The Huntingdon Journal.

FRIDAY, - - - DECEMBER 5, 1879.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE.

W. L. FOULK,

Agent of the Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia Press Association,

Is the only person in Pittsburgh authorized to receive advertisements for the JOURNAL. He has our best rates.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Brief Mention--Home-made and Stolen.

1879 is on the homestretch.

Buckwheat cakes and sausage.

Buy your overshoes at the Boston.

School supplies at the JOURNAL Store.

Old Boreas spread himself on Saturday.

Tommy Africa looks nobby in his regulation uniform.

The voice of the turkey is heard in all directions.

A general assortment of Almanacs at the JOURNAL Store.

Hon. H. G. Fisher left for Washington on Monday morning.

We observed Capt. T. B. Reed perambulating our streets last week.

E. K. Rodgers, of Mt. Union killed thirteen rabbits one day last week.

A full line of Faber's drawing pencils just received at the JOURNAL Store.

T. W. Montgomery and John Barrick are off for a two days' hunt on Round Top.

Buy Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It cures. To be had at the Druggists for 25 cents.

Get your Job Work done at the JOURNAL Office. Prices low and superior work.

A beautiful nickel-plated microscope can be had at the JOURNAL Store for 30 cents.

Poor house Steward Harmon took up his residence in that building on the 25th ult.

The meteoric display set down for Thanksgiving night did not come off according to promise.

The *Standard* will issue a daily during the session of the Teacher's Institute in Hollidaysburg.

An unusual amount of drunkenness was prevalent on Thanksgiving day and away on far into the night.

Saturday last was a disagreeable day, interspersed with all kinds of weather, snow, rain, sunshine and storm.

Some uncaged scoundrel poisoned three fat hogs, a few nights ago, belonging to a poor laboring man in Harrisburg.

Adam Heffner has purchased a tract of land adjoining the Spanogle farm, in Shirley township, for the sum of $2,000.

On Monday next, Dec. 8th, the Jubilee or Feast of the Immaculate Conception will be solemnized by Catholics all over the world.

Old Santa Claus has made all necessary arrangements for establishing his headquarters at the JOURNAL Store during the holiday season.

"My child was affected in the same manner as yours, Mrs. B. and Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup gave it almost immediate relief; I would surely give it a trial."

Union Thanksgiving services were held in the German Reform church, and were largely attended. Rev. Hay, of the Lutheran church, preached the sermon.

Brother Willoughby, of the *News*, is the happiest editor in town just now, and his good humor is occasioned by the arrival of a new boy baby at his home.

Our farmer friend, Logan, was plowing on Thanksgiving day in his one of his river bottom fields. Something unusual in this latitude at the tail-end of November.

Our Councilmen have received an invitation to participate in the Grant reception, in Harrisburg, on the 15th inst. We are unable to say whether they will accept or not.

The Rev. Alfred J. Barrows, of Brooklyn, will hold services and preach in the St. John's church, in this place, on Sunday evening Dec. 7th, at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Henry & Co. were compelled to take down a portion of the wall of their engine house for the purpose of getting the balance wheel of their engine into the building. It's a huge affair.

The large tannery and dwelling house, belonging to the Lupfer estate, about one mile from Shade Gap, this county, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning. We have no particulars.

Wm. R. Plummer, a nightwatchman and police officer of the P. R. R. at Tyrone, was instantly killed, on Tuesday morning of last week, by being struck by the engine hauling the Mail Express west.

Altoona sports have made arrangements to have Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards, the champion light-weight bruisers, give a sparring exhibition in the Opera House in that city on Saturday evening the 13th inst.

We are indebted to some unknown friend for a fine specimen of gold bearing ore from the famous "Bob-Tail mine," Black Hawk City, Col. The specimen is rich with the precious metal, but who sends it is a mystery to us.

We understand that the colored school, under the instruction of Mr. S. C. Peightal, is making rapid progress. That Mr. Peightal is a good disciplinarian is evidenced by the good conduct of his pupils on their way to and from their studies.

Huntingdon ought to have a walking match. Can't arrangements be made for one during holiday week? We have some good "peds" in this place who would cheerfully step upon the tan-bark if a match can be got up. Somebody move in the matter.

Our very clever friend, C. L. Bouslough, esq., of Porter township, dropped into the JOURNAL sanctum, on Saturday afternoon, and made glad the heart of ye printer by his kind remembrance of him. We wish all our patrons were men like Mr. Bouslough.

In a late number of the Carlisle *Mirror* we find the following item referring to one of Huntingdon county's best citizens: "Charles C. Ash, esq., of Huntingdon county, recently purchased a large tract of timber land in Franklin county, and will clear it at once."

The Ashton's played Uncle Tom's Cabin, at Mœbus' Hall, on Wednesday night, to a crowded house, and so well did they render it that at times nearly the entire audience found themselves in tears. To-night the same company will play East Lynne at the same place.

Mr. Orlando Kelsey, of Philadelphia, the gentleman who put the heating apparatus into our new school building, has been awarded the contract for similarly fitting Johnstown's new school house. He did a most elegant job for us, and we have no doubt he will do the same for Johnstown.

The German Reform church building was packed fuller than ever it was before, on Thanksgiving night, on the occasion of the entertainment given by the Children's Temperance Union. The exercises were highly interesting, and all concerned acquitted themselves splendidly.

An infant child of Benjamin Summers, of Oneida township, was found dead in bed on Tuesday morning of last week. Its parents had arisen at an early hour that morning for the purpose of butchering, and left the babe asleep, and when they returned they found the little one lying on its face with life extinct.

Jack M'Cahan, Will Conrad, and one or two others, are off for a week's hunt in Diamond Valley. During their stay they will quarter in one of the wood chopper's caoins built in in that wild region. They are all good shots, and if they succeed in routing any deer they will not come back empty handed.

And now our legal friend, M. M. M'Neal, esq., is the man who wears a smile that is child-like and bland, and all on account of the arrival at the M'Neal mansion, on Friday last, of a new boy baby who kicked the beam to the tune of ten pounds. "Mac" is considerably elated over the arrival of the little stranger.

From Mill Creek we learn that Mrs. W. W. Hawn, who has been bed-ridden for many months with hip-joint disease, and whose life has been despaired of several times, was the subject of an interesting, and in these parts, unusual operation. Drs. Ballantyne, McCarthy and Way, after careful examination, resolved to open the joint, which was done successfully on last Friday. Already the good effects are apparent, and the prospects of a complete recovery are encouraging.

Within the past six weeks some person has stolen nine turkeys from Jack McCahan. His turkeys wander through his fields to a strip of woods known as the "bottom," where, it is more than probable, some of our successful hunters (?) get their *wild* turkeys. If they happen to be caught in this genteel thieving they will find it pretty expensive before they are clear of it.

The Council should adopt some measure, and enforce it, to prevent persons from hauling swill on the pavements. The pavement on the south side of Washington street, for almost a square, one morning recently, was bespattered with the filthiest kind of swill, rendering the side-walk unfit for use. This kind of thing has got to be a nuisance and it should be abated forthwith.

Mrs. Ida Logan, wife of M. M. Logan, and daughter of G. Ashman Miller, esq., died at her residence, in Henderson township, on Saturday evening last, after a brief illness, aged about 28 years. She leaves a husband and four little children, the youngest only one week old. Her remains were interred in this place on Monday afternoon, and were followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends and acquaintances.

In the twelve hour go-as-you-please pedestrian match, which came off in the Altoona Opera House, on Thanksgiving day, "Fatty" Kendig, a young man pulling down the scales to the tune of ninety-six pounds, was the victor, having walked sixty miles and three laps. He was presented with a belt, a pair of slippers and $30 in money at the close of the contest. There were eight starters but at the close the number had dwindled down to three.

We learn from the Mt. Union *Times* that a Bedford company has arranged to lease the Saltillo Mineral Springs, owned by C. R. M'Carthy, esq., and will build a large hotel at Saltillo next summer. The Saltillo Springs are among the best in the State, the water being superior to the justly celebrated Bedford water, and it only requires the building of a first-class hotel, with suitable accommodations for visitors, to make Saltillo become famous as a summer resort.

Mr. D. M. Jones, of Saxton, has received the appointment of railroad policeman on the Huntingdon & Broad Top road. Mr. Jones took a conspicuous part at the time the Altoona-military company undertook to run the road contrary to orders, and on that occasion showed that he could and would do his duty as an officer of the law. The appointment is a good one, and now we warn all persons on the road to behave themselves else they will be sent to "Davy Jones' locker."—*Bedford Gazette.*

A well-to-do farmer in Perry county was splendidly taken in by a brace of sharpers a few weeks ago. He bought a wind-mill from the rogues, and then signed a paper which he thought was a contract to act as an agent for the sale of wind-mills in that county. The paper he signed turned out to be a negotiable note for $300, which the men sold to a third party. The wind-mills were forwarded and are now for sale below cost price. If any of the farmer readers of the JOURNAL are approached by these dealers in wind-mills, the proper thing for them to do will be to kick them so hard about midship that the wind will be knocked out of them.

In New York there is a mania for securing the autographs of distinguished men, and some parties have been making considerable money by selling bogus autographs. Autographs are nice things to have, particularly when they are attached to receipts for money paid, and just here we say to our delinquent patrons that we will take pleasure in giving them our autograph to receipts for the amounts they owe us if they will only call and plank down the rhino. Unless some of them will soon call and pay us they need not be surprised when they receive the autograph of 'Squire Murray attached to a summons requesting them to call at his office and pay their printing bills.

The fox hunt advertised for Friday last came off, but not on as large a scale as those having it in charge contemplated. Mr. Westbrook informs us that about thirty persons were present and participated; but instead of being able to turn forty or fifty hounds loose there were but fifteen. On account of the rain, which began to fall about 8 o'clock, it was difficult for the dogs to take the track of any foxes that might be out for an airing, but about 11 o'clock they succeeded in starting two, which they ran for several hours and finally holed in the rocks on Warrior Ridge. Another hunt is on the tapis, which will come off at an early day on the Stone Creek Ridge, where the dogs will have a better chance to make Reynard "get up and hunt his hole."

The following item from the Franklin *Spectator* should admonish the boys of our town to be careful when engaged in playing the game which cost this boy his life. "Thomas McAlister, of the Third Ward, was killed in a game of shinny last Wednesday. The particulars are as follows: The boys of the Third Ward school were engaged in a game of shinny previous to the call of school on Wednesday morning, and young McAlister and William Riddle, a lad hailing from Sugarcreek township, started for the shinny block about the same time, but Riddle getting the best of the race, McAlister stooped down to pick the block up, when Riddle struck, hitting McAlister on the head, mashing in the bone just back and under the left ear. He remained unconscious until 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening, when he breathed his last.

That extensively advertised shooting match for Wednesday of last week didn't amount to anything. At no time during the day were there a half-dozen marksmen upon the ground, and of this number not more than two or three seemed disposed to take part in the contemplated contest. Those having charge of the match adjourned it over until the next day, Thanksgiving, thinking that it would surely come off then, but they were again doomed to disappointment, only three or four marksmen putting in an appearance. Quite a large number of spectators who had gone to the ground to see the match came away very much disappointed. Mr. Warner, who was present, ready and anxious to shoot, just before leaving the ground, said that he could beat any man in Central Pennsylvania in a rifle match, any distance and for any amount of money. Here is a fine chance for some of the crack shots of Cambria, Clearfield, Blair and our own county to make some money.—We hope some one will accept his challenge.

The coolest and boldest theft of the season was committed at Carmon's store on Saturday last. A fellow who spent the greater part of the day loafing about there took it into his head to gobble a large roll of butter from off a plate standing on the counter. While the store was crowded with customers, and the clerks all busy, he pulled a newspaper from his pocket, reached and got the roll of butter, wrapped the paper about it, and then laid it down on the end of the show-case while he walked back to the stove and stood awhile. He finally picked up the butter and started towards the door, but he stopped and again laid the butter on the end of the counter near the door and returned to the stove, where he stood and talked to some of the many customers in the room. He finally started, and sauntering leisurely down to where he had put the butter, picked it up and passed out of the door. Mr. Carmon, who had been watching him closely all this time, followed him and made him hand over the butter, besides compelling him to show the contents of his overcoat pockets, which he thought contained other articles stolen from his counters. We did not learn the name of the thief, but understand that this was not his first offense.

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE—A friend informs us that during the storm that prevailed about 6 o'clock on Friday evening, Nov. 14th, a ball of lightning, at a distance appearing to be two or three feet in diameter, fell slowly to the earth, striking and completely demolishing a large pine tree that stood about 160 yards from Mt. Calm school house, in Lawrence township, and which measured two-and-a-half feet in diameter at the butt, and was a sound, live tree. The ball exploded upon striking and a dense smoke arose, but the tree did not ignite, nor was it charred in the least. About ten seconds seemed to elapse after the ball exploded until the peal of thunder was heard by those half a mile away, and they were slightly shocked at that distance. Upon examination it was found that the tree had been completely demolished—literally broken into kindling wood—and the pieces were scattered to a great distance in every direction, and nothing remained of the tree save a stub about six feet high about the roots of which the ground was torn up. Pieces were found at the following distances from the tree: North 615 feet, south 360 feet, east 330 feet and west 300 feet. Many people have visited the spot and express astonishment at the sight. The statement is corroborated by some of the township's best citizens who witnessed the phenomenon. Ball lightning is something of rare occurrence and an eminent writer on the subject says "there are but few instances of this on record, and no very satisfactory explanation has ever accounted for this curious appearance.—*Raftsman's Journal, 26th ult.*

Kidney-Wort effectively acts at the same time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

A WONDERFUL RECORD.—Myriads of so-called "specifics" and "cures" for Rheumatism have already been brought before the public, and many of them have even been endorsed by the certificates of respectable and prominent citizens, who have derived benefit from such preparations. There is no doubt that a great many of these "Liniments," "Oils," etc., so widely advertised and freely recommended for Rheumatism and painful complaints of a similar nature, have genuine merit and will relieve certain types of the complaints named; but when Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and kindred diseases have become chronic and threaten serious results, you may rest assured that they will help but very little. Although not recommended as "infallible," the peculiar qualities of ST. JACOBS' OIL especially adapt it to those cases which may be termed "chronic" and which have previously withstood all known "specifics" as well as the prescriptions of the best physicians.

We would mention, as an example, the case of Mr. A. H. Heilman, Editor of the *Pittsburgh Republican*, who suffered with rheumatism for two years. After vainly using all the best recommended remedies and exhausting the skill of the most experienced physicians without even temporary relief, it required only two bottles of ST. JACOBS OIL to effect a permanent cure. Mr. C. Hanni, a well-known citizen of Youngstown, Ohio, secured for his wife, who for twelve years had been a constant sufferer from Neuralgia in the head, the services of the ablest physicians in the land, but they were unable to do anything for her; half a bottle of ST. JACOBS' OIL cured her. Mr. Wm. Reinhardt, Elmore, Wis., reports the case of a neighbor who for twenty-four years had suffered so terribly with Rheumatism that, at times, he could hardly move around; a few bottles of ST. JACOBS OIL cured him. "To cap the climax," however, Mr. A. Neiger, of Taylorville, Pa., writes that his mother, who had been a continual sufferer with Rheumatism for the past thirty years, used one bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL and was immediately relieved of all pain. These are results which truly deserve to be brought to public notice; but they are not exceptions, as will be seen by the numerous other certificates from all parts of the United States. It should be the duty of every one to call the attention of his suffering friends and neighbors to this wonderfully efficacious preparation, especially as the low price of 50 cents a bottle places it within the reach of all persons, rich and poor.

A BRUTAL EXHIBITION.—A couple of human brutes visited this place on Thanksgiving day, hired a room under the Jackson hotel, and put on exhibition a "headless rooster" at ten cents a peep. They were permitted to show here without molestation, but they did not fare so well in Hollidaysburg, as the following, from the Altoona *Tribune* of Monday, will show:

Two men who gave their names as B. F. Gilmore and G. W. Price were arrested on Saturday night while exhibiting in Lovett's building, Hollidaysburg, at ten cents a peep, a living rooster with the front part of its head, including the bill and eyes, ingeniously but inhumanly cut off without injuring the brain. The arrests were made by Constable Wright on information made by William Shomo, esq. In default of $500 bail the men were committed to jail to answer at court for wanton cruelty and maiming animals. The men who owned the chicken claim that it has been living in its present mutilated condition for the last eight months; but as the bird is young and without signs of spurs good judges say it was in the shell eight months ago. The wounds were evidently but recently inflicted and have been smeared with a preparation of powder to give them a dried and old appearance. A chicken, it is said, will live sometimes eight days, or until it starves to death, when the exhibitor substitutes a healthy chicken that has been subjected to the same inhuman cutting.

G. W. Price belongs to our town, and hired with the chicken man during his visit here on Thanksgiving day, so that he could have had no part in the brutal cutting of the fowl; but he was in bad company, and will have to suffer for it.

RULES CONCERNING NOTES AND CHECKS.—This from the financial department of the Philadelphia *Ledger* may be of interest to some of the readers of the JOURNAL:

There are some things which may not be generally known to some of our readers who do business at bank, the knowledge of which may save them from vexation and possible loss. One is that an individual or firm has no right to make a note or acceptance payable at a bank at which they keep no account.—Should this have been done, however, and the officers of the bank refuse to receive the money from the makers of the note or acceptance, no fault can justly be found with them for such refusal. Banks yielding to such requests have sometimes got into trouble thereby, being embarrassed by irregular endorsements, &c. A note or acceptance made payable at a bank is liable to be presented for payment at 10 o'clock in the morning, and very often is so presented. The maker of paper payable at bank is not notified by the holder of maturity and place of payment, it being assumed that the maker has this knowledge already. The maker of a note or acceptance not made payable at bank can pay it any hour before three o'clock, though the earlier in the day he does so the better it is for his credit; while a note payable at bank ought to be provided for at ten o'clock in the morning. A check drawn by an individual cannot lawfully be paid after information of the death of the drawer has reached the bank on which the check is drawn. Persons holding such checks ought to collect them as soon as possible—otherwise they are in a sense insuring the lives of the drawers.

HUNTINGDON FIRE COMPANY No. 1 — At the annual election of this company held on Monday evening last, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President—J. Simpson Africa; First Vice President—B. Frank Isenberg; Second Vice President—G. B. Orlady. Financial Secretary—C. C. Reed. Treasurer—Frank W. Stewart. Secretary—Robt. A. Orbison. 1st Engineer—John Miller; 2nd Engineer—U. B. Lewis; 3rd Engineer—W. F. Bathurst. 1st. Fireman—John A. Port; 2nd Fireman—H Lorenz; 3rd Fireman—John White. Directors—W. F. Bathurst, Peter Gerloch, George A. Joy, S. A. Steel, R. A. Orbison, Robert Allen, George T. Warfel, Thomas W. Montgomery, Herman Lorenz, A. A. Anderson, John Gill, P. M. Lytle, Trustees—James C. Long, Robert Allen, John A. Port. Representatives—J. Simpson Africa, Geo. B. Orlady.

DEER KILLED.—On last Saturday H. Clay Marshall caused considerable excitement in town by bringing in a fine four-pronged buck, which he shot on Jack's Mountain, above Matilda Furnace. He started up the mountain alone about 8 o'clock in the morning, taking with him his shot gun, expecting to shoot a wild turkey, and very unexpectedly "raised" a deer, which he severely wounded with buck shot. Following the trail for a mile or two, which he could readily do by means of a slight snow, and by frequent spots of blood, he finally came up with him and a couple more loads of shot laid him low. He dressed about 150 pounds. We might add as this is not Clay's first one, a committee was not considered necessary to "set up" with him.—*Mt. Union Times, 27th ult.*

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure.

The symptoms are moisture, like prespiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, as if pin worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected; if allowed to continue very serious results may follow. 'Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barber's Itch, Blotches, all Scaly, Crusty, Cutaneous Eruptions. Price 50 cents, 3 boxes for $1.25. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price in currency, or three cent postage stamps. Prepared only by Dr. Swayne & Son, 330 North Sixth street Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all prominent druggists. nov.28 1y.

IS IT LARD OR BUTTER?—Why will farmers persist in flooding the market with such quantities of white, lardy looking butter, when they can, by the use of Wells, Richardson & Co's Perfected Butter Color, make it of the golden color of June, the year round.—Any butter buyer will tell you that such a color will make a difference of from three to six cents per pound.

FEEBLE LADIES.—Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed.—Will you heed this? [nov.28-2t.

The celebrated HEART SHIRT for sale at Parker's, 402½ Penn St. Guarranteed to fit. june6-4t.

WHAT OUR CORRESPONDENTS SAY.

"DR. MITCHELL'S REPLY TO 'CIVIS.'"

MR. EDITOR:—Under the above caption I see in the JOURNAL of the 4th ult., a communication of over a column from Rev. Thompson Mitchell. It would perhaps be discourteous to the Reverend gentleman to refuse at least a passing notice of so ponderous a document, the product of two long months of incubation, and one on which so much time, talent, thought and brain power have been expended, and I should perhaps have answered it sooner, but for two or three considerations, one of which has been already mentioned, and as Ben. Butler said on a certain occasion, I sometimes use such things by way of mental recreation. There is one other reason which I will not mention except *sub rosa* to you, and one which the public need not read. It is embraced in an old French proverb which runs somehow in this way: *Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle.*

But, *satis verborum*, let us get down, as the lawyers would say to the *corpus delicti*, and ascertain what has called forth this mighty, this stunning, this almost incomprehensible intellectual effort. *Infandum renovare dolorum*, is never a pleasant duty, but on referring to the minutes of the last session of the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I find the following Preamble and Resolution:

WHEREAS, We believe it is the Christian sentiment of our people that the Camp-meeting Associations within our bounds should not afford occasion for the assembling of unwieldy crowds on the holy Sabbath, thus desecrating the same, and thereby bringing reproach upon the Church, therefore,

Resolved, That we request said Associations to close their grounds on the Lord's day.

This was adopted by a vote of 127 ayes to 46 noes, amongst the latter of which, I find the name of Mr. Mitchell, who, having thus placed himself on the record in favor of Sabbath desecration, would very naturally be expected to come forward as an apologist of Sabbath desecrators, hence this labored defense, and *Hinc illæ lacrimæ*. The difference between us then is entirely embraced in the fact that I have sought to expose and thereby prevent the desecration of the Sabbath, in which I have the sympathy and co-operation of the moral and religious sentiment of the community, including, it seems, a very large and respectable majority of his own religious denomination. But you may say this is none of my business, which, to a certain extent, may be true. I am not the keeper of his conscience. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and the subject of camp meetings not being under discussion I have nothing to say about them. My own opinion is that a work-house would be a more beneficial institution just now in our county; but on this subject I may have something to say hereafter.

But let us scrutinize for a moment his statement, and see what it all amounts to. Aside from the *Police Gazette* sensation part which we will pass by for the present, the entire thing is a tissue of negative testimony. He is profuse in his description of *what he did not see*, and I may add of what he did not want to see, and his logic is about as forcible as that of the Irishman, who, when convicted of stealing, said it was a very hard case that he should be convicted on the testimony of only one witness who saw him steal the axe, when he could easily produce a hundred others who did not see him. Here again is the difference between my statement and that of Mr. Mitchell, for while I have related what I saw and heard, and could if necessary bring the testimony of at least one reputable citizen; one eye and ear witness, to every assertion, I have no doubt he could just as easily produce ninety nine as good men as himself who would be willing to come forward and truthfully swear that they did not see or hear anything of the kind, which would be conclusive, upon the hypothesis of the Irishman, and adopting his view of the value of negative testimony.

Mr. Mitchell seems to take for granted at least three things: First, that I own or run a Sabbath school; second, that I have affinity with some church, and, third, that this church is in debt, and this being the case he proposes to go a little money on his own credibility. A little good sense would indicate at once the fallacy of his proposition. First, it is not likely that any preacher would be willing to imperil his appointment by any such admission, and second, as I have never owned a Sabbath school, although a Sabbath school worker, as well as an opponent of Sabbath desecration, there would be no one to receive the magnificent donation of $10. If his second assumption be correct, then the third could scarcely be wrong, as there are but few churches out of debt; but, however unfortunate this may be for them, I do not know that it is considered any disgrace, and if the insinuation was meant, as it evidently seems to be, for a slur upon any particular church, he is entirely welcome to all the capital it will bring him. But I must also decline his record money proposition, at the risk of losing to the church the princely sum of $25. I fail to recognize the right or authority of any church in settling a question of veracity between individuals. If I rightly read my bible I find there no such authority vested in any ecclesiastical tribunal, nor do I recognize any *ex cathedra* power existing in any earthly potentate from Leo XIII down to Presiding Elder Mitchell. I am an American citizen, and the laws of the country are ample for the protection of the character of every citizen, living or dead. Besides all this it would place the church in the position of accepting a bribe, or of gambling for the $25, and I am opposed to gambling, believing that the only legitimate way of making money is to render an equivalent for it. The church and the ministry should be careful to avoid every appearance of evil, and the fact is, the entire proposition is so full of ignorance, egotism and self-importance as to be almost unpardonable in a school boy, let alone a D. D.

As to the "parents and guardians" he speaks of I hope he will give himself no trouble on that account, as I am not asking or seeking a place in their homes or hearts. In the conscientious discharge of my duty I have neither sought favors nor avoided frowns. I have lived long enough to know that our best efforts for the good of others are not always well received, and it may be so in this case. This truth has been exemplified throughout the history of a world which in all ages has persecuted its benefactors and deified its oppressors; which has murdered its Saviour and erected a diadem on the grave of the Cæsars.

And now, *semel pro semper*, allow me to say to Mr. Mitchell and all others whom it may concern, that I expect, so long as I live, regardless of denunciation from any quarter, to exercise the constitutional right of every American citizen to speak and write against Sabbath desecration, intemperance, profanity, hypocrisy and all other vices, whenever I see proper, and wherever they may come under my observation, and in doing so I invoke the aid of the press, the pulpit, and the moral and religious sentiment of the community.

CIVIS.

MR. EDITOR:—Can you give the reason why all the Christian bodies in this town go to one place of worship on Thanksgiving day? It seems a strange practice for a town of this size, with the number of churches in it, to crowd into one, and that not the largest. It is a custom we never heard of in any other place, not even a village, and we see no good reason why each denomination should not be allowed to worship in their respective churches. It would certainly add to the cheerfulness of the town, and allow more room for worshippers, who could give thanks in a way acceptable to themselves, and would no doubt increase the number of worshippers, as all members at least, are supposed to prefer their own mode of worship. Please sift out the origin, and tell us if we are not right in supposing this to be the reason: That if A did not feel like going to give thanks publicly for his many mercies, that his absence would not be discovered if B went. We would like to have the different pastors look into the matter a little, and see if filling their own pulpits would not be a help towards filling their own churches, and so be a *new cause* for Thanksgiving. HOPE.

"Few of the Ills of Life"

are more prevalent and distressing than bilious disorders. The symptoms are low spirits, want of energy, restlessness, headache, no appetite, sallow skin, costiveness and other ailments which show the liver is in a diseased state and needs regulating, and the proper way to do it is to use "DR. SWAYNE'S TAR AND SARSAPARILLA PILLS." Their effect on the liver and blood is wonderful, removing pimples and all eruptions, leaving the complexion fair and fresh as in youth. Price 25 cents a box of thirty Pills, or five boxes for $1.00.—Sent by mail on receipt of price, by Dr. Swayne & Son, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sold by all leading druggists. nov. 28-1y.

HOW TO GET WELL.—Thousands of persons are constantly troubled with a combination of diseases. Diseased Kidneys and costive bowels are their tormentors. They should know that Kidney-Wort acts on these organs at the same time, causing them to throw off the poisons that have clogged them, and so renewing the whole man. Hundreds testify to this.

LOST.—On Friday evening of last week, on the road some where between Mill Creek and Roxbury, a box of surveyor's instruments. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at this office.

LITERARY NOTES—

The sale of the edition of 100,000 copies of the November *Scribner* has made necessary the reprinting of that issue and the advancement of the first edition of the December number to 103,000. The justification of this is to be looked for, the publishers think, in the fresh and interesting lists of subjects, and in the capability of the writers in the present number.

The opening paper, on "The Capitol of New York," is contributed by Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, of the *World*, who pronounces that building to be "the most honorable work of public architecture which this country has to show." This article is both descriptive and critical, and in connection with the twenty-three illustrations conveys very definite impressions of the features of the new building, about which there has been so much interest and curiosity, both within and without the Empire State.

The paper on the "Johns Hopkins University," by Mrs. S. Herrick, supplies a complete and authoritative account of the character and plans of one of the most unique and valuable educational agencies of the country.

Unusual personal interest attaches to Mr. Boyesen's account of "Two Visits to Victor Hugo," and discussions with him of the politics of the future, etc., accompanied by a beautiful engraving by Cole of Bonnat's striking portrait of Hugo.

"Coffee Culture in Brazil" is graphically described in the closing paper of the series by Herbert H. Smith. This account is written from personal observation, and contains information of no little value to the commercial world.

A second paper on "Success with Small Fruits" is contributed by Rev. E. P. Roe, whose position as an expert horticulturist is unquestioned. This and the next paper of the series will contain some striking decorative drawings, including views of strawberries (natural size) drawn with fine discrimination as to the varieties.

The literary interest of the number is strong. The concluding half of Mr. E. C. Stedman's critical study of Bayard Taylor is given. A paper both curious and charming is contributed by John Burroughs, under the title "Nature and the Poets," the topic being the accuracy of carelessness of the poets' observation of nature, and many instances being cited from leading American poets. A novel feature is the grouping in one collection of twenty "Poems by American Women," including many of the most prominent writers. These, with a humorous (illustrated) poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Allen, it is thought will afford a fair idea of the range, variety and limitations of the poetry written by the women of this country. Scholarly reviews of "Blanid" and Baird's "Rise of the Huguenots," and notices of other books appear in the "Culture and Progress" department.

In fiction, Mr. Jame's "Confidence" progresses to a fifth instalment with inscrutable complications of plot and with profounder studies of character, perhaps, than its author has before exhibited; it is said that the conclusion of the story will be a pleasant surprise to Mr. Jame's audience. In the second part of "The Grandissimes," Mr. Cable completes the background of his story and introduces two new characters: Citizen Agricola Fusilier, a Creole of Creoles and a hater of Americans, and Palmyre Philosophie, a voudou magician of the quadroon caste; and there are further delightful glimpses of the two pretty women whom the reader met in mask at the opening of the story. It is announced that the January instalment will be especially powerful. There is also a story by Charles Barnard of love and mining entitled "Under High Pressure."

A fresh and chatty paper of an anecdotal character, on "Oddities of Paris," is written by J. D. Osborne, whose papers on Scribe, and Janin, and French Duels, in the same magazine will be remembered.

In the departments will be found editorial by Dr. Holland—"Sunday Bummers." "Teachers and Taskmasters," and "The Sermon," suggestions about "boiling"—the first of several articles on the principals of cookery; advice for the boys of the family who may desire to become telegraphers, architects or engravers; among the reviews, a timely notice of recent books for children; accounts of a new stage for theatres, book sewing machines, curious calculating attachments for weighing scales, fire screen for forges, a new disinfectant, etc.; besides fresh anecdotes and rhymes in Bric-a-Brac.

The announcement is made in *Scribner* for December of a "Portfolio of Proof Impressions" containing 100 selected cuts from *Scribner* and *St. Nicholas*. A limited edition has been printed during the past summer with great care on special paper; the cuts are surrounded by a gray mat of a size suitable for framing, and the whole is to be included in a handsome binding with an appropriate design. It is hardly necessary to say that this volume will be the finest possible representation of the excellence and variety of the wood engraving of America, which has recently been acknowledged by the London "Saturday Review" to be the best in the world. For sale at the JOURNAL Store.

St. Nicholas for December is the grand Chistmas Holiday number of that magazine, and appears in a special cover,—a bright and jolly dress which encloses ninety or more illustrations, and one hundred and four pages of pure delight for girls and boys.

John Greenleaf Whittier gives in quaint verse a humorous reminiscence of his boyhood concerning an Irish Quaker; and Lucy Larcom contributes a sweet and suggestive song.

Louisa M. Alcott's new serial story, "Jack and Jill," opens with lively snow sport of boys and girls, and an exciting coasting accident; and William O. Stoddard's continued story, "Among the Lakes," fills six pages with boy fun in the open air.

Edward Eggleston contributes an amusing play, for boys and girls to act, entitled "Mother Goose and Her Family; a Christmas Recreation for Sunday-school and other Festivals," accompanied by costume sketches and full instructions.

By J. T. Trowbridge, J. W. DeForest, John Eaten Cooke, Washington Gladden, Maurice Thompson, Sarah Winter Kellogg and others, there are short stories of stirring historical events, the land of wonder, the realm of goblins, the hunting-grounds of the Great South, and funny and touching incidents of home life.

Then there are a profusely illustrated description of the small army of Telegraph Boys in New York, their works and ways; and an art paper on Thorvaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, with portrait of himself and engravings of his principal works.

The list of illustrators includes Gustave Dore, Knaus, Giacomelli, Mary Halleck Foote, and J. E. Kelly, who are represented by full-page pictures; and Frederick Dielman, E. B. Bensell, W. L. Sheppard and Jessie Curtis. Besides these, there is Addie Ledyard, with eleven lovely drawings of little-girl life, in illustration of some child-verses by Mary Mapes Dodge.

The Departments "For Very Little Folk," "Jack-in-the Pulpit," Letter Box," and "Riddle-Box" are full of Christmas fun and feeling, and there are some book notices that will be welcome to all who are practically interested in their children. For sale at the JOURNAL Store.

Wide Awake for December is so good that the Christmas number can hardly be better—however, something very fine is promised for the holidays. "Sammy Sealskin's Enemy," with which the number opens, is one of the best of Rev. Edward A. Rand's stories, and this is followed by Mrs. Celia Thaxter's story of "Bergetta's Misfortunes," for which J. G. Francis has made one of his irresistible cut pictures—two pictures for which alone any one can well afford to buy this number. A very interesting paper is the one written at Cambridge by Miss Harris, about "The New Chinese Professor at Harvard," giving portraits of the Mandarin teacher, and his two sons. No. XII. of Mr. Benjamin's American Art Series is about David Neal, and two fine engravings are given, one a full page, of Mary Stuart's first meeting with Rizzio. There is a charming Southern story by Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis, "Why Mammy Delphy named her baby Grief;" illustrated by Mary Halleck Foote. The three Serials are concluded, and after that considerable space is devoted to Sewing Schools, especially to "Sewing in the Boston Public Schools." "A Model Sewing School," by Mrs. Lillie, is written from the English point of view. There are several beautiful poems in the number, many of them illustrated, viz., "Faries—or, Fireflies," by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt; "Little Grandmother," by Anna F. Burnham; "The Dancing Spiders," by Mrs. Denton; "Shopping," by Laura Ledyard, etc., etc. Palmer Cox gives one of his fine animal pictures, a whole Æsop's Fable in itself, and there are Puzzles, and Letters for little folks and a piece of Christmas music. Only $2.00 a year. Now is the time to subscribe.

Ella Farman, Editor. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

The December number of the *Eclectic* is embellished with a faithful and finely-executed portrait of the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D., and in the letterpress is a more detailed sketch of his life than we have seen elsewhere. The remaining contents of the number are as follows: "Parliamentary Government in America," by Horace White; "Lucrezia Borgia," by H. Schutze-Wilson; Part II of "My Journal in the Holy Land," by Mrs. Brassey; "Earth-born Meteorites;" "A Sleepless Night" (a poem), by Alfred Austin; an interesting instalment of "White Wings; A Yachting Romance," by William Black; "Maxims of Wisdom," by G. A. Simcox; "Kaspar Hauser;" "History and Politics," by Professor Seeley; "Merit and Fortune" (a poem; three chapters of "Mademoiselle de Mersac," a novel which grows in interest as it proceeds; "The Most Powerful Telescope in existence;" "An Italian Moliere," being a most interesting account of Goldoni; "The Oldest Art in the World," by Rev. W. J. Loftie; an "Irish Love song; and well filled Editorial Departments of "Literary Notices," "Foreign Literary Notes," "Science and Art," and "Varieties."

This number completes the thirtieth volume of the new series, and contains the Index and Title-page.

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DEATH OF BILLY DUNN.—Billy Dunn, an old citizen or resident of this place, we understand died suddenly at the County Alms House, on Tuesday last. The cause of his death we have not learned. There seem to be conflicting reports in regard to it. He was found dead, it seems, at night, in the barn, where he, with other inmates of the institution, had been engaged in filling bed ticks. The authorities, we understand, say that he died of an apoplectic fit, while the inmates of the house say that he fell from the straw mow of the barn, and thus injured himself fatally. We learn from those who viewed the corpse, that the appearance indicated the latter