER.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS.

HENRY & CO.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

April 25, 1879.

CHEAP! PAPERS. CHEAP!! FLUIDS. CHEAP!! ALBUMS.

Buy your Paper, Buy your Stationery

Buy your Blank Books,

AT THE JOURNAL BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

Fine Stationery, School Stationery,
Books for Children, Games for Children,
Elegant Fluids, Pocket Book, Pass Books,

And an Endless Variety of Nice Things,

AT THE JOURNAL BOOK & STATIONERY STORE

DR. J. J. DAHLEN,

GERMAN PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office at the Washington House, corner of Seventh and Penn streets,

April 4, 1879. HUNTINGDON, PA.

DR. C. H. BOYER.

SURGEON DENTIST,

Office in the Franklin House,

Apr.4-y. HUNTINGDON, PA.

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. June 6, 1879-1y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE This remarkable medicin will cure Spavins, Splint, Curb, Ca lous, &c., or any enlargement, AND WILL REMOVE THE BUNCH WITHOUT BLISTERING or causing a sore. No remedy ever discovered equals it for certainty of action in stopping the lameness and removing the bunch. Price, $1.50. Send for circular giving POSITIVE PROOF. FRENCH, RICHARDS & CO., Agents, Philadelphia, Pa., or sent by the inventor, B. J. KENDALL, M. D., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont. May23-1y-eow.

C. F. YORK & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS,

Next door the Post Office, Huntingdon, Pa. Our Motto: The Best Goods at the Lowest Prices.

March 14th, 1879-1yr.

The Muses' Bower.

Stone the Woman—Let the Man go Free.

The noontide rests upon Jerusalem,
The air is golden, and the azure sky
Bends o'er the lovely land: the trees beyond
Make whispered music with soft, clashing arms,
And blend their low tones with the voice of streams,
The sigh of winds, the call of mating birds,
The distant laughter in the reapers' fields,
And gentle footfalls, as the camels pass.

The streets are silent, for the idle drones
Who bring no honey to the human hive,
But swarm at corners and at open doors,
Eager for anything to stimulate
The dull monotony of idle hours,
Have sought the temple where the Savior sits,
To calmly criticise his mode of speech,
And hear if He, an obscure Nazar ne,
Can fashion it with such strange subtleness,
As thrills, men say, the coldest listening heart.

But now the dreamful silentless is o'er;
A group of Scribes and Pharisees appear,
And in their midst a wretched woman moves,
A blot upon the beauty of the day.
Her head is bent in uttermost despair,
Her hands are clasped upon her beating breast,
And burning tears are falling down the cheeks
Where conscious sin has sent the rushing blood.
Shame clothes her as a garment, while her soul
Shud lers within its desecrated shrine,
Stained and unutterably dishonored,
So sad a sight, so loathsome y deformed,
That angels weep and shudder as they gaze.

They reach the temple; in a moment more,
The sinner stands before the Savior's face.
How wonderful that face, the burning tongue
Of seraphim would fail to picture it.
Divinely sweet, unfathomably calm,
Unutterably tender: in the eyes
Patience so God-like and compassionate,
A look of Mary round the sacred lips,
That wear a sign of weariness repressed,
As though pain slept a little further back.
How young He seems, and yet He seems not young,
But grave and gentle, as if many cares
Pressed on an infinitely loving heart.

The trembling woman kneels before her judge,
And clasps her hands upon her guilty face;
Never before seemed purity before,
Never before seemed sin so horrible.
She did not plead, she knelt there clothed in shame,
An outcast and degraded—weeping knelt,
Waiting the words, "The woman must be stoned."
The crowd draws near, to hear what Jesus says,
And silence steals upon the multitude;
The sunlight falls athwart the Temple floor;
Through open doorways sighs the fragrant wind;
The little children patter with soft steps
In quiet corners, knowing not as yet
Life's tragedy, intense and passionate.
But Jesus speaks; the Temple grows more hushed,
"Let him," He says, "who knows that he is pure,
Cast the first stone at her." The men look up,
Startled a little; then they hang their heads,
And blushes gather on the brows unused
To show such color. Slowly, one by one,
Without a word, they slink abashed away,
'Till Jesus and the woman stand apart.
"Go, sin no more," He says. And forth she goes,
To mend the ruined beauty of her life,
To wash her soul in penitential tears,
And ever after, with undying love,
To follow Christ lamenting.

But where is he, the sharer of her guilt?
The man whom God appointed as the head,
The shield of woman in her weaknesses—
Whom she should look upon as less than God,
But noble, loveable, and worthy trust,
Incapable of wronging that weak heart
That seeks its strength in meekly loving him.
Is he not, too, in deepest grief and shame,
Filled to o'erflowing with an agony
That cannot, like the woman's find relief
In tears that scorch and dry upon the cheek?
Is he not, too, surrounded by a group
That look on him with loathing, holding up
His shamed manhood, his insulted God,
The ruin wrought upon another's soul,
Heaping upon him stinging words of scorn,
That, burning in his ears, awake the sense
Of utter degradation?
A sumptuous feast is spread upon his board,
And joyous guests are pledging him in wine;
He's clothed in purple, and the flashing light
Of diamonds sparkles on his breast and hands;
Odorous scents are stealing from his robes,
And watching slaves are hanging on his looks;
And dancing girls are waiting in the halls,
With lyre and sistrum to beguile the hour,
And touch the senses into soft delight;
And half-pleased smiles are playing round his lips,
And conscious laughter ripples on the air,
As pleasant banter lightly tells the tale,
And friendship merrily accuses him
Of having won a woman from her lord.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Draw back your skirts, lest they may touch
Her garments as she passes; but to him
Put forth a willing hand, to clasp with his
That led her to destruction and disgrace.
Shut up from her the sacred ways of toil,
That she no more may earn an honest meal,
But ope to him all honorable paths,
Where he may win distinction. Give to him
Fair pressed-down measures of life's sweetest joys.
Pass her, O, maiden, with a pure, proud face,
If she puts out a poor, polluted palm;
But lay thy hand in his on bridal day,
And swear to cling to him with wifely love
And tender reverence. Trust him who led
A sister woman to a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—
It is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed. But, ah! how will it be
On that strange day of final fire and flame,
When men shall wither with a mystic fear,
And all shall stand before the one true Judge?
Shall sex make THEN a difference in sin?
Shall He, the searcher of the hidden heart,
In His eternal and divine decree,
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

—*Irish Monthly.*

The Story-Teller.

THE DEATH-CHARM.

Along a broad highway in the State of Maryland rode two persons, mounted upon splendid animals, with the easy grace of equestrians accustomed to the saddle.

One was a maiden of scarcely more than sixteen, with a fresh, lovely face, and a form developing into perfection, wearing a dark-blue habit, and a slouch hat with a heavy ostrich plume. Gauntlet-gloves incased her tiny hands, while about her there was an air of high-breeding.

Her company was nearly double her age, attired in the undress uniform of a captain of cavalry. He was a striking looking man, with a frank, fearless face that was very fascinating.

That there was a love affair existing between the two—young as was the maiden—their glances indicated, and the course of true love, in their case, seemed to be running smooth.

Presently they came upon a crowd of men in the roadway. A youth lay bound upon the ground, his face pale and bleeding, and above him bent a half dozen rude fellows, talking in angry tones.

"Carter, what means this disturbance?" asked the maiden, sternly addressing one of the men.

The man touched his hat politely and replied:

"It means, Miss Lulu, that we've caught a Tartar here, but we've got him tied fast now."

"What has he been doing, Carter?"

"Well, you see, Miss, I saw him coming out of the forest, where, you know, your father allows no gunning, and I called to him to stop and he paid no attention to me, so I calls the boys from the field and we gave chase and caught him, though he fought like a tiger."

"And have you dared attack a man in the public road, sir? My father shall hear of this at once," said Lulu Sanford, angrily.

"He's nothing but a gypsy, Miss, from the camp over the hill yonder," sullenly said the man.

"He is a human being, and was doing no harm. Unbind him at once, sir!"

The young officer now sprang from his horse and quickly released the youth, who was secured with a rope, and said, kindly; "Get up, my man, and return to your camp."

The youth turned his dark eyes upon the speaker, and said, faintly:

"I cannot, sir; I am badly hurt."

"Shame on you, Carter!—a number of burly men to beat a poor boy as you have done! You shall suffer for this, all of you!" cried the maiden, indignantly; and, as the men hung their heads abashed, she continued:

"Raise him in your arms and carry him at once to the mansion, while I ride by and send Dr. Moore to see him. Tell Jane to put him in a comfortable room."

Anxious to redeem themselves in the eyes of their employer's daughter, the men raised the youth in their arms and bore him away, while Lulu Sanford and her escort, Captain Fred de Lancy, galloped on after the physician.

An hour after the two rode up to the door of a very handsome mansion surrounded by ornamental grounds, flower gardens, and every indication that those who dwelt there were possessed of wealth and refined taste.

At the door an elderly gentleman met them, who called out pleasantly:

"Well, Fred. I am glad to see you, my boy. Richard told me you had arrived this morning."

"Yes, colonel, I received sixty days' furlough, and stopped to see you on my way home; and this afternoon Miss Lulu and myself ran off for a ride," replied the young officer.

"And I am very glad we did, papa, for I found your overseer, Carter, and five of the hired men, had beaten a boy severely just because he did not stop when commanded to," said Lulu.

"Yes, the doctor is now with the poor boy, and his father too. I fear the youth is badly hurt, and Carter and the men shall leave my place at once, for the little fellow was doing no harm, and his being a gipsy is no crime But come into the house and get ready for dinner, for I have a surprise for you."

"A surprise for me, sir?" said Lulu.

"Yes, I have found a governess for you—one in every way competent to teach you in singing and instrumental music, as you desire, and who speaks Italian perfectly; she will be here in two weeks, and I have engaged her for two years, so you can complete your education under her."

"I am so glad—I was afraid I would have to go to boarding school." And Lulu ascended to her own room, while her father took Captain De Lancy in charge.

The gipsy boy was severely hurt, and for nearly a week the doctor feared he might not recover. His father hung night and day over him, never caring for himself. At length the youth rallied, and recuperated with such rapidity that the gipsy chief said he could take him back to camp, and asked to see Lulu, who had been untiring in her devotion to the wounded boy.

Finding that the gipsy would go, Lulu ordered the carriage to drive them to their camp, a kindness that was accepted.

"And, lady," said the chief, with deep feeling "my boy owes you his life, and the prayers of our people will ever be for your joy. I have money to pay, yet I will not insult a heart that was kind—so kind that you brought my boy to your own home, and have cared for him as though he were of your own kin, and not a poor wandering gipsy.

"Now, lady. I beg you to remember, if ever the world should turn against you, that you have true friends in the camp of Captain Carl, the gipsy."

Lulu offered her hand in farewell, to both Captain Carl, as his tribe called him, and the boy, and the dignified manner and striking appearance of the wandering chief could not but impress her.

* * * * * *

The second day after the departure of the gipsies from Sanford Hill, as the rich old ex army officer's place was called, there was an arrival in the person of the governess engaged to "finish off" Lulu's education.

At the first glance at Viola Hale, Lulu did not like her; but in a few moments after she changed her mind, and seemed almost fascinated by the beautiful governess for she was strangely, weirdly beautiful, with great black eyes in which slept worlds of passion, ripe red lips, teeth like milk and without a blemish, and hair that touched the floor when she was standing—hair blue-black with an inclination to curl.

Her complexion was dark, almost bronze in hue, but there was rich blood in her cheeks, and her form was the very perfection of grace and beauty.

Her age was hard to tell—at times she seemed like a girl, and then again one might not be far wrong if he said she was nearly thirty.

From her *entree* into the mansion she ruled, and yet no one seemed to know that she held the reins, but Colonel Sanford soon became her slave. Lulu seemed wholly under her influence, and no one seemed conscious that she made her power felt. She was an accomplished musician and sang with a depth of feeling that would capture any listner.

When at length Captain Fred De Lancy came again to Sanford Hill on a visit, and met Viola Hale, he seemed to Lulu's surprise, not to take a fancy to her.

"That woman has a history, Lulu, and a dark one, mark my words for it," he said.

"She is very beautiful, Fred, and accomplished, sweet-tempered, and, and—"

"And what, Lulu?"

"And I do not like to have you find fault with my sweet governess."

"Then I will not. She's an angel—only she has a history," and the persistent man could not be changed in his opinion.

The next day Fred proposed a horseback ride, and when the horses were brought round, Viola Hale appeared in a habit that set off her wondrous beauty strangely.

Refusing the offer of Fred to aid her, she laid her hand on the pommel and leaped lightly into the saddle from the ground.

"She's been in a circus, I'll wager," said Fred, in a low tone, as he lifted Lulu to the saddle, and he was more convinced of this when he saw the perfect manner in which the governess managed the wild horse she rode.

Whether Viola Hale realized that the young captain did not exactly like her, it was hard to tell; but she suddenly began to turn her battery of fascination upon him in a manner that threatened to change his mind regarding her. But fortunately his furlough was soon ended; and he departed for his command on the frontier, a happy man, because Lulu Sanford had promised to become his wife when she was a year and a half older, and Colonel Sanford approved the match; for the young officer came of good family, and was a brave and dashing fellow, possessed no evil habits, and yet was the richest man in the army.

* * * * * *

A year passed by, and again Captain Fred De Lancy was a visitor at Sanford Hill, and delighted at the wonderful progress Lulu had made under her beautiful governess.

"Have you picked up any links, Lulu, that connect her with the past?" asked Fred.

"For shame, Fred! She is all that is lovely, and I believe that papa is really in love with her; and I assure you I would not object to her for a stepmother."

"And does she care for your father, Lulu?"

"I thought so once; now I believe she only admires and respects him."

"He has lost heavily of late, he wrote me."

"Yes. You'll not get the rich heiress you expected to, as papa is now barely well off."

"I have been more fortunate, for my wealth has increased, and after I marry you, Lulu, I shall resign from the army, and settle down to take care of my vast estates."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for I have no desire to see your brown curls taken off by an Indian's scalping knife. But here comes Miss Hale."

As Lulu spoke the governess swept into the room, and more than ever gracious was she to Captain De Lancy, and during his entire visit did she devote herself to him in such a kindly way, that when he again returned to the army he admitted that he had misjudged her, and believed her a thoroughly true woman.

"I would like to see Miss Sanford—my boy has sent her some trinkets he has made for her," said Captain Carl, the gipsy chief, appearing at Sanford Hill one day, two years nearly after his departure.

In his hand he held a basket, in which were some shell and wooden ornaments skillfully carved.

"Miss Lulu has not been very well of late, and it's a pity, as the captain's coming home soon to marry her; but I'll tell her you are here," said the butler, and he soon returned with word that he was to come into the library.

In an easy chair, a book lying closed upon her lap, sat Lulu Sanford, looking pale, and with a haggard expression in her beautiful eyes.

"It was very kind of your son to remember me, and those are very beautiful indeed. I suppose he is quite a man now?"

But the gipsy made no reply, and his eyes were rivited upon Lulu.

Again she spoke to him, surprised at this strange look, and then from his lips burst the question.

"Where did you get that charm, lady?"

Supported by a gold chain of rare workmanship that encircled her neck, hung a massive gold heart, with a single ruby of rare size in the centre, and upon this the eyes of the gipsy were fixed with a startled look.

"This beautiful charm," and Lulu raised it in her fingers—"it was given to me by my governess a month a ago."

"Lady, I would know that gold heart with its single red eye among a million; *it is the Death-Charm.*"

The man spoke in hoarse tones, and his manner startled Lulu, who said quickly:

"The death charm! What can you mean?"

"Lady, let me see it, please."

Impressed by his manner, Lulu unfastened the clasp and handed it to him.

For a moment he gazed intently upon it, and then, to the surprise of the maiden, touched a spring, the existence of which she knew not of, and it flew open like a locket.

"I knew I was not mistaken—it is the death charm. See here, lady—do you see these little marks that look like engraving? Well, they are holes through the gold back, as you see when I hold it up to the light. There you see this sponge within this wire case?—this is saturated in deadly poison—poison that you inhale day by day, until you gradually die, and none knew the cause of your death. Lady, the one who gave you this *wished to murder you.*"

As white as snow, and trembling with excitement, Lulu cried:

"No, no, no! It was given me by my dear governess, Viola Hale."

"Viola Hale! The first name is hers; she must be the one who is your foe, lady. Is the woman you speak of in this house?"

As the gipsy spoke the governess glided into the room, and as her eyes fell upon the tall form near Lulu, she stopped, turned livid, and with a cry upon her lips, sank upon the floor.

"Oh, sir, call the servants, for she has fainted," sried Lulu in alarm.

"Lady, let her lie there while I tell you that she is not worthy of a kind thought. *That woman is my wife!*"

"Your wife?" whispered Lulu.

"Yes, lady, she, like myself, a gipsy, and at fourteen years of age became my wife and queen of the band; but the year after the birth of our boy, whose life you have saved, she ran away from me to go with an Italian prince, and when she had squandered his money she left him, too, to attach herself to a Spaniard, a sorcerer, and the man who made this death-charm I hold in my hand. She killed him with his own poisons, and came back to me, professing repentance. Alas! it was from a desire to get her boy; as I still doubted her, she gave me this very charm to wear around my neck, telling me it would bring back my love for her.

"Accidentally I found a paper one day that told me the secret of the death charm and its poison, and I accused her of her treachery, and so great was her assumed grief that I did not make known her intent to kill me to my band.

"The following day she disappeared and carried the charm with her. Since then I have never known what became of her; but thank heaven, I came her to day!"

In horror Lulu had listened to the awful story, and then she felt all was true, for it came to her now how her old nurse had said the governess wanted to marry Fred De Laney herself; then how she had insisted that for love of her the death-charm should be worn day and night, and from the time she had put it on her health had begun to fail.

"Oh, how could she be so wicked?" cried the girl.

"It is her nature, lady. Ah! she is recovering consciousness," and the gipsy chief stepped towards the prostrate woman, and, in his own language, spoke to her sternly.

With every nerve quivering, and her black eyes looking wild with terror, the woman arose and stood before her master thoroughly conquered.

"Lady, farewell. Please send this woman's things to this address in the city," and Carl handed Lulu a card, while he continued: "Keep that death-charm, but take from it that deadly poison. Keep it as a souvenir that Captain Carl repaid the service you did his son."

Then turning to the guilty, trembling woman, he said to her simply:

"Come!"

Without a word, and with bowed head, she followed him, and Lulu was left alone in horror and grief. Thus her father found her, and from her lips heard the terrible story. He folded his daughter in his arms in a rapture at her escape, while he said:

"I do believe her guilty now, Lulu, for I remember I believed she loved me at first, yet her manner changed as soon as I met with financial misfortunes; and it was evidently her intention to kill you and marry Fred De Lancy, for she frequently asked about his riches. I will order her trunks sent off at once. I wonder what her band will do with her?"

"I cannot tell, father."

"Then we will drive to the camp tomorrow and have a talk with Captain Carl, who seems to be a splendid fellow."

And the next day Lulu felt so much better that she drove to the gipsy encampment with her father; but the wanderers had departed, and when they returned again to the neighborhood, five years after, Lulu was Mrs. Fred De Lancy, and had a little boy whom they had named Carl, after the chief, who, with his son, came to Sanford Hill to visit them.

The gipsy boy had grown into a handsome man, and Captain Carl's locks were nearly white, and a look of settled melancholy rested in his eyes.

When asked by Lulu and her husband about Viola, he said, in a low, stern voice:

'She is dead, lady; our tribe sentenced her to die by her own hand, and, being a gipsy, she obeyed."

And Captain Carl and his son wended their way back to the woodland encampment, burying in their hearts a bitter secret.

Select Miscellany.

Lying in Bed.

Let us analyze this lying in bed a little further. I maintain that, in the mere fact of lying in bed, there is something healthy and recuperative to the system.—The wheels of life are oiled and eased. The proper and legitimate purpose of stopping in bed is to go to sleep. There is no tonic or medicine in the whole world like sleep. The more sleep the brain gets the better it does the brain work. All great brain workers have been great sleepers.

Sir Walter Scott could never do with less sleep than ten hours. A fool may want eight hours, as George III said, but a philosopher wants nine. The men who have been the greatest generals are men who could sleep at will. Thus it was with both Wellington and Napoleon. The greatest speakers in the House of Commons have been the men who can go to sleep there as much as they like.

This explained the juvenality of the aged Palmerston. There is a man who has been Attorney General, whom I have seen bury his face in his hands over his desk and sleep soundly until his own case should come on. "Sleep," says the Greek proverb, "is the medicine for every disease. If he sleeps well he will do well." A friend told me that he treated himself for a fever. He went to bed with a large pitcher of lemonade by his side. He drank and slept, slept and drank, till he drank and slept himself well again. When you take your bed get all the sleep you can out of your bedstead, even although, to quote Dick Swiveller's saying, you have to pay for a double bedded room, confessing that you have taken a most unreasonable amount of sleep out of a single bed. You will be hankering a whole store of recuperative energy. Even if you cannot sleep, still keep to your bed. There is no more pestilent heresy that you should get up directly when you are awake.

It is the early riser who catches the worm, the worm is a great idiot in rising still earlier in order to be caught. If you do not get to sleep by laying in bed you get rest. You secure the fallow ground that will hereafter produce a good harvest. Sleep is of course the proper employment for bed, but if you don't sleep you can lie still and read. I don't believe that the man who gets up earlly learns or does more than than the man who lies in bed. If, for a moment, the writer may be egotistical, some of the hardest work he has ever done has been from the early dawn till after breakfast in bed. Of all sleep in the world there is none so good as what you get, in the way of treasure-trove, after the usual time of waking, when, in point of fact, you have given up the expectation of getting any more sleep. As for "being called," as the saying goes, that is simply a relic of the barbarism of our ancestors. I should quarrel with any man who presumed "to call" me. One of the main beauties of an occasional day in bed is that you get an extra stock of sleep, which goes to the credit side of your sanitary account.

An Astonished Editor.

An exchange says: "We find upon our table one of the newest pictures. It is beautiful in design, small, but showing great artistic skill in its make up. The prevailing colors are green and black, the two blending so harmoniously that the effect is pleasing in the highest degree. We shall not, of course, presume to give an exact description of this picture, but some of the characters look so noble, so striking that we cannot refrain from describing them. The head centre, or rather the hero of this picture, holds in his left hand a banner, in his right hand a sword, his hat is thrown on the ground, his head is thrown back, his left foot extended, and taken altogether, his appearance is that of one challenging another to mortal combat, waiting for the other fellow to knock off the chip. His eyes are cast upward, resting on the word fi—. Hello! what's this? Great snakes! if it isn't a five dollar bill! We took it for some new kind of a Christmas chromo, that had come in the mail. But we see how it is—either our devil has been robbing a bank, or some delinquent subscriber has been conscience stricken."

THE Duluth woman who put the kerosene can on the stove hearth while she went out to trade with a peddler, is now keeping house in a barn, kindly loaned for the occasion.

TRUST in God and all things will work together for good.

A FRIEND indeed is one who is not in need.

BETTER run in old clothes than run in debt.

THEY take life easy in Mississippi.

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Wealth Under Water.

In 1815, when Spain was exerting all her powers to suppress the revolution in Venezuela, the 1,000-ton line-of-battle ship San Pedro Alcantara was dispatched from the mother country, laden with ammunition of war and treasure to pay the army in Venezuela and the navy on the Spanish main. She had on board, as proven by the records preserved in the State archives in Madrid, $2,000,000 in gold coin packed in iron chests and $3,000,000 in silver packed in wooden chests. When the vessel arrived off La Guayra the insurgent forces were threatening Caraccas, and the frightened merchants and clergy, fearing a sack of the city, hastened to place their wealth in the treasure hold of the San Pedro Alcantara for safe keeping. Bullion, church ornaments, and jewels, roughly estimated at $1,000,000, were thus added to the riches already abroad. The San Pedro Albantara sailed from La Guayra to off the southern coast of the Island of Margarita, where she anchored between Cache and Cubagua, small islands to the south of Margarita. During a revel among the sailors a fire was started by the upturning of a bowl of blazing punch, the flames communicating with a barrel of brandy. It is said the dry wooden vessel was speedily enveloped, and the fire soon became uncontrollable until it reached the powder magazine, when a terrible explosion took place, shattering to fragments the afterhalf of the vessel, scattering far and wide over the waters the wealth of her treasure-hold, and sacrificing the lives of 700 out 1,000 men. All the foregoing is a matter history, established by undoubted authority; that remaining to be stated is a matter of knowledge to living witnesses. In 1854 a company in Baltimore undertook to recover the treasure. They worked three months on the wreck of the forward half of the vessel, and recovered about $2,000 in coin; the coin found there was only scattered silver dollars, stuck into the wood work by the force of the explosion. Owing to the slow progress in recovering any of the treasure, many cencerned in the expedition became dissatisfied with the way by which the wreck was worked. Thomas H. Follingsby, one of the divers, advanced a theory to the Superintendent that the force of the explosion had thrown almost everything on the vessel aft; other divers concided with him in his opinion. After changing the location of the schooner from which they worked a diving bell to the place indicated by Follingsby, they succeeded after six month's work, in recovering about $200,000 in silver coin. However, much more was recovered, as the divers secreted about themselves large sums of money. They also found jewels of which they rendered no account. One man, in particular, picked up a diamond cross, which was subsequently sold in New York for $13,000. Several of the divers finally stole the longboat and fled to La Guayra; they were, however, pursued and arrested, but as they had counter claims for percentage, and the manager of the expedition was quite unpopular, the affair was comp