The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 43. HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1879. NO. 47.

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.

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. [ap12,71

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. [ap28, '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. [ap12.71

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No. —, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19,'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.

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 Sciences; 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 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, Sealsickness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of malaria, 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.

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.

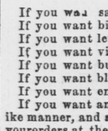
Iron City College

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.

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.

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. June6, 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.

The Muses' Bower.

Welcome to Grant.

R. J. BURDETTE.

When treason raised its hateful hand
And aimed its blows at freedom's breast,
When horrid war, with sword and brand
Our homes, our peace, our land distressed;
When true men's hearts sank low with fear,
When freedom's arms were weak and spent;
When through our country far and near
The air with treason's shouts was rent,
We welcomed Grant.

With guns that thundered night and morn,
Where Vicksburg's frowning ramparts rose;
With clarion calls of bugle horn;
When Jackson fell beneath our blows;
With dropping shots that far and near
Fell from the swaying skirmish line;
With bursting shell, with ringing cheer,
With roll of drum and crash of mine,
We welcomed Grant.

Oft as our arms enfeebled fell,
Oft as our ranks were beaten back;
Oft as the hated rebel yell
Swept like a whirlwind on our track;
Then when we needed some strong arm,
A soldier's arm, a leader's brain,
On weary march, in night alarm,
We called our leader by his name—
We welcomed Grant.

Now, by the peace his good sword won,
Now by the Union that he saved;
By all his deeds of valor done,
By all the pains and perils braved;
In smiling plenty, glad content,
In country blessed, in Union strong;
Just as of old in field and tent,
With grateful hearts, with shout and song
We welcomed Grant.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Story-Teller.

THE LOST CHILD.

He had looked for him all day—all night. It was dawn again, and he must go home without him—without his little child—his treasure—his most precious thing on earth. He must go home and tell its mother that the boy was not found. He would never be found now, the man felt sure of this.

All his life he had dreaded this—all the little life of that baby boy. He had been like a man who wandered amongst thieves with a diamond in his possession in full sight of all eyes. It seemed to him that some one must rob him of it. All the old stories of gypsies who stole children had troubled him sorely; and his heart had ached over the pitiful tale of the little chimney sweeper who, more than a hundred years ago, while plying his trade, came down the chimney of the nursery from which he had been stolen when a tinier fellow still, and recognizing it and his mother, was restored to love and home at last.

Often in the night had the thought so overcome him that he had stolen from his bed in the darkness to feel the little head of his sleeping boy on the pillow of his crib. Even his wife, the child's mother, who had loved him so, would have laughed at his fancies. So he kept them to himself. Only once—once he was forced to tell her. That was when he tatooed the child's foot.

Right on the instep he had marked it with a little blue W. It was painful—every prick hurt him worse than it did the boy. And the mother, coming home, had been angry and grieved, and then he told her.

"If the child were stolen we should know him, though his face were altered—though he forgot his name and us.—That is why I did it."

And she had said: "People have children enough of their own. Caildren are only valuable to their parents. You are so romantic—so foolish."

Now it had come. The foolish fear was realized. Lost or stolen, the boy was gone, and that tatoo mark was the only thing that comforted him. Alive or dead, they should know him, now or after long years, for those marks were indelible, and no one else would mark his foot with a tiny W and a tinier cross that followed.

Alive or dead! Could the boy be dead? He cast up his hands in his agony and uttered a cry that rang through the sleeping street. People turned in their beds, and said to themselves that there must be a fight or that some drunken man was making night hideous. Some early risers ended their sleep then and there, for no one knew why the man cried out, or who he was, or where he went, save the solitary policeman, who gave him a grave salute as he passed.

Neither asked the other, "Have you found the child?" They knew the question was useless.

But at home, when the lights had burned all night, the mother, who paced to and fro, asked it, though she knew the answer would be "No."

"You have not searched everywhere," she said. "You have forgotten some place—some one's house where he may have gone. Go out again—go. I will go also. You told me you would bring him back, or I would not have been left at home. Go!"

The man turned on his very threshold.

"I thought he might be here," he said, "and I wanted to tell you—the tatoo mark—we shall be sure—"

Then he fell on his face. For twenty-four hours he had not tasted food, but only his faintness told him that he was hungry.

Then the mother remembered that she was also a wife. The wretched people ate and drank—stones and sea water, for aught they knew; but they looked for their child in every direction. The river was dragged, and the hospital, and even the prisons, searched.

They spent their small means in advertising. They posted notices of their loss on the walls. All in vain.

After others knew that they had followed a forlorn hope, they still pursued it as earnestly as ever. And so weeks rolled by, the months faded, the years followed. Theirs was a hard case. If death had taken the boy it would have been easier to bear; but they did not believe him dead; where was he? In whose hands? Had he mourned for them and for home?—Had he been ill-used—beaten? They knew nothing, and the suspense wore their lives away. It was an old story to others very soon; it was always terribly new to them. At any moment it seemed to them that the door might open and their child enter, and the patter of little feet upon the stones set their sad hearts beating wildly. This when ten years had passed, and the child of four would have been a child no longer, but a youth taller, doubtless than his mother.

No other children came to these people and they were very miserable—he had neither ambition nor energy. The woman went about her daily toil in a dull, listless manner. Their hair grew gray, and their brows wrinkled, very early. Friends were pitiful; but grief does not invite—it repels.

At last they seemed to stand alone in the world; old acquaintances and relatives were gone, or had forgotten him. They made no new ones. Poor, lonely, sad, they clung to each other, and shared each other's sorrows and trials. There was no joy to share. This child would have been 18 years old—was, if he lived—when what is called a piece of good luck happened to them. A far away relative died and left them a little fortune. He had not taken much notice of them during life, but he had given them a thought on his dying bed. They were comparatively rich. When they knew it the same thought came to each other at once. The woman uttered it first.

"Martin," said she, "perhaps we can find our boy, after all. When once we have the money we will advertise him all over the length and breadth of the land. He may not remember, but the blessed mark you put upon his foot, that he will know of. He will come to us—I feel sure of it—at last, Martin, at last."

"Yes, it may be so, Agnes," the man said. "It may be so; the time has been long, the days woeful, but we may be happy, after all that has gone. Agnes, I believe it will be so."

They kissed each other, and made ready for the journey which they must take to enter upon their inheritance. And they traveled together over the rough road with eyes that grew brighter for this small speck of hope in their hearts. Through all the proceedings that followed, this grew and grew; and when, at last, they found themselves undisputed owners of a pretty house and money enough to live on in comfort, they began to feel sure that their boy would yet share it with them.

The first evening in their new home was almost happy.

"Agnes, we must put this cash away in a bank to-morrow," said the husband, counting over the roll of notes. "It is not safe to keep it here, and we must be careful; we have that to do which makes us economical."

"Yes, Martin," said his wife, as she held the light for him and he locked the small, old-fashioned safe. "You see, when the boy comes to us we will want to do all we can do for him, and home must be a pretty place. We can live on almost nothing until he does come."

Afterward, in the dark, their heads close together on the pillow, the elderly couple talked on, dreaming like children.

"Martin," said Agnes, "when he does come, our poor boy, perhaps he will be rough and not well mannered, he has not had us to teach him; we must be very lenient."

"Yes, yes," said Martin; "but the boy will improve. Old as he is, he can go to college yet."

"Away from us!" said the mother.

"No, no, he shall come home every day," said the father. "Will he be tall, I wonder? We are usually tall, but your people are shorter."

"Something may have happened to hurt his looks," said the mother, "but we would only love him the better for it if it is so. However he comes, we will be so good, so good to him. He will come, will he not, Martin? He could not be dead, after all."

"No, no, I feel sure that he will come. I've known all the while that he was not dead," said Martin. "I'll advertise all over the United States—all over Europe. If that fails, even in India, in some way. You see, he may have been carried to some foreign country. Men who know all languages that are spoken shall see that my advertisement is put into each one. Yes, we shall have him back."

"Hark," said Agnes; "what is that?"

They listened. A low, grating sound at the door below, regular, and carefully subdued—a click—a crack.

"Some one is trying to break in," said Martin.

Agnes hid her face in the pillows.—They were alone in a lonely house on a lonely road. They had several thousand dollars in their possession. Martin was not a powerful man, and though he had a pistol, there might be two or three against one, and then there was little hope for him.

He arose and took his weapon in his hand, and felt about in the dark for matches. And Agnes heard a creaking of the flooring and the sound of muffled footsteps, and also sprang to the floor.

"They are at the safe below!" cried Martin, "Agnes, the money—the money for our boy! Oh! if my life is lost for its sake, I cannot lose that. I cannot—I cannot"

"Martin! Martin! Stay—do not go.—What can you do, one man alone?" screamed Agnes.

But he was gone; she was alone in the darkness. It was all over in a moment. There were shots, oaths—a fall—silence. She crept down stairs, trembling so that she could scarcely stand. Leaning against the safe was her husband, blood upon his sleeve; on the floor lay a man in a crape mask, stiffened in death.

"Martin!" sobbed the woman. "Martin!"

"I have killed him!" cried the man.—"Fasten the door—put up the great bar. Had I not forgotten that they could not have entered. Oh, it is terrible, but I could not lose every chance of my boy.—They fired at me, I at them. I wounded both. This one is dying. I am a little hurt—not much—and the money is safe—untouched. Oh, to think I should have killed a man!—I!"

"Martin, he may not be dead," said the woman. "He is young. I hope he is not dead. Perhaps he has a mother somewhere. Let me bind up your hand.—Then we will try to restore him. Dear Martin, even if it is so, who can blame you! Poor, poor boy!"

She bound up the graze on her husband's hand. Then they lifted the young man's body to a soft rug, and undid the mask. A face was revealed, young and handsome and pallid as marble.

"Oh, it is terrible!" said the wife.—"No older than our poor boy. Oh, Martin, he is dead, I fear. I will loosen his necktie. You take off his shoes and rub his feet. Oh, morning is so far away! This is such a lonely place. Martin, what is it?"

She stared at her husband in horror.—His face was as the face of death. He sat ghastly and terrible to look upon, holding in his hand one of the feet that he had undressed.

"Dead!" he said, wildly, "Dead! and I shot him—I!"

"Martin!" shrieked the wife. She laid the dead man's head down on the rug and crept up to her husband. "God will forgive you," she said; and then her eyes, dilating themselves upon the point at which her husband stared.

It was the foot of the young burglar.—The left shoe was off—the stocking also. The high white instep was uncovered, and on it she saw the little tatooed W with a tiny cross beside it. It was her son who lay there.

"Martin!" she screamed again, "Martin, remember what I told you. He had not us to teach him what was right—remember."

But Martin only moaned.

"He is dead, and I killed him!"

He felt blindly for his pistol. "Forgive me, Agnes, for I cannot live," he said; but at that moment the woman, with her hand upon the breast of the prostrate man, screamed out:

"His heart beats—Martin—he lives!"

The next day a strange story flew about the neighborhood. The child those two strange people had lost years ago had returned to them. That very night burglars had entered the house and wounded him. His life was in danger. The doctor had been there all the morning, but the mother had no fears.

"God had sent him back, and he lives!"

It was never too late for repentance, and the love of those poor parents was very strong. Strange as the beginning was, the end was peace, and the household, so strangely reunited, was a happy one at last.

Select Miscellany.

Two Popular Magazines.

WIDE AWAKE, $2 a yr. } Edited by
BABYLAND, 50 cts. a yr. } ELLA FARMAN.

These are the two Illustrated Magazines you want for your little folks and your young people the coming year. There are few portions of the English-speaking world where they are not circulated; and warm commendations come from residents in such far off countries as India, China, etc. It may be interesting to New England teachers, who are introducing these two magazines into their schools, to know that they are also used as text books in foreign lands. A recent order from Bulgaria, where one of our brightest New England ladies uses them in her school, includes sets from the beginning, as she finds them better adapted than any other magazines for translation into the language of the country.

Although the brightest and freshest writers and artists are employed on the magazines, they will, as heretofore, be kept at their old prices, that they may be within the reach of all—emphatically *the magazines for the people.*

Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal cash commissions. Success sure. Send 10 cents for sample copies, outfit, terms, etc. Address,

D. LOTHROP & CO, PUB'RS,
32 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

RUTH ERSKINE'S CROSSES. By Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. $1.50.

"Among the few prominent publishing houses which make a specialty of Sunday-school literature, none deserves more highly at the hands of the Christian public than D. Lothrop & Co. Their presses seem consecrated to the making of books and papers—pure, wholesome, and safe—for the young. In this day, when money-making seems to be along the line of the issuance of vicious and trashy stuff, it is a matter for congratulation that purely secular houses can sternly resist the tide and devote themselves to the publication of only what is elevating and good.

These remarks are called forth by reading the above book, and after a long acquaintance with the publications of this house.

Two years ago the writer suggested in these columns to Mrs. Alden, who writes under the pseudonym of "Pansy," that she follow up the "Four Girls at Chautauqua" and the "Chautauqua Girls at Home" with an account of their life after marriage, their *real* life, as marriage is often made an excuse for the withdrawal of our young people from active service in the Church. In "Ruth Erskine's Crosses" we find an answer, in part, to our suggestion. We say in part, for the book does not wholly meet our thought, and yet we are not quite sure but that our disappointment is to be found in the fact that Pansy has given us *real* and not ideal life.

The book is worthy contribution to the series, and the series ought to be in every Sunday school and young people's library in the land."—*New York Christian Advocate.*

"At No. 32 Franklin Street, Boston, we enter D. Lothrop & Co.'s publishing house, on the corner of Hawley street. Their salesroom is a large one measuring 40x120 feet, high studded, and lighted as it is upon three sides peculiarly pleasant and admirably adapted to the comfort and convenience of book-lovers. Besides this room, Lothrop & Co, occupy two floors above, respectively for binding and composition. The extent of their transactions is something wonderful, and we echo the exclamation of the good man of Uz, "Of the making of many books there is no end," when we are told that this one house alone has a list of publications numbering nine hundred volumes, makes every year more than half a million books, and will issue this fall a hundred entirely new works. The firm has many specialties, among which may be mentioned albums, of which they are the largest importers in New England; miscellaneous books for home reading, all of which have undergone the scrutiny of an eminent corps of readers, whose duty it is to see that nothing hurtful or vapid shall emerge from the house; religious works, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals, etc, together with Christmas, Sunday-school and day award cards, stationery, etc. Every one, of course, knows that this is the nesting-place of WIDE AWAKE and BABYLAND, though every one may not know that it is also the birthplace of more juvenile, holiday and gift books than are published by any other single concern in Boston."—*Boston Transcript.*

A SUNDAY SCHOOL teacher was explaining the omnipresence of the Deity to his scholars, and ended by telling them that He was everywhere. Whereupon a red-headed boy asked: "Is He in my pocket?" The teacher replied that the question was rather profane but he would answer "Yes, He was everywhere." "I've got you there," said the boy; "I ain't got no pocket."

Two young ladies of La Crosse were standing by the side of a ditch thirteen feet wide, which they didn't know how to cross, when their escort said "snakes," and they cleared it at a bound.

ALL the Nevada editors are going mad. There hasn't been a shooting affray for a month.

Execution of Three Innocent Men.

An old army officer communicates to the *Army and Navy Journal*, the following account of how three Indians voluntarily went to be hanged for a crime which they probably did not commit:

"The first settlements in Oregon, some thirty years ago, were made by a colony of Methodists. One of the principal men among them was the late Mr. or Governor Abernethy, as he was called, as he was for a short time the prominent Governor of Oregon. He was the father-in-law of our genial Deputy Quartermaster General, Henry C Hodges, an excellent man, and he must not be remembered as one of those who was responsible for the shocking proceedings which we are about to relate. A minister by the name of Whitman, we believe, had gone up to the Walla Walla region, where he was kindly received by the Cayuse and other friendly Indians, who, while they did not particularly desire to be converted to the Christian faith as expounded by one of Wesley's followers, saw no special objection to the presence of the missionary. So they lived quietly alone for a year or two; then the measles broke out among the Indians, and a large number of them were carried off. They were told by their medicine men that the disease was owing to the presence of the whites, and Mr. Whitman was notified that he must leave their country. Filled with zeal for the cause, and not having sense enough to grasp the situation, he refused to go.

At the time the people of the Hudson's Bay Company had great influence with all the Indians in that region, and the good old Governor, Peter Skeen Ogden, was the chief factor of the company at Fort Vancouver. He was apprised of the state of feeling among the Indians near the mission by the Indians themselves, and he was entreated by them to urge Whitman to go away, for if he did not he would surely be killed. The Governor wrote up to the mission advising them to leave, for a while at least, until the Indians should become quiet, which they would do as soon as the measles had run its course among them. His efforts were useless, and sure enough one day in 1847, we believe, the mission was cleaned out, the missionary and nearly all of those connected with it being killed.

An Indian war follows. This was carried on for some months, and with little damage, but sufficient for a claim by the territory upon the general government for untold amounts of money. Two or three years later, when the country had commenced to fill up with emigration, and after the regiment of mounted riflemen and two companies of the First Artillery had taken post in Oregon, the people began to think that it would be well to stir up the matter of the murder of the Whitman family. General Jo. Lane had been sent out as Governor in 1849, and he doubtles thought it would be a good thing for him politically to humor the people of the territory. Lane was a vigorous, resolute, western man, who had been a general officer during the Mexican war, and he then had Presidential aspirations. So the Governor came to Fort Vancouver, where the headquarters of the department were established, under Colonel Loring, of the Mounted Rifles, and procured a small escort, with which he proceeded to hunt up the Indians concerned in the massacre, and demand their surrender. By this time the Indians had begun to comprehend the power of the government, and when the Governor found them and explained the nature of his mission they went into council to decide what was to be done. After due deliberation they were convinced that if they were to refuse to come to any terms they would be attacked by the soldiers, of whom they then had deadly fear, and obliged to abandon their country forever. So they met the Governor, and the head chief said that they had heard what he had to say. It was true that his people had killed the whites at the mission, but that they did so for the reason that they really thought that a terrible disease had been brought among them by the whites; that they had begged them to go away from them, for they did not wish to kill them, and that they only killed them to save their own lives, as they thought. He said that for this the whites from down the Columbia had made war upon them and killed many more of their people than had been killed at the mission, and they thought they ought to be satisfied. As they were not, three of their principal men had volunteered to go back with the Governor to Oregon City to be tried for the murder. This satisfied the Governor, and the men bid farewell to their wives and little ones and to all their tribe, for they very well knew that they would never see them again. They knew that they were going among those who thirsted for their blood, and that they were going to their death, and that death the most ignominous that can be accorded to the red man, as they were to be hung like dogs.

The Governor and his party left. The victims gave one last long look at the shore as they took the little boat on the Columbia, but no word of complaint ever came from their lips. When they arrived at Fort Vancouver we had charge of these Indians. They were not restrained in any way, no guard was ever kept over them, for there was no power on earth that could have made them falter in their determination to go down to Oregon City and die like men for the salvation of their tribe.

At Oregon City these men walked with their heads erect and with the bearing of Senators from their little boat, amid the jibes and jeers of a brutal crowd, to the jail which was to be the last covering they would ever have over their heads.

The trial came on, the jury was empanelled, and Captain Claiborne, of the Mounted Rifles, volunteered to defend the Indians, who were told that they were to have a fair trial, and that they would not be punished unless they were found guilty. To all this they paid no heed. They said it was all right, but they did not understand a word of what they were compelled to listen to for several days, and they cared nothing for the forms of law. They had come to die, and when some witnesses swore that they recognized them as the very Indians who killed Whitman—all of which was explained to them—not a muscle of their faces changed, although it was more than suspected that the witnesses were never near the mission at the time of the massacre. The trial was over, and, of course, the Indians were condemned to be hanged. Without a murmur or sigh of regret, and with a dignity that would have impressed a Zulu with profound pity, these men walked to the gallows and were hung, while a crowd of civilized Americans—men, women and children of the nineteenth century—looked on and laughed at their last convulsive twitches.

We have read of heroes of all times, but never did we read of or believe that such heroism as these Indians exhibited could exist. They knew that to be accused was to be condemned, and they would be executed in the civilized town of Oregon City, just as surely as would a poor woman accused of being a witch have been executed in the civilized Christian town of Salem, in the good State of Massachusetts, two hundred years ago.

A generation has passed away since the execution or murder of the Indians at Oregon City. Gov. Lane still lives, not as ex-president, but as a poor but vigorous old man down in the Rogue River Valley. The little nasty town of Oregon city was the scene of a self immolation as great as any of which we read in history, and there were not three persons there who appreciated it. The accursed town is, we hear, still nastier than ever, and the intelligent jury—no man of whom dared to have a word of pity or admiration for those poor Indians—with the spectators of that horrid scene, are either dead and damned or they are sunk in the oblivion that is the fate of those who are born without souls."

John Ruskin's Advice.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES.

See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and write down as minute description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet-table, and see that with proper care you dress your body and mind before them daily.

A woman must be a pleasant creature. Be sure that people like the room better with you in it than out of it; and take all the pains to get the power of sympathy and the habit of it.

You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now, I tell you just this: that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses, and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week.

Can you cook plain meats and dishes economically and savorly? If not, make it your business to learn, as you find opportunity. When you can, advise and personally help any poor woman within your reach who will be glad of help in that matter; always avoiding impertinence or discourtesy of interference. Acquaint yourself with the poor, not as their patroness, but as their friend. If then you can modestly recommend a little more water in the pot, or half an hour's more boiling, or a dainty bone they did not know of, you will have been useful indeed.

Early rising, on all grounds, is to yourself indispensable. You must be at work by the latest at six in Summer and seven in Winter. Every day do a little of housemaid's work in your own house, thoroughly, so as to be a pattern of perfection in that kind. Your actual housemaid will then follow your lead, if there's an atom of woman's spirit in her—(if not, ask your mother to get another).

It is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary.

Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

Girls should be like daisies; nice and white, with an edge of red, if you look close; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be very wrong if they didn't do it.

Stammering.

Stammering is the result of a functional disorder of that part of the brain which presides over the faculty of speech, according to an article by Dr. Hammond on the Voice. This is proved, he says, by the fact that all stammerers can at times speak as well as other persons "There is no defect with the organs of speech, no paralysis of the tongue or lips; but there is a condition present which, at times, especially when the subject is excited or interested, or specially tries to do his best, prevents the normal systematic articulation of certain syllables. And this appears to be due to an impossibility of coordinating the muscles by which speech is effected—of bringing them into harmonious and systematic action." Dr. Hammond was a stammerer at nineteen, but entirely cured himself, mainly by the performance of some slight muscular action synchronously with the articulation of the difficult syllables. "With each troublesome word," he explains, "especially with one beginning a sentence, I made some slight motion with the hand or foot, or even with a single finger, and I found that this plan enabled me to get the word out without stammering. In this procedure the attention is diverted from the effort to speak to the performance of the muscular action mentioned, and hence the speech becomes more automatic than it is with stammerers generally. And this is the whole system of cure. It consists in efforts to render the speech automatic." He occupied two years in curing himself.

Colorado Agates.

Agates are found in profusion in the Middle Park, Colorado. They occur in large patches, scattered over the surface in chips and larger fragments, and occuring, also in massive ledges. Only a very small percentage of them, however, contain the curious and