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	¼col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½col	18 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾col	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.

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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, Trupks 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.

THE BEST PAPER, TRY IT!

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

35TH YEAR.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large First-Class Weekly Paper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, *profusely illustrated with splendid engravings*, representing the newest inventions and the most recent Advances in the Arts and Sci nces; including new and interesting facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American.

Terms, $3.20 per year, $1.00 half year, which includes postage. Discounts to Agents. Single copies, ten cents. Sold by all Newsdealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

PATENTS. In connection with the Scientific American, Messrs. MUNN & Co., are Solicitors of American Patents, have had 35 years experience, and now have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. A special notice is made in the Scientific American of all Inventions patened through this Agency, with the name and residence of the Patentee. By the immense circulation thus given, public attention is directed to the merits of the new patent, and sales or introduction often easily affected.

Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, FREE OF CHARGE, whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to MUNN & Co. We also send FREE our Hand Book about the Patent Laws, Patents, Caveats, Trade-Marks, their costs, and how procured, with hints for procuring advances on inventions. Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents.

MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

Branch Office, cor. F. & 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.

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 unhealthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects 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.

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

ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

July11-1y.

New Advertisements. 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 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.

T. W. MONTGOMERY.

Sept26-3mos.

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.

COST SALE!

Now for BARGAINS!

Having determined to quit business, I am now selling my goods at

Cost and Carriage,

A FULL LINE OF

DRESS GOODS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
HATS and CAPS,
CLOTHING,
NOTICNS,
GROCERIES,

and everything usually found in a first-class store.

IF YOU WANT

Immense Bargains

don't forget to give me a call, corner of Fifth and Penn streets, Huntingdon, Pa.

Oct.17-tf. B. JACOB.

MILL FOR SALE.

Being desirous of retiring from active pursuits, I will sell my GRIST MILL, situated one-half mile from McAlevy's Fort, in Jackson township, Huntingdon county. The mill is comparatively a new one, only having been run four years. It is 28x35 feet with two run of burs, and an additional run ready to start at trifling cost. It is located in one of the best wheat-growing districts in the county. There are also two good houses on the property, one of which is finished in good style, every room being papered.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

Aug.22-3m*.] ROBERT BARR.

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.

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, Callous, &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, $1.00. 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.

COME TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE FOR YOUR

JOB PRINTING.

If you want sale bills,
If you want bill heads,
If you want letter heads,
If you want visiting cards,
If you want business cards,
If you want blanks of any kind,
If you want envelopes neatly printed,
If you want anything printed in a workmanlike manner, and at very reasonable rates, leave your orders at the above named office.

The Muses' Bower.

For the JOURNAL.]

A Health Restorative.

BY J. L. A.

Rising in the morning, by the break of day,
Snuff the balmy breezes e're they flit away;
Walking in the woodland, hail the joys of spring;
Hear the feathered songsters how they sweetly sing.

Soul-reviving elixir, curing all your ills,
More than all the druggists with their paltry pi ls;
Breakfast six or seven, if you wish to thrive,
Dinner at eleven, sip your tea at five.

If appetite is failing, saw a pile of wood,
Get in a perspiration and then you'll relish food;
Keep your feet protected, never mind your head,
Never eat a luncheon when you go to bed.

Never read at twilight or too late at night,
Optical taxation makes you dim of sight;
Follow this prescription you will never get the spleen,
And you will grow corpulent, and the doctors will grow lean.

Autumn.

The dying leaves fall fast;
Chestnut, willow, oak and beech,
All brown and withered lie.
Now swirling in the cutting blast,
Now sodden under foot—they teach
That one and all must die.

This Autumn of the year
Comes sadly to my poor heart,
Whose youthful hopes are fled.
The darkening days are dear—
Each love once mine I see depart,
As withered leaves and dead.

But is it all decay?
All present loss—no gain remote?
Monotony of pain?
Ah, no! I hear a lay
The robin sings. How sweet the note—
A pure, unearthly strain.

And, of all flowers, the first
Beneath these leaves in Spring shall blow
Sweet violets, blue and white;
So all lost ones shall burst
In Springlike beauty. Summer glow,
In Heaven, upon our sight.

The Story-Teller.

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

One of the most singular men I ever met with was a private soldier in the Twelfth New York Infantry, which regiment was brigaded with the Second and Third Michigan and Second Massachusetts during the first year or so of the war.—Seen at one time you would say that Dan Harrison had blue eyes. Five minutes afterward you would make oath that they were black, as indeed they were.

Dan also had wonderful control over his voice. He could mimic the voice of any man in the brigade. He could bark like a dog, bray like a mule, whistle like a bird, and was the wonder of the camp.—On one occasion our wagon master was asleep in his wagon, with his six mules roped near by. Dan crept behind a bale of hay and brayed loud and long. The wagon-master awoke and jumped down and pounded the nearest mule, growling out as he re-entered the wagon:

"There, blast ye—I guess you'll feel humble for a while!"

In about two minutes Dan repeated the words. The voice was so exactly the same that a dozen of us, who were hiding near by, thought it was the wagon-master again. The latter individual stuck his head out, looked around in surprise, and then said:

"Well, it took the echo a long time to get around this wagon."

There were yet other reasons why Dan was considered greater than a menagerie. He could drop one shoulder three inches lower than the other. He could work his ears like a horse. He could cramp his hands until they seemed to have been drawn all out of shape by rheumatism. He could make it appear that he had a squint in either eye, and he could raise his eyebrows clear up into his hair. He was a farmer's son, genial, brave and good-hearted, and he was never tired of doing something to amuse us.

Soon after Heintzelman made his reconnoissance from in front of Alexandria down toward Centerville, he sent for Dan Harrison, and the result of the interview was that Dan was engaged by the Government as a spy. His curious physical structure and his natural coolness and bravery fitted him for such dangerous work, and I may say here that for three years he was accounted the most successful and daring spy in the service.

One lonely, rainy night in the beginning of '62, Dan Harrison set out to work his way into the Confederate intrenchments around Centerville, and hear everything that might be turned to value to the Federal cause. Dan had no particular make-up except the dress of a Virginia farmer, and no story to tell except that he was, (when he got there), within the Confederate lines to secure some sort of compensation for three horses seized by a party of Confederate raiders. Circumstances might alter his plans and his story, but if so, he would have something else at his tongue's end.

The spy left the Federal outposts and headed directly for Centerville. He met with no adventures that night, laid in the woods all next day, or advanced under cover of them, and at night again took the highway. He knew that danger lurked in every fence corner for one who skulked along, and he therefore put a bold face on the matter and walked briskly forward, passing quite a number of negroes and several white men without being disturbed. Just then many slaves were trying to reach the Federal line, and this fact got Dan into trouble.

About nine o'clock, as he stepped briskly along, a patrol consisting of three men sprang from the bushes and confronted him, supposing him at first to be a negro, when, finding that he was a white man, the leader of the patrol began asking questions and insisting upon prompt replies. For some reason Dan thought best to change his plans. Dropping his left shoulder and humping his back, he replied to their questions in a whining, drawling voice, in imitation of half wit.

"Laid for a nigger and captured a fool!" growled the leader, as Dan began to ask silly questions and dance around.

"Well, I suppose we'd better give him a kick and let him go," said the leader. "He don't know enough to be a soldier, and we'd better hurry him along."

"I don't know about that!" remarked the third man, who had all along been silent. "I don't know of any fool in this neighborhood, and we should not let this chap go until we have had a closer look at him. Here, you infernal idiot, do you know anyone about here?"

"Missus Brown—Missus Brown!" replied Dan, using the first name that came in his way.

"Well, it is only a step down there," said the man, "and if she knows him it is all right."

So there was a Mrs. Brown close at hand! No one could have been more surprised than the spy, and he feared that he had gotten himself into a bad scrape.—There was no chance for him but to go along, and go he did, amusing the men with strange antics and silly talk. Mrs. Brown was a widow, living in a very comfortable, though small farm house, and Dan was marched straight to her door. She was a woman of about fifty years of age, with a kind face and motherly ways.

"Widder Brown," began the leader of the party, as he put his hand on the spy, "we captured this fool down the road thar. He acts and talks like a fool, but we want to be sure he isn't tricking us. He says he knows you. If you know him that's all we want."

"Missus Brown know Tommy," chuckled Dan, as he boldly entered the house and sat down and took the family cat on his lap.

The widow's vanity was a little bit flattered, in the first place that she had been called upon to identify a stranger, and in the next place she would lose prestige if she failed to do so.

"Mebbe I know him—mebbe I do," she replied, as she looked around for her spectacles. "Somehow I allus know all the fools going, and most of 'em come around her for vittels. Now, then, I'll look at him"

She put on her spectacles, took the candle in hand, and Dan was scrutinized for a long minute. He looked up in her face and grinned and chuckled, though his heart was in his mouth.

"She don't know him whispered one of the men.

The widow overheard it, and she was on her mettle. Walking slowly across the room to put down the candle and her spectacles she turned and said:

"Yes, he's a fool, and you are bigger fools for stopping him!"

"Then you know him?" asked the leader.

"I raythur think so! His name is Tommy, and he lives somewhere around Fairfax. He's been here more'n a dozen times."

"Didn't propose matrimony, did he?" asked one of the men.

"No!" she snapped, "but if he had he'd stood a better chance than white men who hide in fence corners to capture niggers!"

So saying she slammed the door on them and went away. She sat down at the table and looked across at Dan, and presently mused:

"Yes, he's a feol, and those men had no business hauling him around, no matter whether I knew him or not I guess he's hungry and tired, and I'll give him something to eat and send him to bed."

Dan "played the fool to perfection, and when he had eaten, the woman had a real motherly interest in him. She guided him up stairs, showed him the bed he was to occupy, and then went down with the light, saying:

"Fools can see in the dark as well as by daylight, and you might set the house on fire"

The spy was out of the scrape in one sense, and yet he was in trouble. He wanted to reach and pass the Confederate out-posts before daybreak. If he remained in the house all night he would encounter people next day who might want him more fully identified. But how was he to leave?

The chamber was a half story affair, all in one room, and a window at either end. One of these would let the spy out. He crept across the floor and tried the sash of one. It was old and shaky, and yet he worked at it for a long ten minutes and gave up in despair. The sashes were not nailed, but so warped that to get them up or down or out would make noise enough to arouse everybody about the house. The sash in the other window could be raised, but Dan's fingers had scarcely touched it when two or three dogs, which seemed to be kenneled directly below, commenced a furious barking. Escape by that way was cut off.

After a moment's thought Dan decided to wait until the house grew quiet, and then descend the stairs and go out by the front door. He might have to wait for an hour or more, and he therefore threw himself on the bed. He had scarcely got settled when he heard a commotion down stairs, and the heavy trod of a man. Creeping out of bed, and putting his ear to the floor, he soon learned that the woman's son had returned home after a considerable absence within the Confederate lines.

Dan listened for a long time, catching words enough to keep the run of the conversation, and when he heard both moving across the floor he slipped into bed again. It was well he did so. The stair door opened, the light appeared and as mother and son ascended she said:

"Of course he's a fool? Do you think I've got so old that I can't tell an idiot when I see him?"

"Well, these are suspicious times," muttered the son in reply, and bothed advanced to the bed.

Dan seemed to be fast asleep. One hand all cramped up, was on the quilt in plain sight, and he had his face screwed up until the lonesome look ought to have melted a heart of stone.

"There! don't he look like a fool?" whisppered the mother.

"He may be one, but it won't do any hurt to let the patrol take him to our outposts," answered the son, and both descended the stairs.

Dan must get out of that. Not by the way of the window, but down stairs and out of the front door. The patrol could not be far off, and he had no time to spare. Hastily resuming his garments he softly descended the stairs. While waiting at the door he heard the son go out, and after two or three minutes he softly opened the door.

No one was in the room. Tip-toeing across it he opened the front door and stepped out, but only to stand face to face with the son, a young man of about twenty-five and of good muscular development. For what seemed a long minute they looked into each other's face. Then the Confederate said:

"Throw up your hands, Mister Yank, the game is played?"

"I just came to bid you good night," coolly answered Dan, and he made a rush.

The Confederate did not follow, because he realized that Dan was running directly for the approaching patrol. He was under full headway when he met them, or saw that he was going to run into them, and swerved aside.

"Shoot that Yankee—kill him! kill him!" shouted the Confederate at the house, and the patrol opened fire in response.

Dan was not over thirty feet away, and the gloom of the night saved him from being riddled. One bullet struck him in the left arm, just above the elbow, inflicting a painful wound, but the others went wild, and he soon distanced pursuit. Dan did not get into Centreville that time.

Select Miscellany.

D. Lothrop & Co.'s Fall Books.

No publishing house in the country is making more active preparations for the holiday trade than D. Lothrop & Co., and their list of announcements exceeds in extent and attractiveness that of any past year. As usual, the strongest effort has been made in behalf of young readers, and the books offered for their delectation are as beautiful in their outside appearance as they are fascinating inside. Stories in prose and stories in poetry, funny stories, pathetic stories, stories in natural history and stories about people and places, delightfully written and charminly illustrated, form a large proportion of the catalogue, while books adapted to the needs and capacities of older readers are not wanting.

Among the larger and more important books are Mr. Benjamin's *American Artists* an elegant quarto volume, filled with portraits of some of our most famous painters, with illustrations from their ewn hands, drawn expressly for the work; a second volume of *Poets' Home*, brought out in the same manner, containing portraits and biographies of Holmes, Bryant, Emerson, Paul H. Hayne, John Boyle O'Reilly, and other prominent authors; a new edition of *Out of Darkness into Light*, a volume which a New York critic calls "a rich work of art;" a red-line quarto edition of *Pilgrims' Progress*, on plate paper, with seventeen full page illustratiuns, splendidly bound; *Story of the Prayers of Christian History*, by the author of *Story of the Hymns*; *Thoughts that Breathe*, consisting of choice extracts from the works of Dean Stanley, with an introduction by Phillips Broons; a new edition of *Jesus, Lover of My Soul*; a gift book for young ladies called *Christmas Pie*, illustrated by Miss Lathbury; *Christmas Snow-Flakes*, a large and elegant quarto volume of original poems by American authors, with choice illustrations, richly and uniquely bound, and Dr. Smith's *America*, our National Hymn, with several exquisite engravings and a sketch of the author.

Of the books for young people, prominent is *Wide Awake Pleasure Book*; "*F*" uniform with the five volumes which have preceded it, yet with a richer and more attractive table of contents than either of them; *Don Quixote, Jr.*, being a history of the further adventures of Miltiades Peterkin Paul; Miss Vonge's *Young Folks' History of France and Rome*; *The Dogberry Bunch*; *Royal Lowrie's Last Year at St. Olave's*; and *Breakfast for Two*, by Joanna Matthews. Others are in preparation and will be early announced.

But it is the children who have particular reason to feel grateful to the Messrs. Lothrop, who have provided for them a list perfectly bewildering in its variety and attractiveness. One of the first books to tempt the eye of the little patrons is *Child Love*, a beautifully bound quarto volume with engravings and colored illustrations. It contains the "Babyland Classics," old and new, with short rhymes and jingles, complied and edited by Clara Doty Bates, and is good for all times and seasons of the year. *Once upon a Time*, by Miss E. E. Brown, is a charming book of story plays, illustrated of course, and bound in taking style. Then there are *Stories and Pictures of Wild Animals*, companion books, in large type, in chromo board covers; a new edition of *Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe*; *Children's Funny Book*, a big quarto, full of pictures; the *Birthday Picture Book*, with thirty full-page engravings and mottoes for each day in the month; and several "baby books" chief among them *Babyland* for 1879, *Baby's Object-Lesson Book*, and *Baby's Portfolio*.

Unusual attractions are also offered in the little "Libraries" and "Series." The *Wide Awake Library*, containing the eight volumes of the magazine, ought to be in the possession of every family where there are children, and no cheaper or more fitting present could be made by parents than this. The *Out of School Series*, consisting of four volumes by popular writers, is a special attraction. Then there are the *Merry and True* series of 10 volumes; *Little Chats with Little Folks*, 6 books in a box; *Baby Classic Toy Books*; *Favorite Quarto Toy Books*; *The Natural History Series and Stories*, and *Johnny's Discoveries*, in three volumes.

The presentation book upon which the Messrs. Lothrop are bestowing particular attention, and which, from its peculiar character, ought to have special attraction for every patriotic American, is Dr. S. F. Smith's *America*, which for nearly half a century has served for our national hymn. It is to be brought out in large quarto form, magnificently illustrated and bound, and containing besides the hymn, an illustrated sketch of the venerable author, who is still living. It would be interesting if he could know the various important occasions upon which this hymn has been sung since it was first written. During the war it exerted a wonderful influence at home and in the field in the way of strengthening patriotic feeling, and it has lost none of its popularity or power since. The volume which presents it is artistic and beautiful, and it should be found in the household of every true American. The five handsome printed volumes which constitute the Idle Hour Series, and which have put off their light summer clothing for tasteful cloth covers, claim the attention of all lovers of choice literature. They have all been warmly praised by the press, and in their cheaper form have had a large and steady sale. Their character is not ephemeral, nor are they simply intended as "summer books." One can enjoy the experiences of the *Two Girls who Tried Farming* by a coal fire as well as in a hammock, or the narrative of the trio who sailed *Up and Down the Merrimac* when that famous river is frozen as well as now. *My Daughter Susan* and *Priscilla Hunter* are acceptable acquaintances at any time of year, and there is no particular season to be set apart for *Poor Papa*.

There are two other series which seem to require special mention. The first, *History and Biography*, containing five volumes, and *Famous Americans*, containing the lives of Franklin, Sumner, Webster and Amos Lawrence. They are books which every boy should read, and will be the better for reading.

Another new book, *Waifs and their Authors*, is now in press, and nearly ready for issue. It will be in the regular quarto form, illustrated. Of new editions, prominent are Tarbox's *Life of Israel Putnam*, which has been materially reduced in price *Sunshine for Babyland*; Pansy's three ever popular books, *Mother's Boys and Girls*, *Picture Book* and *Our Darlings*, all of them enlarged, and in choice bindings. The *Children's Almanac*, which created such a sensation last season, should not be forgotten. It is one of the most useful and beautiful little volumes ever brought out by the publishers, and is sold for hardly more than a nominal price. It will be remembered the calendar reaches over five years, and is as good to day as it was last year.

Limburger Cheese.

As its name indicates, Limburger had its origin in the province of Limburg, in Holland, where, with its peculiarity of shape, smell, process of making and curing, it was formerly exclusively made. Thirty years ago its production in the United States was almost unknown, it being at that time thought, on account of the difference in climate and pasturage, impossible to produce it here. The same notion in regard to Swiss cheese prevailed, and consequently numerous quantities of both were imported from Europe to supply the large demand in this country. But it has been found that both can and have been produced in this country in such perfection that the very best judges are unable to detect any difference from the imported article. In Green County, Wis, hundreds of tons are made annually, more than twenty factories being engaged in its manufacture. In Dodge and Jefferson counties large quantities are also made. The cheese is made in factories capable of working the milk of from 100 to 400 cows, rarely exceeding the latter number, and more would require a larger area of country than would be desirable on account of distance to the factory, as the milk is hauled and the cheese made twice a day usually. The makers generally buy the milk from the farmers at a price agreed upon for six months, beginning about May 1. The process of manufacture in its first stages does not differ from the usual way, except that a lower temperature is kept while the curd is forming, the animal heat alone in summer being often high enough. Great care is taken to use pure milk, free from taint or filth, and cleanliness being requisite in every stage of the making. Upon the curd being formed it is slowly cut into squares, pieces the size of a dice, low temperature and careful handling being necessary to avoid breaking the butter globules, upon which the richness of the cheese depends. It is slightly scalded and stirred, most of the whey drawn off, and, without being salted, the curd is dipped out into perforated wooden boxes or molds, about five inches square, and left to drain without any pressure being applied. In a few hours the packages are carried into curing cellar and placed edgeway on shelves, like bricks set to dry. Every day thereafter they are rolled in salt and replaced when they have absorbed enough salt. They are turned almost every day, and the slimy moisture which exudes is rubbed with the hand evenly over the surface, which serves the double purpose of keeping the cheese moist and to close all cracks, into which flies might lay their eggs. This outside moisture decomposes while the cheese ripens, and being mostly composed of albumen, like fresh meats, eggs, &c., the same results follow the decomposition, and in this case the Limburger odor is developed, which never forsakes it, and sticks closer than a brother to all who touch or eat it. After eight or ten weeks it is packed in paper and tinfoil, and is ready for market—in consistence, contents and nourishment the richest cheese that can be made, but to the uninitiated, a malicious and predetermined outrage upon the organs of smell.

A Millinery Opening.

"You see this lovely bonnet right in front of us, dear?" said Spriggins' wife at the theatre the other evening; "the one with the blue trim"—

"See it!" he growled. "I should think so. I can't see anything else."

"There! don't be disagreeable dear. It's that stuck-up Mrs. Perkins that's got it—she that was a Lawton, and so poor before she married so well. That's the one I wanted dreadfully, and"—

"What! wanted that Perkins?"

"There, Spriggins," she replied severely, "don't get off any of your sharp witticisms here, if you please. Don't rob your paper of your bright things. A man has no right to bring his business affairs home or anywhere else where his wife is trying to get a respite from her humdrum life. But about that bonnet; it was so cheap. I know it is the same one that I saw at Mme. Ribbon's opening, and"—

"Saw it at an openin, did you! Well that's just where I see it now. I don't know whose opening it is, but it is right square in the opening between the ostrich feathers on the right and the ribbon palace on the left, and I can't see a dueed thing on the stage. Next time I come to the theatre I'm going to take a front seat on the gallery."

"So do, dear," said his wife, having the last word of course. I have no doubt you will find the company more congenial, and you won't have to suppress your horrid oaths."

The curtain fell on the first act just then, and Spriggins went out for a moment; and when we returned he smelt so strong of cloves that his wife asked him if he could tell her how large an opening was in an inverted tumbler.

Evils Among Young Men.

Of all the evils prevalent among young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than to speak lightly of the virtue of a woman. Nor is there anything in which most young men are so thoroughly mistaken as the low estimate they form as to the integrity of woman. Not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others, who, they forget are somebody else's mothers and sisters. As a rule no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be trusted with an enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this subject, for the evil is a general one and deep rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into society of thoughtless or depraved women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they say of those than they have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the development of crime in our police courts. Let our young men remember that their chief happiness depends upon utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can cover or weaken truth. It stands like the record of itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak lightly of women.—*Commonwealth.*

AN ignorant old lady was asked by a minister visiting her if she had religion. She replied: "I have slight touches of it occasionally."

An Amazonian Forest.

On three sides of the cane field the forest rises in solid mass fully one hundred feet. A distance of fifteen or twenty miles, maybe, has been reached by the hunters and sarsaparilla gathers; beyond that the country is as completely terra incognita as the other side of the moon. But so far as we know, with very slight breaks, the whole of the Amazonian highland is covered with this thick growth of trees; there is no other forest region in the world of like extent, and richness of its productions. Where the land has been recently cleared we get a kind of section of the forest; hundreds of gray and white columns set close together like the pickets in a fence, and supporting a green roof above. But within everything is a maze; a chaotic confusion of tree trunks and vines, and branches and leaves. Even on the ocean you are not so weighed with a sense of your insignificance as when wandering in these pathless solitudes. For at sea there is always the same horizon, a definite boundary to vision; and in the very attempt to reach beyond it the imagination forms an ideal ocean, a limited immensity. The ship carries you on without any bodily exertion of your own; you know that you are moving, as you know that the earth moves, but day after day there are the same sea and sky to give the lie to your reasoning. In the forest you are forced to measure your own power with the infinite. Guided by the compass you keep a straight line for days together, but it is not like a woodland walk at home; you must do battle for your right way, cutting a narrow passage through hedge-like thickets, and mats of woody vines, and interlaced branches. And then, after a day of hard fighting, you lay yourself down at the foot of some giant tree, and look up, to where the boughs are all mingled together, and single leaves are undistinguishable, where the fragments of blue sky seem hardly more distant than the tree tops, as if you saw them through an inverted telescope; and then off through the vague network of leaves and tree trunks, and ropelike roots, and twisted vines, until the vision is lost you know not where; only you feel in your inmost soul that there is a mysterious and unfathomed depth beyond; you know that you are hardly within the borders of the wilderness where you could travel for months and never reach the end; you compare your own littleness with the littleness of a single tree, which, standing alone, would be a beacon for miles around; and you bow your head with fear and trembling, with the cry of the human, "Be pitiful, O God!" At first there is only the overwhelming impression of extent and impenetrable tangle. After a while the eyes grow accustomed to the labyrinth, and we begin to notice the component parts; then we see how different the highland forest is from the pictures we have drawn of it.—We get our ideas of the tropics from the greenhouses, where a great number of broad leaved, handsome plants are gathered from every quarter of the world, and thrown together without any regard to their distribution in nature; all of them remarkable for their singular forms, or bright colors, or showy flowers. But the high forest has nothing to compare with this; in many respects it rather resembles our woods at home, only it is far thicker and higher. Palms are common in many places, but, as their tops are lost in the tangle above, we hardly notice them; only the large stemless curuas sometimes form a peculiar foreground. There are no bananas, no callas, no bamboos; even the orchids and bromelias are hidden among the branches,