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 per line for the second and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

	3m	6m	9m	1 yr		3m	6m	9m	1yr
1 in	$3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	⅓col	18 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	½col	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	18 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

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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

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. [febb,'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. 521 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. All kinds of legal business promptly attended to. Sept.12,'78.

New Advertisement.

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.

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JOHN L. ROHLAND.

March 14th, 1879-tf.

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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

$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.

C. F. YORK & CO.,

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Next door the Post Office, Huntingdon, Pa. Our Motto: The Best Goods at the Lowest Prices. March 14th, 1879-1yr.

DR. J. J. DAHLEN,

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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.

R. M'DIVITT,

SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER,

CHURCH ST., bet. Third and Fourth,

Oct.17,'79. HUNTINGDON, PA.

JOHN S. LYTLE,

SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER

SPRUCE CREEK,

May9,1879-1y. Huntingdon county Pa.

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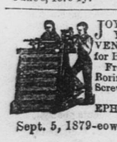
If you want letter heads,
If you want visiting cards,
If you want business cards,
If you want blanks of any kind,
If you want envelopes neatly printed,
If you want anything printed in a workmanlike manner, and at very reasonable rates, leave your orders at the above named office.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. June6, 1879-1y.



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.

Printing.

The Huntingdon Journal,

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

—IN—

THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,

No. 212, FIFTH STREET,

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA,

TERMS:

$2.00 per annum, in advance; $2.50 within six months, and $3.00 if not paid within the year.

PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN PAPER. SUBSCRIBE.

TO ADVERTISERS:

— Circulation 1800. —

A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

5000 READERS WEEKLY.

The JOURNAL is one of the best printed papers in the Juniata Valley, and is read by the best citizens in the county. It finds its way into *1800* homes weekly, and is read by at least **5000** persons, thus making it the BEST advertising medium in Central Pennsylvania. Those who patronize its columns are sure of getting a rich return for their investment. Advertisements, both local and foreign, solicited, and inserted at reasonable rates. Give us an order.

JOB DEPARTMENT:

With Fast Presses, all the latest styles of New Type, Borders, Cuts, and a full supply of all kinds of material necessary for the equipment of a FIRST-CLASS OFFICE, we are prepared to do all kinds of Jobbing, such as Posters of any size, Circulars, Business Cards, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Ball Tickets, Programmes, Concert Tickets, Order Books, Segar Labels, Receipts, Legal Blanks, Photographer's Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Pamphlets, Paper Books, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. Our prices are as low as those of Philadelphia, and our work will compare favorably with any done in the State. We make it a point to employ none but the best of workmen, and will not permit an *apple butter dash* to be done in our Job Rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Send along your work, and see what we can do.

— COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY. —

☞ All letters should be addressed to J. A. NASH, Huntingdon, Pa.

The Muses' Bower.

"The Children."

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!"

And when they are gone I sit dreaming,
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin:
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging over them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life must have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil.
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge;
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at noon and eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says: "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed!

The Story-Teller.

THE BITTER END.

Standing on the balcony, in the soft sunset radiance which flooded the world with a hint of that light

"Which never was on land or sea,"

Mrs St. Clair saw three persons on the beach; and she sat down to watch them, and think what it was best to do.

Howard Gray was walking with Miss Marsh, while her daughter followed them. She saw that, and her face darkened. If there was anybody in the world she hated, it was Alice Marsh. She had taken a dislike to her from the first. She remembered how wonderfully fair she looked that morning when Mrs. Carew's carriage brought them up from the station to spend a month at Sea View.

Alice Marsh was standing on this very balcony where she was sitting now; with the wind blowing her brown hair all about her face, which was full of soft color, and her eyes were full of subtle fascination.

"Such beautiful eyes!" she heard Howard Gray say, only yesterday.

At that first glimpse Mrs. St. Clair had hated her. Possibly because she saw a dangerous rival to her yellow haired daughter, whose face and eyes never had held, and never would hold, the brightness and soul in them that lit up Miss Marsh's features. Possibly because some subtle instinct told her that this girl was to come between her and her most cherished plans.

Mrs. St. Clair had accepted Mrs. Carew's invitation to Sea View for two reasons. She had met young Gray, and had resolved to catch him for a son-in-law if possible. He was rich and of good family. Her daughter could not do better, matrimonially.

She discovered before she had been at Sea View two hours that Howard Gray was in love with Alice Marsh's beautiful face. When she found that out she felt that she could kill the woman who stood between her and the consummation of her plans. He had paid some quite marked attention to Lucia. She felt sure that, if this new face could be kept out of sight, she could succeed in capturing Gray in the matrimonial net she had set for him.

Mrs. St. Clair's face was dark with passion as she watched them walking on the shore. Once in a while Miss Marsh or Gray, turned to speak to Lucia, who kept close to them. But it was evident to the woman watching them that the walk would have been much more enjoyable to them if Lucia had been somewhere else.

The group on the beach turned in the dusky twilight and came up the path to the house. When they came in sight around the clump of cedars at the cliffs, Gray had given an arm to Lucia and was walking between them.

"I know Lucia could marry him if Miss Marsh was out of the way," Mrs. St. Clair said slowly, to herself. "I am quite positive of that, but while she is in the way we can do nothing. Must I sit idly and see my plans fail, all on account of that girl's pretty face and winning ways?—Never! It's war between us! Lucia and I will win if we can—if we fight it out to the death!"

She heard Lucia in her room, and she got up and went in. Lucia had thrown herself upon the sofa despondently.

"What is the matter, Lucia?" asked her mother, seating herself beside her.

"Matter enough?" cried Lucia, fretfully. "That Miss Marsh—I hate her! She talks to Mr. Gray about poets and history, and all that, as if she were a man, and knew as much about such things as he does; but when she says anything to me she talks as if I were a child or a fool, and couldn't understand what she meant if she talked to me as she does to him! And—oh, dear! dear! I love him better than any man I ever knew before!"

And here the girl, who showed how shallow and superficial she was by the weak lines about her mouth, began to cry.

"Don't!" said her mother, soothingly; but there was a hard ring in her voice that told she was thinking of the woman they both hated. "We must do something to get rid of her. Let us think it over, my dear."

The days went by slowly, and the chance Mrs. St. Clair was waiting for had not come. She had managed, by a woman's skillful manœuvring, to keep Alice and Gray apart as much as possible, and throw Lucia into his society; she had thrown out hints before Miss Marsh, of the intimacy that had existed between Lucia and Gray, the previous season, and had managed to make Alice believe that such intimacy had really existed; and, by a tact which is by no means uncommon among women, and is to be found especially among those whose wits are sharpened by such a scheming, planning life as that which she had led, she succeeded in twisting one or two more very trifling and unimportant facts into the semblance of a considerable truth, and made Gray believe that Miss Marsh had a lover to whom she was engaged.

It is not a difficult thing to do—to create a misunderstanding between lovers. It was not in this case, and Mrs. St. Clair managed her cards cleverly. She was playing to win.

She felt that if she lost new she would be obliged to give up her series of manœuvrings, which had become so notorious, and she was resolved to make one last desperate effort before she withdrew from the field.

She watched Gray and Miss Marsh closely and was elated to see that, while they were mere friends, they were nothing more at present in their conduct toward each other. She was not rash enough to conclude that she had succeeded in creating an estrangement between them; but she had put a temporary check on their love making, and that was a good deal in her favor—it gave her time and a chance to think.

"I do believe he cares something for me," Lucia said one day. "He pays me a great deal more attention than he used to, and he doesn't neglect me for her, when she is with us."

Lucia was not sharp-sighted enough to see that he was trying to make Miss Marsh jealous.

"And he has asked me to go rowing with him to-morrow. Miss Marsh is going with young Dice."

The next day was a beautiful one, and Luicia was in high glee as she walked down to the beach with Gray, just in advance of Miss Marsh and her companion.

And Gray, knowing that the woman he loved was watching him, said tender little nothings to Lucia, and was her "most devoted," all the time feeling bored, but determined to show Miss Marsh that he could enjoy himself in spite of her coldness. And Miss Marsh was apparently unconcerned about anybody else in the world except Mr. Dice and herself, thereby making Gray almost furious, and really foolish in his demonstrations to Lucia, who began to think there was a prospect of his proposing before they got back.

It was late in the afternoon before the two boats rowed shoreward. They came up the little bay together. Gray watched Miss Marsh closely, but she never once looked that way, evidently absorbed by her interest in young Dice's conversation.

Just as they neared the shore, but where the water was dangerously deep—how, no one knew clearly—Dice's boat gave a sudden lurch, and the next instant Alice was struggling in the water. Her companion was too badly frightened to know what to do, and sat their helplessly.

The moment Gray comprehended what had taken place he plunged into the water and struck off for the other boat. He reached it just as Alice came to the surface. Seizing her in his arms, he succeeded in rousing Dice from his fright, and made that gallant young man help lift her into the boat, and the next minute they had reached the shore. The fright and excitement were too much for Alice's nerves, and she was completely exhausted when she reached the house.

Mrs St. Clair, who had seen the accident from the house, and had sincerely hoped that the girl would drown, met them on the steps in well feigned solicitude, and bustled about giving orders here, there and everywhere, and assuming full control of matters. She got Alice off to her room and put her to bed, and then congratulated herself, as she might have done under the circumstances. Gray seemed to have forgotten the existence of Lucia in his anxiety regarding Miss Marsh, Mrs. St. Clair discovered, with her keenly jealous eye.

She stayed with Alice, who, by the by, fell into a drowse, which lasted until late in the evening. You could have told by seeing Mrs. St. Clair's face that dark and evil thoughts were at work in her soul.—She was deathly pale. Whatever she was thinking of frightened her.

By-and by she rose and went noiselessly to her own room. She came back presently, clutching something in her hand. She bent over Alice, and satisfied herself that she was asleep. Then she shook a gray powder from a little paper, which her hand had concealed, into an empty silver pitcher, which was standing on the table. Her hand shook like a leaf as she did it, and her face was like the face of one dead

Presently Mrs Carew came in.

"You will tire yourself out," she said to Mrs. St. Clair. "Let me stay here while you go and rest."

"I don't know but I will," Mrs St. Clair replied. "You had better go and get some water first, though. She may want some when she wakes, and there is none here."

Mrs. Carew took the pitcher and went out, coming back presently with the water.

But Mrs. St. Clair lingered. She seemed very loath to go.

"I think she ought not to sleep any longer," she said, at last. "I will wake her."

She touched Alice's hand, and the girl awoke.

"You were sleeping too soundly, I feared," said Mrs. St Clair. "Would you like some water?"

She poured out a cupful and held it to Alice's lips. In putting back the cup she managed to overturn the pitcher, and its contents went gurgling to the floor.

"How careless!" said Mrs. St. Clair, evidently much annoyed. "I think I had better go to bed, if I am as awkward as this!" And a minute afterward she said good-night, and went to her own room.

In the hall she stopped and looked back.

"I think I shall win," she said meaningly, and then went to find Lucia, who was waiting for her to report the condition of her rival.

"She is comfortable," answered Mrs. St. Clair, not disposed to say much about her, evidently. "I am very thirsty, Lucia, I wish you would go down and bring some fresh water; you can find a pitcher in some of the rooms below. I left ours down stairs this morning."

Lucia went, obediently, and presently came back with a pitcher of water, from which her mother drank thirstily. Then she went to bed.

It was in the middle of the night when Lucia was awakened by a terrible shriek. She sprang up frightened nearly to death. Her mother was groaning, as if in mortal agony She ran to her, and found her writhing in convulsions and unable to speak. In two minutes she had aroused everybody in the house.

"Water! water!" Mrs. St. Clair managed to say.

"Run down and get some that is fresh!" cried Mrs. Carew to her husband. "You will find a pitcher on the hall table. I took it down from Miss Marsh's room to night, and left it there in exchange for a smaller one. Hurry!"

"There isn't any there," said Lucia.—"This is the one you left there, for I went down after mamma came from Miss Marsh, and found it, and brought it up full of water. You can throw this out."

Mrs. St. Clair, in her agony, heard it all, and one wild, terrible shriek went up from her ghastly lips. Then she grew still, and never spoke again.

What she suffered in her mind, no one can tell. The death that she had planned for another had come to her in awful retribution. But she made no sign, and her secret died with her.

It was but a little while before all was over. She was dead before the physician arrived.

"An extraordinary case," he said. "I don't understand it."

And neither did anyone else—and they never will. But, standing at the bar of God, the guilty woman will know what retribution is in life to come, as she knew what it was in the terrible hour of death.

And the two she had hoped to keep apart are one in heart while life shall last.

Select Miscellany.

How Celluloid is Made.

AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF A NEW ARTICLE OF COMMERCE—WHAT IT IS USED FOR—A DANGEROUS PROCESS.

The frightful explosion of the celluloid works at Newark, New Jersey, and loss of life on Monday last, has caused many people to inquire how celluloid is made and for what purpose it is used. Dr. W. H. Wahl tells in the *Journal of Industry* what celluloid is and how it is made. Briefly defined, celluloid, he says, is a species of solidified collodion, produced by dissolving gun cotton (pyroxylin) in camphor with the aid of heat and pressure. The gun cotton is ground in water to a fine pulp in a machine similar to that used in grinding paper pulp. The pulp is then subjected to powerful pressure in a perforated vessel to extract the bulk of the moisture, but still leaving it slightly moist for the next operation. This consists in thoroughly incorporating finely comminuted gum camphor with the moist gun-cotton pulp. The proportions employed are said to be one part by weight of camphor to two parts by weight of the pulp. With this mixture any coloring matters required can now be incorporated. The next step is to subject the mass to powerful pressure in order to expel from it the remaining traces of moisture and incidentally to effect also the more intimate contact of the camphor with the pulp. The dried and compressed mass is next placed in a mould, open at the top, into which fits a solid plunger. A heavy hydraulic pressure is brought to bear upon the plunger, and at the same time the mixture is heated by means of a steam jacket surrounding the vessel to a temperature of about 300° fahrenheit When the mass is taken out of the press it hardens, and acquires the extraordinary toughness and elasticity which are the distinguishing characteristics of this remarkable product. Celluloid is very largely used as a substitute for ivory, which is imitated with great success. Tortoise shell, malachite, mother of pearl, coral, and other costly and elegant materials, are also so successfully imitated that an expert can hardly detect the original from the copy. Celluloid is also used as a substitute for porcelain in the manufacture of dolls, which will stand a good deal of rough usage without breaking. Quite recently, too, it has been combined with linen, and used for shirt bosoms, cuffs and collars.

Necessity of Sunlight.

Instead of excluding the sunlight from our houses, says the *Manufacturer and Builder*, lest it fade carpets, draw flies and bring freckles, we should open every door and window and bid it enter. It brings life and health and joy; there is healing in its beams, it drives away disease and dampness, mould, megrims. Instead of doing this, however, many careful housewives close the blinds, draw down the shades, lock the door, shut out the glorifying rays and rejoice in the dim and musty coolness and twilight of the unhealthy apartments. It is pleasant and not unwholesome during the glare of the noontide to subdue the light and exclude the air quivering with heat, but in the morning and in the evening we may freely indulge in the sun bath, and let it flood all our rooms, and if, at its very fiercest and brightest, it has full entrance to our sleeping rooms, so much the better for us. Wire netting in doors and windows exclude not flies and mosquitos only, but all other insects, and those who have once used it will continue to do so. With this as a protection from intrusive winged creatures, one may almost dispense with shades and shutters and enjoy all the benefits of an open house without any annoyances so frequent in warm weather. But better the annoyances with sunshine than freedom from them without it. Statistics of epidemics have shown that if they rage in any part of a city they will prevail in houses which are exposed to the least sunshine, while those most exposed to it will not be at all or slightly affected. Even in the same house persons occupying rooms exposed to sunlight will be healthier and repulse epidemical influences better than those occupying rooms where no sunlight enters.

SUNDAY was a delicious day. It was nature's grand overture. The sunshine was balmy and brilliant, the air was as gentle as an angel's touch, and the birds melody thrilled earth and heaven. Man walked forth into the country, breathing in the delicious fragrance, bathing his soul in the blessed sunshine, and rejoicing in the glad music of the birds. The next morning he was yelling at the top of his voice, "Where in the thunder is that ar thick undershirt, Marja?"

A KANSAS boy earned a nice Bible by committing three hundred verses to memory, and then he traded his Bible for a shotgun and accidentally shot his aunt in the leg.

Life of a Miser.

Thomas Pett died in Clifford's Passage, London, in 1893. He was a native of Warwickshire He went to London at the age of ten years, with one shilling in his pocket. As he had no friends or relations in the city, he was indebted to the kindness of an old woman who sold pies, for a morsel of bread, till he could procure him self employment. Sometime after, he was engaged as errand boy by a tallow-chandler's wife—being a "lady of London mould," could not endure his rustic manners and awkward gait, so she sent him off one bitter winter night with the remark: "Your master hired you in *my* absence, and I'll turn you off in *his*." The good husband did not desert Tom, however, he found him out, and sent him as an apprentice to a butcher in Southwark.

For the first five years he had twenty-five pounds a year, and meat and drink. The accumulation of money and the abridgment of expense were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expenses were reduced to three heads—lodging, clothing and washing. For the first he fixed on a back room on the second floor, with one window that occasionally admitted a stray sunbeam. Of his dress every article was second hand. Nor was he choice in the color or quality; sagely observing, when he was teased about his garb, that, according to Solomon, there was nothing new under the sun; and that as to color, it was a mere matter of fancy. Concerning washing, he said that no man deserved a clean shirt who could not wash it himself; and that the only fault that he had to find with Lord North was the duty he imposed upon soap. There was expense, however, that always weighed heavily on his mind, and often robbed him of a night's rest, and that was shaving. He often lamented that he had never learned to shave himself. He used to console himself under this affliction by hoping that one day beards would become fashionable. He made a promise to himself that as soon as he had amassed a thousand pounds he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday.

Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to treat himself till the additional duty was laid on porter; he then reduced his portion to half-a-pint once a week. If he heard of an auction anywhere near, he ran quickly and begged a catalogue, as if anxious to buy, and after he had collected a number of these he sold them for waste paper. When he heard an accidental rumor that the bank in which he had his money had failed, he shook from head to foot and took to his bed, refusing to eat until he was assured that all was right. He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room, or to go to bed by candlelight. He loved good cheer—at the cost of another. "Every man," said he, "should eat when he can; an empty sack cannot stand." Once on a time he was prompted by the demon of extravagance to purchase a whole pint of small beer; but after buying it, was so overcome by remorse that he locked it in his closet; then threw they key out of the window, that he might not be tempted to make too free with it.

Thus lived Thomas Pett, whose pulse for the last twenty years of his life rose and fell with the funds who for forty two years lived in Clare Market as a journeyman butcher; who lodged for thirty years in one gloomy apartment, which was never brightened up with coal or candle light or the face of a visitor; who never treated man, woman or child to a glass of any kind of liquor; who almost never ate a morsel at his own expense; who never said a civil thing to a woman; who would not trust a laundress with a pocket handkerchief; who considered all must be mad or foolish that did not pile up gold; and who tried to bargain for his coffin half an hour before he died. He left two thousand four hundred and seventy five pounds to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or written to. The following list of his wearing apparel, taken by a wag in the neighborhood, runs thus: "An old bald whig, a hat as soft as a pancake, two shirts that might pass for fishing-nets, a pair of stockings darned with every color, a pair of old sandals, a bedstead, a toothless comb, a very old almanac, one old chair and wretched table, a small looking glass and a leather bag with one guinea in it."

Peruvian Temples of the Sun.

Of the early history of the Peruvians we have but little knowledge, owing to that barbarian policy exercised by the followers of Cortez and Pizarro, in distroying everything belonging to tribes which they conquered. Like the Mexicans, the Peruvians had advanced in art, science and learning, under the administration of successive wise rulers, and their State archives contained written histories of their country, from the dawn of civilization among them, to the period of the conquest. But the superstitious Spaniards committed these works to the flames, because of their heathen origin, and we are obliged to depend almost exclusively on the truth of tradition for the knowledge we possess of the history of this people during the Inca dynasty. The most magnificent of all the Peruvian temples was that of the sun at Cuzzo. The mode of worship in this temple was similar to that of Heliopolis in Egypt, where this great luminary was adored. His golden image occupied a large portion of one side of the interior of the temple, and before this the worshippers prostrated themselves with rich offerings in their hands, which were received by the attendant priests. Two or three virgins, selected from the first families in their kingdom, were in constant attendance, whose duty it was to make oblations of wine to the deity, and chant hymns of praise to the great Father of Light. Like other aborigines of this continent, the Peruvians were nomadic tribes, and gained a subsistance by hunting and fishing. Superstitious in the extreme, their objects of worship were as numerous as those of the Egyptians.

"I TELL you," said a Wisconsin man to a neighbor next day after burying his wife, "when I came to get into bed, and lay thar, and not hearing Lucinda jawing around for an hour and a half, it just made me feel as if I'd moved into a strange country."

A BOSTON preacher in speaking of the danger of permitting the Bible to be crowded out by the newspaper, perpetrated the following pun: "Men, nowadays," said he, "are like Zaccheus—desirous of seeing Jesus, but they cannot because of the press."

A MISSOURI teacher opened school with an abridged dictionary, a hymn book, and a volume of Robinson Crusoe.

Fascination of Life in Washington.

There is a nameless fascination in the Washington air. The average citizen, living far removed from the capital, often wonders why the office holder who once comes to Washington is so loth to leave it that he will often stoop to almost any device to secure a further lease of power—whether it be four years in the White House, another term in either end of the capitol or only a longer commission in a petty department clerkship. But when the citizen comes to Washington himself, the mystery is solved. He may be able to define them very clearly, but he cannot stay long in the city without himself experiencing in some measure those subtle influences which render the capitol so attractive to the permanent resident. Even to the casual visitor there is something very interesting about merely watching the great governmental machine or inspecting its component parts. The very atmosphere of the capitol, instinct with the official and social life that centres about the seat of government in a great nation, seems to possess a singular charm, which disposes one to linger and enjoy it. The stranger no longer wonders that the office-holder likes Washington, that he constantly schemes for an extension of his term, that, if finally disposed from power, he so often prefers the most humble position here to a residence elsewhere.

Not the least among Washington's charms are its physical and climatic advantages. No one can longer doubt that the city is fit to be the capital of a great country. The comprehensive plan on which it was laid out in the early years of the struggling republic, gives one a fresh respect for those far-sighted fathers who could even then devise a scheme which should to day fit the necessities of the seat of government for fifty millions of people, and be capable of equal development with the progress of the nation hereafter. The broad avenues are a constant source of delight, the parks and squares are ample for the needs of a large city, and the great system of improvements, carried through with whatever corruption under the Shepherd *regime*, laid the basis for the transformation of Washington from a straggling and neglected town to a handsome metropolis Nothing goes farther to justify the choice of this locality as the capital than its climate Though it suffers from the summer heats, its temperature during by far the larger part of the year is most comfortable, and the change from the inclement weather which prevails over the greater portion of the country through the winter months to the usually balmy air of the capital is especially grateful. Indeed, as a winter residence Washington possesses greater charms than any other city on the continent, what with its mild weather, its exceptional social advantages and the attractions which the meeting of Congress presents to any one interested in studying our system of government at its fountain-head. Every year the capital is becoming more and more the winter headquarters for people of leisure, for persons of literary tastes for students of politics, for devotees of fashion, and a composite society is gradually growing up in which everybody is sure to find congenial elements.

The End of Slavery in Cuba.

On January 1, 1880, emancipation began by order of the Spanish government in their wealthy colony of Cuba, and on the same day, 1890, it will be completed, and the last slave in the Spanish possessions be freed from his shackles. So closes the most melancholy and disgraceful chapter in the annals of human crime It is more that four centuries since a certain Portuguese captain landed (in 1444) at Lagos a cargo of 235 black slaves. The slavery of white captives and Mohammedan prisoners was fast dying out in Europe, but the united discovery of a continent needing labor and of a barbarous coast having slaves, awoke greed and stimulated cruelty and created slavery anew. One of the most benevolent men of any age had the bad fame of introducing slavery into the continent. But Las Cassas, though he did this to protect his beloved and oppressed Indians, lived to bitterly repent of this great mistake.

Three centuries and a half have passed since the first slaves were introduced (1521) into the island of Cuba. And it may safely be said that of all the human pain and hopeless misery which the sun looks upon year by year, none never equalled that history of agony and injusttce which began with the Spanish importation of slavery into the New World, and was continued by the English slave trade during three hundred years. With a mockery of their faith which sceptics will never forget, the Spanish authorities during two centuries concluded more than ten treaties "in the name of the most Holy Trinity," which authorized the sale of more than 500,000 human beings, and received from it a tax of over fifty millions of livres Nor was the Roman Church alone guilty. Protestant England was equally criminal with Catholic Spain. The first ship which sailed from England, in 1562, under Sir John Hawkins, on the diabolical errand of buying slaves in Africa and selling them in the West Indias, bore, as if in blasphemy, sacred name of Jesus.

The present generation in England and the United States have fortunately never heard much of the horrors of that trade, which Great Britain plied industriously for two centuries and a half. The young student turns over the writings of Clarkson and Sharp and Wilberforce, and is amazed to see the tortures which so steadily, for so many years, were inflicted on so many innocent human beings for the sake of money.

Even so calm an historian as Bancroft reckons that during one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence, Great Britain transported to the New World one million of slaves from Africa, and that, besides these, two hundred and fifty thousand had been thrown into the sea in the horrible middle passage. Even after the abolition of the slave trade (1807) the importation of slaves continued into the Spanish colonies or South American States, and it is estimated that even as late as 1849 fifty thousand negroes were secretly introduced in one year into Cuba and Brazil.—*New York Times.*

A NEWSBOY, seated on the postoffice steps, counted his pennies over and remarked: "Seventeen cents in all. That's five for the circus, three for peanuts, four for a sinking fund, four I owe to Jack, and there's one left to support a widowed mother on until Saturday night."

THERE was once a legislator who laid by $30,000 in one session. When he was asked how he managed this with a salary of $1,000, he said that he saved it by doing without a hired girl.

Hermit's Peak.

Looking west up the river from Las Vegas, New Mexico, the most notable object in the distant landscape is Hermit's Peak, towering high above its fellows. It is about twenty miles distant from town. It is a bold granite mountain towering at a perpendicular altitude of 2,000 feet above the bed of the river. It is difficult of ascent and there is but one path by which the top can be gained. The summit is bare of vegetation and the altitude renders it, as it looks, cold and inhospitable. It has been an inhabited place, however, the abode of a veritable hermit. In 1866 there appeared in town an old gray-headed man, who seemed to have been the victim of some great ill fortune. He gave no account of himself, but simply gave his name, however, as Juan Augustine. He was a man of much learning and extensive reading, but did not hold much communication with his fellows. He selected the high peak above town as the place of his abode, and for three years he lived there solitary and alone upon the highest pinnacle of the mountain. He abhorred fire, and never lighted even a candle save on one day of the week, when he kept three small tapers burning. He was a religious devotee who appeared to be doing penance for an early life of sin; or perhaps for some crime. His history was shrouded in mystery. He spoke French and Spanish fluently, and some English. His religious zeal and mysterious habits and life created much interest among the simple natives of the surrounding settlements, and they looked upon him with superstitious awe and reverence. They thought it their duty to aid him, and during the whole time of his abode in the mountains they carried him food and provisions. In this way he existed like the patriarch of old fed by the ravens. During his three years of self-imposed exile he occasionally made a visit to town, but could not be prevailed upon to enter a house or go near a fire. At the end of three years he left Hermit's Peak and went to the Bernal Hill, southwest of Tesolote, there he lived some time. An ancient cross is still there to mark the place of his dwelling. He fancied high places far removed above the ordinary walks of men. From Bernal Hill he journeyed into the wilderness of Grant county, where the blood thirsty Apaches, with as little respect for prayers and penances then as now, murdered and scalped him. His history and real name were never learned, but he gave an enduring title to the high mountain west of town, the "Hermit's Peak."

Wards of the State.

State Superintendent Wickersham's report of the Soldiers' Orphan Schools of the State shows that the system last year cost $367,934.15, while the appropriation was only $300,000. The number of children in charge of the State on September 1, 1879, was 5,463 less than at the corresponding period of 1878, owing to the fact that the legislative appropriation was inadequate for the accommodation of all the soldiers' orphans. Over 600 applications for admission had accumulated in the department. Out of this number the Superintendent of Public Instruction has just selected 141 as entitled to favorable consideration. Nearly nine tenths of the remainder of the applications do not come up to the requirements of the law. The Superintendent says: "If the children of soldiers applying for admission under present laws were admitted with as little scrutiny as they were under former laws, in the early history of the system, the cost would be $500,000 instead of $360,000."

The cost of the Orphan School system since its establishment in Pennsylvania has been $6,682,095.21. The Superintendent says frequent inquiries are made as to the cause of the long duration of the system. He answers that under the original law there would be no schools, but supplemental legislation has perpetuated them. The conditions now are: The children must in all cases be under 16 years of age and in destitute circumstances. Their fathers, if dead, must have been killed in the war of the rebellion, or died of wounds or disease contracted under it. Their father, if living, must be suffering from wounds or disease contracted in the war, and unable to earn a livelihood for their families or themselves.